

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"No; I have business that requires my attention, and I am anxious to be at it. Don't look worried, little friend; God bless you, I haven't forgotten my promise. This last act of the drama blots the whole thing out of my life. Fedora now belongs to another, and under no conditions could ever again be the queen of my heart. I have cast her out as unworthy, and closed the doors forever—hermetically sealed them, I trust. I could not if I tried tell you how much good you have done me. When I go hence—for I shall soon leave England behind me—I will carry the remembrance of your friendship with me to the end. Muzette, good-night, and heaven bless you, child!"

He went straight home to his attic studio. One set purpose governed his every move now, and this to put Fedora, fair and false, out of his mind forever.

Since through a woman's hand this night had witnessed the sacrifice of his hopes, his aims, it might as well be complete.

In this bitter spirit he entered the humble attic that served him as a studio, while a cot in a corner granted him a bed.

Lighting a lamp, he first of all built a little fire upon the hearth, for, strange to say, the upper room was possessed of a fireplace.

It was not because the night was cool that he did this, but with quite another definite object in view.

Finally he walked over to the easel and snatched away the cloth that covered it.

Long and earnestly Overton surveyed the magical work of his hands—so perfect had been the witchery that guided his love-inspired brush that the very breath of life seemed to have been infused into the canvas, and one could almost expect Fedora to step down from the easel, creature of flesh and blood, as Galatea, of sculptor fame, had done of old.

At length the artist heaved a heavy sigh.

It required all the determination of his nature to carry out the desperate resolve he had made, but, though it seemed like slaying his love anew, he did not falter. Human eyes should never again behold this work of his genius—conceived in adoration, and worked out through the days when her love hung over him like a benison, it must cease to exist on this black night when the last spark of his affection was extinguished and the bonds uniting him to the happy past were severed forever.

He took up his palette knife and approached the canvas—his hand was firm, though his face appeared very pallid in the flickering light.

Suddenly, as the rush of emotion became too great to be longer withstood, he dashed the blade through the canvas, splitting it from top to bottom most ruthlessly.

The first stroke seemed to loosen the passion which had been so long restrained, and with savage, almost brutal emphasis, he cut and slashed furiously right and left, up and down.

Thus in a very brief space of time all that represented his many months of weary yet loving labor, into which he had put his very life, so to speak, was a wooden frame from which dangled dozens of streamers.

The masterpiece was as utterly destroyed as his own ambition.

Not content, he ground the frame into pieces under his heel and cast the wreck upon the fire that had been purposely started upon the hearth to receive it.

"Burn," he said, bitterly, as the flames greedily seized upon the fragments: "burn out as my love has done, leaving nothing but bitter, cold ashes. Henceforth I live but to seek power and wealth. The past shall be a ghastly blank—the future I will build by the power of brain and brawn, until the hour comes for my revenge. Something tells me it will sooner or later reach me—that to him who waits and works everything is given. And now to begin to live a new existence."

Two days later a sailing vessel left London bound for the old Spanish Main, and among those who shipped before the mast, thanks to his early yachting training, was Jack Overton, gone to follow the beckoning finger of fortune.

CHAPTER IX.

In the Land of Revolution.

San Jose, the capital of that sturdy little republic of Central America which has through its sudden revolutions made Gautarica famous in history—San Jose was in its periodical state of eruption.

Of course, a revolution was in progress. There was probably no very heavy loss of life during each actual upheaval, though a few men might be accidentally killed—the Gautaricans, like all people of mixed blood, being partly Spanish and Indian halfbreeds, love spectacular display, and while these battles always create a great racket, there was little blood actually split, the party that was outnumbered usually yielding up the palm and retiring to recuperate, while the victors, instead of following up the advantage, calmly settled down to enjoy the fruits of their labor, amid much merriment and feasting.

There was one man in San Jose on this particular day, who, while a non-

combatant, had resolved to see the whole business as far as possible. So Jack Overton sallied forth, after arming himself and endeavoring to gain an idea as to how much progress the revolution was making.

He found the soldiers of Roblado, the president, holding their own well.

After moving around from one quarter to another and seeing that the whole affair was on the guerilla order, Overton was forced to sit down and laugh at the ludicrous aspect of the "battle" by means of which the fate of a republic was to be settled.

Evidently Montejo had overrated the strength of his backing, for the wearers of the green cockade were outclassed, and already several of their number had been stretched hors de combat.

There was something in the clamor and the occasional whistle of a bullet over his head that just suited Overton's present mood.

He was even rash on several occasions, and had narrow escapes, but the little cherub that sat up aloft watching over his fortunes seemed to exercise those would-be fatal bullets so that they always just fell a little short and in matters of this sort a miss is considered as good as a mile.

The day was near its end, and plainly the laurels of victory rested with the followers of the dynasty already entrenched in authority—their shouts had been more vociferous than the others, and in all probability they had fired two shots against one from the revolutionists. This inspired them with new confidence, and the red cockade began to grow bolder, even advancing, as though determined to chase their enemies out of town ere the sun dropped into the western sea, over whose bosom he hung like a globe of fire.

It was about this time when Montejo and his sympathizers were making their last stand while awaiting the friendly shades of night to cover their hasty retreat, that Overton found himself, somewhat unexpectedly to be sure, drawn into the affair at issue.

It chanced that in their eagerness to chase the invaders out beyond the town limits ere dusk set in—by mutual consent this feature seemed to be the manner of deciding which side had won—the section of government forces led by General Barrajo rather overdid the matter.

At any rate the first, last and only hand-to-hand conflict of the day occurred under Jack's own eyes, when a detachment of the green cockades suddenly appearing, surrounded the valorous general and demanded his surrender.

Although Barrajo was a most fierce-looking type of a Central American general, with his mustache curled up like two simitars, and his left breast covered with gorged medals and decorations, Jack had been wont to look upon him pretty much in the light of a modern Bombastes Furioso, and could hardly believe there was anything of a game spirit back of this assumed ferocity.

To his surprise and delight the general proved quite equal to the occasion.

He faced his enemies, waving his sword like a knight of old, and, launching forth a volley of Spanish expletives that should have paralyzed their craven hearts, but failed to do so.

Then came the crash of battle.

The general's lone companion was spitted upon a sword after bringing down a couple of the enemy, and Barrajo himself was sorely pressed by those who, recognizing in him the real head and brains of the present dynasty, were grimly determined to get rid of him, so that the next revolution might prove a success.

It was cut and thrust, slash and parry, and machete against sword.

As they stood three to one, with little hope of the general's followers reaching the scene in time to take a hand in the tragic affair, it began to look as though Barrajo had reached the end of his rope, like all men do sooner or later, with weapons in their hands, in Central America.

Jack's love of fair play, not to speak of his friendship for the general, urged him to shy his castor into the ring.

He little dreamed how fortune was dealing out the cards to him just then, and what a marvelous "jack pot" he would eventually sweep in with the results of this day's good work.

Having resolved to lend Barrajo a helping hand, he dashed forward with his revolver, aiming to wound rather than slay.

Thus beset in the rear, and threatened with the whirling blade of the soldier in front, the three wearers of the green cockade became utterly demoralized, and in a panic fled, two of them bearing wounds to remind them of the day's doings.

When Jack rushed up to congratulate the general on his victory, the noble Gautarican, who had counted himself as good as a dead man, threw both arms around his deliverer and fell upon his breast, swearing in purest Castilian that his life henceforth belonged to the valiant American, and that he would lie awake nights seeking to repay the great debt he owed him.

The revolution having ended at sunset, and the defeated invaders of Gautarican territory being on the run for friendly hiding places upon neighboring soil, the capital was given over to a spasm of mad rejoicing, and every

one, man, woman and child, seemed to believe it depended wholly upon their individual efforts to make the affair a success.

This aspect of the Central American character struck Overton even more forcibly than the peculiar tactics of the day's battle. As an artist he could appreciate anything that bordered upon the bizarre and remarkable, and hence quickly determined to accept the warm invitation of his friend, General Barrajo, to visit the public hall, in order to see still more of the singular habits and customs of this hot-blooded people, with whom he had, at least for the time being, cast his fortunes.

There are times in the lives of all men when they appear to be mere creatures of circumstance, buffeted upon a sea of chance, and yet, upon looking back, one can say that all these events were not links in a chain that bound his fortunes, and the absence of any one would mean the wreck of his ship.

Overton believed—indeed, he often swore the fact over and over again to himself—that his heart was dead so far as the fair sex was concerned—be that as it might, it forced no barrier to the instinct that bade him as an artist look a second and a third time at the queen of the dance, about whom the attention of the multitude seemed to breatheless center.

She was a magnificent creature, this daughter of the south, of graceful mien and dazzling loveliness, formed in the most voluptuous mold of Iberian beauty, whose complexion showed every violet vein through its veil of luscious brown. Her hair was "such as Athene herself might have envied" for tint, and mass, and ripple. Her eyes blazed like diamonds from a cavern, while her lips pouted of themselves, by habit, or nature, into a perpetual kiss. The excitement of the dance had called the carmine into her cheeks until it put to blush the crimson flowers of the grenadine with which her black hair was wreathed. Her eyes blazed with a fire bred of the fierce measures and the ardent passions of the tropics.

More than once her dusky orbs met the admiring glance of the artist, and he could see the invitation extended in the impassioned look she gave him, but each time he shook his head and smiled.

As the dance went on, the crowd about the estrada resolved itself into two factions, each led by a richly dressed young patrician, both of whom were evidently aspirants for the hand of the bewitching Circe. The women dancing upon the estrada chattered among themselves evidently jealous of the attention paid to Dona Juanita, the beautiful one, who, proud and palpitating, clearly felt the power which made her the beauty queen of the festa. The rival lovers, from their places on opposite sides of the estrada, scowled ominously, and spoke slightly of each other's bravery and courage. Their adherents caught up the refrain until taunts and jeers were freely bandied between them. It was apparent that the storm was about to burst, when suddenly the music stopped and there came a cry of:

"Chamarras y Machete!" (Sash and sword.)

At the sound the men exchanged looks of evident satisfaction, and the women left the estrada, taking up positions among the spectators. All left but Circe. That superb, self-contained figure stood upon the hard-stamped floor like a living Venus of flushed bronze, her complexion heightened by the dance, her bright eyes gleaming like a coal. Her tiny feet still kept in motion, though the dance had ceased, seeming to await impatiently the beginning of the new measure. It soon came.

(To be continued.)

HER PAGAN CHILD.

Modern Mother's Unique Thought: as to Her Ancestors.

"There, the task is done, the baby's asleep," said a woman friend the other evening as she entered the sitting-room and piled on the table what appeared to be a very considerable portion of a toyshop's stock. There was a little rubber Lord Fauntleroy with its mouth agape and the end of its nose worn through; a little doll, red-gowned and belted and with a tin jewel at her throat, called Betty; a still smaller object in human form, one leg gone and a hole in the top of the head, called Johnny; a white sawdust-stuffed dog with one eye missing and tail in a state of collapse from frequent pulling, called Jip, and a rubber cow known as Moo.

"I believe that some of my ancestors must have been Chinamen," continued the mother, "and that their dispositions, long hidden through successive generations, are reappearing in my child."

One would not suspect it to look at the child. The little girl of the fairest complexion and most cherubic expressions, to make whose eyes the sky was robbed of a tiny bit of its finest blue, and whose hair was as if it had been spun from the sunshine.

"But you see," said the mother, "when a Chinaman dies and is buried they put in the grave with him clothing and food, and perfumes, reed torches and horses to be at his convenience in the other land. Well, my baby must have at her side as she goes to sleep all the toys with which she is wont most to play during the day so that she may have them with her in the land of dreams."

Big Order for Watches.

The largest single order ever given for watches was received by an American manufacturer from a London firm, last year, the former agreeing to deliver to his customer 2,000,000 timepieces within twelve months.

OUR OWN FOREIGNERS

CONCERNED ABOUT THE WELFARE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

New York's Chamber of Commerce More Solicitous for Importers and Foreign Steamships Than for the Interests of the Great Body of Domestic Producers.

At its session of January 3 the New York Chamber of Commerce resumed consideration of the subject of special trade treaties, with the result of adopting the following:

Whereas, this chamber has consistently favored the establishment through reciprocal concessions in tariff rates of closer trade relations between the United States and the commercial countries of the world; and,

Whereas, The National Reciprocity Convention, in its recent session in Washington, D. C., adopted a resolution recommending reciprocity through tariff modifications where it can be done without injury to any of our some interests of manufacturing, commerce or farming, thereby rendering any application of reciprocal tariff concessions impracticable; and,

Whereas, The National Reciprocity Convention, in a second resolution, recommended the establishment of a new commission, to which shall be referred the consideration of all reciprocal trade agreements, thereby nullifying and disregarding the valuable and beneficial work successfully accomplished by the present Commissioner Plenipotentiary in the negotiation of important treaties, whereby a great part of the trade of these countries would be thrown open to us; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this chamber hereby expresses its disapproval of the action taken by the National Reciprocity Convention in Washington on November 20 as subversive of all attempts to bring about closer trade relations with our sister nations and to open new and wider markets for our products; and be it further

Resolved, That the chamber views with apprehension the policy advocated by the Reciprocity Convention as likely to invite hostile legislation on the part of the other nations against this country, to the great detriment of its commercial interests.

On a former occasion the chamber

government, and Herr Ludwig Max Goldberger, representing Germany's commercial interests, present as honored guests, made brief addresses appealing for more intimate trade relations whereby the manufactured products of their respective countries might find freer entrance into the great American home market—to the displacement, of course, of an equivalent quantity of the products of our domestic establishments. Under this sort of inspiration the importers and foreign steamship agents carried the day with a hurrah. If the New York Chamber of Commerce had been located in Paris or Hamburg it could not have shown more zeal in behalf of foreign producers or less zeal in behalf of the producers of the United States. The body seems to have been carried off its feet by an excess of foreign enthusiasm, very much as it was something over four years ago, when this same Chamber of Commerce, in an address to Queen Victoria, went out of its way to lug in a fulsome allusion to her "illustrious grandfather," George III! Wouldn't that jar George Washington?

New York may or may not pride herself upon the possession of so thoroughly foreign an organization as her Chamber of Commerce has shown itself to be. Certain it is that the country as a whole does not share the chamber's solicitude for the interests of foreign manufacturers. It prefers the status quo. It finds that under the Dingley tariff our exports have in five years increased \$443,428,254, or 44 per cent, and our imports are larger by \$191,610,924, or 23 per cent. A country which bought during 1901 from foreign countries a total of \$873,190,480 worth of merchandise, while selling to foreign countries \$1,449,255,495 worth of domestic products, is not going to lie awake nights worrying about its foreign trade. It has much bigger things to think of. For example, its domestic trade, whose magnitude may be measured by the fact that in the past five years—1896, free trade tariff, to 1901, protective tariff—the bank clearings of the United States increased from \$51,175,251,773 in 1896 to \$118,525,834,548, a difference of over sixty-seven billion dollars, and an increase of 132 per cent. The great body of our countrymen are chiefly in concerning themselves justly about the enormous internal trade and the phenomenal industrial and commercial activity expressed in these bewildering figures of over 118

A PROBABLE CONSEQUENCE OF RECIPROCITY.



The practice of altering tariff laws by means of special trade treaties is certain to provoke ill-will and retaliation on the part of nations not especially favored by such treaties. The tariff bill now pending in the German reichstag provides for the imposition of a double rate of duty upon imports from any nation whose tariff rates are higher on German products than on the products of any competing country. The German emperor has lately declared that if such discrimination be enforced against German products he will "smash things." It is understood that this threat was inspired by the concessions of French manufacturers embodied in the proposed French reciprocity treaty.

and refused to adopt these resolutions, and had referred them back to the committee on foreign commerce. The fact that the chairman of that committee is the American representative of a German steamship line would seem to obviate the necessity of explaining why the same resolutions were again reported at the meeting of Jan. 3, and the fact that the resolutions were adopted on their second hearing indicates that the efforts put forth in the meantime to secure an extra large attendance of importers and foreign steamship agents were not altogether unsuccessful. Before taking final action on the resolutions given above, the chamber voted down the following:

Resolved, That this body recommend reciprocity in our trade with foreign countries where it can be done without injuring any of our own products or manufactures.

Thus the New York Chamber of Commerce defines its attitude as exactly in line with that of the free traders. It views with apprehension and disapproval the sentiment of the 300 thoroughly representative manufacturers who in Washington six weeks before had, with but two dissenting votes, and one of these a delegate from the American Free Trade League, declared in favor of such reciprocal trade relations with foreign countries as may be had "without injury to domestic manufacturing, commerce or farming." The thoroughly domestic flavor of this proposition is repugnant to the New York Chamber of Commerce. A pronounced foreign flavor characterized the proceedings of Jan. 3. Just prior to the adoption of the very foreign resolutions two distinguished foreigners, M. Lazare Kellier, representing the French

Facts to Be Remembered.

The following statistics tell why there should be no tinkering with the tariff. In the years 1893-4-5, under the low tariff and partial free trade Wilson bill, our exports of manufactures were \$525,000,000, but in the years 1898-9-1900, under the Dingley law they were \$1,061,000,000, or \$111,000,000 more than double as much. In 1893 the balance of trade against us was \$19,000,000, but in 1901 it was \$665,000,000 in our favor, a gain of \$684,000,000. Under the Wilson law for the years 1893-4-5, the total balance of trade in our favor was \$202,000,000, but in 1898-9-1900, under the Dingley law, it was \$1,690,000,000, a gain in three years of \$1,498,000,000, or more than 600 per cent. The laws which brought about and sustain the existing condition are too vital to be tampered with.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Difference.

Reciprocity which benefits another nation to the injury of our own is not the object of the men who are the friends of American industry. Reciprocity which will extend our trade should be welcomed. The difference between the two is the difference between free trade and protectionism.—Democracy and Republicanism—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

"GO TO THE ANT."

And Learn of Her How to Be an Ideal Socialist.

"It now being past noon and Formica's thoughts turning to refreshments, she hid herself to the outskirts of the nest, where the family cows were pastured. These cows, or aphides, were feeding on the leaves of the daisy, into which they plunge their proboscides and suck all day long, filling their bodies with pleasant juices. Our ant came up behind an aphid and stroked it gently with her antennae, when the little creature gave out a drop of her sweet liquid, which Formica sucked into her own crop. There were thousands of these aphides pasturing on the leaves and thousands of ants milking them. Most of the ants took more of the juice into their crops than they needed; and, on the way back to work, gave up a part of it to friends whom they met going to the cows, thus saving the others' time and enabling them to resume their occupation more quickly. The ants were making the most of the aphid juice during the summer days, knowing that the supply would fall off later when the aphides laid their eggs. (Note here the superior mental equipoise of the ant, which neither betrays surprise nor writes to the newspapers when her cows begin to lay eggs.) These eggs the ants would store over winter, tending them with the utmost care until spring, when the young aphides are brought out and placed on the shoots of the daisy to mature and provide food again during the hot weather. This far-sightedness is unexampled in the animal kingdom. Other insects and animals put away stores for the winter, to be sure, but the ant is the only one of them that breeds its own food supply. Having taken her fill of the sweet juice on this particular day, Formica noticed that the aphid which she had been milking was in a position on the leaf which might expose it to observation of some aphidivorous insect. She immediately descended to the ground, when she obtained a mouthful of earth, and, again climbing up the daisy stalk, built a tiny shed over the cow, going back and forth several times to bring up sufficient material."—Frank Marshall White in Pearson's.

Historic Roanoke Island.

The historic spot where the first English-speaking people landed within the boundaries of the United States is Roanoke Island, N. C., and the date was 1585. The people who settled there had been sent over by Sir Walter Raleigh, and they wrote such glowing letters home and made such attractive maps that in 1585 and 1587 the colony largely increased. It was at Roanoke Island in 1587 that Virginia Dare, the first Anglo-American, as Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, calls her, was born. She ought to have a monument, says Mr. Simmons, and he wants Congress to appropriate \$25,000 for this purpose. Besides this, he has introduced a resolution asking Congress to appropriate \$50,000 to aid the North Carolina people in an exposition, which is to be held next July and August in celebration of the landing on Roanoke Island. At this exposition there is to be a remarkable display of ancient manuscripts, maps, relics, curios, etc., which will illustrate an almost forgotten chapter in American history.—Kansas City Journal.

Old Needlework.

The needlework picture seems to have made its first appearance in the first years of the reign of Charles I, for although Elizabethan and Jacobean are said to exist, one with an absolutely unimpeachable pedigree is yet to be found, and the costumes in the oldest specimens the writer has yet seen certainly indicate that they cannot be assigned to a date before 1630. The earliest Stuart pictures are worked with silks on coarse, irregularly woven brownish linen canvas, in the fine, slanting stitch taken over a single thread, which is technically known as "tent stitch," or petit point. This method of working produced an effect much resembling that of tapestry, by which, indeed, the embroidered picture was probably suggested. * * * As time went on the simple stitchwork was elaborated, portions of the design being wrought in silver "passing"—a fine metallic thread passed through the material instead of being applied; hence its name.—The Connoisseur.

A Thackeray Anecdote.

A correspondent kindly contributes the following amusing anecdote of Thackeray's stay in New York, and vouches for the authenticity of a report courteous which we seem to have met in other connections. "Your reminiscences of Thackeray's visit to America recall another. While here he was very much attracted by the beauty and brilliancy of Miss B., and, in accordance with the foreign custom, made a morning call when she did not expect any one. Hearing some talking in the lower hall, she leaned over the banisters and asked the servant who it was. 'It's Mr. Thackeray, ma'am.' 'Oh, damn Thackeray!' replied Miss B. 'No,' said Thackeray, who could not but hear the remark, 'it's not Mister O'Dam Thackeray, but Mr. Makepeace Thackeray.' And with a laugh Miss B. came down. P. S.—If Miss B. is alive still, she can confirm this."—New York Evening Post.

To Irrigate in California.

Baltimore capitalists, headed by General John Gill, president of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company, are to organize a company to develop an irrigation system to California. It is said that \$7,000,000 has already been put up and that a tract of 140,000 acres in the Rialto Plateau, San Bernardino county, has been selected for working.