

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 walling 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-bred 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 marga by way of shield. At the word the combat began. The Gautaricans know nothing of scientific fencing, and rely wholly upon strength and agility of body. The blows were furiously given, out 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 sough. 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 Barrajó, 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 cold 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 Gautarica 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.

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.

That was where the boomerang came in.

It chanced that after this night they met frequently—not so much through his inclination as an apparent combination of circumstances.

The lovely daughter of the tropics had taken a great fancy for Senor Overton, and his indifference plied her, since she was so accustomed to having gallants go mad for an iota of the favor she bestowed upon Jack. Sometimes it appears as great a crime to be diffident as to show egotism—it may not push one into hot water as often, but there are occasions when it counts as much.

And the wily general looked on, and behind Jack's back rubbed his hands, very much as a miser might over his gold.

It was his purpose to devote his life to showering blessings on his noble deliverer—love, power, wealth, all should be his, and he would bless the day when he first met Pedro Alphonso Barrajó—indeed, it would be a red-letter day in the affairs of the little republic as well.

Overton had never taken the general into his confidence, to tell him the bitter story of his past and how he had become a full-fledged woman hater, pledged to remain forever a bachelor.

He had found a means of engaging in business. Such energy as he possessed was a new element in San Juan, and from the way in which he started it was evident that in due course of time, say, ten years, if nothing happened to overturn matters—something is always occurring in these torrid little republics—he bade fair to own the whole community, which shows what push and enterprise may accomplish when properly applied.

Ten years was a long time to wait—he had calculated on half that period when he could go back to London and pay up old scores.

And then it occurred to Jack to partially take his friend the general into his confidence, and tell him how necessary it was that he should roll the ball of fortune faster, in order that the result should be hastened.

Brave Barrajó had met danger when it appeared about to overwhelm him with a steady front and a flashing blade.

He was equal to the occasion now. Slapping Jack most heartily on the back, he winked his left eye mysteriously, and, looking cautiously around to see that they were alone, whispered hoarsely:

"Caramba! Make your mind easy,

senor—it is all arranged—the train is laid and at the proper time the match will be applied—then comes the explosion, and, pouf! there you are in a jump! One thing tell me, Senor Jack, how long you have been in San Jose—on Gautarican soil?"

Jack figured it out. "Just six months to-morrow—how time has flown, and I have only made a start," he said slowly.

The general rubbed his hands together in almost delirious joy.

"Six months—it is quite enough. You shall be made a citizen to-morrow."

"Is it positively necessary?" dubiously.

"Undoubtedly so," came the prompt reply.

"Then I submit—any sacrifice so that I may attain the end to which I aspire."

"Madre do Dios! You will not call it a sacrifice, Senor Jack, when you learn what a feast of good things is being prepared for you. Never was a man more favored by fortune, I swear."

Jack smiled and shook his head.

"Ah! you speak in enigmas, general."

"Soon—soon all will be made plain. Wait, have patience; your loftiest dream of pomp and power could not attain to what awaits the friend and preserver of Pedro Barrajó. I do not forget—I can never forget!" with a gesture of vehemence.

"Well, I place myself in your hands, my general," Overton felt compelled to say, having concluded to go the whole thing, once started.

"Ah! you are wise—you will bless me to your dying day. Love, power, fortune, all shall be yours. The vow is recorded. One thing I must beg of you, Senor Jack. It is this. If, some night, after tomorrow, you should hear a commotion in San Jose, should hear and loud cheers from the army, pray do not show yourself upon the street until I call upon you."

"Ah! prospects of another revolution, I suppose?"

"Hush! Not so loud, please. Robledo's spies may be about—they suspect something is in the wind. No, it is not Montejo this time—he is a dead herring in Gautarican politics now. Ask no more questions, only wait and see; great events are on the eve of transpiring. You promise—good! Go your way, my dear friend, and prepare for a grand surprise. Silence!" and with his finger on his lips the remarkable general bowed, and mounting his horse galloped toward the barracks, leaving Overton a badly puzzled man.

After that mysterious warning from Barrajó, Jack was exceedingly careful how he strayed from his dwelling in the western sea and the black pall of night descended upon Jack San Jose. For he placed great confidence in the general, and that worthy's directions had been so very direct and explicit that he could not be mistaken.

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 Gautarica'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.

(To be continued.)

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 muceutu, 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 happy? Say, tell me those, will you?"

Blood will tell—but the less 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 set off 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 \$525,000,000 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.

Have 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

Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, the free traders thought they saw a chance to drive an entering wedge. They twisted what Mr. McKinley said into a declaration for free trade, and his statement that duties which were no longer needed for purposes of protection might be remitted was taken by them as evidence that he was ready to abandon the entire Protection theory. Following up what they said about the late President, they tried to make it appear that President Roosevelt's St. Paul speech was a declaration in favor of free trade. Then they were encouraged to believe that a successful assault on protection could be made this winter. They think so no longer.

President Roosevelt's flat-footed declaration in favor of Protection in his message, and his further statement that reciprocity can only be encouraged when it is regarded as the hand-maiden of protection, has opened the eyes of the free traders. They now see that it is idle to hope for tariff legislation at this session of Congress. —Cleveland Leader.

What They Must Show.

The advocates of free sugar must show that with the almost certain annexation of Cuba in the near future, and with that a coming condition of untaxed raw sugar, it is better now to get trade concessions with other nations while we can. They must also show that the removal of all protection from the domestic sugar growing industry is so inevitable that the benefits to be obtained from reciprocity treaties with sugar raising countries outweigh the losses that would be caused to the American industry.

They must further show why it is well for the sake of free raw sugar to abandon nearly every other form of tax reduction. They have finally to show why we should not have free refined sugar if we are to have free raw sugar. —Boston Commercial Bulletin.

HALT!



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 left 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. —River-side (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, dear."

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

"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.

Horticultural Observations.

At the last meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society President Dunlap made the remark that he had just visited the meeting of the Central Horticultural Society held 200 miles away, and had picked up points that would be worth hundreds of dollars to him the coming year. This shows the value of these meetings to the fruit growers. Mr. Dunlap is a veteran in fruit growing and has been attending horticultural meetings for a good part of his life. Yet he finds each meeting valuable. Now, if he needs to attend such conventions, what can be said of the ordinary fruit grower who never attended such a meeting in his life? It is astonishing that more fruit raisers do not make an effort to be present at these meetings.

With the approach of spring men are thinking about the work to be done in the garden and orchards. Not the least important is the transplanting of trees and plants. In this work one thing should not be forgotten and that is to keep the roots moist while out of the ground. There are some trees and plants that may not be injured greatly by having the roots dry out, but so many are injured that it is safe to keep the roots of all moist. Many times strawberry plants are dug and allowed to lie exposed to the wind and sun. The roots become thoroughly dry. When they are replanted the planter wonders why they do not grow. With evergreen trees dry roots are fatal. The rootlets exude a gummy substance that dries with the drying roots. When replanted this gummy substance prevents all action of water on the roots. In the transplanting of evergreens therefore dry roots should be especially avoided.

We are pleased to see the growth of sentiment in favor of the use of boxes in the packing and marketing of apples. We believe that this will greatly increase the consumption of that fruit. California has set the style on this and some of the states east of the Rocky Mountains are rapidly following the example of that state. The orchardists of Colorado are using boxes in large numbers. The fruit raisers there to some extent get the benefit of the reputation California has built up, for the eastern buyers do not stop to distinguish between Colorado and California apples, so long as they are in boxes. Up to the present time, however, only the fancy fruit is thus packed, the poorer grades going in barrels. It would doubtless, however, be an advantage to the buyers to have all apples in boxes.

Mixed Grains for Dairy Cows.

From Farmers' Review: I moved onto the farm where I now reside, adjoining the limits of Owasso, about nine years ago. Prior to that I had resided in the city, so that while here my work has been mostly to find a method that would be paying and permanent, as raising grain and marketing direct did not give me profit, and four years last November, after investigating the various farm industries presented I bought 17 cows and started these as an experiment for profit or loss. The first winter I fed corn and oats mixed and ground with fair, but not satisfactory results. During the winter of spring I saw the statement in an agricultural paper where a man had raised 105 bu. millet and buckwheat on three acres and gave it much prize as a crop and for feed. The following spring I sowed 15 acres of the above grains mixed and have done so every season since, not failing to have a good crop every year.

The millet assists in holding the buckwheat up to ripen and in so doing I cut with binder and harvest with same treatment as wheat and oats, also thrash the same. Then if cut a little on the green side the straw of both makes excellent fodder for stock. In my first feeding I found the grain (oats and corn) too strong for milk cows. Then I mixed corn, oats, millet and buckwheat and at once noted an increase of milk and have so fed since with the exception of very short intervals, feeling assured that milk cows require several kinds of grain mixed and fed together and that buckwheat is a kind that increases the flow of milk. I try to have the above grains about one-quarter each in feeding.

I am wintering 21 milk cows, and sell the milk to factory. Only a part in milking now (9 to calf within next 90 days) and those milking will bring me a return this month of nearly \$100. All the cows have been fed on grain as herein stated—hay and cornstalks for fodder, grain twice each day and salted each time when fed grain. I should state that I sow usually the last week in June, mixing the grains, 6 quarts millet to 18 quarts buckwheat per acre. The grains can be separated after threshing, through a fanning mill as readily as corn and buckwheat can be. These grains ripen in same time.—C. E. Hershey, Shawassee County, Michigan.

Double Matings.

From Farmers' Review: One of the most usual mistakes in breeding fowls is "double matings." This encourages extremes in color, one color for the male and another for the female. With some breeds, like the Barred Plymouth Rocks, the standard makes no difference in the color of a male and female. Why should we not breed any breed of fowls as near the same color as possible? Of course people that practice "double matings" charge us "single matings" with doing the same as they do, which is not the case. We must guard against extremes. —Luther Reynolds, Vermillion County, Illinois.

Never "snap shot" a notable personage without previous permission—his face is private property.