

# An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

As the musicians struck the first low wailing notes a shout of universal applause greeted the fair dancer. Slowly the mandolins sounded the measures of the dance, and with tranquil, almost hesitating steps, the young girl interpreted the rhythm and time with her tiny feet. Gradually the chords quickened and became livelier, and the slow-moving Circe merged into a radiant Terpsichore. Her eyes, hitherto bent timidly upon the floor, were now proudly raised and swept the crowd with half coquettish, half inquiring glances. They seemed to say: "Are there none brave enough to risk being my partner?"

One of the young fellows thus interpreting the look, and perhaps eager to show his courage, quickly advanced to the estrada, and, uncovering, presented his gay sombrero with its garniture of silver and lace for the acceptance of the bewitching dancer. Receiving it with a smile, without pausing for an instant in the evolutions in which she was engaged, she placed it coquettishly upon her head. A prolonged viva greeted this act, while the pleased gallant, who had thus been conceded the floor, placed himself opposite to her and joined in the dance. It continued for a time, when, at the cry of "Chamarrá!" by the spectators, the young gallant, bowing gracefully to the girl, retired to give place to the second aspirant. Placing himself opposite Circe, the new partner went through the same series of evolutions as his predecessor, ending by unwinding the crimson China crape sash from his waist, which he fashioned into a rosette and hung from one of the bare shoulders of the girl.

This act constituted a challenge to all comers, while by permitting it to remain the girl signified her acceptance of him until such time as another should present a better claim. It could only be answered in one way—by the knife. From the crowd arose the cry of "Machete! machete!" and in prompt response the rival lover sprang into the estrada, and, with a graceful bow, presented himself to the girl. A slight nod told him that he, too, was welcome to the honor of bestowing his favors; and, drawing his long, glittering cuchillo from its sheath, he suspended it by its bow of purple ribbons from the right shoulder of the girl, already carrying the sash of his rival upon her left. A new pas de deux now began, carried on as before, though with many extemporized variations. Every now and then a chorus of vivas and bravos greeted the execution of some more than usually difficult step, or suggestive figure.

Suddenly a strident voice in the crowd shouted "Bomba!" and the dance was at an end. The women, now that the dancing was over, took themselves out of harm's way. The two factions, occupying opposite sides of the estrada, clamored for the fight. Dona Juanita, proud and radiant, stood in the center of the estrada awaiting the final ceremony with a tranquillity which went far to prove her indifference to the claim of either aspirant. But the pledges were still to be redeemed, and, with a practical eye to the business features of the play, she waited with extended hand. The usual fee of each pledge is a silver half real, but the two gallants, advancing one after another, filled both her hands with silver coins, amid the murmurs of applause which such prodigality excited.

The estrada was now cleared for the fight, which nothing could now avert. The sylvan temple, so lately the scene of gayety and pleasure, was converted into a gladiatorial arena. Into its midst one of the gallants advanced, and, first tracing a rude circle in the hard-beat sand of the floor, planted his knife in its center. The second promptly followed and placed his long blade close beside that of his rival, while both courteously uncovered. A polite altercation then ensued as to who should first place his hat upon his head, each claiming an honor which, granted by either, would make him the superior in point of courtesy. The difficulty was, however, decided by both contestants covering at the same time. The spectators were then relegated to the outside of the estrada, the combatants placed face to face, and the signal given.

The combatants stood each with his long blade grasped in his right hand, and with his left hand and arm wrapped in the folds of his manganá by way of shield. At the word the combat began. The Gauritanians know nothing of scientific fencing, and rely wholly upon strength and agility of body. The blows were furiously given, but were far from dexterous. On both sides it was only a series of quick thrusts and clumsy parries, of sudden lunges and hasty retreats. Their long knives struck one another with a metallic clang, or cut the air with a mournful sigh. But there was a ferocity and determination about the men which resulted in much bloodshed and mutual hacking of flesh. They swayed to and fro upon the floor, the tumultuous crowd closing about them as they were successively displaced. Thus it continued for ten minutes, when, wounded and bleeding, both men came to the floor, and were carried off by their more intimate followers.

It was when the barbarous duel in the public square had been brought to

a termination that Overton, indulging in a little bitter reflection regarding the evil that befalls man through his natural love for woman, felt a hand plucking his sleeve, and knew from the whiff of villainous tobacco smoke that his new Jonathan, the general, stood at his elbow, his face wreathed in smiles and his portly frame swelling with the importance of the communication he bore.

## CHAPTER X.

### The Maker of Presidents.

As soon as his eyes fell upon the smiling countenance of General Barrojo, Jack knew the latter carried a message—he seemed so pleased with himself, so desirous of doing some favor to the brave Senor Overton, who had saved his precious life, and made him overwhelmingly his debtor.

When, however, the verbal communication was delivered Jack's face took on a frown and he bit his lip. For the stout general bore a message that Dona Juanita desired to meet the American at once; and he also gave Jack to understand that this summons was to be considered a great honor, about which, however, that worthy had his doubts.

He concluded to meet Dona Juanita. He found the senorita not far away, and her manner of receiving him was peculiarly coy for one who had shown herself so bold when the rival young gallants were vying with each other for the privilege of her smiles. Jack, had he known these hot-blooded creatures of Gauritica better, would have taken warning from this very fact and studiously avoided the senorita, for it was quite patent to the astute general she had conceived a sudden and overpowering admiration for the American that was very apt to blossom presently into a passion.

Jack carried on a spirited conversation with the belle of San Jose, and could not but note the deep satisfaction shown by the general. In the goodness of his heart, no doubt he wanted the man who had saved his life to have all the prizes there were in the lottery, and the senorita, in his mind, came within that category.

So he worked the strings. Had Jack suspected his philanthropic design, he might have deeply regretted running those three revolutionists off when they had the general cornered.

As it was, having in mind a sketch of some mythical goddess, which the senorita as he had seen her dancing so alluringly before her many admirers would fill to perfection, he studied her while thus engaging her in conversation.

That was where the boomerang came in. Doubtless he forgot that in thus exerting himself, with the purpose in view of drawing her out, he at the same time accomplished a double object, and appeared unusually attractive in her eyes.

It was the fourth night after the flower procession, and San Jose had in a measure calmed down—that is, resumed the normal condition that marked the passing of early evening.

The gay crowds still lingered in the plaza near by, as though having some inkling of the tremendous epoch in Gauritica's history that was on the eve of occurring.

Overton wondered how it came that the sounds of merriment had long since died away, while the throng still remained abroad.

He had not known so strange a thing to happen before, and he had been half a year in San Jose, too.

He had just completed his task of writing, and, utterly fagged out, filled his pipe for a comfortable smoke before retiring, when the sound of a sudden shot electrified him.

## Ye Postmen.

The native runner-postmen of Natal are strikingly picturesque objects when on business bent. With their sandaled feet and head-dress of dried leaves, which rattle as they run, and a military great coat, underneath which is a garment called the muctu, they travel for miles at a jog trot of four miles an hour, and receive as payment £1 (\$5) a month.

In Holland the extent of the mail service routes is over 30,000 miles. The uniform of the postmen is semi-military in character, and they themselves are said to be a remarkably handsome body.

In Austria the government gives to the postmen every year one tunic, one pair of cloth trousers, one pair of linen trousers, one waistcoat and a cap, while every second year a coat and blouse are given. Previous military service is considered as postal service, and each year of war counts double.

## Wherefore?

"Huh!" growled the cynical celebrator to the beaming benedict, "Huh; you seem to know all about women, you do. Can you tell me why a pigeon-toed woman is always duller of perception than one who isn't? And why would a woman rather be pretty than anything else. And why does a girl always giggle when she talks to a man? And why can't women pass a mirror without looking into it? And why are women so much more particular about the outside of their heads than they are of the inside? And why do women so much more admire bad men whom they love than they do good men who love them? And why do women dislike women in the same ratio that they like men? And why is it that women, who are meant to be heaven's best gift to man, ain't always? Say, tell me those, will you?"

Blood will tell—but the leg, some blood tells the better.

## OUR FOREIGN CREDITS

### THEORISTS WORRIED ON THE SUBJECT OF TRADE BALANCES.

The One Thing Certain is That But for the Restriction of Competitive Importations by the Protective Tariff There Would Be No Trade Balances.

Just now there is a good deal of discussion going on regarding the big trade balances piled up by the United States in the past four years of protection and prosperity. It is a subject which worries the free traders mightily. Some of them, like the Springfield Republican, have gone so far as to accuse the bureau of statistics of cooking up figures to show balances that really do not exist. Secretary Gage acknowledges that he doesn't know much about the matter, owing to the absence of reliable data as to the repurchase of American securities formerly held abroad. The London Times feels sure that the trade balances are more imaginary than actual, and that the United States is far from being the financial power which its people flatter themselves it is. The latest contribution to the question appears in the New York Times, from the pen of Mr. Nathaniel T. Bacon, who seems to have taken uncommon pains to get at the facts. Mr. Bacon believes that European investments in the United States in long time bonds are probably \$1,700,000,000, with a billion and a half for the minimum and two billions for the maximum, and that we are buying back the securities, or paying off our European indebtedness, at the rate of something like \$300,000,000, and if the present state of prosperity and international trade could be continued we would wipe out the entire account in five years. From July 1, 1899, to the end of 1901, a period of thirty months, he computes a visible balance in our favor of \$1,510,000,000. He conjectures that \$625,000,000, or \$250,000,000 a year, is settled for by remittances for interest, expenses of travelers, incomes of Americans living abroad, military expenditures outside of the United States, and gifts, like Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Scotch universities; that \$265,000,000 of American capital has been invested abroad in this period, and that Americans have bought \$95,000,000 of foreign bonds and bought back \$25,000,000 of American securities, these items aggregating \$1,510,000,000.

The one thing that appears to be certain is that in the past four years this country has succeeded in placing itself on "easy street" as regards payments of foreign indebtedness and interest and dividend disbursements. How we got there is easily told. The world wanted the things which we had to sell to the amount of about \$1,400,000,000 in the year just closed, and instead of paying us back in manufactured commodities, as would have been the case under a continuance of low tariff and no tariff conditions, we have had our pay in cash or its equivalent in debts discharged or expenditures offset. We have not only paid interest and dividends on American securities owned abroad and on foreign capital invested in this country, but we have made good the \$200,000,000 paid to foreigners for carrying our over-sea freights, also the big sums which foreign companies tax us for marine insurance, and the big sums spent by American tourists. In addition we have taken our pay in huge blocks of American securities, so that this year's January disbursements of interest and dividends have gone almost altogether to American holders, instead of going in great part to foreign holders, as used to be the case. All this has been going on for four years. It would not and could not have gone on if we had been operating under a free-trade tariff instead of a protective tariff. Be our apparent or our actual trade balances what they may, they are ours because of protection.

He Could Be Persuaded. Secretary Gage looms up as a "receptive" candidate for the seat of William E. Mason in the United States Senate. That is, he could be persuaded to return to official life if the Illinois Legislature should press the honor upon him. This will surprise many people who had supposed that Mr. Gage's relinquishment of the Treasury portfolio was voluntary on his part, and was actuated by a desire to resume the role of a private citizen. In view of the remoteness of the possibility of his being urged to revise that determination, it is perhaps not worth while to open up in detail the subject of eligibility, fitness, etc. The Republicans of Illinois are too well acquainted with Mr. Gage's record as banker and financier to require any enlightenment on that point. They may also be presumed to know something of his other qualifications for the office of Senator. They doubtless know, among other things, that his passionate ardor for tariff reform prompted him to vote for Grover Cleveland in three Presidential elections. All things considered, we may be pardoned for assuming that Mr. Gage's receptivity is not likely to be called into active operation in connection with the Illinois Senatorship.

He Sat Down Again. The Democratic newspapers have abandoned for the time being their attempt to bring about a revision of the tariff at the present session of Congress. They have, moreover, lost interest in the question of reciprocity. That is because they have seen a new light. When the late President McKinley made his last speech at the

## FEES OF SURGEONS.

### ENORMOUS SUMS HAVE BEEN PAID BY GRATEFUL PATIENTS.

European Royalties Invariably Reconnote Their Medical Attendants Highly—Quarter of a Million Dollars is the Record for One Single Fee.

In the medical world some enormous fees have been paid from time to time. In 1762 the famous Hertfordshire physician, Thomas Dimsdale, was summoned to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. He was in the city less than a week, but so successfully did he accomplish his task that he was paid a consideration of £12,000 in addition to a life pension of £500 a year. Another costly vaccinating operation was that performed a few years ago by Dr. Butler upon six Indian rajahs, and from each of his patients he received £10,000 for less than a day's work.

When King Edward, or the Prince of Wales, as he was then, lay at death's door with typhoid fever, the amous William Jenner was called in or a period of four weeks, and in return he was paid at the rate of £2,500 a week and given a baronetcy into the bargain. Nor was it by any means unusual for him to receive a fee of £500 for an hour's consultation with less celebrated patients.

But royalty invariably pay their medical attendants highly. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie journeyed to Berlin to relieve the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick during his last illness and secured a fee of £20,000, while Professor Zacherine of Moscow, who was called to Livadia, when the czar Alexander III. lay dying, was presented with a check for £15,000, in addition to all expenses, for a two days' attendance upon his illustrious patient.

Dr. Yowski, the famous oculist, pocketed a fee of £7,000 for attending the shah's son at Teheran some years ago, a figure completely put into the shade by that captured by an English army surgeon, who paid occasional visits to the Rajah of Ram-pur, India, when that potentate was suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism. The patient did not wait for him to send in his bill, for, finding his treatment beneficial, he rewarded him with £10,000.

The highest medical fee ever paid, however, became the property of a blind physician, Dr. Gale of Bristol, who cured a wealthy patient of a dis-eased knee by electric treatment, and in return found his banking account richer by £50,000.—Pearson's Weekly.

Spying on Clerks. The professional shopper is employed in London in a different capacity than her American sister, her work in connection with one large firm savoring of detective service with the clerks as the individuals to be watched and reported. The firm in question owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly 1,000 clerks. It is the business of the professional shopper to find out whether every customer is politely served by visiting the different shops, putting the clerks to every inconvenience and frequently leaving without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. If the clerk's temper does not prove equal to the strain and she answers in the fashion of the American shop girl under similar circumstances she is reported to headquarters and dismissal is apt to be the result.

Description of Lord Kitchener. An English writer lately returned from South Africa has published the following description of Lord Kitchener: "Tall and well-proportioned above, he falls away from his waist downward. It is this lower weakness which evidently troubles the man who fashions his clothes. A round, red and somewhat puffy face. Square head, with staff cap set carelessly upon it. Heavy mustaches covering a somewhat noble mouth, at the moment inclined to smile. Eyes just anyhow; heavy but not overpowering eyebrows. In fact, a very ordinary face of a man just past his prime. Hardly a figure that you would have remarked if it had not been for the gilt upon his hat—in fact, it was all a disappointing discovery."

Manager Knew His Business. The story of how Harry Coates, the singing navy who has been delighting London audiences at the music halls, came to leave his pick for the stage, gives an interesting illustration of the keen eye managers have for something new. Coates was singing gaily at his work one day when the manager of the Brighton Empire passed by, and so sweet was the man's voice that he offered him an engagement. "Here," he said, "do you want to earn £5 a week?" The navy promptly closed, and although this happened only six months ago, his weekly salary has already been increased to a much higher figure.

Football in Japan. As early as the seventh century Japan borrowed football from China. The Emperor Toba II. was an expert player and formed a club in the palace, says Cassell's Little Folks. Considering how adverse most orientals are to hard work and rigorous exercise, it may be supposed that the game was very different from either "rugger" or "soccer." Nevertheless, the Japanese form seems to have been popular, and we may trace the beginnings of professionalism in an emperor and his court, of whom it is told that in a time of poverty they earned a little extra money by teaching the art of football.

What the People Want. There is no general demand for tariff changes. The country is prosperous, labor is everywhere employed at high wages, capital is being invested with profit to the capitalist and benefit to the country. What the people want is to be let alone, so far as tariff tinkering is concerned. Tariff changes by reciprocity treaties or by any other method unsettle business and disturb industrial and agricultural interests. It is a mighty good time to let well enough alone and just give the people a chance to enjoy the prosperity with which the country is blessed.—Riverside (Cal.) Press.

One of Them. One of the American industries brought into existence by a protective tariff is that of pottery manufacture. American pottery has taken its place with the best in use. The great potteries in Trenton, N. J., have increased their business over that of 1900 by \$1,000,000. This increase shows the extent of the industry and its rapid progress. The protective tariff has rendered the United States practically independent of the rest of the world.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Wait! Wait until some harm comes from the tariff, instead of untold blessings, before we think of changing it. There is danger to the people and the threat of ruin to the Republican party in every assault upon the tariff.—Iron Mountain (Mich.) Tribune.

A Dangerous Person. The tariff ripper with a theory in this time of prosperity is a dangerous person to allow in the front of affairs in Congress.—Darlington (Wis.) Republican-Journal.

Star Gazing by Lovers. They were young and romantic, and, although the minute hand was pointing to 12 o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, pet; and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.

"Are you serious?" she cooed.

He kissed her. Then, pointing upward, he said:


"That's Mars, dove."

"And that's pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside.

And if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of.

Consumption of Lumber. There are now more than 1,100 pulp and paper mills in the United States. They use about a billion feet of lumber a year. The sawmills consume twenty times as much.

HALT!



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