

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"That is cheering news, marquis. If true it relieves our minds of one dreadful fear—the boat survived the storm, at least. Please heaven, she is safe on board, and that we may succeed in rescuing her! When shall we go?"

"Let us have a council of war," the marquis said with energy, "and take the opinions of our detective and the captain as to the advisability of making an immediate advance on the enemy's works."

A plan of action was decided upon. Steam should be kept up by the commander, so that an immediate departure from the harbor could be made in case it was deemed necessary.

The three others entered a boat, which was manned by several of the stoutest and most expert sailors on board—men whose muscles were capable of enormous work should there be need of haste.

If an indifferent watch were kept aboard the craft there would be little or no difficulty in accomplishing the first part of their scheme, at least.

This was to temporarily disable the screw of the steamer, so that such a thing as pursuit would be out of the question.

Nearer they drew, and those who were so deeply interested held their very breath, for fear lest a sudden hail from on board might bring about discovery and possibly ruin for their plans.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Search for a Wife.

It was already arranged that in case such a contretemps occurred they were to advance to the side of the steamer, addressing the man on guard in Spanish, which the marquis was easily capable of doing, announcing themselves officers of the port, bent upon their duties, who wished to come aboard.

Once alongside, they would speedily clamber over the low waist of the little steamer, whether invited or not. As to the rest, they were armed, and meant to carry out their object though the heavens fell.

The sailors were to manage the task of using the chain which they had carried, so that it would be wound about the propeller with the first few revolutions made.

It was well done. Not a single clanking sound betrayed them.

Their next task required an abundance of nerve, which, fortunately, was not lacking.

The marquis had been using his eyes as well as the darkness allowed, and he saw that the steamer was built in a manner that made the task of boarding her more difficult than he had anticipated.

They might be compelled to rely upon some chance rope dangling over the side.

The sailors knew what to expect, and foot by foot the boat was worked along close to the hull of the steamer until the groping hand of the man who searched came in contact with what they sought, a rope, by means of which any sailor ashore could, upon arrival at the vessel, clamber aboard.

The marquis was the first to take hold of it after the sailor had fastened one end to a thwart, and he passed over the rail of the steamer in a jiffy.

Then came the man from Scotland Yard, who also made the passage easily enough.

With Livermore it was a serious business, for he had accumulated much avoirdupois since his last equatorial tramp through the African wilderness. However, the same game spirit as of yore resided in his body, and while he puffed considerably, making sounds that Jack feared would draw attention from the watch, the discovery did not come, and he was given the privilege of assisting his friend aboard.

Fortune favored them in that they were able to reach the cabin without meeting any one.

Once at the saloon door, they looked its length without discovering a living soul.

Evidently those whom they sought must be in their staterooms opening off the cabin, and there was nothing left to them but to open these, one at a time, to discover the truth.

This was the crucial time.

The marquis, bold enough to take advantage of the slender opportunity fortune had granted them, stepped to the first door and opened it.

The light from the cabin entering disclosed Fedora seated on a chair, having refused to retire to the berth after the terror of the last two nights. She was awake, and the astonishment felt at seeing the marquis almost caused her to faint.

He advanced to her side and said in a low but earnest tone:

"Do not cry out, or all is lost! We have come across the water to save you. He is close at hand—your husband. Come to him now, and please utter no sound above a whisper."

Then she suffered him to lead her out, not sure that it was a dream or some delusion.

There stood the captain awaiting his own, and with a cry she could not repress she threw herself into his extended arms.

The marquis rightly feared that discovery was now sure to come, and

realizing that not a second must be lost he begged Fedora to tell him if she had a companion in her captivity.

Unable to speak, she pointed to a door opposite to the stateroom she had occupied, and as Jack turned to it he saw Mazette standing there, with pale face and disheveled hair—but Mazette, alive, thank Heaven!

Another instant and he had clasped her to his heart—it was one of those moments when words are useless to convey the sentiments of the soul, for Mazette knew he loved her, even as she had for years adored her former comrade and instructor in Bohemia.

Just as the marquis, overwhelmed by his sentiments, threw the mask aside and betrayed his love for Mazette by straining the miniature painter to his heart another door flew open and there issued forth a figure that in its warlike demeanor might have stood for a modern Joan of Arc—a figure that, at sight of the marquis and Livermore, uttered savage little cries in Spanish, and with blazing eyes and heaving bosom rushed toward the former, waving desperately in her hand a revolver, which he knew full well she had learned how to use under the palms of Gautarica, since he himself, as wretched luck would have it, had taught her the first principles of marksmanship.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Where Gold Proved Trumps.

Luckily the detective was prepared for just such a move as this, and as she came within reach, not noticing his presence, he caught her and with a quick movement wrested the revolver from her grasp.

The movement was successful, but it cost him dear, for the frenzied woman, baffled in her design, scratched his face after the manner of a tiger cat, all the while screaming as might an escaped maniac—doubtless, for the time being, she was out of her senses, so fearful a hold upon her mind had this idea of Corsican revenge taken, that the prospect of losing her prey rendered her mad.

He threw her from him with a curse, for she would very likely have dug his eyes out.

It was now high time they departed. Already the alarm was given and they could hear the shouts of Spanish sailors as they ran to and fro, or came tumbling up from their quarters forward.

Already the captain was leading his wife to the deck; the old warrior's fighting blood was up, and woe to the man who dared bar his path.

The marquis followed with Mazette. As for the detective, finding a key in the cabin door he whipped this latter shut and, having secured it, placed the key in his pocket, hoping that, by thus separating Juanita from the unscrupulous captain and crew he might lessen the danger.

It was a politic move and did him credit.

They could hear her pounding at the door while her shrieks arose; then came several shots from her recovered revolver, whether as signals or fired in the hope of demolishing the lock that held her prisoner none could say.

No sooner had Livermore issued forth upon the deck than he was set upon by a couple of men, one of them possibly the captain of the steamer, who recognized in him a stranger.

At least here was an opportunity for Livermore to prove that he had not become rusty in his five years' retirement from the field of adventure and travel, and right royally he emphasized this point under the eyes of his wife.

He threw out his right hand and sent the fellow on that side headlong into the scuppers. At this his other antagonist drew a shining knife, with which every Spaniard loves to go armed at all times, and uttering fearful imprecations he made a wicked pass at the stout captain.

Fedora's scream was deadened by the report of the captain's weapon, and then the sailor man's tune changed, for, dropping his blade, he ran down the deck with a bullet in his shoulder, shrieking in pain in a manner that ill became a warrior of Castile.

This was a beginning.

As the others joined the captain on deck they found themselves confronted by a rabble of wild-eyed barefooted Spanish sailors.

The marquis addressed them in quick sentences, straight to the point; his Spanish was good, and he knew how to best handle such men—mighty little time did he spend in explaining by what right they came there, for such rovers care not a snap for the affection existing between husband and wife—with them right is but as might allows, and their god the brazen image that will buy liquor and tobacco.

Thus the marquis had a card up his sleeve, and he played it now at a time when it was of the greatest value.

When he drew out his hand from his pocket it contained a score of gold pieces.

These he sent along the deck with a toss that is only gained through experience.

It was a clever trick.

In vain some fellow in command shouted and swore at the sailor men to mass themselves in front of the invaders and prevent them from leaving the vessel; he addressed but empty air, for the spot that had just held the Spanish crew knew them no longer.

The gleam of golden coins rolling about the deck was enough to make them even forget their allegiance to the young King, and, heedless alike of entreaties and hard imprecations, they set about scrambling for the coins.

There were fierce fights over some of the gold boys, where two men set about securing a single coin; and at another time and under different conditions the mad scramble might have presented certain elements of humor in the eyes of Livermore and the artist.

Just now their one desire was to shake off the society of these sad seadogs, and leave them to fight it out among themselves.

Accordingly, a forward movement was begun without delay, and they managed to reach the side of the vessel where hung the rope that had been of such signal assistance in helping them aboard, about the time the sailors again gathered in a threatening crowd.

The marquis lowered Mazette into the arms of the stout lads waiting below. Then came Fedora, assisted on both sides, and such trust did the ladies feel in those brave hearts that had risked all these dangers in their behalf that they forgot to exercise the first privilege of the feminine mind and scream as they were lowered over the rail into the darkness below.

As the Spaniards, urged on by their valorous officers, who took good care to keep in the rear, showed signs of making a rush, the nabob again with eager fingers chased all the fugitive coins he had in his pockets, and, having corralled them, opened another fusillade.

And again it was a grand success—nothing could withstand the power of gold.

Taking advantage of this digression, while the men chased the rolling discs, the captain was assisted down the rope and the marquis followed.

As the man from Scotland Yard started to follow, one of the steamer's officers made a slash at the rope with his cuchillo and severed it.

Luckily the detective was kept from going overboard, and the fragment of rope, found later on, was seized by Overton as a memento of this remarkable adventure.

Nothing now remained to hold them, so the boat was pushed off and oars unshipped.

In their course toward the other steamer they had occasion to pass around the stern of the one which had been the theater of such recent tragic events.

From a porthole, evidently opening from the cabin, came several shots; but, owing to the darkness covering the water, the bullets went wide of their intended mark.

Evidently the enraged senorita realized she had played her last card and lost the stakes, for they could hear her wild shrieks ringing over the calm bay long after they regained the deck of their own steamer and were on the way out to sea—perhaps the wretched Juanita, who had wagered so much and lost all in the game of love, had, in truth, become insane over her troubles; at least they hoped and believed they would never see her more.

And the Marquis of Montezuma, as he stood with Mazette's little hand in his own, looking back at the foamy wake they left behind, found that the last atom of bitterness had left his heart, and then and there he took upon himself a new vow, which the angels doubtless joyfully recorded, that from this hour in the future, to the father and mother of little "Jack," his namesake, he would be a brother in spirit and in deed; and it need hardly be said that any one who occupied such a close position to the heart of the American Nabob would never again know want in this world.

THE END.

CHARITY WORKERS ON NEW BASIS.

Salaries Now Paid for Visiting the Sick and Helping the Poor.

"The newest profession for women is that of a charity worker," remarked a prominent club woman yesterday. "You needn't laugh. There really is such a profession, and it is new, and if I were a young woman I would enter into training for it. There is not much competition as yet, and the opportunities for studying charity work are limited, but still it is now possible."

"New York has established a training school for charity workers, and it is meeting with success. The women who enter are put into active service at visiting under proper lectures upon the different phases of the leadership, and then there are courses of subjects. It is quite worth entering from a financial standpoint, also. Philadelphia is proverbially conservative, and yet we pay the young woman at the head of our organizing charities the salary of \$5,000, and she can greatly supplement it by lecturing and literary work upon the subject of her profession."

"Other cities do better than this, and the time is not far distant when all charitable work will be conducted in a methodical manner by an expert, who will be well paid for her services."—Philadelphia Record.

He gives not best who gives most, but he gives most who gives best. If I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give cheerily, and what I want in my hand, I will supply in my heart.—Warwick.

To refuse a right responsibility may be to reject a great reward.

THE FARMER'S VIEW.

DUBAN RELIEF AND DOMESTIC AGRICULTURE.

American Growers of Sugar Beets and Leaf Tobacco Likely to Ask Why They Alone Are Required to Bear the Burden of Tariff Concessions.

In the preamble of the resolutions submitted by Congressman Taylor, of Ohio, at the meeting of House Republicans on the evening of March 11 the case of the opponents of the policy of tariff reduction on Cuban products is set forth with clearness and force. It is hard to answer, and it has not yet been answered, either by free traders or ex-protectionists. What answer can be made to the plain proposition that the lowering of the duties on sugar and tobacco "involves a relaxation of the protection principle," whose evil effects fall wholly upon American farmers? This is the exact truth, and it cannot be denied or explained away. You may assert that the American farmers who raise sugar cane, sugar beets and tobacco can stand it, but will the American farmers agree with you? Are they not very certain to ask why they only among the general body of American producers should be singled out to foot the entire bill of so-called "Cuban relief?" If the sugar cane of Louisiana and Texas, the sugar beets of twenty or more states, and the leaf tobacco of yet other states are the only sufferers through such a "relaxation of the protective principle," will the spirit of self-sacrifice be likely to inspire in the minds of the growers of cane, beets and tobacco an increase or a decrease of devotion to the protective principle? Is it in human nature to admire a "principle" that works that way?

The Taylor manifesto makes some things very plain—so plain that the wayfaring sympathizer, though he be a fool, may read. Among the things thus made plain is the fact that in this scheme of "relief" the American farmer is morally certain to ask where he comes in. He can see where the Sugar Trust comes in, with its nearly \$15,000,000 of profits on raw sugar, now waiting to be admitted at a lower rate of duty; he can see where the domestic manufacturer comes in with his larger market as the price of the lowered duties on competitive agricultural products. Yes; the American farmer can see where these interests come in, but he cannot see where he himself comes in. Yet the American farmer is sure to come in somewhere when the time arrives for casting and counting votes.

What to Do for Cuba.

There is, no doubt, a strong sentiment in the country at large in favor of doing something for Cuba. If that "something" can be done without injury to American interests, well and good, but any reduction in the tariff is bound to affect unfavorably the American products which come into active competition with Cuban products in our home markets.

Propositions have been made all the way from free trade between Cuba and the United States down to a 20 per cent reduction from the Dingley rates. Any or all of these propositions the Sugar Trust will support. Why? Because the trust absolutely controls the price of raw sugar in the United States and it would pay for Cuban sugar just what price it chose. In other words the 20 per cent reduction in the tariff would go into the pockets of the trust.

"The whole fight for a reduction of the tariff on Cuban sugar," said one of the highest officials at Washington, "is being made by the Sugar Trust. Everybody wants to help Cuba, but the Sugar Trust is the only party that insists that it shall be done in a certain specified way—by the reduction of the tariff, which reduction on sugar would go solely into the pockets of the trust."

The statement has been made by at least two of the very highest officials of the government that the proper way to assist Cuba is to collect the whole Dingley duty from the island and then return the proper proportion of it—say 25 per cent—to the Cuban treasury, whence it will be distributed for the benefit of the whole Cuban people. This method the Sugar Trust, and all the varied agents which it is behind, do not, of course, favor.—Camden (N. J.) Telegram.

Generous Revisionists.

The beet sugar interests are making a manful fight against the proposed reduction in the tariff, and foremost in the fight for what Michigan demands stands William Alden Smith. The arguments of those who for the sake of "helping Cuba" would sacrifice an industry that has assumed large proportions and yet is little more than in its infancy have been met with logic that cannot be refuted, and so ably has the contest been carried on that the tariff revisionists, who two weeks ago were full of confidence, are now in a panic. The contest has been splendidly managed, and must be continued until the plan to sacrifice the beet sugar industry shall be abandoned.

The false position that the revisionists find themselves in is clearly shown by an incident in the conference held recently. Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, after a long dissertation on the debt we owe in morals to Cuba, was asked by Mr. Smith whether if Cuba produced iron and steel instead of sugar he would favor a reduction of duties upon iron. He said that he would not, and under the goading he received from Mr. Smith he admitted that if he came

from a beet sugar state he would stand exactly where the men from the beet sugar state now stand—against tariff reduction.

The revisionists are animated by the same spirit which inspired the patriot who was willing that all his wife's relatives should enlist. They are willing to acknowledge our "debt" to Cuba, but are careful that payment shall be made out of the pocketbooks of somebody else. If we owe Cuba anything let us pay it out of the federal treasury, and then we will know that it is paid and will have a receipt to show for the outlay. If this be not considered feasible, let us do the same thing in another way by giving the Cubans a cash rebate on all the tariff collected in American ports on Cuban products. But do not lay the entire burden of helping Cuba on the beet sugar industry.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Wild Hunt for New Markets.

Now just watch those journals which are clinging to the crumbling edges of the free trade propaganda. It will not be long before they are heard denouncing this reciprocity convention as a delusion and a snare, from which no good can come. They will be mistaken, as a great deal of good may be expected from the deliberations of this body. It will no doubt do much to promote a reciprocity which is honest and beneficial, but not that sort which Mr. Robert of Massachusetts said "will open our markets to foreign competition and give us nothing in return." It will not, to use the impressive words of Senator Hale of Maine, who was James G. Blaine's spokesman for reciprocity in the senate, propose to "imperial present conditions by a wild hunt for new markets which have never had and never will have any trade or commerce at all to be compared with the vast trade and the immense exports from this country to our great rivals." The reciprocity which will be aimed at is in such important trades as those with France, Germany, the British dependencies and certain countries, especially in Southern America, which buy more of us than they sell to us. This is the reciprocity which Mr. Blaine proposed, which President McKinley meant in his great Buffalo speech, and which the Republican party has declared for and stands ready to favor.—Paterson (N. J.) Press.

Should Be Permanently Settled.

Every generation has troubles enough of its own; it should not be compelled to be continually fighting over and over the same questions that divided parties fifty years ago. Questions once threshed out should stay so, the wheat and the chaff separate. Every intelligent American knew in 1840 that protection enriched this country, benefiting especially the worker for wages, and that free trade and all tendencies to it took business away from the country and so impoverished all but a very few. Why, then, must these lessons be learned over and over every few years? Every new experience of the familiar facts scores deeper into the nation and causes greater suffering than before. Why should any party, for sheer partisan advantage, seek to unsettle the public mind with exploded theories? Let the "American system" remain henceforth the unchallenged policy of the nation. Such, indeed, would be a course of true patriotism.

The Head of the Sugar Trust.

General Grosvenor has hit the nail on the head. Every indication points to the Sugar Trust as having organized this Cuban reciprocity movement. It means money in the pockets of the trust and an advance in trust certificates—and here is the speculation which General Grosvenor sees underlying the entire agitation. The trust showed itself a little too conspicuously at first; but it has now dropped out of sight as far as possible and is allowing the New York newspapers, Federal officials and Cubans to do the lobbying for it. It has been a long time since we have seen, a trust thus attempting to control legislation, but the Sugar Trust has done this so long in all matters relating to sugar that it feels perhaps that it is entitled to dictate the laws. This is bad enough in itself, without having our Federal officials lobbying in its interest.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We Have Done Enough.

The "sympathy for Cuba" racket is playing itself out. The public is beginning to realize the fact that we have done very much for Cuba in giving her independence at the cost of thousands of lives and millions of money, and in assisting her in the formation of a home government, and, having done this much, we are called upon to ruin whole communities or prostrate an entire industry in order that Cuban planters may the more speedily enrich themselves. They prospered in bygone years with a heavy American tariff on their product.—Denver News.

The Deader the Better.

The free-trader is not dead, but his theories ought to be killed beyond the possibility of resurrection. The livelier they are the greater the stagnation of business in this country. The deader they are the greater the prosperity.—New Haven Leader.

There Are Others.

Just why the sugar beet men should be censured for protesting against Cuban reciprocity is not clear. It seems other interests are kicking hard against being deprived of protection.—Racine (Wis.) Journal.

INN NEW USES FOR NEW FURS.

Russian Pony Skins for Motorists—White Catskin for Miniver.

Russia is sending us a couple of very novel pelts, the skins of ponies and of calves, for making motor-car dresses and coats and for the Russian blouses wealthy women are wearing so much this winter. The skins of the ponies are not very large and are forwarded, manes and all, to the furriers, but so far the manes have not been made useful. Perhaps the boy trade will eventually profit by them and the fiery nursery steeds of the rocking horse and Gray Dobbin persuasion be equipped with the long silky hair of these creatures.

Any one who has traveled in Russia will know the pale, tawny shade of the native pony, almost lion-like in color. It is also the commonly met hue of the little Scandinavian horses driven in Norway almost exclusively and much seen, too, in Sweden and Finland. The skin dyes brown and a lovely jet black most successfully and is so strong that it is uncommonly suitable for rough-wear wraps. Nor is it outrageously expensive. A Russian blouse made of it comes to eight and a half guineas.

The Russian calf makes very pretty snow-white coats, tufted with black, and charming revers, cuffs, ties and muffs for cloth redingotes. To some eyes this pelt will resemble miniver, says the London Mail, but there is a huge monetary difference between it and ermine, as well as a visible one, especially as miniver, which is really ermine tufted with the black tips of the tails only, instead of the tails themselves, is daily going up in price in view of the coronation and its requirements.

HAD THE SOUVENIR CRAZE.

One of the Things That Marked the McKinley Funeral Procession.

The desire for souvenirs upon the part of the large crowds lined along the railroad tracks at every point was a distinctive feature of the McKinley funeral train. The most popular of all methods adopted was the placing of coins on the tracks so that the train might pass over them, smashing flat the pieces of money as a mark of identification in years to come. This practice was not confined to any particular point or crowd, but was indulged in generally along the route.

The mutilated coins were afterward gathered up by their owners and displayed with much pride. Coins of different denominations aggregating at least several hundred dollars were strewn along the track at the Union station. Even these relic hunters seemed to appreciate the occasion and surroundings, and instead of making a rush for their property as soon as the train had passed, waited until it was out of sight before picking up the crushed coins.

At Roup Station, says the Pittsburg Post, a wealthy resident of the Shady-side district placed a \$10 gold piece upon the rail. The approach of the train started to shake it off, but it managed to remain long enough to have just a small portion of it nipped off as if done by a knife. The owner is quite a collector of souvenirs and oddities and when he picked up his coin he stated that it would occupy the most prominent and conspicuous place in his large collection.

The remarkable popularity of the Fitzwilliams in Yorkshire is not a matter of yesterday, but has existed for several generations, and for cause. An anecdote significant of the ways of the house is told of the late earl's father. A farmer came to him to represent that his wheat had been damaged seriously by the hounds. The earl inquired at what he appraised the damage. The man said £50, and it was at once paid. After harvest the farmer came again and said that the wheat far from being injured where most trampled on, seemed the strongest when they came to cut it, and consequently he had brought back the £50. "Ah," said Lord F., "this is as things should be 'twixt man and man." Then he wrote out a check for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him of the occasion which produced it."—London Chronicle.

How He Asked for Wife.

A story is told in faculty circles at Yale which goes back to 1891 for its time setting, and concerns itself with President Hadley's manner of asking the late Governor Luzon B. Morris of Connecticut for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Professor Hadley made the call, which was to determine his future, just at the time when the re-election of Governor Morris was in grave doubt, and the courts were debating the matter and the legislature refusing to ratify it. "What can I do for you, Arthur?" asked the older man, kindly suspecting that his daughter was the reason of the visit.

"I have come to you," said Prof. Hadley, making his famous forearm gesture, "to know definitely whether or no I may call you governor."

Paper Valise Is Latest.

The traveling bag has undergone interesting changes within the last few years, and has become a much more handy article than it used to be.

Recently the valise of woven straw, which weighs practically nothing at all, and actually not more than a few ounces, has come much into fashion, but now this seems likely to be in turn superseded by the paper traveling bag, invented by a Pennsylvania man. It is collapsible when empty, so that it can be stored or shipped in that condition just like a flat sheet of paper.

When wanted for use it may be expanded at a moment's notice into the form of a valise, with a suitable handle.—Saturday Evening Post.