

An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"If one falls the other takes all, binding himself to carry out those small favors that are on the list. Senor Jack, my brave friend, everything is yours. I brought you power, now riches beyond the maddest dream of any human being on earth. Your future lies before you. In good time, when it pleases you, return again to London, there to punish and reward. But, amigo, sometimes when perhaps surrounded by happy scenes, let memory carry you to the lonely grave of your comrade in arms far away under southern skies, and drop a tear to Barrajo, who met a soldier's fate."

Jack was affected almost to tears, so that he could only squeeze the hand he held in his. The presence of the Dread Rider upon the White Horse is always sombre, and never more so than when by violence he snatches the life of a sturdy soldier upon the field of battle.

"One last request, Senor Jack. Promise that you will some day send a force of men hither to remove my poor bones to the consecrated ground of San Jose cemetery. It will give me satisfaction in the last minutes of my life."

"I swear it," declared Jack stoutly. The general pressed his hand.

He was growing fainter; his eyes assumed a far-away stare; again his mind wandered to earlier scenes in his tempestuous life, and he gave orders to his army; called upon the enemy to surrender, uttered endearing phrases to some lovely woman, whose face haunted him at this the closing hour of his career; and then addressed waiting spirits, whom he seemed to see hovering near. Who dares to say it was only imagination? Then came the death rattle, the rigor that stiffened his stout frame, and all was over.

As Overton knelt there above all that was mortal of his genial old friend, mentally renewing the vow he had taken with the general, it seemed as though the scroll of time were unrolled, and once again he looked back to the hour of his awful humiliation and despair, when the woman he loved betrayed him for gold, and gave herself for life into the keeping of his rival, whose foot had pressed the ladder of fame and fortune.

"It is Destiny," he said solemnly. "I pleaded with high Heaven to grant this one request. The wonderful opportunity has come, and now—to my work!"

BOOK THREE.

The Modern Monte Cristo.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Marquis of Montezuma.

It was lovely June, and London sheltered at least a million and a half of visitors within her gates, for the greatest jubilee the world has ever known was in progress, to celebrate the ending of sixty years' reign on the part of the beloved sovereign, Victoria.

Among the millions who gazed upon the marvelous spectacle, none occupied a more commanding position than a gentleman of distinguished appearance, who seemed to control several of the best windows in the second floor of a famous hotel in front of which the procession moved.

His manner seemed cold and repressed, as though his heart were not in this scene. Indeed, at times he appeared gloomy, as might a man bowed down with heavy cares.

Among those who speculated with regard to the identity of this mysterious guest of the fashionable hotel were a couple of gentlemen seated at the window of an office further down the street.

One of these was no other than Captain Maurice Livermore, the famous traveler. His companion was a club man, who pretended to do a little business for the looks of the thing, which accounted for the office in the Strand.

"Come, tell me who that fellow over yonder may be? He seems to lord it like a prince of the blood. From what part of the world does he hail?" asked the captain.

"Some weeks ago," said his companion, "he burst in upon London like a comet, and in two days the talk of the town was nothing but Don Juan de Overton, or, as some have called him, the Marquis of Montezuma."

"His wealth is affirmed to be without limit, and in this day that is an assertion which can be said of few men; but Don Juan spends money like water, and his extravagances have cast poor Barney Barnato quite in the shade, while even Dumas' Monte Cristo is hardly in the swim."

"It has even been given on strong authority that he has a personal fortune of over twenty million pounds sterling."

The captain raised his hands to express surprise.

"Jove! Have you met the Marquis?"

"Well, I have had that pleasure," complacently.

"Then some day when the opportunity arises, make me acquainted with this remarkable Spanish-American nabob, this modern Croesus, whose touch is gold, like that of mythical Midas."

"Willingly. You like to study man, and in him you will find a puzzle worthy of your metal."

"Well, find a chance to bring me into touch with this American nabob. I never saw an American—yes, there

was one, but he hardly counts—with whom I was not able to get upon familiar and intimate terms on short notice. Somehow they seem to like me. I notice you have a marine glass on the wall among those yacht prizes and burgees. Would you mind handing it over? I would like to have a closer survey of this man. Why, bless my soul, the windows are empty, nor can I see any sign of him in the apartment. Your marquis has made a move at last, Langford."

When the marquis left the hotel he was gradually pushing along, when among the slow moving vehicles he noticed a hansom containing two ladies, one of them young, the other middle-aged.

The marquis stood there, unmindful of the good-natured shoves of the crowd, seeing nothing but the charming countenance of the younger lady.

"At last!" were the only words that came from between his white teeth, as the vehicle passed on.

Then, with a cynical smile upon his face he once more joined the onward surge of the crowd.

Half an hour later he shook himself free from the rolling billows, and entered a narrow court, by means of which he was enabled to reach a street leading to the poorer regions.

Suddenly he paused before a house, a shabby looking affair, where a dirty little paper in the windows announced that apartments were to be let.

Some Quixotic notion seemed to possess him, for he gave a quick look up and down the street, laughed a little harshly, as though in judgment upon his contemplated action, and then boldly sounded his knuckles upon the door.

A frowsy woman opened it.

"You have rooms for hire, madam?" asked the marquis, in the best of English.

She was rather appalled at the appearance of such a "howling swell," as she was inclined to consider a fashionably dressed gentleman, and very humbly answered that it was true, though surely none to suit his lordship.

"I am not so certain of that," he replied quickly, "for I am looking to find a sky parlor for a friend of mine, a painter, who will furnish it at his convenience."

The woman's face grew brighter.

If it was an attic the gentleman was looking for, she did have one vacant; it had even been occupied for a season by an artist, who was pleased to say the light was exceptionally good.

She led the way to the attic and the marquis followed.

From object to object he glanced, and upon the yawning aperture, yclept a fireplace, his gaze seemed to linger longest.

With a calm voice he inquired the price of the attic, and upon being told immediately paid three months' rent in advance.

Then he seemed desirous of being rid of her presence, and expressed a desire to be left alone for half an hour.

So the woman went below to relate fairy stories of the Prince Bountiful whom she had unwittingly entertained, and boast of the new artist lodger who was to occupy one of the attic rooms.

And the stranger in London stood there in that upper chamber, motionless, evidently overcome by memories that crowded upon his mind.

As he stood, musing on the strange and remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, he heard a footstep dragging wearily up the stairs, and thinking it was the landlady, he did not move. Then a door was closed, and he heard a key turn in the lock.

Some person had entered the adjoining room, probably a counterpart of the one he occupied. Yes, there could be no doubt about it since he now caught voices.

Unconsciously the marquis listened. Evidently something had given him a great shock, for his attitude betrayed this, as he stood there, with one hand half raised, his head bent sideways, and evidently intent upon hearing what was said beyond the thin partition, while to himself he was muttering:

"Marvelous, indeed—the hand of fate. After two weeks of searching through half of London, and now to discover her by chance—to occupy the adjoining room. Ah! this is kind, indeed; but one of the many favors with which I have been blessed by an indulgent fortune."

As he listened, he discovered to his dismay that there was a sound of low weeping in the next room.

He heard a window lowered, which struck him as singular, as the air was very close on this balmy Jubilee day.

"Is there no escape, dearest?" said a voice that seemed half muffled by the bed clothes, and yet one knew instinctively that it belonged to an aged woman.

"None, whatever, Aunt. We have endured everything that mortal can on earth. There is nothing left for us but this one resort," came in a low, quavering voice that somehow caused intense emotion to pass over the marquis' face, possibly because the speaker was a woman and in trouble.

"Then God forgive us!" said the cracked voice, very reverently.

"Hush, Aunt, dear; say no more, have keyed myself up to the desperate

or you will unnerve me just when I pitch. Happiness was never meant for me; doomed to always sup with poverty. Kiss me again, Aunt. Soon I will come and lie at your side, where your arms can enfold me; dearest arms that have so many times crushed me to a loving heart."

The marquis was strongly shaken—for a man whose untold millions were the wonder and marvel of Lombard street, to be thus brought face to face with the direst poverty, was a rude shock.

Suddenly he became aware of the fact that some noxious gas came to his attention. He sniffed at the charged air suspiciously, and decided on the instant that it was the fumes of smoldering charcoal. Then the dreadful significance of what he had heard, the prayer for pity and forgiveness, the gradually dying murmur of voices—good heavens! It meant the desperate, poverty-stricken wretch's last fling at outrageous fortune, the sole relief from gnawing hunger and corroding care—it meant suicide—while he lingered and planned those whom he would have helped might have crossed the grim divide that bordered the shadowy land of death!

CHAPTER XV.

The Turning of the Tide.

Whatever may have been the mystery of his past life, the marquis demonstrated the fact beyond all peradventure that he was a man of action, able to meet an emergency as it arose and overwhelm it.

One leap and he was outside the door of his attic room—another took him to that of the adjacent chamber, from whence had come the murmur of voices.

He tried to open this, but was baffled—then he remembered, having heard the key turned in the lock after the entrance of the dejected miniature painter.

He threw his full weight forward, in such a manner that the impact was something tremendous.

There was a crash, and the door flew back.

Into the chamber darted the marquis, holding his breath, for the deadly fumes of the wretched little charcoal stove were almost suffocating.

His first move was to throw up the window, thus allowing a current of pure air, at least as good as this section of London could boast, to sweep through the chamber, a draught being formed by the open door.

Next he picked up the pitcher of water standing on the box and dashing it over the smoldering charcoal, effectually wound up its miserable part of the tragedy.

To the bed he hastened. The women lay there wan and motionless—indeed, his first thought was that he had come to the rescue too late, and that death had already claimed his victims.

Picking up the younger one in his strong arms, this resolute man of action bore her to the window, and laid his burden down where the incoming current of air would fall upon her face.

Then he went back for her older companion.

Her eyes were open, though she seemed to be speechless—evidently she had partially covered her head with the bed clothes and thus in a measure escaped the full result of the smothering sensation.

Again he hurried to the side of the form at the window, bending oh, so eagerly over her, and scanning her pinched face for signs of returning animation.

The flutter of an eyelid, a low sigh, a slight movement of a hand—these were enough to tell him the joyful tidings, and when he had assured himself of this fact, a faint, but fervent "thank God" came from the bearded lips of the man.

(To be continued.)

IRISH BURIAL PLACES.

Strong Desire of All to Be Buried with Their Ancestors.

The Irish are very particular as to where they will be buried. It goes without saying that they want to be interred in consecrated ground; but they also wish to be laid with their own in the ancient hallowed spot where their ancestors for many a generation have been put to rest. Each family has its burying-place, and whenever a member dies—unless it be beyond the seas or at some insuperable distance—he is brought to be buried with his sire. Hence, it is that funeral processions are oftentimes seen to wend their slow way past many a wayside churchyard to some far-off burial ground, because it is there that for many and many a generation the forefathers of the deceased have laid themselves down for their last long sleep—Rev. C. O'Mahony in Donahoe's.

Funny Things That Escape.

W. J. Arkell complains that most really funny things happen outside of the comic papers and don't get rounded up and brought in. One morning he was at the telephone in his office, apparently having trouble of his own trying to communicate with somebody.

"What? Speak up! Can't understand a word! Say, give me that all over again, please!"

Then he turned to those about him and said:

"I'll bet the wires are crossed again. This telephone service is getting worse and worse."

Another fruitless effort and then a sudden light broke in upon him:

"Well, that's the limit! Do you know what's the matter with the wire? The fellow at the other end that's trying to talk to me stutters."—New York Times

REDUCING THE DUTY.

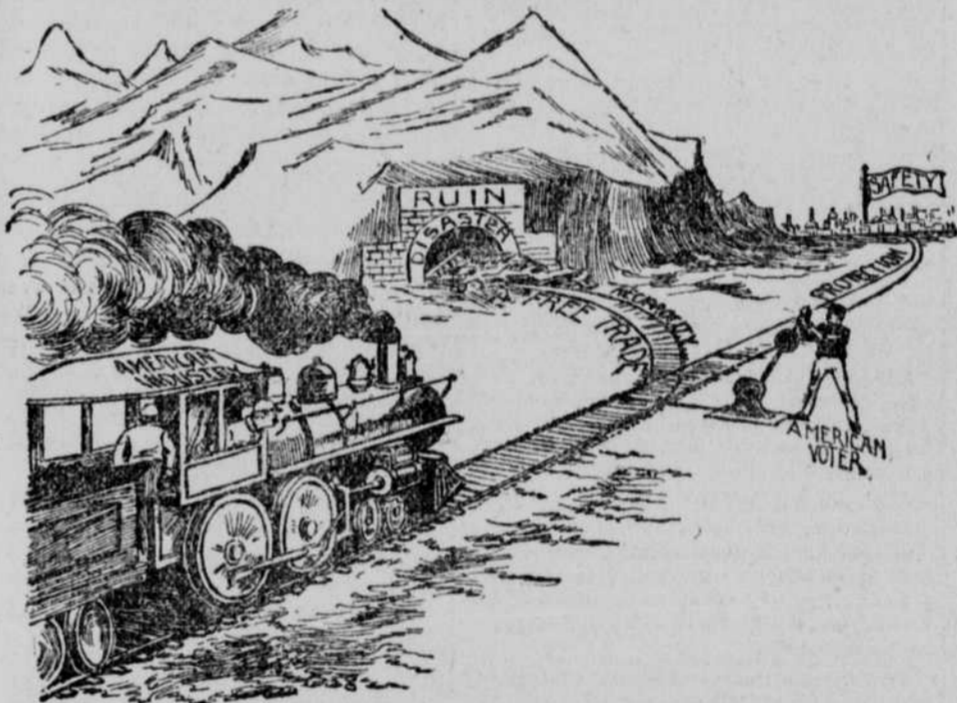
SOME ASPECTS OF THE CUBAN SYMPATHY QUESTION.

Ought We to Injure Domestic Agriculture Because of Conditions for Which the Overproduction of Sugar Throughout the World Is Alone Responsible?

The Washington press dispatches of February 3 tell of conferences between President Roosevelt and members of the House committee on ways and means in which the President is represented as having made some progress toward impressing upon the Congressional conferees the necessity for consenting to some reduction of the existing rates of duty upon Cuban sugar and tobacco. To what extent this executive pressure has been or is likely to prove successful we are not at this writing advised, but it is well known that the strong protectionists of the ways and means committee have been subjected to such pressure. It is also well known that the President is so firmly convinced of the need of doing something sympathetic for the Cuban sugar and tobacco interests that he has in view the sending to Congress of a special message on the subject. It is not unlikely that the President would prefer to reach in advance an understanding that would make such a message unnecessary, and at the same time remove all danger of an open rupture on the question of the Cuban tariff concessions. To arrive at such an understanding and avoid such a rupture is on all accounts desirable.

In urging the protectionists in Congress to forget for the time being the rightful claims of the agricultural interests of the United States, the President is doubtless actuated by warm and honest sympathy for the distressed planters of Cuba. Is he not, however, asking protectionists to forget that if there is any honest claim on the part of Cuba against anybody, it is against the world at large and not against the United States? The low price of raw sugar to-day is the result of the very large product all over the world, and not the result of any relations between Cuba and the United States. Protectionists have a right to urge that this fact be not lost sight of when the

HOW TO AVOID ANOTHER TUNNEL DIASTER.



What we want to do is to keep out of the American voter to guard the switch. When the Free Trade League tries to obstruct the track and wreck the industrial train we must be ready for them at every turn. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of permanent peace and prosperity.

question of Cuba's "claims" is under consideration. They have a right to urge, moreover, that unless the Republican party stands up squarely for the principle of protection, let it lead where it may, we shall always be confronted with an agitation similar to that which preceded the enactment of the Wilson bill with its attendant devastation and ruin to our domestic business interests.

If we are going to repeat the Hawaiian experiment we shall not come off as well as we did then, for that was a little affair, and this will be a big affair, and one that will grow greater every year. We will commence by losing for the United States a great deal of honest money which belongs to it, and end by destroying an industry which for the first time and after many struggles is in a position which seems likely to produce valuable results. These are things which ought to be duly weighed before the protectionists of the ways and means committee before they consent that their deliberate judgment be broken down by executive pressure.

Is He Willing?

President Havemeyer, of the sugar trust, is hostile to the tariff on raw sugar. This, mind you, is all in the interest of the poor consumer. Mr. Havemeyer finds that \$5,000,000 a year could be saved to these people by the abolition of the duties on sugar; and these, he is sure, the country, with an overflowing treasury, does not need. How unselfishly generous. Now there is one question which the country is anxious that Mr. Havemeyer should answer. Is he willing that the duty on refined sugar should be abolished along with that on the raw article? The people do not use the raw, but the refined product. Therefore, if it is their interest that we are to consider, it is the duty on refined sugar that must go first. There is no question about the position of the philanthropist who wants to kill the sugar planting industry and the beet sugar industry in this country when it comes to admitting the cheap

sugars of Europe in competition with his product. It is a pretty good rule to find out what Mr. Havemeyer wants to do and then not to do it.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Future Value.

Said Governor Cummins of Iowa in his inaugural address:

"Reciprocity that takes without giving is an idle dream and a contradiction in terms, and if its scope embraces only non-competitive products it is of little future value in the economy of the nation."

That is exactly what the Free-Traders think. In their estimation the free admission of non-competitive products is a mockery and a delusion and not reciprocity at all. The only reciprocity which suits them is the kind which lets down the bars and invites the competition of all the world, even the partial displacement of domestic labor and industry by a limited admission of lower priced foreign competitive products does not please them. This is only "partial reciprocity," and "partial reciprocity," they tell us, "is (only) a step toward free trade." Good enough as far as it goes, but it falls far short of the thing hoped for. They agree, however, with Governor Cummins that reciprocity which "embraces only non-competitive products is of little future value in the economy of the nation." Future value to whom? To foreign producers? Yes; that is precisely what the free trader means. Is it what Governor Cummins means? Has he figured out the "future value" to our country of taking from foreigners an increased quantity of articles which we can make, are making, and ought to continue to make, ourselves?

Is He a Free-Trader?

Democratic newspapers are greatly pleased at some of the things contained in the inaugural message of Governor Cummins, Iowa's new executive. They are patting him on the back with a degree of strenuousness that ought to jar him into wondering whether he really said such a smart thing after all when he declared that "Protection is established for man and not man for protection." Considering that Governor Cummins calls himself a Republican and a protectionist, does he know what he meant when he said that? We don't, and we don't believe he does. We have an idea that he was

NEGRO LAWMAKERS.

COLORED MEN WHO HAVE HELD SEATS IN CONGRESS.

The First One Took the Seat Made Vacant by the Resignation of Senator Davis—Only White Men Now Participate in the Deliberations.

For the first time in thirty-two years, except for a brief period between 1887 and 1889, no colored man sits in either chamber of congress, and there is less prospect of the election of a colored man to this body than at any time since the close of the civil war. That with education and culture his political fortunes will be advanced cannot be doubted. Hampton and Tuskegee are doing a great work, and the future negro statesman will be the equal in intellect and culture, perhaps, of his white brother. This was not true of many of those colored men who have been honored with seats in congress, but it is true that they recognized their own limitations and worked patiently and unceasingly for improvement, says the New York Tribune. The first colored man elected to congress was J. Willis Menard of Louisiana. He was born in Illinois, educated at Iberia college, had acted as hospital steward and recruiting officer for the government during the war, and was sent on a special mission to Honduras. In whatever office he served he won the confidence of his superiors. He had great influence over his own people, and was noted as a public speaker. No negro was ever worthier of a seat in congress, but Menard was never allowed to serve in the office to which he had been chosen, being barred out by alleged irregularities in his election. His failure, however, and the criticism it evoked paved the way for the entrance of the black man into public life, and on February 25, 1870, after one of the most exciting debates in the history of congress, when Charles Sumner acted as the champion of the negro, Revels was admitted to the senate to fill the seat made vacant by the resignation of Jefferson Davis. Two other negroes served in the forty-first congress—Joseph H. Rainey and Jefferson P. Long.

There were four negro representatives in the forty-second congress, which number was increased to seven in the forty-third. The forty-fourth congress was known as the "black congress." Blanche K. Bruce represented Mississippi in the senate and seven men of his race served in the lower house. Of these the most conspicuous was Robert Smalls of South Carolina, the famous pilot who headed the party that conducted the Planter out of Charleston harbor, for which service he was handsomely rewarded by the government and appointed pilot for the rest of the war. With the fifty-fourth congress the number of colored men in the house and senate began to decrease. In the next congress only four colored members were returned. Senator Bruce was the only man of his race in the forty-sixth congress. Smalls and Lynch represented their race in the forty-seventh congress. In the two succeeding congresses there was only one colored man, James E. O'Hare of North Carolina, who was defeated for the fiftieth congress, and since then only five negroes have served in congress—John M. Langston of Virginia, Thomas E. Miller of South Carolina, Henry P. Cheatham of North Carolina, George W. Murray of South Carolina and George H. White of North Carolina.

King Edward's Joke.

There is a curious story of King Edward apropos of the visit of Toole, the actor, to Sandringham. King Edward, who was then prince of Wales, had "commanded" Mr. Toole to "surprise" the princess of Wales, and when the actor's agent appeared at Sandringham to make arrangements for the visit the prince explained that he wished to keep the matter a profound secret until the last moment. "To enable you to do so," said the prince, "I shall introduce you as the Spanish ambassador." "But I can't speak Spanish, sir," exclaimed the frightened agent, and the prince put him at his case at once by saying: "Nor can they, so your disguise will be perfect." The "Spanish ambassador" went on with his arrangements quietly and without interruption and when the surprise play was over the prince of Wales proposed the health of Mr. Toole. The London writer who has revived the story wonders if Queen Alexandra has ever heard of the identity of the "Spanish ambassador" or if Spain would insist on war with England after this revelation.

A Strong Combination.

I overheard a rather good story the other day in which Bishop Doane figures. The bishop was standing in front of a drug store on Washington avenue nearly opposite the capitol, talking to a well-known surgeon of Albany, N. Y., and the proprietor of the drug store. Nearly in front of the drug store was an undertaker's wagon, which the owner had left there for a few moments while he went into a store to make a purchase. At this juncture, as the novelists say, along came a prominent Albanian who was well acquainted with the bishop, the surgeon and the druggist. He was about to stop and pass the time of day with the group, when he happened to be struck with the peculiar combination. Turning to the bishop, he said: "Doctor, druggist, priest and undertaker's wagon—that combination is a little too suggestive to suit me. I'll pass." And he passed along on his way, followed by the hearty laughter of the bishop and his friends.