An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER I. JACK, FROM BOHEMIA.

Famous old Big Ben had boomed out the hour of 3 one afternoon in May, when Jack Overton, who had recently shaken off the dust of the Bohemian Latin quarter in Paris, debouched from one of the numerous courts branching out from the Strand, London, and strolled along this great thoroughfare.

Overton was a man of possibly twenty-five. His form was well built and athletic, his countenance, while not wholly handsome, worthy of deep study-an expert at physiognomy would have gloried in reading the potential features so plainly marked, and his verdict must have been that while the young man had not yet awakened to the resistless and dominant power that slumbered within his grasp, the force of circumstances would sooner or later bring it to the fore.

For some time he had drifted along in his studies-a faint gleam of success had begun to brighten the eastern skles-there was a promise of his latest picture being accepted for the Salon, when his future could be looked upon as assured.

It was at this critical juncture in his affairs when a little more resolute work would have landed him well on the road to success, that fortune, and a woman, brought about a crisis which threatened his bark with disaster.

This accounted for the eagerness with which he scrutinized the inmates of the various vehicles moving hither and thither along the Strand. Finally his kindling gaze was glued upon a dashing equipage, evidently headed toward Rotten Row, and particularly upon the beautiful woman who sat there nonchalantly holding a lacetrimmed parasol above her dainty head, and occasionally addressing some word to her elderly gentleman companion, whose bronzed face and air of distinction marked him as a traveler or man of note in Her Majesty's colonial empire.

Jack held his breath and gritted his teeth as he looked. He loved, aye, worshiped this radiant creature. He, a poor, unknown artist, dared to raise his eyes to such a beautiful bird of fashion.

so strong? Time was when he knew Fedora as a modest little English solved to make the plunge, he started girl with a passionate desire to study art, when he had given innumerable opportunities to stand between her and insult, to soften the rough places for her dainty feet, to assist her in his passionate story he might have the work she had chosen while his received something of a shock. Most own lay neglected in his garret studio.

start, and the color left her cheeks only to immediately return, and as the vehicle passed he was quick to discover the card, which she had dextrously tossed out apparently unseen by her escort, flutter to the asphalt.

CEAPTER II.

THE MEETING ON THE STRAND. Jack lost not a second in capturing the bit of pasteboard. It was simply a carte de visite, and gave the address of her grandfather's city house.

Overton made up his mind that come what would that night should see him at the address she had given. to hear from her own lips his doom. Until that had been pronounced he could not and would not believe that she meant to cast him aside.

As he swung down the crowded Strand he was suddenly aware of a gentle pull at his sleeve, a modest little jerk, entirely lacking the assurances that might suggest a bold seeker after alms.

"Oh, Mr. Jack!" said a quick voice in accents of eagerness.

An when Overton looked down from his six feet, and saw the girl's rosy face half shrouded in a blue hood, he experienced such genuine pleasure that the haunted, devil-may-care expression gave way to a glow of sincere satisfaction as he caught the hand she had laid on his own and squeezed it in his own broad palm. If he hurt her the girl gave no sign.

"Bless me. Mazette, this is a pleasure now. Fancy our meeting in the crowded streets of London. How do you get on? Has fortune looked your way? I hope and trust those divine little miniature portraits on ivory bring you in a fair income among these people of your blood."

Thus he chattered on. Mazette looked up to the long-legged, bighearted American as a prince of men. Secretly she adored him, but no one ever knew that his face was the shrine at which the modest child of nature worshipped, for, like most girls of the present day. Mazette refused to wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at.

"What brings you here, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

Overton winced as he remembered the nature of his hasty jump from Why not-who had a right one-half Paris. Then he made up his mind to unburden his soul, and having ren with an impetuosity that startled his demure little companion. If Jack had been able to look under that blue hood while he poured out certainly poor Mazette was experiencing one. "It is hard to give advice, Mr. Jack, into love, though on Jack's part he She has not thrown you over yet," she said. "You know Fedora so well, you should be able to judge what she will do-whether or not the glitter of gold would tempt her to give up the man to whom she swore deathless fealty. I would bless you for words of comyou believe-the truth, even if it kill

throbbing with conflicting emotions, she was saying to herself, almost hysterically: "He must never, never know what a weak little fool I am, or FREE TRADERS WORRYING ABOUT why this poor arm sometimes hangs useless at my side. That is my secret, and it shall die with me. But I fear Fedora is lost to him forever-that gold has won her heart."

Una CHAPTER III. DECLINED, WITH THANKS.

Somehow Overton felt better after this little chat with the miniature painter. True, in her candor and knowledge of Fedora's weakness she had not been able to give him much encouragement. In fact, she seemed to accept it as a settled fact that the girl he loved would sacrifice him on the altar of Mammon, but the very contact with such a cheery nature as that of Mazette was bound to exert a helpful influence upon him.

He was standing at the corner of Chancery Lane, debating the momentous question as to where he should tinuing, the professor says: bestow the favor of his patronage for supper, when he was given something of a staggering shock, for there, within ten feet of him, seated in a hansom, and evidently trying to attract his attention, was the identical bronzed and bearded gentleman whom he had seen some hours before at Fedora's side in the handsome turnout, bound free trader admitting that there was for Rotten Row.

In this distinguished personage Overton at once and instinctively recognized the rival whom he had to meet on uneven terms.

The gentleman had nor a fair look at his face, and immediately jumped out of his cab.

"Pardon me," said he, in a deep voice that somehow grated on Jack's ears, perhaps because he had already conceived a deadly feeling of enmity toward the other. "Pardon me, but I believe I have the horsor of addressing Mr. John Overton, late of the Latin Quartier, Paris?"

Overton answered stimy: "That happens to be my name, sir." "Allow me to introduce myself."

Overton looked at the card and deiberately looked at the inscription.

"Captain Maurice Stanton Livermore," The Horseguard!."

It was a name known far and wide -a name that had been carried to remote places in the Dark Continent-a destroy commercial advantages, that is name mentioned with especial honor in descriptions of English operations as follows: on the borders of India, where only valor counts, and men carve oue reputations with the sword in a desperate duel with savage tribes.

Jack knew it well. 'The name is not unfamiliar to me. In what way can I be of service to you, sir?" he said with an effort at diffidence. not ?"

"You are an artist, if I mistake "Yes, I aim to be."

"I am greatly interested in art, and desire to have some commissions for months see Old Glory waving from ably mentioned I would like you to join me at dinner where we can doubtless find an opportunity to reach an agreement."

DEEPLY SOLICITOUS.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

Because We Are Prospering So Well Under Protection They Argue That Love of Country Is Dying Out Among the People of the United States.

This is the caption of the last article sent out by the Free Trade League over the signature of Prof. John Bascom, of Williams College. The two words, protection and patriotism, certainly go well together, and are closely related. But, says Prof. Bascom, "protection as developed in the United States, is profoundly opposed to patriotism." And yet he does not prove it, or even attempt to. He tells us that it begets personal strife, but does not tell us wherein personal strife and ambition become inimical to patriotism. Con-

"The little kernel of sound theory that may in the beginning have lain at the bottom of protection was short'y lost sight of in a greedy struggle between ever-increasing claimants to retain old and win new advantages."

It is encouraging to see an old-time ever even a kernel of sound theory in the principle of protection, though it has been lost sight of in the struggle for advantage. Does the professor mean to say that the strife to excel is unpatriotic? Would he have our inventors stop thinking, our miners stop digging, our farmers stop planting, our mechanics stop fabricating, and so cease to retain and gain advantages not only among themselves but over the peoples of other countries? Does he want us to go back to the habits of the aborigines and live the lives of savages? He complains because "we have set no limits to individual enter prise." Why should we set a limit to ambition, to attainment and accomplishment? And then he complains again because "the policy of private thrift, which gained such a foothold in protection, has spread everywhere."

If the professor is preaching socialism or anarchy, that is one thing, but if he is preaching free trade because it would do away with competition and another. He concludes his little "piece"

"Patriotism cannot thrive in the atrosphere we have provided for it. If we would restore and strengthen love of country, we must get back to the prosperity of the masses of men-the people and the nation-as the true aim of government."

Does the professor question our love of country? Was he awake during the Spanish war, when millions were angry only because they could not fight for the Stars and Stripes? Did he not

tract this immigration to her own states and territories, where, despite the fact that we have sixteen times as many people as Canada on a smaller area, there is yet room, with only a small fraction of our magnificent resources developed .- New Haven Palla dium.

A Reasonable Reduction.

Unreconciled to the gloomy prospect for wide open reciprocity, the Chicago Evening Post plaintively asks: "Are there no industries which are sufficiently established to stand a reasonable reduction of duty?" It may be there are such, but if so, what of it? A "reasonable" reduction of duty would amount to nothing in the estimation of foreign competitors. It must be such a reduction as will render the duty non-Protective. What they clamor for, and what the Post seems to think they should have, is an unreasonable reduction of tariff duties; a foolish, destructive reduction; one that will enable them to break into this market and undersell domestic producers; such a reduction as would either close our mills and factories, or else lower the American standard of wages and of living and thus diminish the purchasing capacity and the consuming power of our wage earners. That is what the foreigners want. Is it what the Chicago Evening Post wants?

Arguments Based on Misinformation. Some wonderful information finds its way into "low tariff" newspapers. The Boston Transcript, for instance, which apparently wants reciprocity with Canada, after reflecting on the motives of Senator Burrows and others who do not agree with it, prints this surprising information, which was sent to it all the way from Washington: "In the Dingley tariff the duty on logs was made double that carried by the McKinley tariff of only ten years ago." Logs were on the free list in the McKinley tariff and are also on the free list in the Dingley tariff. If the advocates of reciprocity with Canada were to base their arguments on facts instead of such wonderful misinformation as that about the duty on logs they would cease to talk on the subject.-Philadelphia Press.

The Cuban Carrying Trade.

Lately the Tribune made the admirable suggestion that any reductions in the duties between this country and Cuba should be confined to such commodities as were carried under either the American or the Cuban flag, Cuban vessels to be built in the United States. This proposition immediately meets with opposition from the Munson line, whose ships are greatly Norwegian, that sail under temporary charters. The prompt opposition of this line seems to have killed the Tribune's proposition, and this foreign line, that neither employs American sailors nor repairs or outfits its ships in American ports, seem to be dictating the maritime policy of this country.

RUBIES AND DIAMONDS.

the Former Are Becoming More Kare and Cost More Than Latter.

All the world loves a ruby--or should; and all who know their fascination will welcome some facts concerning them which have been given currency by a Paris technical journal, Le Diamant, which are of timely interest, in view of the increasing popularity of these gems and their recent material advance in price.

There are three varieties-oriental, Siamese and the spinel. The first is the most beautiful of all colored gems. They are becoming more and more rare and, weight for weight, are valued ten to twenty fold the price of diamonds. The best come from Ceylon, India and China.

The Siamese rubies are very dark red, the spinel is less richly colored. The largest ruby known is one of the crown jewels of Russia. The shah of Persia has a ruby of 175 carats. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had one of the size of a small egg and of perfect water, which was presented to the czarina of Russia in 1677. 1791 France had in its crown jewels eighty-one oriental rubies.

Gems of small inarinsic value are just now commanding prices higher than they would be valued at by experts, which is always the case with stones which become fashionable, and it is a safe rule that those who buy stones of this class should exercise the same care they would or should in purchasing diamonds. The demand has called out a large number of second and third class rubies from their hiding places, and in new mountings they are masquerading as jewels of great price.

The ruby is skillfully imitated, says the New York Times, and not a few are worn which are only of the grade of paste diamonds without a suspicion on the part of their owners that they are not what they are assumed to be. No bargains in desirable rubies are to be had in the markets of Europe or America. Those worth buying for investment are snapped up on sight by the gem sharps, and the person who purchases from them will in every instance pay their value.

HEROINE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The First Woman Who Ever Sat for Sun Picture.

The death last Tuesday morning at Hastings-on-the-Hudson of Miss Anna Catherine Draper, the first woman who ever "sat for her photograph," brings forcibly to mind the fact that the art of photography has been developed from Daguerre's crude invention to its present perfection within the compass of a single lifetime,

In 1839, when Daguerre's discovery was first announced, the famous scientist, Dr. John W. Draper, then a member of the faculty of the University of New York, was pursuing his researches in the chemical phenomena of light, whose results are among his most valuable contributions to science. Daguerre's announcement interested Dr. Draper greatly, and he at once made it the subject of special study. He was the first person in the world to utilize Daguerre's process in the portraiture of human beings. His sister was the sitter for the first photographic portrait from life, taken sixty-two years ago, on the roof of the old university building, Theodore Winthrop's Chrysalis college, if tradition is trustworthy. As the length of the "exposure" was six minutes, during which Miss Draper had to sit absolutely motionless in the full glare of the sun, with her face thickly covered with a white metallic powder, her services to science involved sufficient of personal inconvenience and discomfort to give her a claim to be entitled the heroine of photography, and to be held in honor by the countless thousands to whom the art of photography, with all its cognate and related arts, is now a source

Yes, they had become such great friends in Bohemia that it ripened fairly adored the girl from the hour they first met.

Thus vows were exchanged, and for months they drifted along in a fool's paradise. Then Jack, poor fellow, insisted on endeavoring to open communications between Fedora and the Tell me truly, little friend, although grim old English grandfather who had exiled his daughter for marrying | fort, still I only desire to know what against his august will.

The negotiations succeeded all too me." well, and one day there came a dolorous scene when Jack and his betrothed though you lost Fedora, there are separated, she to go to her new English home, he to work feverishly on the great picture that was to make such a sensation in the Salon-the face of Fedora, created by a hand inspired by the divine passion-and bring him the fame and fortune which | if the temptation proves irresistible." he longed to lay at her feet.

At last it was finished, all but a few touches. He had for some time been on the verge of distraction. Stray rumors that Fedora had forgotten him. He, faithful to death himself, believed steadfastly in the woman he loved, and indignantly chased all satanic doubts headlong from his she replied, steadily, but deep down in mind. Still, they crept back in spite her heart the little artist girl was of him, and when existence finally became unendurable away from the atmosphere she breathed, he had precious stones, would I sell his love brought his treasured canvas to London.

Never had he suspected the full extent of her radiant beauty and her queenly manner until the moment his eyes fell upon her in the vehicle that rolled toward Rotton Row. Could aunty," she said at length, as they such a prize be for him?

Then came a revulsion of feeling She belonged to him-she had again and again vowed no power on earth but death could take her from him. More than that, did he not owe her his life? There had been a fire, and Jack, overcome in his sleep by smoke, might have perished but that some girl dared death to run in and drag | fering him her hand. him to the open air. They told him it was Fedora, and although she had always in her modesty, appeared confused when he spoke of the subject, yet he never doubted.

what a mighty influence Moloch had upon the average human heart, nor that was not at all affected. the winning power of Gold. The time was coming when he would discover these things through bitter experience that would warp his nature and change his disposition.

It was his desire to notice what effect his presence might have upon believe me, Mr. Jack. You will come the beautiful girl in the landau. When her wandering gaze suddenly fell upon him she gave a perceptible

"You must be calm, Mr. Jack, Even other things in the world worth living for." she began, slowly, painfully. He uttered a hollow groan.

"Ah, money is very powerful, Mr. Jack. It makes the strongest weak. You must not think too harshly of her

"Already you fear the worst," he exclaimed. "God help me if it proves to be so. You would never condemn the man you loved, Mazette; sell him for filthy lucre."

"Thanks for your good opinion. No one may ever know how strong they are until the temptation has come." saying over and over again: "Not for all the gold in the world, nor for if it were only mine."

Mazette adroitly changed the conversation, and endeavored to cheer him up.

"You must be sure to drop in to see us very soon, and take tea with have to be snatched from the regular were about to separate.

"I promise you," he replied quickly. God bless you for a true-hearted comrade, and may you in the years to come never know the agony of mind he will probably hastily remark: and heart that threatens me now."

"I shall endeavor to avoid that by never allowing myself to fall in love," she replied, a little hysterically, of-

"What, your left hand, Mazette, Pardon me, did I hurt the other, brute that I am? No, then surely you have been in an accident since last I saw At this day Overton had not learned | so helplessly at your side? Tell me, is it not so?" with anxious solicitude

> The girl looked either vexed or frightened.

"It is nothing. Long ago I had an accident, and when I use the arm steadily I feel it. Of late I have been unusually industrious. That is all, -soon?" as she moved off. "Surely," was his reply.

As Mazette hurried on, her heart attre ts a femining man.

It was on the tip of Jack's tongue to coldly decline the invitation. Prul dence-policy if you will-checked his disdainful tongue in time.

"I accept your invitation, sir, without in any way committing myself to any policy you may suggest, or compromising myself in the least," he said quietly.

The other looked grimly pleased. They walked along together as well as the crowded condition of the street average enlightenment could put forth would permit, until finally they reach- such twaddle as this paper of Prof. ed a notable restaurant, into which Bascom's. It is not worth noticing exthe strangely matched couple plunged. | cept to show to what pitiable ends the

man whom the irony of fortune had Surely the free trade issue in the Unitseated above a volcano or a powder ed States is at a low ebb indeed when magazine liable to explode at any it must depend on such argument for moment.

(To be continued.)

BUCKEYE ANIMADVERSIONS

In an Indianapolis Plan to Makes Life Sweeter.

The young women of the Indianapolis telephone exchange are to be given the benefits of voice culture. A prominent elocutionist has been engaged, and all the sharp voices will be filed down, and all the rough voices will be planed off, and if there is any dignity and sweetness in a voice it will be drawn to the surface. It is a nice scheme, but it will take some time. The average Hoosier voice is far from being of the liquid velvet order, and the elocutionary improver will find his hands full for some time to come. Of course the hours for vocal practice will hours of duty, and the Indianapolis subscriber who calls up "exchange" may be expected at any time to hear somebody shrieking: "I am not mad! I am not mad!" A good deal startled, "Hello, central; you have given me the insane asylum." And then the girl will explain that she's only getting letter perfect in "The Maniac." And very likely some other subscriber will be told that the curfew shall not ring tonight, and perhaps he'll vigorously ask the curfew to ring off. And may be an incensed patron of the line who you, else why should your arm hang | earnestly inquires what the girl means by not answering his call will be told to "wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear." In short, there'll be a good deal doing in that Indianapolis call shop before all the voices that need it are cultured into proper vocal shape.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

> Woman's function is a guiding, not a determining one .- John Ruskin. In mythology, no god falls in love with Minerva. A mannish woman only

every flagstaff, from every building, and from every house? Who is there, cutside the little band of American Cobdenites, that does not think we could lick any country on earth. or, if needs be, all of them put together? Does not the professor see any other paper but the Springfield Republican? As for "getting back to the prosperity of the masses of men"-back where? Back to 1837, or to 1857, or to 1895-96? When have "the masses of

men-the people and the nation"-been so prosperous as they are to-day? It seems incredible that a man of As Overton sat there in the cozy Free Trade League is obliged to go to room, vis-a-vis with Captain Liver- get matter to send out to the few counmore, somehow he was reminded of a try papers that will print its stuff.

> support. Prof. Bascom knows no more about patriotism than he does about protection. He knows no more about the ambitions and national characteristics of the people of the United States than he does about the uncivilized tribes of darkest Africa; or else, for the sake of his pet theory, he would do strenuous life of his countrymen, from the president down to the urchin with nal. his bundle of "extras." He should take a progressive daily or weekly paper and read the current history of his country. Or, he might take the president's message by installments and gather a few ideas concerning the progress and achievements of our institustars. He should get a portrait of Washlittle study the lives of our other great men. It may be a hopeless case, but might be injected with a little American spirit and patriotism.

> > One-Sided Reciprocity.

To illustrate one-sided reciprocity let us name Canada. Canada wants free access to our markets, and in return will cheerfully give us free access to hers. Canada has 5,000,000 people; the United States has 80,000,000. Her people can buy of us, provided Great Britain does not demand her trade, onesixteenth of what we would naturally buy of her. Though her soil is American and she controls a great deal of the North American continent, the wages paid by her for labor are 20 to 50 per cent lower than in the United States. ter paid American labor. Such a condiis better for the United States to at- too far .- New York Press.

A Stubborn Fact.

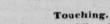
That reciprocity convention was a cruel disappointment to the tariff reformers. They are now up against the fact that the end of protection is not yet in sight, and as Sam Jones says, a fact cannot be gotten over nor around. It must be "camped" by and "sot" up with .- Clyde (N. C.) Journal.

What It Means.

If the Republican party proposes a measure, you may bet your boots it means more prosperity at home and more business abroad.-Blackfoot (Idaho) Mail.

Good Idea.

Representative Babcock might better employ his unquestioned ability in of pleasure, of education, of culture, fighting for a horizontal reduction in of livelihood, of wealth. the price of coal .- Brooklyn Standard-Union.



The Eastern tariff reformers are all away with an exertion and all lator, agreed that the duty should be taken of mind or body. He should study the off of Western hides. Such unanimity tion as that a mistake," replied old is quite touching .- Kansas City Jour- Cormack dictatorially; "I call it a

Information for Prospective Brides. Except in the case of a prospective bride who occupies a high social position, it is not usual to make any formal announcement of the engagement of a lady. The members of her famitions. He should get a little American | ly impart the news to her friends as flag and count the stripes and then the they happen to meet them. If it is desired to inform friends at a disington and of McKinley, and little by tance, the mother being dead, a girl's father, sister or brother may write the informal announcement, or to intiit would seem as if even Prof. Bascom | mate friends and relatives the girl may write herself. Invitations to the weddings would be issued in the name of the bride's father. It is usual to wear a veil with a white wedding gown, but if for any reason it seems more desirable, a hat may be substituted. A bride is at perfect liberty to decide the details of her own costume. All the arrangements for the wedding should be made to suit the convenience and comfort of the contracting par-

Noted Men Do Not Dot the "!".

ties first of all, regardless of fashion

or custom .- Montreal Herald and Star.

Having just looked critically over 200 autographs of noted men, I am ready to assert and maintain that the She would, of course, fill our markets dotlet over the "i" is sadly neglected. with cheap goods to compete with bet- Even our late lamented president was cruel in this respect. He did usually tion would undoubtedly help Canadian dot the "i" in McKinley, but rarely immigration, of which there has been squandered a speck of ink on the two practically none for half a century. It "I's" in William. It was going back That Was the Difference.

"Yes, that is where he made a mistake," said McLean, referring to the latest act of stupidity on the part of McFarlane. 'I don't call such an acblunder." "Well, it's all the same thing," returned McLean. "Na, you're wrong there," was Cormack's reply; 'there's a good deal of difference between a blunder and a mistake." "I should like to know what it is," answered McLean skeptically. "Well, suppose you went to call on some friend, put an old umbrella into the stand, and took away a new one when you left, that would be a mistake; but suppose you put down a new one and brought away an old one, that would be a blunder, d'ye see?" McLean admitted that there was a difference after All .--- From Tit-Bits.

Traits of the Mikado.

The Mikado of Japan is a man of much energy and endurance, and is constantly smoking cigarettes. He is fond of outdoor sports and has warmly encourage the introduction of football into Japan. He is a hunter and fisherman of no mean reputation and is a good shot with a rifle. His devotion to lawn tennis is marked and he is clever as a wielder of the racket.

Many Hands in a Mill.

In Japan some one thousand hands are employed in a spinning mill of 10.-300 spindles, whereas in America about two hundred are sufficient in a factory of a similar capacity.

A Remarkable Record.

Modern steamship travel is so safe that the English government has not lost or injured in transit a single man of the 250,000 sent to South Africa.