

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XVII (Continued.)

He soon discovered that his driver had chosen a far from delectable route to the hotel—true, it might be shorter, but he could not remember ever having heard of a Jehu ready to cut down the length of his journey when he had a good paying fare inside.

The marquês experienced the first little sensation of alarm, or rather uneasiness, just then. His curiosity having been aroused, the marquês found means to look out of the vehicle, and was not greatly surprised when he discovered that an unknown man sat beside the driver.

Before now he had known that some one was riding behind, having heard various thumps that gave the secret away, and once upon twisting his head around he had a fleeting glimpse of a human eye glued to the little glass in the back canopy of the vehicle.

A very pleasant outlook, really. Being a philosophical man to a marked degree, the marquês at once set to work pooling his resources, so as to make as game a stand as the occasion would admit.

He remained perfectly cool and self-possessed—when a man had passed through such astonishing adventures as had fallen to his lot of late years he is hardly likely to show the white feather because forsooth a few London blackmalers and footpads conspire to entrap him.

He gathered his energies together and watching his chance, quietly opened the door to the left, intending to drop out without attracting the attention of the two cronies upon the seat.

A very clever little idea, and one that might have worked to a beautiful issue only for one thing—he had forgotten the fellow who was riding in the rear of the "growler."

The marquês, with an agility he had acquired from long years of athletic practice, had successfully made the drop, and was in hopes that his move had not been seen, when the third party leaped from behind the vehicle, and, throwing himself upon the half-recumbent passenger, sounded the alarm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Due Time.

No doubt the Kilkenny cats had a very salubrious time of it when they indulged in their little engagement, but such an encounter could not bear comparison with the scramble in which the marquês engaged when these three London footpads set upon him.

The fellow on his back was interfering with his blows as much as he possibly could, and as a result the others were enabled to throw themselves upon him.

Matters were in this mixed-up state and the final result in doubt, when a new element was precipitated into the game.

An outsider hurried himself upon the struggling mass, and by an exercise of tremendous muscular strength tore the man loose from the gentleman's shoulders, though he clung with such pertinacity that he carried away the collar of the marquês's coat.

The newcomer gave him a toss that sent him down a nearby area, where a crash of glass and startled screams announced his prompt arrival.

Then this unexpected ally turned his attention to the others—the marquês, freed from his tormentor in the rear, had opened his batteries upon them afresh, and was dealing out his blows with reckless abandon, when he saw one of them snatched bodily from his feet and tossed through the open door of the four-wheeler as though he might have been a mere sack of oats.

Upon this the last of the trio, who proved to be no other than the driver, uttered a yell of fear and, scrambling to haste to his seat, laid the whip on his horse and clattered down the narrow street.

Thus the field was suddenly cleared of enemies in double-disposal order, and the manner of their disposal seemed to greatly amuse the muscular, red-bearded giant who had come so opportunely to the assistance of the beleaguered marquês, for he roared with laughter.

"Gang awa' wi' ye baith, and dinna' forget the puir de'il who lies in a muckle yonder. Man, they were mair than ye could weel handle, but it did me good to be of assistance to ye, and that's no lee," he exclaimed, assisting to brush the gentleman off.

The marquês at sound of his voice was stunned, but he recovered in time to cry out:

"Donald McGregor, by my life it is!" "Aweel, ye seem to know me, sir, though I confess the honor is all on your side. Still, there is something familiar in your voice I dinna ken—it's vera curious."

The marquês by this time had managed to get hold of his honest hand, and was squeezing it with much emotion.

"Ah! McGregor, you're always doing something for others. The last I saw of you, my dear fellow, was when I offered myself as a target for Captain Livermore's bullet, and declined to murder him afterward."

The man from Scotia uttered a roar, and insisted upon embracing the other, much to the amusement of the crowd that had gathered.

This extraordinary meeting was one of the most pleasant things that had occurred to the marquês since striking London.

He had in a fashion made search for this old and tried friend, but as yet had been unable to get track of him, so that the encounter came as a most agreeable surprise.

McGregor's story was told in a few sentences—he had taken a wife and started in bravely to increase the population of Her Majesty's people with a pair of twins as a beginning, but bestialy luck had swooped down upon him, and he was having a hard pull at present, though nothing could crush his jolly spirits.

This pleased his companion more than words could tell, since it opened a way for him to assist his old friend.

"Worry no longer, McGregor, for there is a bright future ahead. I am in a way to put you in a position where money will flow into your pockets. God bless you for a true-hearted friend. There is my card—call on me at ten to-morrow, and you can have anything you ask. Meanwhile take this for a temporary loan—not a word against it—I won't hear a murmur. Go home to your wife and babies, and remember me in your prayers. Such luck to meet you after searching in vain—it must have been an especial act of Providence. When you come to the hotel to-morrow send up your name to the Marquês of Montezuma."

Whereupon the McGregor was actually compelled to lean against a house for support, so wonderful was the intelligence thus communicated.

"It beats a," was all he could mutter.

When safely landed in his hotel he resolved never again to be caught napping in such a reckless way.

After all, it had been an eventful day, and brought both joy and regrets.

The marquês had a strange feeling as though that for which he had yearned all through those dreary years was about to be snatched away from him in his hour of victory.

The little germ was working, and in due time it might leave the whole lump—a few more such rude shocks as he had received when those two little cherubims captured him in Fedora's house would certainly complete his discomfort, and if he had hoped to continue cruel and relentless he must take no chances in that direction.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mazette Makes a Discovery.

Affairs could not continue much further without coming to a crisis.

There came the day when the marquês found he could no longer blind one pair of eyes, at least.

Mazette had remembered. The marquês was taken by surprise when, upon entering the little studio, he found Mazette in tears.

"Come, what has gone wrong?" he exclaimed in dire dismay, for, like all men, he felt his utter impotence under such conditions.

She came toward him, smiling through her tears—there was upon her face reproach, delight and keen artistic disappointment.

"Why did you not tell me before?" she asked, as he took her hand in his.

"Tell you—indeed, if I only knew what you meant I would only be too glad—this is, I—then you have discovered all?" for it dawned upon him that she was no longer blind.

"Oh, Jack, how dreadfully cruel of you," as she dropped her head in order that he should not see the tears of mortification.

"To conceal my identity all this time—yes, in one sense it was, but I had an object in it, I assure you," he declared sturdily.

She looked up troubled.

"What does it all mean—I hope, I pray you are doing what is right—that is—" and there she stopped confused.

Upon which he laughed almost boisterously and possessed himself of her other hand—they were such good friends, such old friends, there could be no harm in this natural and innocent action.

"Have no fears, little woman—my patent of nobility was issued in the regular way at Madrid, for the usual round sum—I am the genuine article, the Marquês of Montezuma. As to my wealth, you have heard that I possess amazing gold mines in the new world. I assure you my money has all been honestly acquired and also taken from mother earth, a present from the old Montezumas of Aztec time."

They talked of old times, and the many memories they had in common—since the flight of years how precious these recollections became—a halo seemed to surround each incident in those days of yore, making romantic what at that time had been exceedingly prosaic happenings.

Really the marquês enjoyed the half hour in Mazette's society more than he might have cared to confess while still hugging that determination for vengeance in his heart—while that grim spectre haunted his life he could never be wholly happy.

And when he said good-bye he must needs take both her hands in his and press them—as such an old familiar friend should have the privilege of doing, though it startled him a little to see the blush that flashed athwart Mazette's cheeks.

The Marquês of Montezuma whistled softly as he ran down the steps from the studio. It was the first time in many a long day he had felt so light-hearted and cheerful.

As the lower steps were a little gloomy he almost ran over a lady in the act of ascending. Of course an apology sprang to his lips, for his awkwardness seemed to have alarmed her. The next instant the Marquês uttered an exclamation of astonishment in which there was also a trace of alarm, for, as he turned to the lady he found himself looking into that beautiful but dangerous face of the Senorita Juanita.

Why the sight of a lovely face should cause the marquês to tremble might seem a mystery, but he knew the reason—it was not that he feared this Spanish girl so far as his own personal safety was concerned, but there were others:

Mazette! That Dona Juanita had been dogging his footsteps of late he had no doubt, and her motive in doing so was no mystery, since she had vowed to discover who the authoress of his wrongs in the past might be in order to avenge them.

But what had that to do with Mazette, since she was not concerned in his misery of the past?

"Ah! the interest of this jealous woman had more to do with the present—the future.

And that was why he trembled, because suddenly overtaken with the overwhelming consciousness that Mazette's happiness was precious to him. The shock did more to tear away the cobwebs with which he had concealed the truth than anything else that could have happened.

Besides he could not forget the blush that had swept over her face as he said good-bye.

Dona Juanita was the first to speak—she had made a half-frenzied struggle to lay hold of her veil, doubtless in the expectation of lowering the filmy gauze in time to conceal her face, and when she found it was too late, her hand fell to one side, and she met the astonished gaze of the marquês with a defiant smile, saying:

"I have not had the pleasure of talking over old times such as you promised, Senor Jack. I sadly fear you find other attractions too great a tax upon your time."

"Ah! I am a very busy man, senorita; you can readily understand that. They shower attentions upon a successful man in London—once I might have starved to death upon the streets, and a few lines in the morning Times would have been my poor obituary. Now, it takes columns to chronicle my most simple doings, how I live, what I think and such stuff; Bah! I am disgusted with it all."

"Tell me, Senor Jack, have you given up your design for vengeance?" she asked, fixing her great black eyes upon him as though there might be much more in this question than appeared upon the surface.

"Not yet," he answered slowly. "Ah! then there is still hope," she muttered, and he did not comprehend at the time just what this meant, though later on the full importance of it burst upon him.

Hope for what?—her designs were all selfish, since it never entered her head to think of others, and the future as connected with her own fortunes was all that concerned her.

The marquês was glad when at last he saw her into a cab, and raising his hat, pressed her hand in adieu, hoping that he might set eyes no more on the belle of San Jose.

CHAPTER XX.

How Fedora Heard.

The Livermores had vanished from the sphere which they had for some years adorned, but it was no mystery to the marquês, who had kept track of their movements through those who served him well.

(To be continued.)

AFTER HUGO, SILENCE.

The Great French Author's Immense Appreciation of Himself.

It was a quarter of a century ago that the writer of this paragraph first saw Victor Hugo, the centenary of whose birth was recently celebrated. It was at a congress of European authors, assembled in Paris to discuss the question of international copyright. Nearly all the distinguished authors then living were present at this congress. Hugo presided. On his right was M. Leon, the French minister of public instruction, and on his left was Turgenieff, the great Russian novelist. It was the opening day of the congress, and Hugo delivered an address of welcome to the delegates.

At the conclusion of his address, a delegate arose and began to discuss the question before the congress. He had not spoken a dozen words when the presiding officer rapped him to order. "Silence!" said the president. "Nobody speaks after Hugo. The congress is adjourned until tomorrow!" There was no dissent from this ruling of President Hugo, and the delegates dispersed.

It was an impressive demonstration of Hugo's tremendous appreciation of himself, as well as of the profound respect in which he was held by his literary contemporaries.

Sawmill Run by a Woman.

A sawmill is successfully run by a woman near Plainfield, N. J. Mrs. David Blackford carries on this industry, performing the part of engineer, and hiring a man and boy for rough work. Her husband spends six months of each year in South America, searching for lumber, and thus he profits of the lucrative business are kept in the Blackford family. Mrs. Blackford is a comely young woman, who supervises all the financial and mechanical parts of the sawmill, turning out extra fine work.

FARMERS' INTERESTS.

IMPORTANCE OF DIVERSIFYING AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

National Grange Protests Against Tariff Reductions Whose Effect Would Be to Discourage the Growing of Sugar Beets in the United States.

Evidently the legislative committee of the National Grange believe with the New York Farmer that the sugar beet industry of the United States should be developed, and that the surest, safest and quickest way to develop it is to leave the present tariff on imported sugar undisturbed. In an address before the ways and means committee of the house of representatives in Washington, D. C., on January 23, on the subject of lowering the tariff on sugar imported from Cuba, National Grange Master Jones took exactly the stand taken by this journal. He showed how important it is that our overdone agricultural lines shall be relieved by turning a part of our land to the growing of sugar beets, and thus keeping at home the immense sums of money we have been spending on sugar grown by foreign farmers. We may not agree that protection is necessary or desirable in any line of production, but we cannot evade the record fact that protection enabled this country to build up most of its great industries. The inference from the records is that a tariff on sugar imported from foreign lands will prevent foreign manufacturers from smashing our beet sugar industry by flooding our markets with their cheap sugars, long enough to discourage our beet farmers and sugar manufacturers and drive them out of the field. With our factories shut down and no sugar beets growing on our farms, the foreign manufacturers would have us in their power. By doubling their price for sugar, they would in one year make enough to repay them over and over for all the sugar they send to glut our markets and smash our industry. National Grange Master Jones and the other members of the legislative committee are justified in protesting against any action by congress on the tariff that will tend to ruin what will, if developed, become one of the most important of our agricultural lines, namely, the growing of sugar beets.—New York Farmer.

FARMERS NOT TRAITORS.

Would Not Favor Disunionism for the Sake of the Beet Sugar Industry.

The editor of the Review of Reviews should be fair and consistent. Generally speaking, he is so. But in dealing with the question of Cuban (Sugar and Tobacco trust) relief he falls out of his habit of fairness and consistency. Thus:

"These same beet sugar fanatics would, if they could, at once expel Louisiana from the Union, because that state has the effrontery to produce cane sugar. Such a policy is protectionism gone mad."

To gravely assert that the sugar beet growers of the northern states "would, if they could, expel Louisiana from the Union because that state has the effrontery to produce cane sugar" is unworthy of a publication of the character of the Review of Reviews. It is not arguable; it is not true; it is mere rant, fanatical free trade rant. Thousands of farmers now raising sugar beets are the sons of men who fought to keep Louisiana in the Union, and the men of to-day would, if occasion should arise, fight as their fathers fought. They are to-day fighting in the same ranks with the farmers of Louisiana and for a common cause—the cause of justice and fair play. They ask that they be not sacrificed on the altar of Cuban sympathy, or sugar trust rapacity, as the case may be. They believe in what William McKinley called "the greatest free trade system ever known, the free trade between the forty-five states of the American Union;" but they object to a free trade in lower-priced foreign competing products, whether these products come from Cuba or from any other foreign country. They urge that if we owe Cuba anything it is the whole quantity that owes it, and should pay it, and not alone the American growers of sugar cane, sugar beets and tobacco and the manufacturers of American cigars. But they are not disunionists or traitors. The Review of Reviews assertion to the contrary is undignified and discreditable. Not the most rampant advocate of sugar trust interests has said a meaner thing or a falsifier thing.

End the Reciprocity Hamburg.

Information from Washington is to the effect that the House ways and means committee has unanimously agreed upon the wiping out of the entire war taxes.

If this move is agreed to it will end all efforts at reciprocity. The reduction of the revenues will be so great that a further decrease of tariff duties will be impossible.

The country is to be congratulated upon this action. Reciprocity is a beautiful thing in theory, but in practice it is but the advance courier of free trade. The world doesn't buy from us because of any sentiment. It purchases here because it must come to us for many of the goods it wants and because our prices are lower than those of the rest of the world. Reciprocity on the other hand means admitting to America duty free many lines which can be produced or manufactured here. Thus we throw down the bars of protection and help build up some other nation at the expense of our own.

Reciprocity also means an interminable tangle in the revenue laws and many attempts to palm off as duty

free goods which do not come from countries with which we had reciprocity treaties. In fact, reciprocity would be unfair to America and unfair to many other countries. When we are prospering so well under protection it seems foolish to deliberately put gaps in the fence.—Philadelphia Item.

MCKINLEY'S WISDOM.

Reciprocity Only With Countries Whose Wage Rate is Equal to Our Own.

One day, writes Eli Perkins, Dingley asked McKinley what the tariff should be on a certain article?

McKinley thought a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Dingley, here is our whole tariff theory in a nutshell: If we can't make or produce a certain article let it come free; but if we can make it let us put the tariff against the low wage country just high enough so that we can make it without lowering our wages."

"And when shall we see reciprocity?" asked Dingley.

"Whenever we are dealing with any nation whose wages are as high as ours, then we will exchange products—that is, sell and buy with no tariff at all."

This is our whole tariff theory in a nutshell. This theory has captured our own home markets.

We make all our own iron, cutlery, tin, cloth, glass, pottery, machinery, woolen and cotton cloth, carpets and shoes.

This theory is making us wealthy. Wealth, inventions and combinations now enable us with our high labor to furnish other nations cheaper than they can make these things themselves with their cheap labor.

We will soon have the markets of the world. This year 1902 we will probably sell \$1,500,000,000 worth of stuffs, and only buy \$500,000,000, and put to our credit a billion dollars!

Should we change this tariff? When men are sick we should give them medicine; when well, never! This nation is well. It was well when Cleveland commenced doctoring it with the Wilson tariff and made it sick.

It is dangerous to give a well nation medicine. Let the present tariff alone!



Explosive Possibilities.

Principles Must Be Preserved.

As far as Cuba is concerned, there is no reason, either in law or equity or politics, why the United States should sacrifice a single domestic industry, in order to extend its philanthropy to Cuba. If Cuba has a government of her own and a tariff of her own, she will soon be self-sustaining. She can sell a large portion of her sugar in this country and abroad even with tariffs against her, for her labor is cheap. Cuba prospered under Spanish rule—why cannot she prosper now?

If protection is to sacrifice on the altar of foreign trade, it is well to recall the fact that our foreign commerce has increased enormously under a protective tariff. Protection is no bar to foreign trade.

While tariff schedules may need changing occasionally to suit the times, the fact remains that the principle of protection must be preserved to maintain prosperity.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

Could Not Stand It.

The steel trust can stand Mr. Babcock's bill. But the steel trust's competitors, feelber concerns, with small capital, cannot stand it. If the bill were enacted, instead of crippling the steel trust, it would really strengthen its grip upon the home market, and give it a virtual monopoly of the iron and steel trade of America. Congressmen who want to do this will support Mr. Babcock's bill. Newspapers that want to bring this thing about will call for its immediate enactment.—Boston Journal.

Sound Business View.

So far as the business interests of the country are concerned, they are radically opposed to tariff revision by the present congress. It is generally conceded that duties on certain articles can be reduced without impairing the principle of protection, but the intelligence of the country is opposed to opening up the tariff question for the sake of applying a few remedies and at the same time disturbing business conditions by the fear of extensive changes.—Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate.

No Good.

There is no need to hope for anything from it; no good will come. The trust wants to get in more of its sugar, and the only benefit the public would get would be when the trust reduced its price to stop the production of beet sugar. It is well to be clear about it.—Birmingham (Ala.) Ledger.

MONEY IN SKATING RINKS.

Four Successful Ones, Paying Large Dividends to Stockholders.

Roller skating rinks, once the most popular resorts of young folks, have been run at a loss for several years, but there is money in real ice skating rinks. There are four in successful operation and they yield satisfactory dividends to their stockholders. One is in Manhattan, one in Brooklyn, one in St. Louis and one in Pittsburg.

Preparation of the floor is the most expensive item. The ice is formed on a floor of special felt-covered boards laid in prepared asphalt. Underneath, in a filling of ground cork, run the pipes conveying the refrigerating brine.

The pipes are usually laid only three inches apart. Though the buildings can be heated by steam to a temperature of 40 degrees or thereabouts the surface of the ice can be kept hard at all times by the frosty brine underneath.

The Brooklyn rink represents an investment of \$60,000 and has been a paying enterprise from the beginning. Last year the stockholders received 16 per cent.

The Pittsburg rink, which is on a larger scale, represents an investment of \$300,000. It was built four years ago and has never paid less than 11 per cent. The two other rinks are proportionately profitable.

BREAD AND BUTTER STATE.

New Name Gained for Minnesota by Its Dairy Products and Flour.

Minnesota has heretofore been known as the Gopher State. Now it is beginning to be called the Bread and Butter States. The reason of the change becomes clear when it is said that last year its mills turned out 26,630,000 barrels of flour and there were churned in the state 50,000,000 pounds of butter.

In the produce of spring wheat, Minnesota stands at the head of the states of the country and its flour mills are noted not only throughout the Northwest, but in foreign countries as well. The extensive development of its dairy interests is comparatively recent.

The combination of wheat and flour with milk and butter is more clearly marked in Minnesota than in any other state. New York and Illinois are important dairy states, but the value of the wheat crop in New York is less than one-third the value of its oat crop, and less than one-eighth the value of the hay crop, wheat being now one of the minor agricultural products of New York, once the chief-wheat state.

Illinois raises a fair amount of wheat but the corn crop, which is of very much more importance, yields in a year \$8 to every dollar received from the product of wheat.

Delivering Coal in London.

A proof of the conservative ways of the English people as the manner in which coals for the household fires are distributed and stored.

Instead of the American coal cart, which is loaded in less than five minutes from an elevated coal bin, the American visiting London finds an ordinary wagon made to carry about a dozen large bags of coal, which are filled one by one at an expense of much time and labor, and then lifted into the vehicle like so many milk cans.

When an American coal cart reaches the house where its load is to be dumped the cart is backed up against the side of the pavement, the chute is drawn out like the barrel of a telescope, and the end inserted in the coalhole, in a few minutes the entire load, with the rush of water falling over a small cataract, runs down into a heap on the floor of the coal cellar.

In London, on the other hand each bag of coal has to be taken separately from the wagon and emptied as near as may be in the coalhole; and when the task is at last finished the coal which has fallen on the pavement has to be laboriously shoveled into the coal cellar.—Nineteenth Century.

French Woman Barrister.

It is just a year ago since Mile. Chauvin, the lady barrister, made her first appearance at the Paris bar. Interviewed on her experiences, she states that the fact that she is a woman seems to be forgotten by both bench and bar, and she no longer excites the slightest curiosity at the law courts. She has appeared in some fifty cases during the year, including a divorce case, when she represented the husband and obtained judgment against the unfaithful wife. She far prefers equity work, however, and never wants to enter an assize court. In the first place, she says one has to tell too many untruths there, and secondly, for her part, she resolutely refuses to accept a brief unless absolutely convinced of the justice of her client's cause.

Mile. Chauvin looks upon the sickening leniency meted out to murderers in Paris, and especially to murderers with disgust and stupefaction, and added that no woman need trouble to get a divorce; she only need kill her husband to obtain her freedom and become a popular idol.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

From Palace to Poorhouse.

The Duchess Rio de Rias, who was one of the foremost figures in Parisian society in the time of Napoleon III, died recently in the almshouse at Clerfroy. She entered the almshouse several years ago, after suffering the most abject poverty. During the time of her glory in Paris she is alleged to have squandered in gambling and otherwise a fortune of three millions sterling.