

# The Filibusters of Venezuela.

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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## CHAPTER X. Prisoners.

When General Salvarez learned of the failure to blow up the castle, he did not for a moment doubt that his enemies were in possession of the secret passage.

There was nothing left for him to do but hurry back to his troops, and make what preparations he could to withstand an attack, for it was almost certain that the royalists would follow up their victory, and attempt to destroy the force under his command.

And Salvarez reasoned correctly. Shortly after the scene between Philip and Don Juan, a portion of the mob, called the royalist army, was led out by Gomez, who had with him, in immediate command of their respective followers, Francisco and Mattazudo.

Between Gomez and Mattazudo there had arisen a violent hatred, but Gomez feared the power of the Zambos too much to attempt to injure the half-breed then.

About the same time that Gomez left the castle, Don Juan Garza, accompanied by the two men he had chosen to accompany him, left also, and set out toward the Carib's hut.

Garza and his two companions had not gone far when two forms emerged from a hiding-place, and like noiseless shadows, glided after them.

Not a word was spoken by either party during the journey.

Reaching the Carib's hut, Don Juan found the Indian sitting on a log before his door, smoking a rude stone pipe, and enjoying, in his own fashion, the cool evening.

"I am here again, Ramana," said Don Juan.

"I see you," replied the Carib.

"I must have the truth about my daughter."

"I have told it to you twice. I have not seen your daughter."

"Ramana, listen to me. You behold in me a broken-hearted father. My happiness is in your hands. How can you still be cruel? Where is my child?"

"I know not."

"Ramana, are you loyal to the king?"

"When he is king I will be loyal to him," replied the Indian. "It matters not to us who may be our rulers. One kind is as bad as another. We had lands—they took them from us. One government follows another. Each one is as bad as the last. We have nothing left, yet we are expected to be loyal."

"Restore my daughter to me, Ramana, and the king will restore your lands. I swear it."

"I would give you your daughter if I had her. But I have not. I have not seen her."

"Will you come and tell that to the king?"

"The king! Has the Spaniard who calls himself king sent for me?"

"Yes, my daughter was to wed the king. He is anxious about her, too, Ramana."

"I will go," said the Indian. "There is some mystery here. The other said she was to wed him. The half-breed is the one."

They left together, and Medworth and Tempest started to follow them. Then a sudden thought arrested Arthur and he turned back motioning for Tempest to follow him. Instead of following Don Juan and Ramana back to the castle they remained hidden near the hut. Medworth's idea in doing this was that if Ramana was lying Lola might be somewhere near.

They waited some little time and, hearing no sound, peered into the open door of the hut.

There was no one there.

The hut was such a rude, ill-made thing that it seemed hardly possible that there could be a hiding-place connected with it.

Satisfying themselves that no one was inside, they withdrew again into the shadows and waited.

After a time they heard voices, and two persons came walking slowly toward the hut. They were both Indians, and were speaking in Spanish, yet in so low a tone that the listening Americans could not understand what they said.

But when they reached the hut and found it empty, one turned to the other and said:

"Ramana, the hut is empty. Where are the old ones?"

"It is strange," said the one called Ramana. "My father and mother are very old. They do not go far from their hut at night."

Just then the sharp hiss of a woman's voice was heard, and an old Indian hag came from a clump of woods about a hundred yards away.

"Oh, there you are," said Ramana. "We missed you. Where is the old one?"

"I left him here. Strange things are being done now."

"What do you mean?"

"A girl was stolen from the castle. First Gomez comes to find her and says Mattazudo the half-breed brought her to Ramana. But Ramana has not seen her. Then the half-breed comes himself and demands her. What a liar that half-breed is. Perhaps some one has been after Ramana."

"I saw the half-breed," said Ramana, "while the sun was still high, by the river."

"He has hid the girl, it is certain," said the old woman. "I would not give

much for her chances in the half-breed's hands."

"Where could he hide her?" asked Ramana's companion.

"There is a place," replied Ramana. "but I thought only my father and myself knew it. It is near the river. It is a cave."

"Then go there," said Ramana's mother. "If the half-breed is at his tricks again, defeat him. The girl must be hungry. Take food with you."

"Have you any?"

"Plenty. Ramana is a great hunter."

The three went inside the hut, and in a moment the crackling of fire could be heard. Then came the appetizing odor of cooking meat.

It seemed an interminable wait to Medworth, but the food was ready at last, and Ramana, accompanied by his companion, came from the hut, carrying a pot of steaming, savory stew.

They struck into a narrow path leading toward the river, and the Americans kept as close to them as they could without being themselves discovered.

After traveling thus a while, Ramana passed before a thick network of vines and parted them. He and his companion pressed their way through.

Behind this barrier was the entrance to a cave, and Medworth poked his head through the vines just in time to see the two Indians disappearing into the cave.

"Come on!" said Medworth.

They followed the Indians in.

The cave was a large one. A lantern, hung on a peg stuck in a crevice, threw a gloomy light around.

On a couch of furs reclined a girl, sobbing, her position being such as to indicate that she was fastened there.

"The half-breed's work," said Ramana.

At the voice, the girl raised her head.

"Lola!" cried Medworth, rushing to her past the Indians.

"Arthur! my Arthur!" she exclaimed. "You here—in Venezuela?"

"I am here," he said, joyfully; "and so is my old friend, Tempest."

"Never mind me," said Jack; "cut those cords."

"Who are you?" now demanded Ramana.

"Friends of this senorita," replied Tempest. "We have been looking for her."

A glance at Lola, whose head was nestled against Arthur's breast, proved to Ramana that Tempest spoke the truth.

"Then I am not needed," he said. "But beware of Mattazudo. See, I leave you the food. There is plenty. Adios."

"Where am I, Arthur?" asked Lola, when the Indians had gone.

"You are in a cave near the river. Who brought you here?"

"I do not know. A dark-skinned man came to me and said my father sent him to guide me to a place of safety until after the battle. He brought me here and bound me. I screamed and struggled, and begged him to release me, but he would not. Oh, how frightened I was! I thought I was going to be killed."

"Well you are in the hands of friends now, Miss Lola," said Tempest, "and I'll answer for the neck of the next man who lays a hand on you."

"Come," said Arthur, "you have not touched the supper the Indian brought."

He tenderly assisted her out of the cave and they started toward the castle, Lola carefully guarded between her two companions.

Suddenly the sound of firing was heard.

"The battle is on," said Medworth. "I hope Salvarez is successful."

As they progressed the firing grew louder and nearer, until they paused in alarm.

"Listen!" said Lola. "Was that not a woman's scream?"

"Surely it is," said Medworth.

The shrill scream of a woman in distress was distinctly heard.

"Stay here," said Tempest. "I'll be back."

He darted away, and they heard his voice and the sound of fighting.

Then a girl came rushing toward them with streaming hair.

"Save me!" she cried. "Our army is lost!"

It was Jacinta, the daughter of Salvarez.

The rushing forms of men closed in around them, and a voice called:

"Seize them!"

In another instant, Tempest, Lola, Jacinta and Medworth were seized upon, and, under the command of Pedro Francisco, were conveyed prisoners to the Castle of Salvarez.

## CHAPTER XI. A Puzzled Spaniard.

Philip was pacing to and fro in the Council Room. His head was bent. His hands clasped behind him. He was evidently in deep thought. As he passed a high barred window he paused and looked out. His gaze wandered to the distant fields and well-tilled acres of Salvarez.

It was a splendid, a magnificent estate.

As far as the eye could see the land belonged to Salvarez. And Salvarez was now a prisoner, one of fifty survivors of the bloody battle that destroyed the defenders of the Republic.

A footstep was heard, the door opened, and Gomez came in.

"Things go our way," he said, smiling. "Venezuela is ours."

"Part of it," replied Philip, not smiling.

"All of it. The soldiers of Salvarez are nearly all killed. Salvarez himself is a prisoner. There is now no reason to delay pushing on to the north and planting our standard beyond the Orinoco. Our friends are waiting for us there. Caracas must fall at last."

"At last. But there is something to be done here before we cross the Orinoco. What is the sentiment of the people near us, now that Salvarez is crushed?"

"Judging from the reports we are receiving, the entire country south of the Orinoco is loyal to you."

"Then I must delay my coronation no longer."

"I would not delay it another day."

There was a pause, a strained silence.

"Gomez," said Philip, bending a keen gaze on the General. "I want the truth about that mysterious affair of Lola Garza."

"I thought it was mysterious no longer. The girl is found. What is her story?"

"I have not yet heard. Garza is with her now. I will send for him at once."

Garza was sent for, but before he arrived Francisco came in. He was there when Don Juan entered.

"You sent for me?" said Don Juan.

"I did," said Philip. "You were with your daughter. How is she?"

"Alas, she is not well. The cave in which she was confined by that half-breed scoundrel was damp, and as she was bound hand and foot, she became thoroughly chilled. The result is now that she has a bad fever, which alternates with severe chills."

"That is bad. Have you heard from her own lips the story of her abduction?"

"Yes, Ah, what a scoundrel that Mattazudo is. Yes, he went to her, telling her that it was my wish for her to accompany him to a place of greater safety until after the battle. She believed him, and followed him to a cave up the river about a mile, where he bound her, and, heedless of her cries for mercy, left her, telling her to be quiet until he came for her. She was found there by the two Americans, who, it appears, have followed us here for no other purpose than to rescue my daughter from myself. That is a strange case. As if I had not my daughter's welfare at heart. But they are prisoners, and my poor girl is safe; so what matter?"

"It matters to me," said Philip. "As for the Americans, they have done no harm; but I will not have the scoundrel Mattazudo around me. Gomez, I shall be crowned king at ten o'clock to-day."

"Good! Your triumph will then be complete."

"At 10:30 I shall order Mattazudo's execution."

"To be shot?"

"To be shot."

"Your majesty!" gasped Francisco.

"The safety of your crown depends—"

"Say no more. When Lola Garza shall have recovered sufficiently, she will become my wife, and Queen of Venezuela. The safety of the Queen must be assured. In no other way can this be done than by shooting the rascal who carried her away once, and who, no doubt, would try to do so again."

"Quite right," said Gomez, with a gleam of hate in his eyes.

It may perhaps be necessary to interject a short explanation here to show the reason Gomez was pleased at the prospect of Mattazudo's death. Yet it seems almost unnecessary, for the reader must already have seen the duplicity toward Gomez with which Mattazudo acted.

Don Juan, having answered all the questions Philip chose to ask, turned to go.

## (To be continued.)

## Bavarians Keep Dogs.

Bavarians are not extravagant, but no family is so poor that it can not afford to keep a dog. Dogs are everywhere in Munich, and every tram car passing has a string of dogs after it—dogs whose owners are passengers. At the entrance of the large shops groups of sedate, patient dogs can be seen waiting for their masters. In the cafes the dogs are prominent. Everybody takes his animal with him—sometimes two or three—and, after the dogs have lapped their beer or saucer of coffee—for the dog fares like his master—there is a great scampering and shuffling under the chairs and tables, but no one seems annoyed at the melee. It is from the banks that dogs are rigidly excluded, and a porter is placed at the door of each bank for the purpose of checking your pet, like an umbrella or a parcel. The Munich dog, mostly a dachshund, is intelligent and good-natured. He romps with the cats without biting them, carries umbrellas and canes much larger than himself, and is never disobedient, except when he has indulged in too much beer.

## Origin of a Celebrated Jest.

When Mr. Everts, who was my near relative and a man with whom I could take a liberty, came into the Senate, I said to him that we should have to amend the rules so that a motion to adjourn would be in order in the middle of a sentence, to which he replied that he knew of nobody in this country who objected to long sentences except the criminal classes.—Senator Hoar in Scribner's.

Gardeners mind their peas and Chinamen mind their queues.

## EVILS OF EATING ALONE.

Dyspepsia Shown to Be Increasing as Marriage is Deferred.

At a time like the present, when the marrying age of the average man of middle class is being more and more postponed, the physical ills of bachelorhood come increasingly under the notice of the medical man. It is not good for man or woman to live alone. Indeed, it has been well said that for solitude to be successful a man must be either angel or devil. This refers perhaps mainly to the moral aspects of isolation, and with these we have now no concern. There are certain physical ills, however, which are not the least among the disadvantages of loneliness. Of these there is many a clerk in London, many a young barrister, rising perhaps, but not far enough risen; many a business man or journalist, who will say that one of the most trying features of his unmarried life is to have to eat alone. And a premature dyspepsia is the only thing ever takes him to his medical man.

There are some few happily disposed individuals who can dine alone and not eat too fast nor too much nor too little. With the majority it is different. The average man puts his novel or his paper before him and thinks that he will lengthen out the meal with due deliberation by reading a little with, and more between, the courses. He will just employ his mind enough to help and too little to interfere with digestion. In fact, he will provide that gentle mental accompaniment which with happier people conversation gives to a meal. This is your solitary's excellent idea. In reality he becomes engrossed in what he is reading till suddenly finding his chop cold he demolishes it in a few mouthfuls; or else he finds that he is hungry and paying no attention to the book, which he flings aside, he rushes through his food as fast as possible to plunge into his arm chair and literature afterward. In either case the lonely man must digest at a disadvantage. Certainly it is not good to eat and drink alone. It is a sad fact of our big cities that they hold hundreds of men and women who in the day are too busy and at night too lonely to feed with profit, much less with any pleasure.—From the Lancet.

## OAK STUMP AS A CANNON.

It Fired a Projectile Through a House in Birmingham.

The residence of Coroner Paris in the southwestern part of Birmingham, Ala., was badly damaged yesterday afternoon in a most peculiar manner, a big hole being cut through one side by a shot from an old stump. During the tornado which recently swept the south side of the city two huge trees were blown down on the Paris place and yesterday afternoon Coroner Paris employed a negro to remove the fallen trees, which were 200 feet from the house. The negro sawed the trees up leaving the stumps cut off short and partly buried in the ground. One of these stumps, a big oak affair, leaned over, pointing directly toward the house. The negro wanted to blow this stump to pieces, and to this end he bored a 2-inch hole in it from the side and then inserted a stick of dynamite. The hole was then closed up and the charge exploded. With the explosion of the dynamite the heart of the oak stump shot from its place like a cannon ball and flew straight for the house, striking it broadside and boring a huge hole through the wall. The stump was uninjured, except that the heart was removed, and after the explosion it stood pointing its "muzzle" at the house like a huge piece of artillery. No one was hurt, the room in which the oaken shot fell after passing through the wall being unoccupied for the moment.—Atlanta News.

## Man Too Great a Hazard.

A man boarded a Missouri Pacific train equipped with transportation which "Dad" Walsh, the conductor, thought was questionable. The passenger refused to put up the cash fare and Walsh called the porter and carried him on a truck on the station platform. The man took it so nonchalantly that it occurred to Walsh that he might be making a mistake. He accordingly went back to the passenger and told him he might get aboard again. "All right," said the passenger. "I didn't get off the train and theoretically I'm still riding. In the nature of things I cannot well board a train upon which I am already riding," and he sat on the truck as obstinate as a mule. Walsh called the brakeman and porter and carried the man carefully onto the train, put him in the seat in which he had been riding before the incident occurred and saved his road a damage suit.—Kansas City Star.

## Homeless Monkey-Faced Owls.

Three owls that appear to be part monkeys have been found near Red Bud, Ill., says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Two of the birds are now in possession of Phil Overfield, a hotel keeper of this city, and are viewed with great curiosity. The owls are two months old now and so far have shown no signs of feathering, and this adds to the monkey likeness. They have large, staring eyes like the owls, even the beak being depressed, but the forehead runs back like that of the monkey. The hoot which has made the owl well known is absent. The vocal powers of these monkey-faced beings are somewhat impaired. They remain silent unless disturbed, when they let out a hiss like that of a snake. They were taken from a nest in the woods near Red Bud about a month ago by George Carpenter.

## Men and lemons are hard to know.

## CARRY THE STOCK OVER

Growers Generally Do Not Consider the Times Favorable for Marketing.

## CATTLE LOANS BEING EXTENDED

Nebraska Fruit an Important Feature at the Buffalo Exposition—The Case of T. P. Kennard Against the State—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 14.—From reports received by Omaha bankers, stock growers throughout the state who are operating with Omaha money have decided generally to carry their stock over for another year and many of the loans now held by the banks in this city will be extended for twelve months.

The bankers do not look on this action of their clients as any evidence of inability to pay and in some cases have recommended the extension of the loans. There are a number of people in the state who make a business of preparing stock for the packer and butcher. They buy steers in the fall as 2-year-olds, buy the corn to feed them, and in the spring turn them as fat stock into the markets.

This season the scarcity of corn has driven many of these feeders out of business and many farmers who have fed their own cattle find that they will have to sell, as they cannot raise grain sufficient to fatten the stock this winter.

These causes have combined to make the price of feeding stock lower than the men who are in the business of raising cattle feel will repay them for their work, so they have decided to carry the steers through the winter on hay and fodder and place them on the market as grass-fed steers next fall.

Reports received by bankers from their Nebraska correspondents on the condition of the corn crop are beginning to come in, and while they do not confirm the fears of the most pessimistic, they are far from as good as the optimistic hoped for. One banker is not satisfied with one report he received for the reason that it is too bright, but an investigation by others shows that it is not incorrect. This report shows that Boyd county, in the northwestern part of the state, has probably passed through the drouth better than any other part of the country and that it will produce more corn this year than it did in 1900. There are two causes which unite to produce this result. The first is that while other portions of the state were forgetting what a thunder storm looked like, Boyd county was visited by local showers at the most opportune time. The other cause was the increased acreage of corn.

## Nebraska Fruit at Buffalo.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 14.—Nebraska home-grown fruit now constitutes an important feature of the state's exhibit at the Buffalo exposition. The products displayed are collected from various farms in eastern Nebraska under direction of the officers of the State Horticultural society and fresh shipments are sent daily to Buffalo.

"We get the best specimens from Douglas, Nemaha, Dodge and Pawnee counties," said Secretary C. H. Barnard. "There are over 250 places in our exhibit and it is no small task to keep these constantly full of fresh, ripe fruit. We have no difficulty, however, in finding first class apples, plums and peaches that would surprise most of the people who live here in Nebraska. Most of the plums come from Douglas county, but we get good apples from all of the counties I have ment. The guards are delighted with the new armament."

## Evidence in the Kennard Case.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 14.—Attorney General Prout has received a transcript of evidence in the case of T. P. Kennard against the state, which will soon come up for consideration in the United States supreme court. Mr. Kennard was appointed special agent to dispose of the lands belonging to the Pawnees and afterward sued the state for \$13,000 in commissions. He was appointed by the legislature and received authority to sue the state from the same body.

## To Illustrate Nebraska's Resources.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 14.—The State Printing board has contracted with the Fremont Tribune Printing company for the printing of 15,000 copies of the map now being prepared by the State Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics. The cost is fixed at \$620.

## For Running Away With Team.

FULLERTON, Neb., Aug. 14.—Clarence Durrell of this place and Tom Vizard of St. Edward hired a livery team from Snyder's livery barn to take Ollie Christanson and Carrie Anderson, two girls of 13 and 14 years of age, for a ride. As the team was not returned Snyder started in pursuit and overtook them at Columbus, where he got possession of his team, arrested Vizzard and sent the girls home.

## THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

## SOUTH OMAHA.

CATTLE—Receipts were the heaviest in some time, and besides a very liberal supply of corned stock there was also a good sprinkling of grass beef. The demand was, however, fully equal to the supply. Both native and range beef cattle were in demand and prices on killers held fully steady and trade was fairly active throughout. Native beef sold up to \$5.50 and Idaho grassers suitable for beef touched \$1.40. The supply of cows and heifers was rather excessive and there was a disposition among buyers to cut prices. Best grades sold pretty close to steady, but anything of weight or fresh stock easier. Heavy feeders slumped off 10¢ today, and even lighter grades were in rather slack demand.

HOGS—Prices continued to spread between choice and common grades and while the former were free sellers the latter were more or less neglected throughout and the market on such ruled slow and closed weak. Buyers were looking for the better grades and prices on best were strong to 5¢ higher, the top touching \$6.00 and general bulk selling at \$5.75-\$5.85, against a bulk yesterday of \$5.70-\$5.80. The market was not particularly active, but the better grades were cleared up in good season, although the extreme close was rather easier all around. Light and common offerings were hard to move throughout the day at prices unevenly lower and the market on anything but desirable grades closed decidedly weak, with a few hogs unsold at the close.

SHEEP—Receipts were several hundred head larger than yesterday and were the heaviest since in April and were made up entirely from range stock. The quotations were:

Choice yearlings, \$1.50-\$1.65; fair to good yearlings, \$1.35-\$1.50; choice wethers, \$1.35-\$1.50; fair to good wethers, \$1.25-\$1.40; choice ewes, \$2.75-\$3.00; fair to good ewes, \$2.50-\$2.75; choice spring lambs, \$1.40-\$1.50; fair to good spring lambs, \$1.40-\$1.50; feeder wethers, \$2.75-\$3.00; feeder lambs, \$1.60-\$1.75.

## KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Beef steers, 100 lbs lower; cows and heifers steady; stockers and feeders, 10¢-15¢ higher; choice export and dressed, \$4.45-\$4.50; fair to good, \$4.75-\$4.90; stockers and feeders, \$3.90-\$4.20; western fed steers, \$4.00-\$4.50; western range steers, \$3.25-\$4.50; Texans and Indians, \$2.75-\$3.20; Texas cows, \$2.50-\$2.90; cows, natives, \$2.50-\$2.75; heifers, \$2.50-\$2.90; cows, natives, \$2.50-\$2.90; calves, \$3.00-\$3.25.

HOGS—Market steady; top, \$6.10; bulk of sales, \$6.50-\$6.70; heavy, \$6.50-\$6.70; mixed packers, \$5.70-\$6.10; light, \$3.55-\$3.85.

CHEEP AND LAMBS—Market strong; lambs, \$4.50-\$5.25; native wethers, \$3.25-\$3.75; native yearlings, \$3.00-\$4.00; western wethers, \$3.00-\$3.40; western yearlings, \$2.25-\$3.50; ewes, \$2.75-\$3.25; stock ewes, \$2.00-\$2.50.

## LIPTON STARTS FOR AMERICA.

Crowd at the Station Gives Him an Enthusiastic Welcome.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—Sir Thomas Lipton started for the United States this morning, leaving a cheering crowd of acquaintances and well-wishers who had assembled at the station to bid him farewell. His compartment on the train was half filled with flowers, including a model of Shamrock II, the hull being of manganese bronze, from the trimmings of the plates used on Shamrock II, gold plated; the rigging of gold cords and the sails of woven flowers. It was the gift of Miss May Morrell.

Sir Thomas' party included Charles Russell, J. B. Hilliard and Robert Ure, George L. Watson, the yacht designer, will join the party at Liverpool.

When the time drew near for the train to leave the crowd cheered Sir Thomas Lipton, sang "For He is a Jolly Good Fellow" and called for a speech. Sir Thomas thanked those present for their kind wishes and expressed the hope that Shamrock II would fulfill all expectations.

"We have done all on this side that can be done," said he, "and the boat is in the hands of the most skilled yachtsmen in the United Kingdom. If we fail we shall know we have been beaten by generous, high-feeling sportsmen who know more about the game than we." Sir Thomas then stepped on the moving train amidst an outburst of cheering.

## CZAR WANTS MONTANA SPORT.

John Campbell Claims to Have Offer to Take Charge of Stables.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 15.—John Campbell the veteran racing man, whose stables won the Brooklyn handicap in 1892 and 1893 and who has a string of horses at Butte, stated today that he had received an offer from the czar of Russia to take charge of the training stables at St. Petersburg.

The czar, he says, has offered him through an agent \$10,000 a year and 10 per cent of the winnings of his horses. Mr. Campbell says he has not yet accepted the offer and may not