

..The Filibusters of Venezuela..

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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(CHAPTER VI.—Continued.)

Thus they talked, Gomez all the time conducting the defense of the castle against its owner, and at the same time keeping Philip and Don Juan with him, and their interest centered in the fight.

An hour passed, and burned powder on each side was the only result achieved.

Don Juan began to grow impatient. "Of what use is this?" he exclaimed. "The fools will play with those guns all day and all night. This kind of warfare grows monotonous. When they get weary they will depart, only to annoy us again."

"What would you advise, Don Juan?" asked Philip.

"Attack! Drive them! Cut them down! It is only by destroying this army of Salazar that we can carry our banners from this place toward Caracas."

"It is so," said Philip, "Gomez, why not attack?"

"It can be done," said Gomez, darting a look of hatred at Garza.

It was not the desire of Gomez just then to shorten the battle. Mattazodo had not yet returned from the evil errand upon which he had been sent. But the commands of Philip must be obeyed.

Then it was that Salazar was started by the shouts of his men.

From the battlements outside the castle came a company to drive the besiegers away.

Salazar shouted out an order to his soldiers. They had been impatiently waiting for the time to come when rifles and pistols could be used in the defense of their country, instead of cannon, which accomplished nothing.

They rallied around their courageous leader.

"Fire!" he commanded.

A volley was fired, and a dozen of the men of Philip lay dead, and a score wounded. Yet the remainder did not slacken the speed at which they advanced.

They returned the fire.

Several of the soldiers of Salazar fell.

Salazar gave the command to fire again.

The advancing enemy now, instead of coming straight for Salazar, made for the trees and found shelter.

Then began a sort of guerrilla fighting, neither side gaining the advantage. Firing by volleys was out of the question. Every man found a tree and fired from behind it whenever he saw the head of an enemy.

This lasted a half-hour.

Then Mattazodo appeared near the group of officers around Philip of Aragon.

"It is done, she is safe," he whispered in the ear of Gomez.

Gomez turned to Philip.

"I will now show your majesty how to deal with those who oppose you."

He gave the word to Mattazodo.

The two hundred Zambos under the command of the rascally half-breed swept out of the battlements, and gaining the rear of Salazar, began an attack.

Men of the republic fell by dozens.

"It is of no use," said Salazar. "Our men cannot hold out. We cannot hope to win. Another time, and the castle shall be ours."

He gave the order to retreat.

His men, being familiar with the ground, melted away from before the Zambos, and when there were no more soldiers to pursue, the Zambos returned to the castle.

Philip, Gomez and Don Juan stood and watched the return of their army from the scene of its second victory.

"We are invincible," said Philip.

"You are king," said Don Juan.

CHAPTER VII.

The Powder Mine.

"If this is our last match, shall we use it now, or save it for another time?"

Medworth had asked this question when Tempest had handed him the match in the underground passage where the Americans had lost their way in the darkness.

They felt along the moist, slippery walls, and slowly made their way from one cavernous chamber to another, but without success. After several hours at this work they seemed to have accomplished nothing.

And, in fact, they had not accomplished anything.

The caverns in which they were were not under the castle of Salazar. But they were not far away from it.

From the entrance at the river bank to the opening in the foundation walls the way was crooked enough. One needed to be familiar with the passage to find his way.

Medworth and Tempest were at least two hundred feet from the true passage, and were going round and round, following upon their own footsteps.

"We shall die here," said Medworth.

"We have no food."

"Don't waken," said Tempest. "Keep a stiff upper lip and persevere in the search."

Again they tried to find the entrance, but did not succeed.

Meanwhile, what of Salazar? When he retreated from the Zambos he picked up his wife and daughter, and withdrew to a safe distance from the castle to allow his soldiers time to recuperate.

He remained here until daylight;

then, with a half dozen of his bravest officers, he left his wife and Jacinta with the army, and stealthily made his way toward the castle.

"General," said one of his companions, "you have a plan."

"Yes," he said, "a desperate one. One that grieves me, but which seems necessary. I am convinced that we cannot recapture the castle."

"Then what do you propose?"

"To blow it up. Under the castle is a powder magazine. No one but myself, my wife and daughter know of its existence. There is a way to reach it that I alone know. There is a secret passage to my castle from the river. We will enter here and lay a powder train, and blow the enemies of the republic off the earth."

Silently they worked their way along, keeping a sharp lookout for the sentinels of the enemy.

They carried lanterns, but these were not lighted. They were for use in the secret passage.

Salazar succeeded in guiding his men to the entrance. They entered.

"Look," said Medworth, clutching Tempest's arm. "A light!"

What he saw was the gleaming, dancing reflections of a lantern on the walls near him.

"Some one is coming," said Tempest; "keep quiet."

They heard the sound of footsteps, then of voices.

"Come," said Medworth, in a whisper, "let us see if they are enemies or friends."

Following the light, it was not difficult for them to find Salazar and his companions.

"Do not get too near," said Medworth.

"It is Salazar," said Tempest. "Never mind if it is," replied Medworth, whose mind was acute and alert again.

"By keeping in the shadow we can easily watch them, and we may learn something that will prove to be an advantage."

Tempest knew what was in his companion's mind, and subdued. They stealthily followed Salazar and his officers, keeping always in the darkest shadow. As there was no light except from the lanterns the officers carried, they could not, of course, see anything beyond the range of their rays, while the Americans, standing out of reach of the dull flame, could easily discern every move the Venezuelans made.

Salazar led the way direct to where a wall of masonry seemed to effectually obstruct the passage.

But the general, after feeling around a moment, found a loose stone and removed it. It was then easy to make an opening large enough for a man to enter.

Salazar led the way. The others followed close after him.

Medworth and Tempest remained at the wall, peering through the opening to see what the others were doing.

Salazar led the way straight to a round powder magazine made of cement.

The Americans did not know what this was, and the Venezuelans spoke in so low a tone that nothing could be gained from their conversation.

But Medworth and his companion were not left long in ignorance of the errand that had brought Salazar under the walls of his castle.

"They are going to fire the magazine," said Medworth. "That's powder."

The officers worked a while at the magazine, making a connection. Then they carefully laid a train of powder from it toward the hole they had made in the foundation wall.

Medworth and Tempest kept back in the shadows and let them complete their arrangements.

"It is ready," said Salazar at last. "Much as I love my home, I love my country more. I sacrifice my castle that the enemies of the republic shall be destroyed. Tonto and Adda, when we are safely away, touch a match to the powder and flee for your lives out of the passage. Come, you others, let us hurry, so that the work of vengeance may not long be delayed."

He, with four of his companions, started away, leaving the other two to obey his orders.

"Now!" said one of these, after a few minutes spent in waiting.

"Now!" said Medworth, aloud.

The Americans made a rush. The two officers found themselves seized in the iron grasp of men more powerful than they.

"Take the lantern! Take the matches!" said Medworth.

One of the officers had taken a metallic match-box from his pocket. Medworth seized this. Tempest grasped one of their lanterns, leaving them one to light their way out of the passage.

"Now go," said Medworth to the officers. "Tell General Salazar that his plot has been discovered. Tell him not to try this game again."

Released from the hands of the Americans, the two officers fled from the place.

"Well!" said Tempest, wiping the perspiration from his face, "that was done very neatly, but why it was done I haven't yet got through my skull. Why didn't you let them blow the castle to pieces? What do you care for that gang of loops?"

"Nothing," said Medworth. "But Lola Garza is in that castle. Would you have her blown to pieces with the rest?"

"By Jove!" said Tempest, soberly. "I never thought of that!"

CHAPTER VIII.

At the Carib's Hut.

There was trouble in the Castle of Salazar.

The battle over, the victorious troops had given themselves up to feasting and drinking to celebrate the defeat of Salazar.

The coronation of Philip had been postponed. The battle had interfered, and the troops were not now in a condition to realize the glory of such an event.

While the eating and drinking, smoking and the singing of Spanish songs went on among the soldiers, Philip sat alone in the library of Salazar, now called the council room of the king.

His reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Don Juan, who burst in upon him like a whirlwind.

"I am undone!" he cried. "There is an enemy among us."

Philip, seeing the frenzied look on Garza's face, started to his feet.

"What do you mean, Garza? Speak! What has happened?"

"Lola, my daughter!" gasped Don Juan, unable to say more.

"What of her?" demanded Philip, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"She is gone from the castle!" Don Juan walked back and forth nervously. "I went to her room a moment ago. I found her door ajar. She was not there. I sought her everywhere in the castle. She is not here. Now that I think of it, I have not seen her since the battle."

"Nor I," said Philip, turning pale. "What do you think has become of her?"

"I think—I am sure—some one has taken her away. My fears were not groundless, as you see."

"You suspect—Gomez?"

"I can suspect no one else. I have already spoken to you about my suspicion of him."

"I know. Where is Gomez now?"

"I do not know. I have not seen him."

"Send for him. Let us see what he has to say. If Gomez has taken her away, he must die."

"Yes—he must die—by my hand," said Don Juan.

An orderly was called.

"Request General Gomez to come here at once," said Philip.

The orderly saluted.

"General Gomez is not in the castle, your majesty," he said.

A quick look of intelligence flashed between Don Juan and Philip.

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No, your majesty. He left some time ago. He ordered his horse, and said nothing about his destination or the time of his return."

"Did he go alone?"

"He went alone."

"Very well. You may go."

The orderly withdrew.

"What shall we do?" asked Philip.

"I must follow Gomez," said Don Juan. "I will advise that you remain here, and act as if nothing had happened. If you should leave the castle, the alarm would in some way reach Gomez. I shall ride out and find him."

"Go, then, and if you find he has been a traitor, shoot him."

Don Juan left the castle.

"Bring me a horse at once," he said to the orderly.

The horse was brought.

"Do you know which way General Gomez went from here?" asked Don Juan.

"He started toward the south," was the reply.

(To be continued.)

WASPS BENEFIT THE FIGS.

Insects Are Necessary to the Fruit's Successful Cultivation.

The long-continued effort to produce the Smyrna fig of commerce in California has been crowned with success. The history of the experiment is interesting. It began over twenty years ago with importation of cuttings from Asia Minor. Figs have been produced from these and other imported cuttings, but they were not the famous white fig of commerce. The credit of producing the latter in California belongs to George C. Roeding of Fresno.

Until this summer every true Smyrna fig tree planted in California which bore fruit failed to mature it; the figs were unfertilized and withered and dropped. It was finally discovered that the fertilization of this fig depended upon the service of the blastophaga wasp, whose habitat is in the capri, or wild fig. The latter was imported and thrived amazingly, but the blastophaga did not accompany it. Special importations of the wasp followed, but it thrived only for a season on the capri fig and then disappeared. It was assumed that it could not survive our winters. Last year the department of agriculture took the matter in hand. A fresh consignment was imported and its care intrusted to Mr. Roeding. Last April the young insect colony emerged in full force from the first capri cot, entered the second, emerged again, and then took possession of the Smyrna fig trees, the fruit on which was ready for fertilization. Mr. Roeding reports that this experiment has been perfectly successful. A ton of the fruit has already been picked from his trees and the entire crop will yield five or six tons more. Mr. Roeding believes that the blastophaga has come to stay and he expects that California will be enriched soon with another industry.—Chicago News.

TOWN BOYS THE "FARMERS."

Far Less Quick and Observant Than the Country Children.

Principal Thomas W. Boyce of the First District school is of the belief that city children are the real "farmers" in the matter of observation. The country cousin has long been scoffed at for his open-mouthed wonder at what to his city-bred playmates are objects of every-day knowledge, and plenty have been the jokes sprung at the expense of the country gawk upon his visits to the city. But now the tables are turned and the city boys and girls may well look out for their laurels as world-wise youngsters. "We have been reading 'Snow Bound' in our eighth grade recently," said Mr. Boyce, "and it is a matter of surprise and wonderment to note how little the children know about farm life and nature. Some passages which one would think every intelligent boy or girl of 14 or 15 years of age ought to know leave a perfect blank in the minds of the city scholars. Take, for instance, the passage, 'The oxen hooked, and lashed their tails.' The scholars could not imagine what 'hooked' meant. They thought that the word hook meant to snatch, to steal, to grab, to swipe, but not one associated the word with the tossing of the horns of the impatient brutes. The passage describing the well sweep, 'like Pisa's leaning miracle,' was so much Greek to them. Although they understood the reference to the leaning tower of Pisa, they knew nothing of the old-fashioned well sweep. The sun-circled day, portent of the storm, they had never seen. They expostulated at believing such a thing. 'You cannot look at the sun,' they said. 'It is too bright. It hurts your eyes.' Now, I venture to say that there is not a boy in this state who has lived on a farm to whom the sun-circled day is not the portent of a storm. They have noticed it from their childhood days. The city children were non-plussed in reading of the gray banks of clouds with the rising of the sun. The sun they see is over the housetops, through some dining-room window. It is an interesting study for me to observe how little the city people are taught to observe nature. That is where the country children have the advantage over their city cousins."

SUPERFLUOUS ACTIVITY.

Women Speak of "The Complex Duties of the Moment."

The fact that the world—the world of women, at least—is too busy is now put forward so often that its utterance amounts to a truism. The most common phrase in our language seems to be that which proclaims the want of leisure. "I am so busy;" "If I can ever get the time;" "Life is such a pressure these days;" "The complex duties of the moment;" "The busy modern public"—these are, all of them, most familiar sentences to us, and are on our lips time and again in explanation of business, social, and even moral shortcomings. It is not putting it too strongly to say that in the present rush of living we are losing some of our best characteristics and painfully dwarfing our lives. We are too busy to be neighborly, hospitable, to be sympathetic—a good many, indeed, of the finer traits of humanity are finding less expression among us.

The question of better control of the leisure which the old century gave to women, and which the new will increase, is a large one, and admits of elaborate presentation. It is only intended in this brief paragraph to emphasize a single point, which is, the value of a quick weighing of every effort in which one is about to engage, or is now absorbed, to be sure of its necessity to yourself, or yourself to it.—Harper's Bazar.

HASTINGS TO GET BOTH

Interstate Reunion and Nebraska Grand Army Meet at Same Time.

A GRAND GOOD TIME IS EXPECTED

An Aged Man Meets Death on the Rail at Auburn—State Teachers' Association Meeting—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters of Interest.

HASTINGS, Neb., July 31.—By a recent action of the board of administration of the Interstate Reunion association, the annual reunion will be held here in connection with the Nebraska Grand Army reunion. The reunion has usually been at Superior. Last year Isaac Ledoyt, secretary of the Hastings Commercial club, attended the Superior meeting and extended an invitation to the Interstate association to join the Nebraska reunion here. A conditional promise was given at that time. Recently J. J. Buchanan, manager of the Nebraska reunion, attended the meeting of the board of administration and renewed the invitation. Mr. Buchanan has now received this letter, which settles the matter:

SUPERIOR, Neb., July 27.—Colonel J. J. Buchanan. Dear Sir:—I have just been in communication with the council of administration of the Interstate Reunion association and they have agreed to adjourn our reunion to Hastings. I therefore await your invitation and action in the matter. I will issue a general order when I hear from you. Yours in F. C. and B.

C. E. ADAMS, Commander.

Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of another local reunion.

Nebraska at Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Bids were opened at the Indian office for the construction of a new school building and frame hospital at the Genoa, Neb., Indian school. The bidders were Andrew Kenavitt of Omaha, \$22,960 for school and \$5,790 for hospital; James H. Owens, Minneapolis, \$27,990 for school and \$7,990 for hospital; D. W. Herman, Norfolk, school \$23,250, hospital \$6,450; J. J. Hangan, for plumbing, \$1,810, for heating, \$4,116; George P. Rich of St. Edwards, Neb., school \$34,250, hospital \$6,668.

Killed on the Road.

COLUMBUS, Neb., July 31.—William Speice, aged 72 years, was struck by an engine in the Union Pacific yards and almost instantly killed. Stories are conflicting as to how the accident happened. He was quite deaf and it is supposed did not hear the train, as he was crossing the tracks. When picked up he was unconscious and lived only a short time.

Child Drowns in Water Tank.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., July 31.—Mike Bauer, the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bauer, was drowned in a large water tank at the home of his parents, a mile south of the city. The tank was placed about eighty rods from the house and contained about five feet of water.

Wheat Acreage and Yield Big.

WERTON, Neb., July 31.—The winter wheat acreage in this vicinity, as well as the entire county, was much larger than any previous year, the most of it yielding twenty to thirty bushels per acre in this vicinity.

Bank at Clearwater.

LINCOLN, July 31.—The Clearwater State bank has filed articles of incorporation. The capital stock is \$5,000 paid up. The incorporators are Howard J. Whitmore, John E. Whitmore, Myrta M. Whitmore, Mary Freeman and C. L. Watties.

Cow Derails a Train.

CHAPPELL, Neb., July 31.—No. 18, an east-bound freight, collided with a cow just east of the depot and rolled her under the train in such a way that two refrigerator cars were derailed and completely demolished.

Killed by Lightning.

BRAINARD, Neb., July 31.—Albert McKnight, while on his way from his farm to Brainard, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His wife and 19-year-old boy, who were with him, escaped with slight injuries.

Beatrice Proud of Shultz.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 31.—A telegram received here brought the glad tidings that Hugo Shultz, who was recommended by Congressman Stark for a cadetship at West Point, passed the examination successfully.

Rich Farmer in Hospital.

OAKLAND, Neb., July 31.—Hon. Robert Hanson, an honored citizen and leading farmer, was taken to St. Bernard hospital at Council Bluffs, Ia. Mr. Hanson's trouble began about two months ago, and has taken the form of a melancholy or brooding over loss of crops and coming to want. The supposition is that he was overheated while working in the hay field. He has 300 acres of the choicest land in the state.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was a light run of cattle and as packers were all in need of fresh supplies the market was the most active seen here in some little time. The beef steer market could be quoted active and 10¢ higher than yesterday. For the week prices have advanced all of 15¢, and in some cases more. It was simply a case of where the packers wanted cattle and there were scarcely enough to go around, and as a result they had to pay what sellers asked. The cow market also improved to a considerable extent and could be quoted safely 10¢ higher, and in many cases advances of 15¢ were noted. As compared with the close of last week the market is fully 10¢ higher. Bulls, calves and stags all joined in the general advance and very satisfactory prices were paid. The stocker and feeder market took on more life than has been noted in some time and yard traders bought them up in a hurry at an advance over yesterday's prices of 10¢, or a good 15¢ higher than last Friday.

Hogs—There was not a particularly heavy run of hogs, and as reports from other points were favorable to the selling interests the market here opened 50¢ higher and closed 100¢ higher than yesterday. It was an active market from start to finish and everything was out of first hands early in the morning. Even the lighter weights this morning sold without much difficulty, as packers were all anxious for supplies, and there were no more on sale than they wanted. On the start a few loads sold mostly from \$5.50 to \$5.75, but packers soon had to raise their bids and the bulk of the good mixed hogs began selling at \$5.55 and \$5.75.

Sheep—There was the heaviest run of sheep that has arrived in some time, which gave packers an opportunity to pound the market. Sellers were holding for steady prices and as a result the market was very slow and draggy. It was rather late before much of anything was done and when the sheep did begin to change hands it was generally on a basis of a 100¢ decline. Lambs, however, were in better demand and brought good, strong prices, as high as \$5.00 being paid.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Native beef steers and Texans, steady and 10¢ higher; cows and heifers and stockers and feeders, 10¢ to 25¢ higher; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.50 to \$5.75; fair to good, \$4.50 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 to \$4.50; western range steers, \$3.50 to \$4.50; Texans and Indians, \$2.50 to \$4.25; Texas cows, \$2.75 to \$3.25; native cows, \$2.50 to \$4.25; heifers, \$2.50 to \$4.50; canners, \$1.75 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.50 to \$4.25; calves, \$2.50 to \$4.50.

Hogs—Market 50¢ higher; top price, \$6.00; bulk, \$5.50 to \$6.00; heavy, \$5.50 to \$6.00; mixed, \$5.00; packers, \$5.00 to \$5.75; light, \$3.50 to \$5.75; pigs, \$3.50 to \$5.75.

Sheep and Lambs—Market was steady; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; muttons, \$3.25 to \$4.00; ewes, \$2.75 to \$3.25; range sheep, \$3.25 to \$3.50; stockers, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

GLOBE TROTTER AT HOME.

Gaston Steigler Returns to Paris When Crowd Will Be Largest.

PARIS, Aug. 1.—Gaston Ste