

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Where is the gentleman?" he asked. "In one of the small private parlors, sir. I will show you the way, if you please."

The marquis glanced again at the card which he held, and read:

"Maurice Stanton Livermore: 'Give me a private interview immediately.'"

"Lead me to the gentlemen," he said, quietly, though there was a tumult in his heart.

As he reached the door of the boudoir parlor he saw a man pacing restlessly to and fro, much as caged tigers are wont to exercise.

It was Captain Livermore, but his friends would have been shocked at his appearance, for his hair was sadly lacking in order, his face flushed, as though he dallied long over the wine, and his whole aspect like that of a man who has been on a spree.

The marquis was disturbed; he anticipated bad news, but had not a glimmer of what shape it would take until the captain, seeing him enter, advanced to meet him.

"Captain Livermore, what can I do for you?" the marquis asked, coldly.

"Sir, I have come for my wife!"

The marquis started as if some one had fired a pistol shot close to his ear. Even the most collected individual might be a trifle rattled by such an answer. Still this did not prevent him, while he was whipping his wits into line, from exclaiming:

"Pardon me, sir, but I fail to exactly comprehend the meaning of what you say."

"Then I will explain further. My first intention was to shoot you down on sight, but I could not forget that once you refused to avail yourself of the privilege of taking my forfeited life, and I swore that the man who had been that generous should have at least a chance to defend himself before I killed him."

"Still I am in the dark. The first thing I grasp is that she has told you who I am."

"I was a blind fool never to have suspected it. You ruined me, marquis, but surely that should have satisfied your desire for revenge. All that I had might go and welcome, so long as I still call my wife and babies mine. Again I say, I have come to you to demand my wife."

"And I reply, sir, that I have not seen your wife since last evening, when I left her in your own house, together with her children."

Eye looked into eye. It was as though the captain's whole existence depended upon what he read there, his manner that of a distracted man holding his passions in check only through the most desperate effort.

"Jack Overton, do you swear to that?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"I do, on my life."

Again the captain met his gaze and seemed to read his very soul through those open windows.

After all, these were two men built pretty much upon the same model—both brave and frank by nature—such individuals can understand each other through the mysterious realm of telepathy.

"I cannot believe that the man whose generous spirit caused him to fire above my head on the other occasion would look me squarely in the eye and speak falsely. Yes, even against my will, I am compelled to believe you, and I prove it by offering you my hand, marquis; but if you are not guilty, then, in the name of heaven, who has taken my wife away?" I left home after dinner to meet a very important engagement that had a connection with my future—left there with the kisses of wife and children warm upon my face, for Fedora had told me all, and her distress concerning your possible future action had drawn us closer together. I returned later in the evening, just as speedily as a cab could bring me from the Victoria, to find her gone and my little darlings motherless. This note was left behind."

He handed the other a crumpled sheet of paper, upon which had been written in a peculiar chirography, a long, running hand, such as is taught in Spanish schools:

"To balance accounts. 'Guerre a mort.'"

When he looked up his face was ashen gray.

Those eager, bloodshot eyes saw that the miserable and tragic little paper, worthy of a place on the comedy stage, had struck home.

"You have guessed!" he exclaimed.

"I believe I know who wrote this, and, therefore, who is at the bottom of the outrage. In one way I am to blame. Listen, and in the shortest possible time I will tell you about the Senorita Juanita and the strange infatuation she has for me."

Rapidly he sketched the romantic story of his life under tropic skies.

The captain might have imagined it was a leaf from such amazing tales as the Arabian Nights, only that his own deep interest in the matter forbade.

By degrees he began to realize what a desperate woman they had to cope with, and new fears for his wife's safety assailed him. It was hardly to be wondered at that the husband, who had faced many a deadly peril himself unflinchingly, trembled and turned to his companion for strength in this moment of terrible distress, when the woman he loved better than his life was in danger.

Nor did he look in vain.

The marquis had shaken off all the doubts and fears that assailed him, and, aroused to a realization of the desperate situation that faced them, was again the peerless comrade who had stood by Barrajo when they fought for the Golden Fleece.

"Captain," he said, sternly, "depend on me to remedy this thing. If it took my life, I would freely give it to bring your wife back to your arms, for love has redeemed me."

It was a splendid thing for the captain, who found himself so overwhelmed by the distressing condition of affairs, that he had a comrade wide awake to the importance of speedy action.

Deep down in his heart the marquis cursed his folly for ever having been friendly in the least with one possessed of such a tigerish, tropical temperament, and groaned to think of evil befalling Fedora through such a source.

Shorn of all outside consideration then, the captain's story was of the hackneyed type—unsuspecting people may be deceived by the most ancient of specious tales, so that there is little need of originality, even in these modern days, in the matter of deceiving a woman from under her own roof.

The paper which Livermore had picked up in the hall explained much, for strange to say, it contained writing that in some respects resembled his own—at least under the supposed conditions he might have been the author of the message:

"Was injured in a collision with another cab. Send this good Samaritan sister to bring you to me. Come immediately. God alone knows how serious it may be. Maurice."

When the marquis read it he muttered under his breath:

"Perhaps the 'good Samaritan sister' was Juanita herself in deep disguise, and with the most sinister of motives in her heart."

"Come, we must go to your house without delay. The start must be made from there. On the way we can collect ourselves and make some preparation for the work."

This was his way of starting in, and as they left the hotel the marquis beckoned to a gentlemanly looking young fellow who, while appearing to be somewhat of a swell, was in reality a detective serving as his bodyguard.

A four-wheeler was next in order, and thus they reached the captain's house.

The marquis asked a few questions and then allowed the man from Scotland Yard to take charge of the case.

He drove at once to the railway station and made inquiries at the booking office.

Luckily the captain had a photograph of his wife along with him, snatched from the mantel at home by suggestion of his one-time deadly enemy, but now devoted friend.

The clerk recollected the party well. It consisted of two ladies, who appeared sick or suffering in some way, a couple of attendants, honest-looking fellows, and the woman who seemed to have charge of them all—he had supposed her to be a housekeeper or companion.

Thus they knew those they sought had gone on to Dover. It was a great triumph for the detective, and their faith in him arose accordingly.

Still the situation was lugubrious enough, since there was no train until morning.

That meant four or five hours wasted.

The captain grew red in the face with congested anger and threatened to have an apoplectic fit, but the marquis, upon learning that only a question of pounds, shillings and pence kept them from reaching Dover, put his hand into his pocket and made immediate arrangements for a motor and one first-class carriage.

In ten minutes they were leaving the station, and long ere the city limits had been reached found themselves whirling along at a furious speed.

It was agreed by all that Fedora while in the cab must have been drugged in some way, to prevent her calling for help—doubtless her cruel captor had made all preparations for this and had no difficulty in stupefying her mind while she still retained the use of her limbs.

The booking agent had noticed the vacant expression on her face and delicately hinted that at the time he had a vague suspicion the two ladies might be affected in their minds and were being taken to some private sanitarium near the coast.

Two!

A strange, cold shiver went through the marquis as a dreadful thought flashed home.

He remembered how he had met Juanita on the stairs; how she had questioned him about the demure miniature painter; how she had bitterly exclaimed that the little girl of his former acquaintance had now grown up into a charming little woman. Good heavens! Could it be possible that her terrible Spanish hatred had extended to Mazette, and that, having laid all her plans to accomplish a certain purpose, she set out to kill two birds with one stone?

And while he sat there grinding his

teeth and swearing that if heaven would forgive him and spare her he would devote his fortune to make people happy, the special gave several sharp whistles and plunged into Dover.

CHAPTER XXII.

"O'er Land and Sea."

Again the man from Scotland Yard was put in charge, and bent his energies to discovering what had become of those they sought.

The trail finally led them to the water, and then they knew the crisis was near.

In all his life Jack Overton never suffered such wretched pangs of remorse and despair as came upon him while they looked out upon the dark waters where the stars were reflected upon myriads of little wavelets, and considered what a trackless waste the sea might be.

The detective at last secured positive news.

Those they sought had gone to sea in a small steamer that had evidently been awaiting their arrival.

There was only one thing to do—follow.

Given a feverish anxiety to be afloat, and unlimited capital, in a seaport one need not search very long for the craft. The detective soon had them aboard a little craft that was used in the coasting trade, a staunch and speedy boat, such as would answer their purpose admirably.

Out of the harbor and away. About daybreak of the second day the wind blew great guns, and they found themselves in a storm.

The storm was at its height about noon, and as they had been blown far out of their course, no one might say when the port of Santander would be reached, although the captain made some sort of a prophecy the under certain conditions they would bring up there by the second night.

At sundown the stern still raged and the gallant little steamer struggled desperately to hold her own.

During the night, between the cat naps he secured, the marquis was impressed with the belief that the vessel did not pitch and toss so violently and upon making an observation found that the clouds had parted, leaving a clear sky overhead.

Upon reaching deck he found everything lovely.

The sea had subsided almost entirely and a fresh morning breeze was commencing to stir its surface into myriads of laughing wavelets.

About noon the captain called their attention by means of the glass to far distant land to the south, which he declared to be the northern coast of Spain, showing that they were now traversing the romantic Bay of Biscay, known to the natives as the Gulf of Gascogne.

Thus there was now a fair chance, the captain promised, that before midnight they would be at anchor in the harbor of Santander.

How like lead dragged the hours as they steamed directly toward the beacon!

But all things must end, and finally they entered the harbor, where other vessels lay at anchor, and the captain soon had their mudhook fastened in Spanish soil.

It was perhaps ten minutes later when the marquis appeared at Livermore's elbow as the latter stood at the rail surveying the lights of the town, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Make no outcry, my friend; control yourself and listen. Our captain is ready to take his oath that the steamer dimly seen on our quarter yonder is the boat that left Dover, and which we have chased over the sea!"

The words of the marquis electrified Livermore. All his lassitude seemed to suddenly vanish.

(To be continued.)

DOG WAS TOO SWIFT FOR TRAIN.

Proof of Intelligence Possessed by Our Canine Friends.

Passengers on yesterday's Great Northern train from Helena witnessed a novel sight after Basin had been passed. A passenger boarded the train at that camp and his dog seemed to be much concerned about his master's departure. After the train pulled out of the station the dog took up the scent, put his ears back, let the muscles of his legs out full length, and after the cars he went, he rounded curves with the rapidity of a roulette ball, and when he struck a straight stretch of roadway he lengthened his strides and poked his nose into the wind and fairly whizzed, keeping about seventy-five or one hundred yards behind the cars.

The train moved up the heavy grade at a slower rate of speed, so that there was not so very much for the dog to do but get down and hustle. But after Bernie had been passed the engineer pulled the throttle open and the train boiled along across Elk Park at a pretty lively clip. Then doggie was lost sight of for awhile. At Woodville a short stop was made, and before the train pulled out the dog was there, panting, but comparatively fresh, considering his long run. No more was seen of the dog until the train pulled into the depot at Butte.

There the dog lay upon the platform waiting for the train and his master, who was a passenger. He had been resting there for five minutes. Instead of following the train on its long, circuitous route from Woodville to Butte, fourteen miles, he took the old stage road and made the run of four miles in a short time.—Anaconda Standard.

It was Sir Matthew Hale who remarked, "When rogues fall out, honest men get their own."

TO BE CONSIDERED.

BET SUGAR PRODUCTION AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

Output Increased 140 Per Cent Last Year and \$50,000,000 of New Capital Is Ready for Investment in Beet Sugar Refining Plants.

Just in time to arrest the attention of those who are preparing to sacrifice an important domestic agricultural and manufacturing industry comes an interesting statement by C. F. Saylor, the special agent of the Department of Agriculture in charge of beet sugar investigations. From among the materials which go to make up his annual report Mr. Saylor has given out the following figures regarding the industry during the past year.

The total production of beet sugar in the United States in the season 1901-2 has aggregated 185,000 tons, an increase of 140 per cent from the 77,000 tons produced during the season 1900-1.

There were thirty-one factories in operation in 1900, according to the census figures, and eleven more were started in 1901.

There are nine factories in course of construction for operation in 1902, as follows: Sebawang, Carrollton, Mount Clemens and Crosswell, Mich., Shelby, Ind.; Greely, Eaton and Fort Collins, Col. and Phoenix, Ariz., ranging in capacity of daily output from 500 tons to 1,000, the latter figure being the capacity at the Phoenix plant.

Other companies have been organized, with a total capitalization of \$45,900,000, and would require annually a working capital in addition of \$9,080,000. They would purchase from the farmer annually beets to the amount of \$14,700,000, besides many other crude materials.

The number and aggregate capital of these prospective plants, by States, follow:

State	No of plants	Capital
Arizona	2	\$1,500,000
California	5	3,500,000
Colorado	7	5,000,000
Idaho	1	1,000,000
Indiana	1	500,000
Iowa	6	3,100,000
Michigan	23	14,900,000
Minnesota	5	2,400,000
Montana	1	500,000
New York	2	1,500,000
New Jersey	1	500,000
North Dakota	2	1,000,000
Ohio	3	1,350,000
Oregon	1	500,000
Pennsylvania	1	500,000
South Dakota	2	1,000,000
Utah	3	2,500,000
Wisconsin	10	3,150,000
Wyoming	2	1,500,000
Total	83	\$45,900,000

Even the most cynical among Free-Trade scoffers and the most ardent among the promoters of the Cuban sympathy uproar must admit the staggering force of these official figures.

An agricultural manufacturing industry which in a single year has jumped from 77,000 to 185,000 tons of sugar, and which for the current year is preparing to erect 83 additional plants in 18 states and 1 territory, at an outlay of \$45,900,000 of capital, with a sugar beet purchasing capacity of \$14,700,000 a year, is a proposition of some magnitude.

It presents integral factors worth reckoning with. Among other things, there are 177 representatives in Congress to be elected this year from these States, and two years hence these States will choose 213 Presidential electors. Certainly there is enough in the situation as disclosed by the statistics of the Department of Agriculture to make some people stop and think whether it is safe to brush aside the domestic sugar industry as if it were of no sort of consequence whether it live or die as the result of being knocked on the head with a Free-Trade hammer. The figures presented by Mr. Saylor would seem to indicate that it is of very serious consequence to many people in many States of the union.

The Yankee Ajax.



The Chief Beneficiary.

It has been repeatedly asserted, and not specifically denied, that the American Sugar Refining company made large cash advances during the disorderly period of the war to Cuban sugar planters, and that these advances constitute what is practically a mortgage on the sugar crop of Cuba, whereby the entire profit of the proposed reduction in the duties on Cuban raw sugars would accrue to the benefit of the great corporation or trust of which Henry O. Havemeyer is the head. If this allegation, which has been re-

peatedly made, is true, the action of the American Sugar Refining Company is creditable alike to its humanity and its business sense, but it affords a curious commentary on the impassioned appeals for "Justice to Cuba" of which he have heard so much of late.—Brooklyn Times.

THE "INSURGENTS."

Congressman Who Adheres to the McKinley School of Republicanism.

Congressman Taylor of Ohio the representative of the district which discovered and developed William McKinley, is conspicuous among the stalwarts who are banded together in defense of genuine Republicanism against the assaults of its avowed enemies and its mistaken friends. "Insurgents" they are called, these devoted defenders of the citadel of Protection, because they resist the covert approaches of those who under the mask of sentiment or sympathy for aliens are trying to knock holes in the wall. "Insurgents!" Curious terms to apply to men who demand that the doctrines of the Republican party be lived up to, who insist that the structure of Protection shall stand or fall as a whole and not be destroyed piecemeal, who believe that you cannot withdraw Protection from a selected group of domestic industries and yet retain it for the general body of American industry and labor. To be recognized as the leader of such a body of "Insurgents" is an honor and a distinction. Mr. Taylor is well equipped for the post. To begin with he hails from Protection headquarters; he represents the McKinley constituency. No man was closer than he to the late President in confidence and esteem. No man has a better right to speak for McKinley.

In his speech of fifteen minutes before the recent conference of House Republicans on the subject of the proposed sympathetic concessions to Cuba Congressman Taylor spoke for McKinley. He took radical ground against any tariff reductions whatsoever on Cuban products, and in so doing quoted the views expressed to him personally by President McKinley on the 6th of June, 1901—namely:

Against any plan of reciprocity which takes from a single American workman his job.

It was in reference to this declaration by President McKinley that the American Economist said in its issue of July 5, 1901:

The President believes in and favors the plan of reciprocity as defined by the Republican platform of 1900, "in articles which we do not ourselves produce." He does not favor anything beyond that. He is distinctly and unequivocally opposed to that form of so-called reciprocity which diminishes home production and displaces American labor and wages through the larger admission of competitive foreign products. He does not want the reciprocity that takes from a single American workman his job. The President has recently said so in unmistakable terms. The American Economist is prepared to vouch for the accuracy and authority of this statement of President McKinley's attitude on the subject of reciprocity.

Congressman Taylor was our authority for this statement. We did not then feel at liberty to use his name in that connection, but the seal of confidence has been broken by his statement before the House conference that on the day of his appearance before the Industrial Commission as a witness representing The American Protective Tariff League he waited upon President McKinley and took counsel with him concerning the testimony he was to give before the commission, and that the President then and there expressed in the most explicit and candid manner his view that reciprocity should be limited "to those things which we do not produce." That was the McKinley platform in June, and it was what McKinley meant and said, in express terms several times reiterated, in his speech at Buffalo three months later.

The McKinley platform of June and September of last year is the platform to-day of the men who stand with Robert W. Taylor in solid array against any sacrifice of the principle and the application of Protection, whether in behalf of Cuba or any other foreign country. On that platform the Republican party has won its victories in the past, and it looks very much as though the "Insurgents" were going to win on it in their splendid fight against Free-Trade in spots.

Proof of Insincerity.

Should there be a reduction granted on Cuban sugar, no matter to what extent, it will injure American sugar producers and add greatly to the profits of the American sugar trust. The injury will affect four or five strong Republican states, which will thus be tempted to retaliate upon the party in future elections, for a successful assault upon the material interests of any section of the country will be strong proof of the insincerity of the party in the principle that has made it powerful. No party can remain great that openly displays its inconsistency and lacks fidelity to radical policies.—Camden (N. J.) Courier.

Assassination.

The Enterprise is very tired of the circulars urging sugar tariff reduction sent out by the sugar trust. This, the greediest, the most unscrupulous, the most loathsome of all, is incapable of an honorable motive. Its present object is to work the dastardly assassination of the beet sugar industry, a threatening rival competitor.—St. Ignace (Mich.) Enterprise.

BLAMED TO KIPLING.

GREAT WRITER SAID TO HAVE HOO-DOOED FISHING FLEET.

Schooners Described in the Novel, "Captains Courageous," Have Been Pursued by Ill Luck—Last One of Them Is Now Out of Business.

Did Rudyard Kipling "hoo-doo" an entire fleet of fishing schooners by using them as literary material in writing his book, "Captains Courageous?" When, a few days ago the Prince Leboe was sunk, her disastrous end marked the extinction of the entire fleet of twenty which Kipling mentioned and the peculiarities of some of which he so entertainingly described.

The Prince Leboe was not an old boat. There was not a sounder fishing schooner on the coast than the Amy Knight, which was sunk a few weeks ago. Fishermen expected these boats to last for years. How did it happen that disaster befell them all?

Not long after the publication of "Captains Courageous," the fleet of fishing schooners began to diminish alarmingly. Boats that should have endured for a lifetime were stricken down in the bloom of youth. Finally only three of the boats were left; then two. At last the Prince Leboe was the only survivor. And now the Prince Leboe is gone, too.

The Amy Knight figured in Kipling's book as the Carrie Pitman. She was the comedian of the fleet, and was described as always going adrift on the Banks. The Carrie Pitman hailed from West Chatham. "She don't do much 'cep' drift," they said of her. "There ain't an anchor made 'il hold her."

The Amy Knight sank while on a trip between Bucksport and Rockland. She was within a mile of the shore when she met her fate and there was not wind enough blowing to enable the sailors to beach her.

The Martha M., another schooner appearing in Kipling's book, was built by the Herreshoffs and was owned by Captain Hiram Fogg, of Bucksport.

For many years she was beached at Bucksport, and is now merely a very bad specimen of an old hulk.

The We're Here, the most famous of the Kipling vessels, was commanded for many years by Capt. Noah Lord and Capt. Wood, of Bucksport.

The old salts at Verona, Orland and Bucksport love to tell yarns of the Hope of Prague.

"Nick Brady's her skipper," the We're Here fishermen said of this vessel, "the meanest man on the Banks."

Then there was the Day's Eye. "The two Jeraulds owned her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck."

And there were the three Gloucester vessels—the Margie Smith, the Rose and the Edith S. Walen.

The others of the fleet were the East Wind, the Abbie M. Deering, the Lucy Holmes, the Jennie Cushman, the Mary Chilton, the King Phillip, the Henry Clay, the Parry Norman, the San Jose, the Florrie Anderson, the Harry Randolph, the Gilbert Hope and the Mamie Douglas.

They are only memories now, all of them. How do those wise in the lore of the sea account for the disappearance of this stalwart fleet? And what explanation could Rudyard Kipling, maker of many books, give of it? asks a Bucksport, Me., correspondent of the New York World.

Something About Hair.

Homer wrote of the long-haired Greeks by way of honorable distinction. Subsequently the Athenian cavalry and all Lacedaemonian soldiery wore long hair. The Parthians and ancient Persians wore long, flowing hair. The Franks and ancient Teutons considered long hair a mark of high birth. The Goths looked on long hair as a mark of honor and on short hair as a mark of thralldom; so did the Gauls, for which reason Julius Caesar, when he subdued them, obliged them to cut their hair short in token of submission. In England judges, the speaker of the House of Commons, and at one time the bishops, wore long hair, while criminals and paupers wore short hair. On the other hand, Jewish priests during their time of service had their hair cut once a fortnight, and Roman slaves wore their hair and beards long, but shaved off their heads when manumitted. Sailors who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads as if manumitted from the sea. In Ezekiel vi:1 there is mention of a "barber's razor," with instructions to "thou son of man to cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

Disease Germs in Money.

According to American medicine, the disinfection of paper money should attract the attention of hygienists. When patients with smallpox or other contagious diseases are quarantined, they must purchase and pay for food, etc., and it is certain that bills sent by them may be carriers of contagion.

It is almost impossible for the larger banks to carry out thorough disinfection on money with the present devices, and for the small stores and working men it is more difficult. A simple, cheap and effective disinfection device is highly desirable. Banks may lessen the danger by returning to Washington for redemption notes that are not only badly soiled and damaged, but that are slightly so. It would be well if the English system of redemption were also in use in our country. Our government should be more liberal to banks in this respect.