

..The Filibusters of Venezuela..

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)
"Who are you?" he asked in English. As no reply came he repeated the question in Spanish.

"Don't shoot, señor!" came a voice in Spanish. "I am only a poor Carib." "Advance, poor Carib, and give the countersign," said Lord Chugmough; whereat William, who did not understand Spanish, lunged forward to have a good look at the intruder.

Suddenly both he and his master were startled at hearing a low, sweet voice, as of a frightened child, cry:

"Save me! Oh, save me!" "Bless my soul!" said Lord Chugmough. "It's a girl!" "Ha young lady, me lord," said William.

Lord Chugmough strode forward and took the yielding form from the arms of the cringing Carib. "Who is she?" he asked. "Why is she here?"

"Alas, señor," was the reply, "the river has risen, and I fear the land will be flooded, and I brought the señorita here for shelter. She has been very ill, señor, and in my care, and I must give her some medicine at once." "Ah! You are a doctor, then?" said Lord Chugmough, looking down upon the beautiful upturned face of the girl he held in his arms.

"Yes," replied the Carib. "I am Namampa, the herb-doctor."

"Oh!" said Lord Chugmough, as if he knew all about it. "William, take the panther and deer skins and prepare a bed for this young lady. She is ill. She—pon my word—she has fainted."

"No, no! I am ill—weak!" murmured the girl. "That man is an enemy. He—"

"Fear nothing," said Lord Chugmough, in English. "He cannot harm you. Will you tell me your name, señorita?"

"My name is Lola Garza," she whispered. And then, in truth, she fainted.

"She is ill," said the old Carib. "I will give her her medicine, and when the storm has ceased I will take her away again."

Lord Chugmough tenderly laid the slight form down on the skins that William had spread, and then placed his hand on Namampa's arm with a grip that made the old Carib writhe with pain.

"Not till I know where you are taking her," he said. "And, mind, if your medicine doesn't bring her round fair and square, I'll riddle you with lead."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Flood.

The great storm had an influence upon all the characters of this history, and to this influence some of the stirring events which follow may be attributed.

It placed a great barrier between the royalists on the south and the republicans on the north side of the swollen Orinoco, and delayed the departure of Philip of Aragon toward the capital. But to no one did it bring such distress and danger, change of plan and disaster, as to the two young Americans and the wife and daughter of General Salvarez, who had up to that time been secure in their underground retreat.

The first day of the storm they were content to wait quietly in their apparently safe shelter, fearing nothing.

But on the second day, when the roar of the rushing waters reached their ears, they began to feel anxious, not only for themselves but for Salvarez, for they did not know how far he had got on his journey.

On the third day their anxiety for themselves became so great that nearly everything else was driven from their minds. Toward night, on this third day, the Coronel so far overflowed its banks as to send a rushing, roaring stream into the secret passage.

"We are lost!" cried Dona Maria, when the water began pouring in and spreading out over the floor of the caverns. "Once before there was a storm like this, and the caverns became filled with water."

"Is there any possibility of escape?" asked Tempest.

Jacinta looked dubiously from one to the other.

"The fatboat!" cried Dona Maria, suddenly. "If we could but reach it. It is strong—it can outlive the storm. It is not far from the entrance to the secret passage, if it has not been carried away. Nothing could upset it."

"The very thing!" said Medworth. "Remember, Jack, the large boat at the wharf just above? We have seen it often enough."

"Good!" said Tempest. "We ought to be able to go to it, even if we had to swim."

"Come on," said Medworth, now thoroughly alert and alive in the dangers and possibilities of the situation.

He darted toward the entrance with Tempest splashing along close behind him, leaving Dona Maria and Jacinta huddled together, fearing, hoping, silently watching and trusting their brave companions.

The stream of water that poured in through the entrance was about a foot deep, and the roar of the storm and torrent about them was deafening.

There was no need for caution. The night was dark, and so fierce was the storm that no scurry was outside of the castle or the soldiers' quarters.

Medworth took his knife from his pocket and severed the rope.

With a mighty rush the boat swung down stream and across it, bringing up with a crash against the opposite bank, a short distance below the secret passage.

"Hurray!" shouted Tempest. "If we can wind up forty feet of rope we can bring it to the entrance."

They entered the deck-house and found that with only one mooring the boat moved against the stream as easily as across the current. Ten minutes of hard work brought them to the mouth of the caverns.

Without hesitating, Medworth leaped off and made his way to the hole.

"Dona Maria!" he shouted. "Jacinta! Come! We have the boat and are waiting for you."

The voice of Dona Maria answered him, and soon the wife and daughter of Salvarez were at the entrance.

"Can you get out?" asked Medworth, extending his hand to assist them.

"With your assistance," replied Dona Maria, as, half by her own exertions and half by Medworth's help, she scrambled out of the hole. Jacinta followed her.

To reach the boat, which could not be brought nearer than twelve feet to the mouth of the passage, they were forced to founder through from one to four feet of water, the depth increasing as they drew nearer the boat, and Medworth found himself unable to keep both women on his feet.

"Come and help me, Jack," he called.

Tempest leaped from the boat and splashed through the water to Arthur's side.

"Dona Maria, your hand," he yelled.

The wife of Salvarez put her hand in his, and he led her to the boat, Arthur following with Jacinta.

"Now up," said Tempest. "A hand here, Medworth."

Between them they assisted Dona Maria aboard the fatboat and then lifted Jacinta out of the water and placed her by her mother's side.

Just then a terrific gust of wind lashed the water into increased fury, the strain on the rope was doubled, and it snapped. The boat was hurled away down the Coronel, leaving Tempest standing in the darkness, up to his waist in the rushing waters.

CHAPTER XX.

Tempest's Flight.

"Here's a pretty mess I'm in," said Tempest, when he had realized the full extent of the disaster that had come upon him. "The water rising rapidly, ground almost covered and the rain coming down harder than ever, and the fatboat, our last and only hope, gone and left me. What am I to do, I'd like to know."

He raised his voice to its full volume and shouted Medworth's name, but had he possessed twice the lung power he could not have made himself heard on the boat that was being rapidly borne away in the darkness.

He scrambled back to the highest point of land along the river, the top of the sloping side that led down to the water's edge when the river was at its proper level, and here, just above the flood that was rising to meet him, he stood a moment to collect his scattered senses. If he wished to live, it was plain that he must think quickly and to some purpose, and to act as quickly. His first thought was to return to the secret passage. It suddenly occurred to him that he had no weapon. But in great emergencies, when Tempest was obliged to think quickly, he acquitted himself creditably. It was so in this instance, as it had been in many others all over the world.

"First," he muttered to himself, "I will make His Royal Nibs a visit and see if I can borrow a gun. Then I'll borrow a horse and get away to a higher country, for, if I am not much mistaken, this part will be entirely under water in twenty hours more."

Upon reaching this conclusion he did not hesitate, but plunged through the increasing depth of water that was pouring in through the entrance to the caverns, and floundered through the swash toward the lantern that still hung high up where the water would not reach it for a few hours at least. He hurried up the stone steps to the sliding panel.

Putting his ear to this, he heard voices. At first they were low and indistinct, and Tempest could not hear the words. But a heavy footstep sounded, and then he heard the well-known voice of Gomez.

"By all the saints!" he exclaimed. "This is a wet kingdom of yours, Philip!"

"Is the water still rising?" asked the Spaniard.

"Yes," replied Gomez. "Reports have come in from the surrounding country that are truly disturbing. The Caribs at the head of the Coronel are moving up into the mountains. The llanos between here and the Orinoco are becoming completely submerged. Cattle by the thousand are being drowned, and those that have not yet been overwhelmed are huddling together on the high points, and if the storm keeps on forty-eight hours more they will be taken too."

"Is this castle in any danger?"

"No. Francisco tells me that once before they had a storm nearly as bad as this, and the land was covered with

water for miles around, yet this castle, and Francisco's own house, both being built on high ground, escaped."

"Is there any danger of starvation—hunger among the troops, I mean?"

"Of course, if the storm continues many weeks, or even one week, I fear there would be; but I hope it will not come to that. The waters subside quickly after the storm ceases."

"But the Orinoco?"

"Ah, that is a serious matter. I fear it will be a good many days before we can cross the great river. The waters may subside here, but the Orinoco will be a raging torrent for days to come. I fear the ships that were on the river when the storm began are by now swept out to sea."

"Then the Turtle, with the remainder of our rifles and ammunition, is gone?"

"I fear so, but she may outride the storm and return."

"Let us hope so, at least," said Philip. "But I seem to see only disaster and failure before me."

After a few more words they left the council room together. Tempest listened carefully to the receding footsteps and waited even after they had died away, to learn if any one had been left.

Hearing nothing, he cautiously slid back the panel and peered inside the room.

Finding no one there, he stealthily crept inside and glanced hastily around for a weapon.

"No gun!" he muttered. "Not even a pistol."

Then he chanced to look down at the table.

There, lying upon a map that had been stained by dripping blood, was the knife that had been taken from the dead sentinel.

"Ah, the knife!" said Tempest. "Well, if this is all, it must be made to do."

Haastily seizing it, he crept again through the aperture, closed the panel carefully and went down into the underground passage and out in the terrible torrent.

Above the storm he heard a shrill scream as of a horse in mortal terror, and blindly following the sound as well as he was able to locate it, he soon found himself at the stables.

The stables upon which he had come were not the well-kept stables where the family horses of Salvarez were kept, but the sheds of the artillery and cavalry beasts. They consisted of little more than a long, peaked roof with outreaching eaves, supported by strong posts. Under this roof the horses stood tied in rows.

Tempest plunged in among them and holding the lantern to light his way, severed the leather halters with quick strokes of his knife, and set the horses, one after another, free.

This took him some time, and his arm was weary when he had finished.

When there was but one horse left, he flung himself upon its back, and, cutting the halter, clung to its mane, giving it perfect liberty to go where it would.

And with an abiding faith in the sagacity of the beasts he had liberated, Tempest clung tenaciously to his position and was borne swiftly over the marshy, storm-beaten ground.

(To be continued.)

GREATEST FRENCH DRAMATIST.

Sardou's Romantic Marriage and His Row with Sarah Bernhardt.

Mlle. Sardou, daughter of the dramatist and academician, was married recently at St. Augustin, Paris, to Comte Robert de Fiers, a member of an old French family and a dramatist and critic. The President sent his son, M. Paul Loubet, to express his good wishes. M. Victorien Sardou was himself married under the most romantic circumstances. As a young man he worked and starved in a garret, and disappointment preyed upon his nerves till he fell ill. A young actress, Mlle. de Breccourt, took compassion upon him, nursed him back to health, and introduced his work to the famous actress, Dejazet, through whom he was first acted. Sardou fell in love with and married his benefactress, whose death, ten years later, was the one great sorrow of his life. Sardou has made more money than any other dramatist, and he is probably the only man who ever gave Sarah Bernhardt a shaking. The incident occurred at a rehearsal, and at a period when the divine Sarah was less eminent than she is now. They differed as to the way in which a passage should be declaimed, and Sardou, losing his temper, seized the actress by the shoulder, and gave her a shaking. She retorted by slapping his face, and afterward challenged him to a duel!—London Star.

Done, But Wouldn't Stop.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of kirk one Sunday, when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her: "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?" "He was dune lang syne," said the old lady, impatiently, "but he winna stop!"

Present to Contemporary King.

It is noted in the annals of Charlemagne as a great occurrence, that he sent a contemporary king a present of two silken gowns as the most valuable gift he could confer.

"I have played a desperate game and I have lost," remarked the stage villain just before his final disappearance. "But you are a darn sight better off than we are," murmured a tired-looking man in the front row; "we paid money to get in."

Current Topics

He Struck Czoigoss.

James B. Parker, of 450 Sixth avenue, New York City, is the negro who stood directly ahead of Czoigoss when he shot President McKinley, and who hurled him to the ground with a terrific blow after the second shot was fired. Parker was born in Atlanta forty-five years ago in slavery. He left New York last spring to wait in an Exposition cafe. He is a giant in size, standing over six feet, and as erect as an Indian. The assassin tore his vest buttons entirely off in the



JAMES E. PARKER.

struggle. Parker was at one time a waiter in the Kimball house, Atlanta.

Will Canada Fall to Us?

From the London Speaker: The Canadian census returns show that the rate of increase in the Dominion is still diminishing. From 1871 to 1881 the population increased by 839,049; the next ten years it increased by 508,429; the last ten years it has increased by 505,944. The population has not yet reached five and a half millions. If Canada cannot attract immigrants at a faster rate, in spite of her agricultural advantages and a liberal promise of land, what chance is there of agricultural emigration to South Africa. And while the population of our colonies remains so small, what ridiculous cant it is to talk about imperialism as a necessity for our expanding populations? If that argument is pressed too stoutly Canada will fall to the United States and Australia to China!

Offer Just Discovered.

Way down in South America, from Guiana to Argentina, there has been discovered the arirhanha, recognized as the largest species of the otter. It grows to a length of five feet.

The oddest thing about it is that its skin seems to be much too large for its body. In liveliness it surpasses even the playful seal. An arirhanha has been tamed and has a bound for its playfellow. At a certain hour the captive goes to the door of its cage and there whines and yells until



NEW SPECIES OF THE OTTER.

turned loose in the garden, where it rushes around, barking joyously.

It deftly catches the fish thrown to it, and skillfully prevents the dog from appropriating any of the dainty food. Zoologists call the strange animal "Theronura paranensis Ruegger," but of course no offense is meant to the animal.

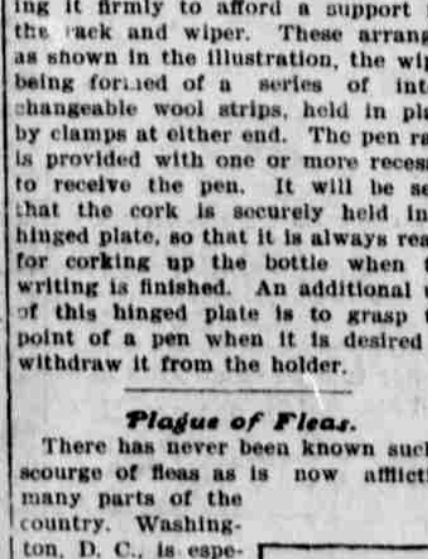
Attachment for Ink Bottles.

Both from a cash and space point of view it is not always convenient or desirable to supply a pen rack and pen wiper to accompany a pen and ink on a desk, but the usefulness of these auxiliaries has induced an Eastern inventor to introduce a combination arrangement which serves the purpose at small cost. A metallic base is provided with a spring collar of convenient shape to fit over the neck of the ordinary ink bottle, clamping it firmly to afford a support for the rack and wiper. These arranged as shown in the illustration, the wiper being formed of a series of interchangeable wool strips, held in place by clamps at either end. The pen rack is provided with one or more recesses to receive the pen. It will be seen that the cork is securely held in a hinged plate, so that it is always ready for corking up the bottle when the writing is finished. An additional use of this hinged plate is to grasp the point of a pen when it is desired to withdraw it from the holder.



Plague of Fleas.

There has never been known such a scourge of fleas as is now afflicting many parts of the country. Washington, D. C., is especially suffering from the pest. The complaint comes not only from the householders, but from the thousands who are employed in departments, where it is claimed it is almost impossible for the clerks to work regularly.



People and Events

She Assails American Women.

She is an extravagant person, this American woman, for she spends twice if not three times as much on her dress as her English sister, and she certainly knows how to make money fly in every direction, writes Mrs. Alexander Twedie in London Mail. Is this not a little hard on the poor husbands? They have developed into mere money-making machines, and yet it is their own fault; they are utterly unselfish as far as their women folk are concerned. They want their wives to be smarter than any one else, their houses to be in the most fashionable quarter, and, above all, their dinners to be described in the papers! For this they are willing to pay. Up early, a hurried breakfast and off to the office they go, rushing for steamboats to cross from New Jersey, tearing for trams to get over Brooklyn Bridge, or flying for the overhead to convey them from Harlem in their wild rush for Wall street. They work hard all day in a pandemonium, luncheon is a scrappy entertainment, afternoon tea is unknown, and they arrive home for their 7 o'clock dinner dead beat and thoroughly played out. My heart often ached for those poor husbands; they seemed to have so little relaxation in their strife for wealth. "Tis a hard life, that of the well-to-do American citizen, but he never complains, and goes on week after week with punctilious regularity raking in dollars for his wife to spend.



She Is 125 Years Old.

Here is a photograph of the oldest human being in the United States. She lives in Washington, D. C. Her name is Marietta Davis and she is in her one hundred and twenty-fifth year.

She was born in 1777, and was therefore a grown woman when George Washington died, in 1799. She remembers all about General Washington, though she never saw him.

For many years before the war, being at that time a slave in Prince George County, Maryland, she kept a record of the years with kernels of corn strung on a cord, but in the midst



MARIETTA DAVIS.

of the turmoil of the civil conflict this curious memorandum was lost.

The End of a Long Controversy.

The controversy raised by the late Rev. John Jasper of Richmond, Va., who declared in his lifetime that "the sun do move," is at last in shape for a final decision. The colored Baptists of Mount Calvary church in that city have since Jasper's death become sorely divided on this momentous question. The majority have held firmly to the orthodox Jasperian doctrine, but a minority, led by Brother R. D. Smith, described as "a leading member of the church," have gradually grown bold enough to assert that the earth revolves around the sun, and not the sun around the earth. To restore peace to the distracted church and settle the planetary system on a permanent basis, the congregation is to meet in several sessions and have the question thoroughly thrashed out in a joint debate between the aforesaid Smith and Brother A. D. Daniel, the latter defending the astronomical views of the late Jasper.

When the two orators have closed the argument the congregation will take a vote and settle the matter forever. Thus it once more made manifest that the foolish things men say live after them, while the wise ones are oft forgotten. The Rev. Jasper no doubt said some wise things when he was not talking of the sun.

Dr. Roswell Park.



One of the famous surgeons who aided in the operations on President McKinley.

Professor Triggs' Poets.

The New York Times Review describes Professor Triggs as a "mechanical engineer applied to literature."

The force of this phrase is evident when one recalls Professor Triggs' definition of a poet as "a maker," "a generic name for all who create." To make his meaning still clearer the university professor says: "A thousand others besides Mr. Rockefeller might be mentioned as showing the direction of the social energy," and he instances as poets "Story and Marshall in the courts of law, and Mrs. Eddy in the realm of religion."

For his authority in the use of the word poet, Professor Triggs opens his biggest Greek dictionary and shows to the illiterate that the word "poet" or originally meant "maker," and that Plato in his "Republic" speaks of the poet of the bed, and Sophocles of the poet of the living, but even among the Greeks the word began to differentiate in meaning and the maker of verses was emphatically the poet, says a Chicago writer.

As instructor of English in an English-speaking university, Professor Triggs is in duty bound to give to his pupils the latest and most approved forms of speech, not the most antiquated. It savors of pedantry to bring out rusty meanings and parade them as applicable to the thought of today when in reality there is no possible adaptation.

It would matter little what Triggs thinks or what Triggs says if it were not that he occupies a position of trust and is under some obligation to deal with his students in sincerity and not according to individual whim and caprice.

Famous Authoress Passes.
Eliza Allen Starr, the Chicago authoress and art critic, whose works



ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

are widely known, died last week at the home of her brother in Rockford, Ill. Her demise followed nine months of sickness.

Last January she was seized with an attack of pneumonia and since that time has never recovered her lost health. At times she appeared to be on the point of recovery, but her advanced age of 76 years was against her. Some time ago she left her Chicago residence at 299 Huron street to visit her brother. Since that time she has gradually succumbed to the disease which seized her and for some days her death had been hourly expected.

Eliza Allen Starr was born in Deerfield, Mass., on Aug. 20, 1824. She lived in Chicago in 1860 and lived in that city until shortly before her demise.

It was in Chicago that Miss Allen wrote all her works. The majority of these were upon religious subjects. Art was also a favorite topic for her. In her home at 299 Huron street she was surrounded by artistic and religious objects.

Would Share Profits.

Truxton Beale, formerly minister to Persia and son-in-law of James G. Blaine, has written to a San Francisco paper suggesting the investigation by representatives of both capital and



TRUXTON BEALE.

labor of profit-sharing as a means of ending labor disputes.

Marriage at Thirty.

The celibacy question is a delicate one to discuss, but it seems to me that if by giving young workmen a chance of lodging themselves comfortably and respectively when they first become self-supporting you prevent them from getting married to girls as young as themselves and acquiring a quiverful of babies before they are well out of their teens, far more good than harm is likely to result in the long run from this operation. Young men of the middle class at the present day rarely marry under thirty, many of them not till they are well past that age. So far as I can see, neither they nor society are the worse for deferring their nuptials. The lower you go in the social scale, the stronger are the reasons against a man marrying young.