

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

He hurried over to the table, upon which he laid a couple of bank notes, and tearing a sheet of paper from his waste mecum, wrote upon it these words:

"Accept this from a friend. Hope for brighter things in the future—trust in God."

A movement on the part of Mazette warned him it was time to be gone—he only lingered long enough to pin the money and the note to the table and then walked hastily down the stairs.

Once outside the marquis walked toward the Strand with a swinging stride—he seemed to have thrown off some of the cynical moodiness that had marked his intercourse with all men since striking London.

Finally he drew up at a shop almost in the shadow of St. Clement's church, in a neighborhood famous for its literary and artistic atmosphere.

Over the door was the sign of Duval, sacred to many who had handled brush or crayon in the world's metropolises.

M. Duval saw a prospective purchaser, and of course, was all smiles. Miniatures—certainly, he always kept them in stock and had the means of reproducing any photograph at short notice.

He watched the customer separate half a dozen of the little paintings on ivory from the rest, and marveled at the ease with which he had thus picked out all the works of one brush.

"These are the only decent ones you have. Tell me how much for the lot," he said, quietly.

Mr. Duval named a price far in excess of their intrinsic value, judging that he must have been blind to their merits, and was immediately cursing himself under his breath for not having added on a third more, for the marquis carelessly threw the amount down.

"This artist pleases me, sir. I would like to have a dozen family portraits done by the same brush. For each of these I shall pay five pounds to the artist and your commission of one pound. Is that a bargain, M. Duval?"

The dealer snatched at it eagerly. Consider it settled, then. Now, I am an expert at this work. It is evident to me the artist is a lady."

"Monsieur is quite correct," bowing low and rubbing his hands together with pleasure.

"Very good. There is no need of paper between us—a nudum factum is quite sufficient. But, my dear Monsieur Duval, remember, they must be by the same brush."

"By to-morrow, monsieur, I shall hand you in a package of family pictures which I wish to add to my collection of miniatures. I shall also leave the money here, knowing you to be an honest man, to be paid to the artist, as fast as she completes each ivory."

"Mon Dieu, it is one great pleasure. Would that there were more customers like you, m'sieur. It would then be a happiness to be in trade," said the flattered and delighted dealer in pictures.

The marquis took his leave, filled with a sensation of having started the ball rolling, nor was it until he had gone that M. Duval thought to recall the fact that he had failed to ask his princely customer's name.

BOOK THREE.

The Modern Monte Cristo.

Two weeks more sufficed to make the Marquis of Montezuma famous in London. Every day new accounts of astonishing features connected with his life appeared in the papers.

Naturally the Marquis was the most sought after man in all London.

Bushels of invitations poured in upon him over which his secretaries were busy all day, their labor being usually a polite note, declining the honor on account of pressing engagements.

The Marquis accepted a few invitations; and these generally took him to the clubs, though the season was so late few notables could be met with there.

Captain Livermore had forced the Hon. Prentice Langford to keep his word—he had early made the acquaintance of the American Midas, and they reached the friendly stage of intercourse that is marked by a game between gentlemen, but somehow, for the first time in his life, the genial captain found luck run harshly, and, instead of handling some of the wonderful wealth of the nabob, he was stripped of all the ready cash he had at hand.

Certain of retrieving his fortunes, he played time after time. Finally he staked his all on a last chance. Evil fortune followed him to the very end—he was compelled to drink the dregs, for he had lost.

Then, looking up into the face of his opponent, he saw a sparkle in the eyes of the Marquis, a glow of triumph that gave him a cold chill.

Where had he seen that same look before? Cudgel his brain as he would, he could not remember. "I am done for to-night, Marquis; you have won all I possess; your luck is prodigious," he said, as he rose.

"Ah! indeed, you are kind to say so, captain; but I assure you it was not always the case. The demon of misfortune has had his little fling at my door, even as he now knocks at yours,

but you see I lived through it, and my hour has come. Shall we enjoy any further social play, captain? I assure you, it is a rare pleasure for me to engage in this little pastime with a gentleman of your skill and attainments."

"I hope to see you again if I am able to scrape any part of my resources together. If not, Marquis, you can be satisfied that I am down to bed rock. I never yield while I have a single weapon left in my hand," he said, grimly.

"I can well believe that, captain," and, returning Livermore's stiff bow, he watched the soldier saunter among the other club members, chatting with this one and laughing at some sally as though nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity.

The Marquis frowned. He knew this man was absolutely ruined, and yet his victory had been robbed of half its sweetness because he had failed to quench that indomitable soldier spirit that refused to knuckle under at misfortune's call.

That afternoon he attended a garden party at Lady Catherwood's palatial home. Here he was, as usual, the lion of the occasion, and his hostess was kept busy introducing him. Finally they approached a single figure, standing under a royal palm that had been brought from the famous Catherwood conservatory for the occasion—the figure of a young woman.

Her back was toward those who advanced, but he could catch the queenly poise of her proud head. If her face did not disappoint the anticipation aroused by this first glance, she must be a fit subject for an artist's dream.

"My dear, I have succeeded in rescuing the Marquis, and bring him a captive in my train to pay his respects to my guest and kinswoman," said Lady Catherwood, blandly.

The queenly figure turned, and in so doing came under the soft light of a nearby lantern.

Thus the Marquis found himself face to face with a spectre of the past—again in memory he could see this gloriously beautiful creature gracefully gliding about in the dance, while mandolins and guitars struck weird chords that served as time to her flying feet; again he could see the gay sash tied in a knot that ornamented one plump shoulder, while a shining knife fastened by a scarlet ribbon, decorated the other, the cold, cruel blade nestling against her heaving bosom as she thus invited her hot-blooded admirers to meet in mortal combat, for the guest of Lady Catherwood was no other than Senorita Juanita, the belle of Gautarica.

CHAPTER XVI.

From Over the Sea.

The Marquis of Montezuma bowed low. His face was as calm and unruffled as the summer sky; not even for an instant did he betray the slightest emotion, and yet the surprise must have inwardly staggered him.

The presence of Dona Juanita here, in England—did it portend disaster to his long-cherished plans?

As for the haughty daughter of the dons, she was affable enough, and smiled while extending a dainty hand which he was compelled to accept.

Lady Catherwood had scurried away to look after some necessary details connected with her duties as hostess, for one cannot entertain and enjoy themselves at the same time.

A silence fell upon the two. The senorita was looking at her companion under half-closed lids, and he awaited what he knew was coming—awaited it with that calmness natural to security.

"Senor Jack, between you and me, there is no need of this coldness, this secrecy. Surely you could not believe me so blind that I did not recognize you at the first glance," said the girl, suddenly laying a hand on his arm.

"I realized that and I have been simply waiting until you might see fit to speak. You see I admit all you say—I am free to confess it," was the cool reply he made.

"Ah, Senor Jack, you are a sphinx—I can make nothing of you. Let me commence upon another tack. You have declared yourself incapable of affection, yet I have known you to lean upon one man with such confidence that I am sure he occupied a place in your heart."

The Marquis showed signs of emotion at last—his wonderful reserve had been pierced.

"Yes," he replied, sadly.

"To this day General Barrajo has not been seen in Gautarica," she continued.

"Poor Pedro—faithful friend," he muttered.

"You alone know his fate, Senor Jack."

"Yes, but all the world shall soon know it, for I have had his feats of arms blazoned upon a stone just about to be sent over. It will be set up in San Jose Cemetery, where his body has lain these two years."

"Is it possible—his death then is a mystery—it was connected with your own adventures?"

"True, Senorita. Together we sought a treasure, shoulder to shoulder we met those who would have robbed us of our prize. We conquered, but Barrajo fell, bleeding in every vein. Our written compact gave the survivor all. His dying wish was that his body

should be removed to consecrated ground. There he has lain under a stone marked only 'Don Pedro, who gave his life in battle for a friend.' It shall be so no longer—all Gautarica shall ring with the valor of his last deed, and crowd to his grave to do the brave old hero honor."

The Marquis for once had been thrown off his guard by the revival of these never-to-be-forgotten scenes, and as memory again brought the heroism of Barrajo before him his face lighted up with an enthusiasm he had not been allowed to disclose, to these many days.

And Dona Juanita, seeing the transitory change, surveyed him with kindling eyes.

"Ah! Senor Jack, such satisfaction is sweet to the heart of those who have loved and been thrown aside. I sympathize with you, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be allowed a share in your plans—to make your interests my own. Perhaps a woman's wit might help you to secure a quick and terrible revenge."

"You mean well, Dona Juanita; I thank you for the interest shown in my welfare, but whatever my plans may be, they must concern me alone. I could not permit any one to join me in their prosecution, least of all you, whom I have known and respected in other days. So I beg that you will forget what you said, and let us hold intercourse as friends who have met after long separation."

One look she gave him; it was like the glowering stare of a tigress about to leap; then her mood suddenly changed, and she laughed in a mellow way that had no trace of anger in it—in times past this peculiarity had been very manifest in her disposition—the sudden change of front such as marks the consummate actress and the dangerous woman.

"Just as you say, Marquis, but I have a rarely obstinate nature, and, having set my mind on any object it is hard to balk me. Here comes my delightful hostess and kinswoman. At some later date I trust to see you again, when we may chat over scenes in the misty past."

He nodded assent.

The Marquis was glad when his lady dragged him away to another part of the garden to meet others of her fair guests; but he understood what hidden meaning lay beneath the words which the black-eyed Spanish beauty floated after him, and which would arise many times to haunt him:

"Au revoir, Marquis; I always keep my word!"

The opportunity had come at length. A few hasty words from his hostess and the Marquis found himself face to face with the woman whose falsehood to her vows had sent him, a smooth-faced young man, an exile from England five years before.

He had prepared for the meeting, and not by the quiver of an eyelid did he betray himself.

Fedora was as lovely and charming as ever, more matronly, perhaps, but showing no sign of the passage of time.

Several times the Marquis knew his companion was looking at him intently, thinking herself unobserved.

Perhaps some faint memory was struggling for existence in her mind, some floating straw at which she clutched in vain.

Sooner or later doubtless she would awaken to the discovery of his identity, but when that time came the Marquis believed he would have so aroused the old passion that must, during these years, have lain dormant in her heart, that she would even give up a ruined husband, a wretched home, and flee with him.

(To be continued.)

Hunting with Trained Wolves.

Bert Decker, a young sportsman of Tuscola, Ill., has succeeded in taming two wolves, and they are very valuable as hunters. He captured them when young, raised them as "kittens," and now, though as large as shepherd dogs, they are quite tame and playful. Decker says the wolves can outrun dogs on the hunt, and are very longwinded. Their favorite way of catching a rabbit is to run alongside of him, put their nose underneath Mr. Cottontail, and throw him ten or twelve feet in the air, catching him in their mouth as he falls. The wolves always return to their master when called. Decker's success has caused other sportsmen to undertake the training of wolves to supplant dogs in hunting, and it is probable that wolves will find a place in future kennels.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Counterfeiters.

There is nothing which Uncle Sam protects with greater care than his currency. Because Uncle Sam's money is good there are always people ready to counterfeit it, and for these people Uncle Sam has a special body of secret service detectives always on the watch. The most dangerous counterfeiters are those which most closely imitate the original, and to arrest the makers of dangerous counterfeiters the United States spares no efforts and no expense. It seems a pity that the United States government could not extend its surveillance of counterfeiters to those who counterfeit wholesome foods, reliable medicines and other articles necessary to the health of the public.

Germany has 800 more physicians than it had in 1900. The present number is about 28,175.

Long nails, very wide at the top and bluish in appearance, denote bad circulation. Long-nailed men and women are less critical and more impressionable than those with short nails.

WHO PUTS UP FOR IT?

SYSTEMATIC MANUFACTURE OF CUBAN SYMPATHY SENTIMENT.

Editors Are Asking from What Source Comes the Financial Backing of the Literary Bureau That Is Working Overtime in Behalf of Foreign Sugar and Tobacco Growers.

We have received from the editor of a Republican daily newspaper in Michigan the following pertinent inquiry:

Editor The American Economist: Whence comes all this vast quantity of anonymous stuff on the subject of "our duty" toward Cuba? Somebody puts up for it, and it costs a lot of money. Who is it?

It would be useless to deny that a tremendous sentiment has been worked up in behalf of tariff concessions on raw sugar and tobacco from Cuba. The term "worked up" is used advisedly. There is plenty of evidence of method and design in the sympathetic campaign that has been in progress for several weeks past. The evidence as to the origin and propagation of this sympathetic sentiment is not so plain. It must be inferred, since it cannot be positively located and defined. Certain it is, however, that powerful agencies have been employed for the purpose, first, of convincing the people that they owe something to Cuba, and, second, that the payment of this obligation should fall exclusively upon two branches of American agricultural industry, the producers of cane and beet sugar and of tobacco. It is a curious fact that in all these pleas for Cuban relief, that all these pleas for discharging our "just obligations" and for performing our "plain duty" toward Cuba, no one has suggested that any portion whatsoever of the sacrifices involved should fall upon the institutions that would reap the largest benefits therefrom in dollars and cents. We mean the sugar trust and the tobacco trust. That powerful monopoly, whose surplus earnings are, as Mr. Havemeyer testified before the industrial commission a year ago, so often used for other purposes than the payment of dividends, not only is not called upon to bear any part of the burden of relieving Cuba, but stands to realize immense profits in the operation. The sugar trust is not only not asked to contribute in the shape of a decreased duty on refined sugar, but it is seriously proposed by the sympathy generators that the sugar trust shall be enriched by being permitted to buy its raw sugar from 25 to 50 per cent less than it now pays, while preserving intact the price of refined sugar. We have Mr. Havemeyer's authority for this statement. Less than three weeks since the sugar trust magnate stated publicly that any reduction that might be made in the duty on Cuban raw sugar would in no way affect the market price of refined sugar. The sugar trust occupies the curiously favored position of being able to say to the domestic producers of cane and beet sugar: "Heads, we win; tails, you lose!" It is, in fact, seriously questionable whether the entire bulk of reduction of tariff duties on Cuban raw sugar would not go directly into the treasury of the sugar trust, and none of it to the distressed planters. There is much reason to think that this would be the case. In the hearing before the ways and means committee a few days ago, Mr. Edwin F. Atkins of Boston, himself a Cuban planter, told the committee, in reply to a question of Chairman Payne, that "a very large percentage of the Cuban sugar industry is owned by citizens of the United States." Mr. Atkins urged that the duty on Cuban sugar should be abolished altogether. Naturally!

The tobacco trusts occupy toward Cuban tobacco production practically the same relation held by the sugar trust regarding Cuban sugar. An American syndicate and an English syndicate own and control more than 90 per cent of the raw and manufactured tobacco produced in the island of Cuba. The success of these syndicates in securing a reduction of duties on raw and manufactured tobacco would bring vast profits to them, while the sufferers would be the entire tobacco growing industry of the United States and a domestic manufacturing industry that employs as many adult work people as there are inhabitants in the island of Cuba.

Is there not a clue herein to be found to the secret machinery and manipulation by which this tremendous sympathy in behalf of Cuba has been worked up? Somebody is doing a vast amount of work under cover. Who is it? Somebody is flooding the country with printed matter setting forth the dire needs of Cuba and the "plain duty" of our people in that regard. Who is it? Somebody is sending through the mails tons of literature calculated to cause us to remember Cuba and forget our own people. Who is it? Every editor in the United States is receiving this literature in almost every mail. Who sends it? Who pays for it? Is it the spontaneous expression of sympathetic souls, or is it the output of the sugar trust and the tobacco trusts? Editors as a rule object to being "worked." Is it not up to them to ask, Who is it?

Same Old Story.

Certain newspapers that believe in free trade are supporting the Babcock movement. There is every reason why they should do so. To them protection is a fraud, a snare and a delusion, and they would be inconsistent in pursuing any other course. At the same time other newspapers, professing Republican principles and ostensibly in favor of protecting American industries, are also supporting Mr. Babcock's measure. They have no more definite knowledge of the subject than has

been given to the general public through the columns of the press, but they have gathered the impression in a general way that some bloated industry is oppressing some class of citizens and offer their assistance to the dragon slayer. It is the same old story. When the country was prospering under the McKinley tariff law certain weak-kneed Republicans winced every time the opprobrious epithet "McKinleyite" was hurled at them. In 1892 "McKinleyism" was supposed to be a synonym for oppression by robber tariff barons. Reform was demanded, and it was forthcoming in full measure, heaped up and running over. Now that prosperity has been restored and all the country is engaged in making up for the lean years, the same demand for the tariff reform is received with the same kind of credulity by a certain class of newspaper writers who have not the heart to defend the principles in which they believe, or who are secretly convinced that the protective tariff policy of the Republican party is wrong in principle, however admirably it may work in practice.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

What Farmers Will Think.

When the farming interest is once convinced that a protective tariff is designed simply to protect the manipulators of their products, and not to protect the producers, they will lose much of their interest in question. The working man does not follow the ramifications of the protective system. He looks only at immediate results. When the election of next year occurs the Republicans will be in an awkward position when they are asked by the farmer constituents why they destroy the only protection ever granted to the agriculturist and leave untouched the duties upon all commodities that the farmer has to buy—why then continue the enormous protection afforded the sugar refiner and at the same time subject the sugar grower to that competition with cheap tropical labor and conditions which the party has invariably declared to be inimical to the interests of the home laborer. Should the Democrats win this battle by the aid of Republicans who yield to the sugar trust, the result of the next national elections may be very different than that of 1896 and of 1900.—New Orleans Item.

Shall We Welcome This Worm?



False to a Home Industry.

A position so extraordinary as that taken by the senior senator from Michigan needs a more powerful defense than that embodied in a plea that one industry here at home must be sacrificed to keep down revolutionary spirits in the tropics. The policy of protection is not part of the policy power of this government; nor is it an associated charity to be drawn on with slight drafts in favor of foreigners against the savings of Michigan farmers.—Detroit Journal.

Source of Knowledge.

In view of the many curious errors of statement contained in his various communications on the subject of sugar and tobacco values, exports, etc., there is room for the reasonable deduction that the knowledge possessed by Gen. Wood, military governor of Cuba, regarding economic and trade conditions has been chiefly derived from the pages of materia medica.

Heartless Offspring.

The Democrats keep hopping up and declaring that the tariff is the mother of trusts. Now the sugar trust is clamoring for the removal of the tariff on sugar. Don't it beat thunder that the sugar trust wants congress to kill its mammy?—Moravian Falls (N. C.), Yellow Jacket.

Flat Free Trade.

The reciprocity which lets in a pound of foreign goods to supplant an American article, whether by reciprocal arrangement or not, is flat free trade.—New York Press.

Bad News for Thirsty Men.

Beer drinkers will probably "view with alarm" the present startling condition of the hop market in this country. In the United States last season's crop of hops was 150,000 bales. Of these only 10,000 bales remain on the coast, and the total number of bales in New York state is not more than 2,500. These figures include all grades of hops, and as brewers are not heavily stocked generally, there is a decided prospect of a hop famine. New hops will not be harvested until September.

The funny man may spring his joke about the brewers not needing hops when brewing most of the beer sold to thirsty persons in this city, but the dealers are watching the market anxiously, and are exceedingly reluctant about making sales at the present prices. The brewers are correspondingly eager to buy enough hops to carry them through the year before the price is raised.

How Anthrax Reached New Zealand.

Mr. J. A. Gilruth, chief government veterinary surgeon, delivered an address on anthrax in New Zealand, at the annual conference of the Auckland Agricultural Societies. He said that a few years ago it was thought that New Zealand was the only country free from that disease, and he believed that New Zealand would be free from it today had we not imported bones. In all other parts of the world the disease was prevalent, and the annual loss of stock through it was very great, while it also affected man, employees in European woolen mills being sometimes affected through handling the wool of diseased sheep. As an example of the way the disease was spread, a few years ago a large outbreak among the London horses was traced to some Russian oats which had been carried in a vessel along with some infected skins. The disease was a dangerous one in every way, and it was a matter for extreme regret that it had ever broken out in this colony. It was caused by a microbe, which possessed great vitality, prolonged boiling being required to kill it, while chemicals had to be applied for some time to have the same effect. This was because the microbe formed in its body a "spore," or egg, which prevented the action of the chemical on the vital germ, and it was because of this "spore" that the germ remained virulent for so long.

When he first came to the colony he was assured there was no anthrax in the colony, and he was informed that all bones imported came from boiling down works, where healthy animals had been received. In August, 1895, however, there occurred in the Waikeia a sudden and unaccountable mortality of cows on a certain farm. A butcher skinned one of two animals, hung the skins on a fence and carted portions of the carcasses through a field to give to some pigs. All these pigs died, and the cattle that came and licked the grass around the skins and along the way by which the carcasses were conveyed died also. Three men engaged in cutting up the beasts fell ill, and all these cases were found to be anthrax, a diagnosis of which he received most emphatic corroboration in Europe on his recent trip. This would show how the disease spread. Everything pointed to the introduction of the disease by bone-dust, the diseased animals having been feeding on a field of turnips manured with bone-dust, and it was then decided to prevent the importation of bones not submitted to a temperature of 35 degrees above boiling point.

Horticultural Observations.

(From the Farmers' Review.)

Small garden seeds demand better till than the larger field seeds. This means that the garden must be worked more thoroughly than the field previous to seeding. Our grandfathers understood this when they spent so much time preparing the garden beds that were to grow the vegetables for the kitchen. The finer the till the closer the relation of the seeds will be to the soil.

The farmers' garden should receive more attention than is usually given to it. A half acre planted to vegetables and fruit well cared for will pay more money than any other acre on the farm. The farmers that have the best gardens get the most comfort out of life. Such men not only pay much attention to the growing of the things that will please the family, but they also take more pleasure in tidying up around the farm. This shows itself in the planting of trees for ornament, the construction of a lawn, and the creation of a flower bed. In that man's family you will find vegetables, fruit and flowers abundant, and you will find happiness.

One of the plants most serviceable in the farmer's garden is asparagus. Once well established an asparagus bed is perpetual, if it is handled right after it comes into bearing. Fifty plants will supply an ordinary family with all the asparagus tips they can use. The plants should not be set closer than 18 inches in the row, and should not be permitted to go to seed. If the seeds are permitted to ripen and fall on the ground they will send up innumerable stalks and these make trouble in asparagus growing. This can be prevented by cutting out the sprouts that bear seeds just before they turn yellow. When one-year old plants are set, cutting for use may begin the third season. Each day all the sprouts should be cut, even if some of them have to be thrown away.

Colt Feeding.

No general rules can be laid down for the feeding of colts; but, as in the case of the calf, it is very necessary that proper care should be exercised in the selection of foods. Cow's milk may be substituted, if necessary, for that of the mare. The colt should be taught to eat grains, any of which would be fed to advantage; the choice would depend on ruling prices. At times, when the colts are teething, it will be found more profitable to warm and moisten the grain ration. Hay of first quality, preferably alfalfa, should be fed in conjunction with the grain, so as to properly develop the digestive system.—M. E. Jaffa.

Fatalities Among Maryland Horses.

Investigations by the state veterinarian showed that the high death rate among horses in Maryland is due to cerebro-spinal meningitis. The disease is the result of poor food, bad drainage and generally insanitary environment.

A man who never made a fool of himself is unable to appreciate human sympathy.