

The Filibusters of Venezuela.

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

Copyright 1900 by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Lola looked at Lord Chugmough in consternation.

"Is he dead?" she cried. "No! He cannot—he must not die!"

"He is dead," said Lord Chugmough, sorrowfully.

"Oh, what did he mean? What did he try to say? Could you hear more than I?"

They moved away from the dead hero.

"He—well, he made a remarkable statement," said Lord Chugmough, looking puzzled. "He said you had died, you know."

"Oh, he must have been wandering. Death had sent him that relief—the relief of unconsciousness—before the end," she said.

"I do not think so," replied Lord Chugmough. "If ever there was a conscious and rational dying man, he was. I cannot fathom the meaning of what he said, but he knew; of that I am sure. One thing he did say that was plain enough. Your Arthur Medworth, thinking you were dead, has gone off with another girl in a boat."

"Oh, I cannot believe that," she said. "And why should he believe it was dead?"

"Me lord," called William from the top of the barricade. "Hi found this fellow hon the 'il. E's wounded pretty bad, sir. Shall Hi kill 'im?"

"No. Drag him here," replied Lord Chugmough. "Is he conscious?"

"Werry conscious, me lord. Don't you 'ear 'im cussing his Spanish?"

William came dragging a wounded Zambo across the earthen floor, and sat him on a stone near Lord Chugmough.

The Englishman examined him, and found that he was seriously wounded.

"Look here, my fine fellow," he said, "your wound is a bad one, but with a little bandaging and a little care you will be all right. If you will tell me the truth about this thing, I will fix you up and let you go. If you don't, I'll put another bullet into you and make a better job of it. Do you understand?"

"Si, senior," was the reply.

"How much do you know about this rascal?"

"The fight, senior?"

"No. I know a little about the fight myself. But about this fellow Mattazudo, and the old Indian, and the senorita."

"The beautiful senorita," said the Zambo, grinning. "has many lovers."

"Oh, I see you do know something. Now tell me, how was the senorita taken from the castle?"

The Zambo grinned again.

"It is an old trick, senior," he said. "The old carb is wise, and can do many things that puzzle those who look down upon his race. I have heard all about it from Mattazudo. The king—But my wound, senior—it bleeds. I will tell the truth—all I know—but while I am speaking I bleed to death."

"I'll fix you up," said Lord Chugmough, at once beginning to bind up the wounds in a piece of William's shirt. "Go on; you had got as far as the king."

"The senorita has many lovers, senior. Philip loved her, and wanted to make her his queen. Gomez loved her, and wanted her for his wife. Mattazudo looked upon her pretty face, and swore he would have her for himself. She was ill, and old Namampa was called in to see her and cure her. Mattazudo saw Namampa first, and promised him much gold if he would get the senorita away without any one knowing it. Namampa first cured her of her fever, and then gave her a drug that stops the heart for a number of hours. They all thought she was dead, and she was buried. That night Namampa returned to the grave and dug her up and took her to his house, where he gave her another drug that brought her to her senses again and brought her up here to escape the rushing waters. You were here and kept the senorita. Namampa saw Mattazudo and told him the senorita was here, but said nothing about you. Mattazudo came here, and you threw him out. You were very strong, senior. Then he came for us. We attacked you; you beat us. But beware, senior! Mattazudo was not wounded. He has hundreds of men under his command who will do his bidding. He will return with plenty of men. You will be killed, and the senorita will fall into his hands again."

"Is there no way to get her to the castle under her father's protection?"

A gesture of dissent from Lola made him look up.

"It is best," he said in English. "You do not know where Medworth is."

"There is no way, senior," said the Zambo. "Mattazudo's men are all around, and would not let you reach the castle. You are safer here. But if you will pay me well, I will tell Don Juan Garza when I return, and he will send a force to recover his daughter."

Lord Chugmough looked thoughtfully at Lola.

"It seems to be the only thing to do," he said.

"First tell me," she said to the Zambo, "do you know anything of the other American?"

"No, senorita; I know nothing. The Americans escaped, and no one knew where they went."

"And General Alvarez? and his family?"

"They, too, escaped. Nothing has been heard of them."

"Then," she said, turning to Lord Chugmough, "there is nothing to do but trust this man and wait for my father to bring a force to rescue us. I think I understand what Tempest meant now. Arthur thought I was dead, and having no reason for remaining here longer, has assisted the family of the republican General to a place of safety."

"The senorita says," said Lord Chugmough to the Zambo, "that she will thank you to go at once to her father and tell him she is here, and have him come to rescue her. I will pay you well—after I see the face of Don Juan. I don't pay in advance for services in this country, but if you do your errand well, the pay will be large."

"I believe you, senior," said the Zambo. "I will do as you say."

He took a good pull at a flask Lord Chugmough held out to him, and pulling himself together, limped out of the place.

"An honest man—when it pays him well to be one," said Lord Chugmough, watching the retreating figure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Summary of Events.

In the meantime our friends on the Island of the Clouds were making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit and awaiting their rescue which is to take place as soon as the waters recede.

The wounded Zambo becomes fearful and in order to save his own life goes to the nearest plantation, which is that of Pedro Francisco, where he met Sir Galloping Grace and the other members of the party from whom Lord Chugmough and other members of his party had become separated before the storm. He arrives just in time to tell the story of Lord Chugmough's adventures.

This is welcome information for Sir Galloping Grace, who subsequently starts in pursuit. They depart for Bolivar expecting to find Lord Chugmough and William with the yacht Cheerway but find a desolated scene instead. The Cheerway had been released from its moorings by the sailing master just at the height of the storm, floating down toward the Isle of the Clouds, where it lodges as the storm subsides and is taken possession of by Arthur Medworth and the wife and daughter of Salvarez.

In the meantime Gen. Mattazudo gets together a commando and attempts to rescue Lola from Lord Chugmough. Hearing of this Philip attacked by Gomez hurries to the scene of conflict. There they are surprised to see Gen. Francisco with his small detachment, who, from the story of Zambo, believes that Jacinta is held by Lord Chugmough at Carib Hill.

The lawless passions of Mattazudo did much that day to prevent the making of history. With the fair country south of the Orinoco already in his grasp, Philip had a brilliant prospect before him—almost the certainty of a throne. But God in his wisdom ruled otherwise, and Mattazudo was the creature chosen by Him to undo all that Gomez and Don Juan by their executive ability and organizing power had done. As the half-breed, at the head of his cut-throat gang, climbed up Carib Hill, he saw Pedro Francisco, at the head of his men, coming up the slope in another direction.

The half-breed hurled curses and defiance in the same breath, and Francisco laughed to think how he had outwitted Mattazudo.

Francisco was nearest the stone ruin, out of which several English heads were looking, greatly alarmed at the sudden appearance of the enemy.

"Bah Jove!" said Sir Galloping Grace, "we are attacked by overwhelming numbers."

"We must beat them off," said Lord Chugmough, quietly.

"Beat them off! That's like you, Chugmough," said Viscount Elmsmere. "But see how many there are."

"We are Englishmen. Don't forget that," said Lord Chugmough.

But now a new surprise was given to the English party.

Francisco, who had got within a hundred feet of the ruin, paid absolutely no attention to the persons inside, but lifted his hat in the air, and uttered a shout of triumph at Mattazudo.

"You are too late, you half-breed cur!" he yelled. "She is mine! She is mine!"

Mattazudo replied with curses and a rifle shot. Francisco's right arm fell useless at his side.

"At them!" he yelled. "Kill the curs! Down with them!"

An answering cheer came from his men, and a volley or rifle shots awoke the echoes around the old stone ruin.

"Bah Jove!" said Sir Galloping Grace. "They are not fighting us, after all. They are fighting each other."

When the day's fighting was done the dead on the field included Mattazudo, Francisco, Gomez and Philip. Don Juan joined his daughter and Lord Chugmough's party.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How It All Ended.

It has already been seen how the redoubtable sailing master of the yacht Cheerway pulled up anchor and re-

treated before the rushing flood, thereby saving Lord Chugmough a good many thousand pounds, and probably the lives of the crew as well.

And it is also known that when Sir Galloping Grace and the other members of Lord Chugmough's party turned their backs on the washed-out city of Bolivar to return to Pedro Francisco's hospitable plantation, the Cheerway was already plowing the waters of the subsiding Orinoco to regain her deserted anchorage off Bolivar.

Two days later, on a beautiful clear day, when the hot sun was beating down on the decks, Captain Glover stood on the bridge—his throne, and a more secure one than was the ambition of the false Philip of Aragon—with the visor of his cap pulled low over his eyes to shade them from the glare, watching, with considerable wonder and pleasure, the splendid scenery of the north shore near which he was running, the wonder being that all nature could be so beautiful and smiling so soon after the tempestuous experience of a few days before.

Now and then Captain Glover raised a pair of glasses to his eyes and swept the verdure-clad shore, noting the many-colored flowers, which certainly must have bloomed since the storm, for they could not have lived through it.

"Ah," he said to himself, giving a characteristic grunt at the same time, "now I know where I am. I remember that mountain. Now, that's a queer place for a mountain. It's always been my opinion that a mountain is necessarily a land animal. But this is square in the river—sort of amphibious mountain, as it were."

And smiling at his own joke, the captain continued to study the bold outlines and lofty eminence of the mountain that had attracted him, which was no other than the Island of the Clouds, which has already played a not unimportant part in the history of some of our friends.

Every minute brought the rapid yacht nearer to the mountain, and after an hour or so Captain Glover raised the glass again to take another and closer survey.

The same day he rescued Dona Maria, Jacinta and their American protector and the Cheerway bore them up the Amazon to Bolivar.

In due time the yacht arrived at Bolivar, and Medworth, seeing no soldiers of Philip near, made bold to request to be sent ashore that he might make inquiries concerning Castle Salvarez, and also put in a few sly questions to see if Jack Tempest was anywhere about.

The information he received on shore fairly staggered him with a mixed emotion—part joy, part grief.

Everybody in Bolivar knew all about the battle on Carib Hill, and Medworth listened with beating heart to the story of the supposed death of Lola Garza, the crafty treachery of Namampa, the meeting of Namampa and Lola with Lord Chugmough on Carib Hill, the subsequent attack by Mattazudo, and the final misunderstanding which resulted in the total annihilation of both wings of Philip's army. He also heard with sorrow of the heroism and death of his old comrade, and the joy over the knowledge that Lola was alive and well was tempered with grief over the death of his loyal friend.

(To be continued.)

The Pool of Siloam.

For over ten years the Pool of Siloam has been only a name. Visitors to Palestine who visited this famous spot of late years found that its healing waters had vanished. This was a great blow to the inhabitants, but recently the waters of Siloam have been made to flow once again, and there has been great rejoicing in the holy land.

It appears that Jerusalem has been especially short of water of late, and it occurred to some of the inhabitants of Siloam to try to find out whether the spring which used to supply the pool was really dry. Tons of accumulated rubbish were cleared away, and after about a month's work the spring was found. The excavators discovered behind some fallen rocks an old aqueduct running away into the valley of the Kedron, and into this aqueduct the beautiful, cool, clear water had run and been wasting for years.—Sunday Companion.

Fish Are Like Moths.

Two Yale students have discovered that electric light is the best bait for fishing. As a result of this discovery the fishing industry promises to be revolutionized. It has been found that the rays of an electric light under the water hypnotize the denizens of the deep. When they see the rays they flock to them like a moth to a flame, and nothing can drive them away as long as the light shines. If it is turned off they scamper away in all directions. A company has been formed which proposes to enter into the capture of fish by electric light upon an extensive scale.—Kansas City Journal.

Agriculturists of Norway.

Sixty per cent of the population of Norway live by agriculture, 15 per cent by manufacturing and lumbering, 10 per cent by commerce and trade, 5 per cent by mining and the remainder are in the professions and the army and navy, and engaged in different employments.

Good Training.

Surface—I see that nearly all the rich men of today began their careers by teaching school. Deepun—Yes; a man who succeeds along with an average lot of school directors can make his way anywhere.—New York Weekly.

LIVED LONG ON THE EARTH.

Evidence that Men Existed Before Date Fixed by Accepted Authority.

Fortunately there is no chance for a religious controversy over recent discoveries that seem to upset the accepted chronology of the Bible. That chronology is admittedly of human origin and therefore liable to be fallible. Professor Flinders Petrie, in a lecture recently delivered in London, presented some rather startling theories as to the antiquity of the human race that will doubtless give rise to more or less dispute. The professor's proofs as to his theories are said to be incontrovertible. He contends that there is an unbroken chain of historical record going back to 5,000 B. C., besides objects of art and industry that carry history back 2,000 years further, thus making the indubitable record of human history cover 9,000 years. Yet dates 7,000 B. C. do not take us back to the beginning. There are traces, he says, of a civilization that came to Egypt from some other country. The earliest graves have figures of a race of bushmen of a type like that discovered in France and Malta, suggesting that one race formerly extended from northern Africa into Europe. Beyond these bushmen there are figures of women captured from still earlier races—probably of the palaeolithic age. Of this latter age there are many evidences in the elevated plateau east of the Nile, where, in a region at present wholly uninhabitable, are found the remains of many settlements. The existence of a population here indicates that there was a time when the climate of Egypt was totally different from what it is today—when a rainfall fertilized lands now deserts. Such a climate could hardly have existed unless the desert of Sahara was then under water. A rise of the Saharan area, coinciding with a sinking of the present bed of the Mediterranean, would explain the indisputable fact that the fauna, flora and racial affinities of northern Africa are with Europe rather than with the parts of Africa south of the Sahara.

Egypt supplies us, according to Professor Petrie, with physical evidences of the antiquity of man in the shape of 9,000 years' continuous remains, but other countries, notably Mesopotamia, furnish similar indications. The "fossils" made by recent explorers in the sites of the old cities in the valley of the Euphrates seem to prove the existence of an empire extending from the Persian gulf to the Mediterranean at a period when Egypt itself was in its infancy.—Chicago Chronicle.

LOUBET'S ECONOMY.

Substantial Food the Kind the French President Likes.

Besides his salary of \$150,000 a year, the president of France has a civil list of \$26,000 a year and an allowance of \$60,000 a year for traveling expenses. This allowance for traveling expenses was voted to Marshal MacMahon to keep him from "running wild" with the Bonapartists, but he never touched a franc of it. It was allowed to accumulate until M. Grevy became president, when that worthy drew the arrears and pocketed them. The allowance for traveling expenses is largely clear profit, for the president travels free, and he disburses when on a journey is given in the way of tips. He is exceedingly generous in regard to tips—as well he may.

In spite of his large income President Loubet exercises a rigid economy at the Elysee. At ordinary luncheons there is a handsome "set out" but the fare is more substantial than luxurious. The food left over from the dinner of the night before is arranged with all the skill of a "chef" to figure on the luncheon table, the cold vegetables being served up as "salade russe." The dinners vary in luxury, according to what guests are to be present. When only ordinary people have been invited to partake of the presidential hospitality the cost is about \$4 a plate. When a lot of really "first chop" people are to be present the cost is \$6 a plate, and when a visiting royalty is coming to dinner the cost goes up as high as \$8 a plate. The dinners are supplied partly by a pastry cook shop and partly by the kitchen force of the palace. After dinner the wife of one of the officers of the presidential household slips out and holds a consultation with the chef, at which it is decided what is to go from the dining room to the servants' table and what is to be fixed up for tomorrow's luncheon. Dishes supplied from the pastry cook shop and not broken are taken back at a reduced price. Yet with all his economy it is said that President Loubet does not save a cent out of his pay and allowances. Whenever he needs an extra allowance for some special "function" it is cheerfully granted him by the chamber of deputies. The president gives two balls each year, which cost him \$15,000 each. He also gives garden parties, concerts and theatrical matinees, but they are arranged so as to cost little or nothing.

Vegetable Butter.

Is the cow to be altogether eliminated from the dairy? The British consul-general at Marseilles hears that "a new fatty substance, for consumption in the United Kingdom, to take the place of butter, is being put on the British market. It is called vegetable, and is nothing else than the oil extracted from copra (dried coconut), refined, and with all smell and taste neutralized by a patented process. It becomes like sweet lard, and is intended to compete with margarine on the breakfast table as a substitute for butter." A Liverpool firm, we are told, will this year help in an effort to popularize the stuff.—London Telegraph.

THE PLANTING OF TREES

Permanent Timber Growing Reserve in Western Nebraska Planned.

HEARTY SUPPORT OF THE WORK

Gov. Savage Commutes the Life Sentence of August Kastner—Some Figures on Rebuilding the Asylum—Other Matters in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Oct. 16.—William L. Hall of Washington, superintendent of tree planting for the United States bureau of forestry of the department of agriculture, was in the city conferring with Governor Savage and Dean Bessey of the University of Nebraska relative to plans for creating a permanent tree planting reserve in western Nebraska.

Governor Savage and Dean Bessey assured him they would heartily support the venture and would use their influence toward bringing about the desired end.

"The bureau of forestry has had a fine party in western Nebraska during the summer months investigating the conditions and possibilities of the soil," said Mr. Hall. "The party was organized at Kearney and from there went westward along the Platte river to the western boundary line of the state, thence in a northeasterly direction and back again to Kearney, completing the circle, which included all important points of interest. The object was to determine the possibility of timber growth and the adaptability of the sand hill soil to timber. Our investigations proved very satisfactory and we are fully convinced that certain kinds of trees can be grown in any part of the state."

All Teachers Expected. LINCOLN, Oct. 16.—The fact that no program has been arranged for the superintendents and principals at the forthcoming convention of the Nebraska State Teachers' association, is said not to indicate that those educators are not expected to attend the convention. "The superintendents and principals are expected to attend the convention just the same as before," said Superintendent Fowler. "They form an auxiliary organization to the teachers' association and it is important that they attend and participate in the deliberations of the general body."

Kastner's Sentence Commuted. LINCOLN, Oct. 16.—Governor Savage commuted to three years, six months and six days the life sentence of August Kastner, who was convicted in Douglas county in 1898 for killing Police Officer Dan Tiedeman. The petition for executive clemency was signed by Chief of Police Donahue of Omaha, the trial judge before whom Kastner was convicted, the prosecuting attorney who had charge of the case and by former Chief Detective Hemming.

Runs Away Caught. KEARNEY, Neb., Oct. 16.—George and Elmer Stevens, sons of J. W. Stevens of Miller, who ran away once before the early part of this year, de-camped again, this time taking with them a horse and three guns. Constable Williby of Miller was put upon the case and succeeded in catching them at Ansley, Custer county, from which place Mr. Stevens was notified and arrangements were made for their return home.

Nebraska School of Agriculture. LINCOLN, Oct. 16.—The Nebraska school of agriculture of the state university is especially planned to suit the needs of the farm boy. It opens for a six months' course on November 11, 1901, at a time when the boy can be spared from the farm. This course gives boys and girls some knowledge of English and mathematics and at the same time gives them instruction in the practical subjects which are essential to successful life on the farm.

Rockhill Carries Protocol. Arrives in Victoria and Takes Train for Washington to Report. VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 17.—W. W. Rockhill, the commissioner who represented the United States in the conference between the allies and the Chinese, arrived on the Empress of Japan on his way to Washington. He has with him a copy of the protocol between China and the powers, which was recently signed by the representatives of the various nations interested. He will proceed direct to Washington.

Affairs in China have assumed their normal state, the commissioner said, in answer to a question. He did not anticipate any further outbreak, but there was no telling what would happen in China. The so-called insurrections in Kan Su and Manchuria, he said, were simply local uprisings, which had been very much exaggerated.

Before Mr. Rockhill left Peking the Chinese troops had commenced to police the city. The people, he said, had been benefited by the occupation, they having been given work rebuilding the legations and on other works at wages which had never dreamed of. On the other hand, many of those who were well off before the occupation had been rendered destitute as a result of it. The legation concessions had been greatly increased and the British legation is being built in the form of a fort, with a moat, and guns mounted.

Mr. Rockhill said he expected to hear very shortly of the return of the court to Peking.

Mr. Rockhill said that while Li Hung Chang retains his mental vigor, he is breaking down physically. He has a splendid appetite, but suffers much from indigestion and high fevers.

The Russians are having considerable difficulty on the China-Manchuria railway on account of the floods. They do not allow officers of other nations to go into the country, but have no objections to civilians traveling through. Mr. Rockhill does not look for a boom when conditions in China are again settled, but says the trade will be enormous.

To Attend Prison Congress. LINCOLN, Oct. 17.—Governor Savage has selected seventeen delegates to the National Prison association meeting, which convenes at Kansas City November 16.

Cattle Loan Company Quits. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 17.—The Boston-Kansas City Cattle Loan company with offices at the local yards went into voluntary liquidation. No statement is made.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was another liberal supply of cattle, but nearly everything was from the range country, and the quality of the offerings was rather on the common order, and particularly was that true of the fat cattle. Buyers seemed to want the better grades, but the common stuff they were very slow to take hold of, and the tendency of prices was downward. There were very few corned steers in the yards, and the more desirable bunches sold without much trouble at just about steady prices with yesterday. The common stuff, however, was slow sale and lower. There was a big run of cow stuff and buyers started in from the beginning to pound the market. The best grades were not so very much lower, but aside from these it was a slow, weak market. Prices are now about back to where they were week before last, the advance of last week being just about lost. Bulls, calves and stags also felt the effects of declining values to a greater or less extent. There were plenty of stockers and feeders in the yards to meet the demand, and of common kinds there was more than enough. The best grades of heavyweights and also choice light cattle did not sell so much lower, and are probably not over 15c lower than the high time last week. The general run of cattle, however, are easily 25c lower than they were at the high time last week.

Hogs—There was a light run of hogs, but as Chicago was reported 10c lower, with the bulk selling at \$3.00, packers were naturally rather hesitant on this market. Trading started out on a basis of just about a 1c decline, and most of the early sales went at \$3.17 1/2 and \$3.22. Packers, however, did not like to pay the prices and were trying to buy them at \$3.15 and \$3.17 1/2. Sellers would not cut loose at those prices, and as a result the market was not very active. Packers finally paid the prices asked, so that there was not much change in the market from start to finish.

Sheep—Quotations were thus given: Choice yearlings, \$2.90; fair to good, \$2.75; choice wethers, \$3.20; fair to good wethers, \$3.00; choice ewes, \$2.75; fair to good ewes, \$2.50; choice spring lambs, \$4.50; fair to good spring lambs, \$3.75; feeder wethers, \$2.90; feeder lambs, \$2.25.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Corned steers were 10c lower and Texas steers 15c higher, while other cattle were steady; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.80; fair to good, \$4.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.75; western-fed steers, \$4.75; western range steers, \$3.20; Texas and Indian, \$2.75; Texas cows, \$1.70; native cows, \$2.50; heifers, \$2.50; canners, \$1.50; bulls, \$1.25; calves, \$3.00.

Hogs—Market, \$3.00; top, \$3.30; bulk, \$3.00; heavy, \$3.00; mixed packers, \$3.00; light, \$2.50; pigs, \$1.75.

Sheep and Lambs—Market 50c higher; lambs, \$4.00; western wethers, \$3.50; ewes, \$2.75; feeders, \$2.25; stockers, \$2.00.