

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XII (Continued.)

Jack's hand trembled as he touched the half-bowed and supplicating sentinel that in all these decades, while the world was moving on, making wonderful history, had remained here in the dense jungle, guarding well the secret of those strange people of Aztec times.

Jack estimated the value of the statue at some thousands of pounds in London, even at the present depreciated price of silver.

But they were after higher game, and could well afford to scornfully cast this base bullion aside.

It was not long before the descending pick struck metal, and presently Jack, shovel in hand, had cleared a slab that had a dull lustre not unlike bronze.

Barrajo danced what, in another quarter of the world, might have been termed an Irish jig or a Scottish hornpipe.

"Por Dios! It is just as the document relates. The old Indian did not deceive me. Come, lift the trap with me, Senor Jack. See, stone steps lead down to the ruins of the old Aztec temple. Oh! I tell you, my president, we are the luckiest men on the face of the earth, this night, since we have but to stretch out our hands to clutch fortune."

The invitation to descend, given by Barrajo, as the two fortune hunters surveyed the ancient stone steps leading to some mysterious subterranean depository of the Montezumas was a most welcome sound to Overton.

They had come upon the expedition fully prepared for all emergencies, and the gloomy depths of the yawning pit below had no terrors for such brave hearts, so, taking pick and spade, they began to descend.

At the bottom of the stairway they came to a long slab, forming a lintel over the top of a door. Upon digging the doorway was uncovered and was found to be blocked by a huge metate or native millstone. Carved across its entire surface were inscriptions in the hieroglyphics of a civilized race.

As soon as the doorway had been cut through the two adventurous treasure hunters entered the chamber of the temple-tomb. Mural paintings, representing female figures draped in shrouds and in attitudes of prayer, were on the walls. Niches in the crypt contained a number of skulls, and other bones comprising parts of skeletons were scattered about. These were all painted a bright red. Red, it may be remarked, was the mourning color of the Aztecs.

There were numbers of idols in the cave, doubtless looked upon as exceedingly chaste in these olden times, but their supreme ugliness gave Jack a rude shock when his artistic eye first fell upon them.

However their faults, while many from this point of view, could be readily condoned when the fact was taken into consideration that each and every one of the little monsters seemed to have been fashioned from crude metal, and even Overton's inexperienced eye was able to tell that it was gold unalloyed.

This was glorious—still, it was only a beginning.

With trembling fingers they picked up many of the less weighty images and vases.

By degrees the two men managed to recover their wits and calm down, when they set about a rough estimate of the value of their find.

Overton was fain to agree with the general when the latter exultantly exclaimed that in all probability never before in the history of the world, from the days of King Solomon down to the present time, had such a vast treasure been heaped up in one pile.

It was like a dream—Overton in his wildest moods, when fancy ran away with reason, had never imagined so marvelous a thing.

Finally Barrajo said: "Remember our sacred compact, Senor Jack—an equal division if we both live; should misfortune overtake us while we are in the act of removing the treasure, the one who survives is entitled to all, after he has settled a few bequests we have taken the pains to write jointly. Is this so understood?"

"It is in the bond general, and may heaven deal with me as I deal with you."

They solemnly shook hands as if to again ratify the bargain.

Barrajo and Jack had as yet no suspicion that they were followed from San Juan, and, eager to begin operations, the two comrades had each seized upon several images that were most handy and began to lug the unresisting captives toward the exit.

Barrajo ascended the steps first and Jack handed up the booty, raising the temple images one by one, while the general plied them outside on the grass beside the overturned silver sentry.

Jack had handed up the last of their burden, and, still gasping for breath, crawled up the steps himself, anxious to again breathe the pure atmosphere without, after having his eyes and nose and mouth clogged with the fine dust of ages.

Just as he reached the top a hand clutched his shoulder, and Barrajo's husky voice whispered into his ear: "Hush! Do not move—caramba! I could swear I saw a figure flit through yonder stretch of bright moonlight."

"Ah! that means—"

"We have been followed."

"In spite of our great caution."

Barrajo muttered a few pet phrases as though in this opening of the safety valve he could allow the surplus steam to escape.

"There are some very sly dogs in this world, senor, and we have our share of them in San Jose. Yes, despite the care exercised by one whose long experience made him capable of doing everything possible to throw pursuers off the track, we have been followed."

"There can be no doubt of their intentions," said Overton between his teeth, as he allowed a hand to steal toward his weapons, for the Anglo-Saxon spirit was aroused within him.

"None at all. They want this treasure, and if we hope to win we must fight for it," came the stern reply.

BOOK TWO The Modern Argonauts.

CHAPTER XIII. Dearly Won.

Evidence that the general had spoken the truth multiplied quickly, for presently they heard signals, and even caught a glimpse of dark figures flitting from tree to tree.

Perhaps it was the first time on record where white men made a rude breastwork of gold, but lying behind the heap of gold images and vases that Barrajo had deposited upon the ground they awaited an opportunity to cut loose among the persistent shadows that had followed from San Juan.

It was Barrajo who found the first chance, and right well the old soldier improved it.

At least one thing was settled—the imprecations in Spanish that followed the report of his gun announced beyond any possibility of mistake that these dusky, flitting shadows were not the spirits of ancient Aztec priests, but genuine, bonafide adventurers of to-day.

If more evidence were needed they had it when spiteful flashes of fire punctured the dark spaces under the trees, and the rattle of firearms followed.

Some of the bullets whistled over their heads, while others flattened against the novel defense behind which they crouched.

"Five!" muttered the old soldier when the scattering volley had come to an end without doing any damage.

They had quite a little circus for some time, firing back and forth, guided more by the flash of each other's guns than anything else.

When the enemy began to flank their position Jack knew the case was growing desperate, and would require heroic treatment if they hoped to come out at the large end of the horn.

"We must move on their works, general," he declared, when a leaden messenger had sung past his ear, coming from the rear.

They crawled away, keeping almost flat upon the ground and without interruption reached the spot for which they aimed, where at the proper time they could pour a hot and deadly fire into the ranks of the San Jose adventurers as they rushed forward in closing upon their silenced enemies.

All this happened just as Barrajo, who knew the habits and temperaments of his fellows full well, expected, and the fusillade which they opened on the advancing figures sent at least a couple of them to grass before they realized the clever nature of the stratagem played upon them.

The fight, being again open, raged along the whole line.

It was evidently destined to be a little war of extermination—one side or the other must be wiped out.

After further desultory firing Jack heard the awful thud which a bullet makes when it strikes a human being, and caught the husky maledictions that burned his comrade's tongue.

"You are hit," he exclaimed in dismay.

"Yes, and badly, too. I fear. Try to stanch the blood, hombre, as best you can. Your hand trembles—come, bear up; it is but the luck of a soldier, after all. Many years I have mocked the Grim Reaper and laughed in his face—perhaps he has me now. At least, hombre, I shall be avenged. See, our three remaining enemies have come together yonder, by the gnarled oak—you can count the flashes when they fire. It is a glorious opportunity to try the virtues of these experimental bombs, one that may never come again. The secret must die with them."

Jack had just turned his head moodily aside, ostensibly to look for enemies in their rear, but in reality to hide his emotion, when a sudden shout electrified him.

As he faced about he was horrified to see his sorely wounded companion upon his feet and hurrying with uncertain steps toward the spot from whence the last volley had come.

It was too late to stay him, for already the mad general was a quarter of the way over the intervening ground.

His cry had drawn out shots from those in ambush—Jack could see the fire run the gamut of three guns, and at that distance he trembled for his devoted comrade.

As he turned to look for Barrajo he discovered that his worst fears were

realized—the old hero had gone down, struck again by a merciless ball.

Then a sudden fury seemed to possess Overton—such a feeling as may make a giant of a stripling—it was the desire for revenge burning in his soul and tingling to the very tips of his fingers, under the impulse of which a man may do the most astounding feats, such as might be worthy of old time heroes.

In that second of time he had sworn an oath to slay those three desperate adventurers or die himself in the attempt.

He had even scrambled to his feet with this stern resolution on his mind, and was in the act of rushing forward to hurl himself upon the ambushed foe, when he discovered that Barrajo was once more rising.

Jack had a pretty good idea as to what was upon Barrajo's mind, so that he was not at all surprised to see him draw back his arm and make ready to cast a projectile.

Overton unconsciously came to a halt and held his breath when he discovered that the general had actually made the cast.

He had no time to speculate upon the result.

There was a blinding flash just in the spot where the trio of adventurers had concealed themselves, a most terrific concussion that actually threw Jack from his feet, and then a deadly silence.

Overton, only a trifle bruised, managed to gain his feet and rush forward.

Where the San Jose treasure seekers had lain hidden the utmost havoc had been done, and Jack knew no human being could have been within twenty feet of that exploding bomb and escaped with his life.

It was a most terrible and overwhelming catastrophe.

He remembered poor, brave Barrajo, hero of a score of battles, such as they are in Central American republics.

It was no trouble finding him.

The general had half raised himself to a sitting position, and was eagerly looking toward the scene of desolation his terrible little hand grenade had wrought.

"It is—victory?" he gasped, as Jack bent over him, and there was a tremor to the old soldier's weak voice that told of the ruler's passion strong in death.

"I have no reason to believe a single man of their number has been left alive," Jack returned.

The old warrior feebly waved his arm above his head—Jack would never as long as he lived forget the tragic scene under the whispering gnarled oak.

"Then I am satisfied. It is sweet for a soldier to die when the field has been won."

"But is it so bad as that, my poor friend? May I not be able to save you? I have some rude knowledge of surgery, and Heaven knows I could spare no effort in your behalf."

There was real agony in Jack's voice and the dying man was deeply affected by it.

"Useless, Senor Jack; quite useless. My sands of life are almost run; my race at its end. I have been wounded many times, but never like this. In less than ten minutes I shall be dead; believe me."

"Good heavens! you give me pain, Barrajo. If it were my brother I could not feel more unconsolable."

"Ah, I believe you, senor. We have been good comrades, we two; is it not so?" And we made a sacred compact, you remember it, Senor Jack?" weakly.

"Yes."

(To be continued.)

SULTAN LOVES MUSIC.

Grand Pianos Purchased for the Ladies of the Harem.

It will be news to most people that the Sultan of Turkey is an enthusiastic musical amateur. The statement, however, is nevertheless true.

A well-known Anglo-German firm has just sent his majesty two more grand pianos. This firm has already supplied him with many such instruments, but the Sultan is still unsatisfied.

He does not play himself, but some of the ladies of his harem do, and, of course, many brilliant pianists perform before him. But if he does not play himself, he is at any rate fond of singing to music.

The Shah is another lover of musical instruments. The same firm has also supplied him with grand pianos. His majesty takes the greatest interest, too, in his band, and he is a keen collector of musical instruments and is said to be a connoisseur in fiddles. Strangely enough, too, those huge mechanical structures which are so commonly found in Germany and Russia, and which purport to be organ, orchestra, and brass band in one, are very popular both with the Sultan and the Shah.

Another curious fact is that a grand piano has just been bought by an Arab, sheik at Khartoum. It is to be played by his chief wife.

Fault in the Home.

It is one of the manifestations of the careless, superficial way in which many people consider an important matter that the minute a word is said about overstudy and sitting up until 2 o'clock with a cup of black coffee and a history lesson the tendency is at once to shove all the blame upon the public school system. Part of this is thoughtlessness and part is cowardice—the exhibition of an indisposition to face the difficulty exactly where it is. In every case like that which Mr. Griggs cites, or any case that is approximate, the trouble is so much in the home that all other contributory elements are of no account whatever.

Three hundred and thirty-five places of worship provide 166,391 sittings for members of the Presbyterian church of England.

IN SERIOUS DANGER

ADVOCATES OF PROTECTION SEE CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The Proposed Tariff Concessions to Cuba Involve Needless Meddling with Rates and a Grave Menace to Our Own Agricultural Interests.

The situation in the United States in regard to the practice of protection as a means of national development is remarkable. We have just emerged from a period of Hard Times in a way which has justified the strongest convictions of the Protectionists. Many a man has in past times hesitated over the Protection according to iron and steel. If such duties were needed for those products at any time, when could we hope to successfully produce iron and steel in competition with the world at large? Yet iron and steel, strongly protected here, have sallied forth and opened for us the markets of the world. The very things on which we had the greatest doubts are the things which have placed our principles beyond dispute by practical illustration known and read of all men.

Nevertheless, this is the very moment when protection is running its greatest risk. It is a curious fact, in the nature of mankind, that there is no time when there is such great danger as the time of victory. After ten years of muscled comes the natural reaction, and men, after victory, like to concede something to their enemies. This is all well enough when it relates to the courtesies of individual intercourse, but it has no application to business. Protection rests upon principle, or it does not. If it does not, then it is a mere bestowal of bounty, and is no part of the business of government. If it rests upon principle, then that principle must be that the American markets belong to the Americans. You cannot maintain your system and sacrifice anything to which it is applicable.

Recent events ought to show congress that the people are coming to understand these things. After such a victory as our system has had, it can easily be understood that all attacks on the system, if made at all, must be insidious and disguised. They cannot be open, for they would be resisted at sight. Hence there should be full discussion of these new attempts, which are now being made in our period of victory to turn the victory into defeat.

The first attack came in the disguise of reciprocity. That sounded well. All things sound well which are merely on paper. Mr. Cleveland could talk most convincingly of the tariff which should protect all manufacturers, and yet be so nicely poised that it would suit all importers here and all manufacturers abroad. So long as the senate was against him and he could do nothing, there was no false note in the song. But when he got a senate of his own party, and they all went to work on a real tariff, he found the product so bad that he could only cover his face as it passed by.

So with reciprocity treaties. Framed in the mind they exchange only commodities that one of the countries produces and the other does not. This seems plain. But no real reciprocity bill or treaty ever could do any such thing, or ever really tried to.

Recognizing this fact when they were face to face with it the manufacturers and producers of this country quite recently, in their meeting in Washington, earned the thanks of their country by their courageous action. This they did, though many of their friends stayed away as another method of protest.

Another insidious attack upon protection as a system has recently been made in the bill repealing more or less of the tariff for the benefit of Cuba. It does not in any way appeal to our judgments. It is only addressed to our sympathies. We are told that Cuba has been maltreated by being set free. Can that be so? Not at all. Some enterprising Americans have gone there, purchased land and built a railroad. Are we going to reward expatriation? We have a right to wish them success, and we give them our good will. Why should they be benefited at the expense of those who stay at home and develop our own country? Why should a desire to be kind to the absent lead us to withdraw protection for our own tobacco growers and our own beet sugar raisers? Why should we, for the sake of good men, even, who have gone abroad to seek fortune, allow such an attack upon our system of protection as will be a good beginning for a final destruction?

If you need any proof as to the character of the attack, look at those who are flocking to the aid of the Cuban bounty or rebate, whatever it may be. Every journal that has ever advocated free trade is after us, in a fashion which may be called brutal; all of them are attacking those who sustain protection, as if it were a crime to uphold laws which have made this country prosperous beyond our utmost hopes.

If even our system should be overturned, it will be by such attempts as this, and not by a battle along the whole line. Therefore it behooves us, as citizens who desire to continue the prosperity of our country, to take active measures to see that the true meaning of this proposed action should be fully understood.

If we propose to abandon any industries, we had better not let it be the agricultural industries. Between the Atlantic and Pacific stretch vast regions still untilled. The next victory of protection should be there.

Our system of protection is not for farmers alone. It is for farmers also. Whoever deprives our farm-

ers of all the American market they can occupy is false to his principles, and must meet with defeat or the system must be surrendered which proclaims that American markets are first of all for American citizens, who are engaged in developing the country we already have.

South Wants Protection.

The South has now entered the field of manufacturing. It is not at all improbable that it may want all it can get out of the business. Protection furnishes much of the profit of the business and the South may want that. There is a tendency in the East to go back into the shipbuilding business. That carries with it the Free-Trade inclination. More than this, the East does not produce the raw material on which its manufactories work. It does not want a tariff on raw material, and that is an entering wedge to the destruction of Protection. Already in the South there is something of a Protective spirit. This is shown by the fact that at the Democratic convention in Chicago, which nominated Mr. Bryan, Messrs. Tillman and Bailey, both on the committee on resolutions and platform, insisted on striking out the word "only" in the platform of four years before, where it qualified the powers of the government in imposing a tariff on the country. In other words, the Democratic announcement for a tariff for revenue "only" was changed to a declaration for a tariff for revenue, leaving the inference that under the new Democracy a tariff might be imposed for purposes other than for revenue to carry on the government.—Galveston "News."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!



Who Pays It?

There is an old saying to the effect that a liar needs to have a good memory. The man who argues on the wrong side of a question has a similar need. Otherwise he will get tangled up in his own contradictions. At the recent reciprocity convention, one of the speakers, Mr. A. B. Farquhar, a well-known Free-Trader, said: "Our manufacturers are now practically barred from France by a maximum tariff, which we alone of all important nations are forced to pay." In other words, according to Mr. Farquhar, what Protectionists have always maintained is true, and it is the producer and not the consumer who pays the tariff—in France at least, and we do not imagine that Mr. Farquhar will hold that economic laws veer with the winds of the Atlantic. It is gratifying to have so eminent a Free-Trader admit the truth of the Protectionist contention, even though he did so in an offhand moment. The memory of his hearers may prove better than his own and his words may come back to them when they next listen to Free-Trade denunciations of the "robber Tariff" which lays a tax on the consumer.

Want It All.

Havemeyer advocates the same selfish plan urged by other manufacturers who want it all. The woolen manufacturers want free wool in order that they may use the cheap Australian and Argentine products, but they want protection for their manufactures against the cheap products of England and Germany. The New England shoemakers want free hides while demanding protection for their manufactures. In all these cases the result would be the same—the enrichment of the manufacturers at the expense of the farmers who raise sugar beets and cane, the stockmen who grow wool and hides. The plan is too unjust and one-sided to receive consideration at the hands of a Republican congress.—Helena (Mont.) "Record."

Fair Treatment, By All Means.

Senator Mason urges fair treatment for Cuba. So does everybody else. The question is, what is fair treatment for Cuba? First let us find that out. It may easily happen that a reduction of duties on sugar and tobacco would not put an extra dollar in the pockets of Cuban growers of sugar and tobacco, but that the money thus taken from the treasury of the United States would all find its way to trust treasurers. Also it is proper to ask what is fair treatment for the growers of sugar and tobacco in the United States, and whether it is wise that they should be mulcted for the benefit of trusts. Let us have fair treatment for all concerned.

Contrasts.

During the Free-Trade periods of Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, all industrial enterprises were paralyzed and millions of idle wage earners were obliged to get their supplies from soup houses to avoid starvation.

During tariff periods all labor has been profitably employed and the soup house is an institution gone, but not forgotten.

New York city is to have a children's theater, patterned after one in Boston, which pays good dividends.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

CATTLE—There was a fair supply of cattle and the market took on considerable activity in view of the liberal demand. All the buyers were out early and it was not long before they had picked out the more desirable grades. There were quite a few beef steers, but same has been the case for some time past; the quality of the offerings was not particularly choice. Packers, however, took hold freely and bid steady to strong prices. There was also a very active demand for cow stuff and particularly for the better grades, such as sold from \$4.50 up. Buyers took about everything they came to that was at all desirable and sellers were quoting the market stronger in the majority of cases, with some sales 5c, or even 10c, higher. For the medium grades continued moderate and the market on such kind could not be quoted much more than steady. Hulls of good quality that were fat commanded strong prices, but common kinds were neglected. Veal calves and stags also sold at good, strong prices. Only a few stockers and feeders arrived on the market and were active and stronger on the better grades. There have not been too many stock cattle offered this week to meet the demand, so that prices have been held up in good shape.

HOGS—The hog market was in better shape than it has been for some time past. There did not seem to be any more hogs on sale than packers wanted and buyers were out early, and, as they started in bidding strong to see more than they did yesterday, the hogs began moving toward the scales in good season. As the morning advanced common stuff seemed to take on more life and this close was active and just about 5c higher than yesterday. The better weight hogs sold mostly from \$5.50 to \$6.50, medium weights went from \$5.80 to \$5.95, and the lightweights went from \$5.75 down.

SHEEP—There was another moderate run of sheep and packers took hold in good shape and bought up the better grades at just about steady prices. It was noticeable though that while they were anxious for both sheep and lambs they showed quality and were fat, they were slow about buying common stuff and particularly those that were not fat. Sellers who had that class of stuff found it a little hard to sell out at what they considered steady prices. Anything at all desirable, however, sold freely at good, steady prices.

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—All killing cattle 10c higher, stockers and feeders steady; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.00-\$5.50; fair to good, \$5.00-\$5.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50-\$4.50; western fat steers, \$5.25-\$6.00; Texas and Indian steers, \$4.50-\$5.50; Texas cows, \$2.50-\$3.50; native cows, \$3.00-\$4.75; hollers, \$2.75-\$3.50; canners, \$2.00-\$3.00; bulls, \$2.50-\$4.50; calves, \$4.50-\$7.00.

HOGS—Market active, firm; top, \$6.20; bulk of sales, \$5.70-\$6.20; heavy, \$6.20-\$6.30; mixed packers, \$5.50-\$6.20; light, \$5.25-\$5.90; pigs, \$4.50-\$5.20.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market steady; native lambs, \$6.40-\$6.50; western lambs, \$6.40-\$6.90; native wethers, \$5.00-\$5.75; western wethers, \$5.00-\$5.50; yearlings, \$5.80-\$6.45; ewes, \$4.50-\$5.50; culls and feeders, \$2.50-\$4.50.

LIVES LOST IN HOTEL.

The Park Avenue House in New York Burns.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Fire that broke out early this morning in the armory of the Seventy-first regiment, National Guard, New York, at Park Avenue, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, spread to the Park Avenue hotel and at least four lives were lost, while the damage is roughly estimated at over \$1,000,000.

Admiral Miller, U. S. N., a retired, was fatally shocked, and a woman guest, name unknown, jumped from the fifth story and will die. The loss is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Chief Croker makes an estimate of twenty dead in the ruins of the hotel. Four bodies have been taken out and one of these was identified as that of Colonel Alexander Piper, U. S. A., of Louisville, Ky.

SOUVENIR FOR PRINCE HENRY.

An Elaborate Casket of Hand Carved Silver and Gold.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 22.—The solid silver and gold casket which will be presented as a souvenir to Prince Henry of Prussia by Mayor Wells will be finished within a day or two. It will be 18 inches long, 4 1/2 inches high and 4 1/2 inches from front to back. All the material is of solid silver and gold, with decorations in full relief, richly cut by hand in solid metal and enameled. The most ornate embellishment will be the device on the cover. This consists of the common seal of St. Louis, on either side of which are the American and German eagles, the key to the city protruding at the top and bottom, about the lower part being a spray of forget-me-nots. Inside the souvenir will be lined with navy blue watered silk.

Postal Ruling.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 22.—Judge Wing today decided that a postal money order signed by a deputy postmaster, with the addition of his single letter to indicate, is not a lawful one.

Corn Products Company a Go.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—A circular that has just issued informs the stockholders of the Glucose Sugar Refining company and National Starch company that a large majority of the holders of the preferred and common stocks of both companies, having accepted the offer contained in the notice dated February 8, 1902, and having for that purpose deposited their stocks, the consolidation plan is declared operative.