

# An American Nabob.

A Remarkable Story of Love, Gold and Adventure.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

It seemed that the captain owned a house far off in the neighborhood of West Brompton, and into this he had moved the wreck of his fortunes, including his family.

The marquis waited a certain length of time.

Then one afternoon he appeared at the new home of the Livermores.

To himself he declared many times that he intended this visit as a positive means of increasing his hold upon the captain's wife, over whom he seemed to be exerting some peculiarly hypnotic power, with the eventual aim in view of inducing her to leave home and seek some asylum on the continent.

For years he had looked forward to this same moment with the keenest anticipation; for years he had in his mind gone over every little detail, had seen her surprise and alarm, with his own great triumph, as he sent his shafts home with the arm of ample revenge; yet, strange to say, he did not approach the subject with the eagerness he had expected, the feverish thrill was only conspicuous by its absence, and he even started guiltily when from some distant part of the rambling old structure a peal of childish laughter was borne to his ears; there was something so condemnatory in the merry sound.

By degrees he brought the subject around to where he wanted it, and the manner in which he accomplished this declared that his strategic powers had not wanted a particle.

"Have you had any American friends?" he asked.

"Yes, one," came the rather confused reply, and the listener knew he had caused her mind to revert to that unhappy past about which she even usually avoided thinking.

"Pardon me; but I once knew a poor fellow, an artist, out in Mexico, who said he had been well acquainted with Captain Livermore's wife," he went on deliberately.

"An artist," she echoed, looking pained, and yet showing an eagerness in her voice.

"Yes; by name Jack. I chanced to do him several favors, and he even confided his history to me. Poor fellow, he had suffered bitterly."

"Confided to you—then you know—"

in alarm. "That you and he were once betrothed—yes. That while he labored unceasingly in the hope of gaining fame and fortune, your love for him began to grow cold. He had been the means of reconciling you to your proud old English grandfather. In the whirl of society you met Captain Livermore, then the lion of the hour. You forgot to write to the man who believed in you as he did in Heaven. He came to London, unable to breathe outside your presence. Then you crushed him by declaring that while you still loved him, you loved position still more, but as I, an innocent party, once paid the penalty of your sin, so they, too, must inherit the legacy."

"Is there no way in which you may be satisfied without the burden falling on them?"

"I know of none. They must suffer when you do, all being members of one family. It is fate."

"Jack, have mercy!—see, on my knees I beg you to forgive. It is true I wronged you most fearfully. God knows, I am wretchedly sorry. But out of that wrong has come your bright fortune, and, perhaps, Jack, some more worthy woman may fill the place in your heart I once occupied. Forget the past and live for the future. Grasp them before they have flown. Rise above this spirit of revenge upon a weak, wretched woman, who in her thoughtlessness did you harm and lived to repent. Already you have as you say brought ruin upon us, and cast us out from society. For that I care little; but for God's sake, leave me the love of my husband, my children."

It was enough to melt a heart of ice, and reason combined with emotion in the argument. Had not the marquis thrashed this same straw himself almost daily—had it been thrust suddenly upon him, he must have been fairly overwhelmed.

It was not his design that Fedora should see any sign of weakness in his manner, and he maintained the same passionless exterior he had shown through the whole interview.

"I promise nothing. Only this I say, that your children have doubtless saved you from a fate that might have come upon you. I do not relent, I simply change my tactics, and for their sakes spare you that humiliation, that shame. What further means of punishment I may decide to invoke you will know in good time. As you sowed so must you reap. That is the law of recompense, of stern justice. Therefore, weep over your wretched lot, and bitterly regret that false step in which you were tempted by pride. I do not dare remain here longer in your presence. At least thank heaven that I have decided to abandon the plan upon which I was working as unworthy of an honorable man."

"You are going, Jack?"

"Yes."

"Without seeing the children?"

pressing a button while he was not looking.

"They remind me too bitterly of

repay the debts he owed, at compound interest, down to the last penny."

She was looking at him now with fear-haunted eyes, looking at him as one might gaze upon some dreadful spectre of the past.

"You—are—Jack!" she said, slowly, as if almost unable to grasp the idea at once.

"I am that once miserable wretch. Having embarked upon my campaign, I lost no time in making your husband's acquaintance. It was my hand that, in a fair and honorable way, stripped him of all he possessed. That is only a beginning."

"Jack! Jack! Have you no mercy?" she groaned, wringing her hands wildly.

"Did you have any when you so coolly turned me down to stay in the mine, while upon my shoulders you mounted to a position in society and gave yourself to a man you never loved? I know all you would say, and be sure, I have steeled my heart against all arguments. What I seek is only justice—a fair equivalent. I have suffered, God only knows how much. It is your turn."

He looked like a man of stone, upon whom pleading and tears would be wasted.

Fedora attempted neither at first—she seemed to act and speak as if in a dream, for his influence, whatever it sprang from, dominated her personality to a remarkable extent.

Had it been so in those days of yore Fedora would never have willingly given him up.

"You speak of heaven in the same breath with vengeance—surely you cannot believe, Jack, that God approves of such things. I did wrong you, oh, most grievously; but I have bitterly repented it ever since, and hoped the day might come when I could tell you so. Often I have wept to remember your despair. It has been the one black spot upon my life, and kept me from being truly happy. But, Jack, won't you forgive if you can never forget—see, I plead with you; hold this wretched remembrance no longer against me. Be my friend, my brother. You already respect my husband; why be the means of his ruin?"

"While I cannot forget, I must not forgive. You have not yet begun to know what suffering means. When the world seems dark and your soul prays for death—"

"But, Jack, stop; consider; you cannot have revenge upon me without injuring my children," she said, suddenly remembering his weakness of old, and how a child had never appeared in vain so long as he had a son left.

This was a harder task than the other, and the indomitable marquis was compelled to grit his teeth in the endeavor to stem the signs of retreat that threatened to overwhelm him.

"I regret exceedingly that they must suffer, for I am not that cruel to desire through their hold on your heart to inflict pain on you; but as I, an innocent party, once paid the penalty of your sin, so they, too, must inherit the legacy."

"I know of none. They must suffer when you do, all being members of one family. It is fate."

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what you, their unhappy mother, seemed to me in the long ago—all innocence and trusting love. No, I don't wish to see them now."

"Oh, Jack, be reconciled—I shall pray daily that you cease to hate me, for the sake of those little ones. Did you know the boy's name is Jack?"

"What!" he gasped, weakening. "Do you mean to say your husband allowed you to do that—and I the man you loved? Incredible!"

"I told him all, and it was he who first proposed it. You don't know his generous nature. I can see now what it was so disturbed him—you took his fire and freely gave him his forfeited life. Oh! wretched woman that I am to have been loved by two such noble men, and to have brought sorrow to both. Who will deliver me from the bondage of my sin?"

As if in answer to her forlorn cry the pitter of little feet sounded somewhere—the marquis, alarmed at his own weakness, turned to fly, but made a miscalculation, for in the hall he was waylaid by the enemy, who rushed upon him with exultant cries.

He made a swoop for the little girl and swept her up in his arms, until her golden curls nestled against his shoulder when he kissed her pouting lips again and again.

Then came the boy, to whom he had paid so little attention before. Now he held him off at arm's length, where he could look into his resolute face and bold black eyes—yes, he was surely the image of what Livermore must have been as a lad, and yet, and yet, strange to say, the marquis actually believed he could see some traces of his own characteristics in the boy—learned philosophical and psychological scholars and doctors have long argued this point, and agreed that it is not only possible, but actual—the image of her first love still remained strong in Fedora's heart at the time the child was born.

Kissing the youngster, the marquis hastily quitted the house, followed by the anxious gaze of the wretched Fedora, until the children, astonished at the strange actions of their friend, loudly bewailed his flight, and demanded her attention.

Weep no more tears of repentance and fear, wife and mother, since the seed has been sown and the harvest must come in due season—that name of Jack, together with the captain's generosity, proved the last straw that broke the camel's back.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Love has redeemed me!"

The game was drawing near its close.

With each struggle that iron will of the marquis, which had been the marvel and admiration of his friends, came out much weaker.

Perhaps the thing that had the most decided influence upon him was the startling conviction that there had been awakened within his heart a glow of love for the little miniature painter. With the flower of love blossoming again in his heart he could hardly have continued in his former policy.

Should he be magnanimous and freely forgive, or should he turn aside the bright vision that tempted him, shut himself up in a narrow compass and carry out the miserable plan of the past?

Thus he debated, pro and con. But it chanced that the marquis was not given an opportunity to fight his battle to a finish in the usually accepted term—there was a surprise in store for him, a flank movement, as it were, on the part of one who meant to be an ally, yet proved his worst enemy.

That person was the Spanish-American belle of San Jose.

It was on the evening following that when the marquis received such a shock at the hands of Fedora.

It was probably 11 o'clock when one of the hotel lackeys came with a card on a silver salver and presented it to the marquis.

This was a frequent occurrence, but on this special occasion those who were near by saw the usually cool nabob give a plain start.

(To be continued.)

## Photographers as Sportsmen.

In a recent book a hunter tells how he spent many weary months in the attempt to shoot an eagle, and at last ambushed so successfully that he actually touched the bird with his fingers. Having got so far he was content, and let the eagle go free. It may be a hunter's tale, but there are at present a very considerable number of sportsmen who are a great deal keener to see their game at close quarters than to kill it. Instead of the old phrase, "Let us go and kill something," the hunter now says, "Let us go and focus something." The camera has supplanted the gun. There are now made all manner of devices, more ingenious and intricate even than the older trappers devised, for getting the camera to bear on unsuspecting animals. A boat, resembling a little the duck-shooting boats used on the Irish coast, has been devised, which is propelled without oars or sails, and has a beautiful photographic apparatus rigged up in the bows. There are other not less clever means for approaching and photographing deer in their native haunts, and they have been used with altogether remarkable success. Humanitarians are already pointing that that this sport with the camera gives all the excitement of the chase without any of the cruelty, and at least this much may be conceded, that the difficulties of photographing, say, a weasel are considerably greater and therefore more attractive than those of shooting it.

The busiest man on earth is the man who keeps on a continual run getting out of the way of work.

An old bachelor says that matrimony is the best cooking school.

## BEEF SUGAR FACTS.

ITS IMPORTANCE ILLUSTRATED IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Gives Profitable Returns to Farmers and Benefits the Consumer by Establishing a Competition Beyond the Power of the Sugar Trust to Suppress.

The "Journal" in this issue makes a presentation of the importance of the beet sugar industry to the farmers of the state. What the factories that take this product of the farm have done will amaze those who now, for the first time, read of the extent of their operations. The money paid out for sugar beets has added materially to the prosperity of the districts in which they are produced, and has continued on its way to stimulate every interest in which the farmer appears as a buyer.

It will be noticed that there is claimed for each beet sugar factory some measure of success. As a matter of fact, not all of them have made money in the sense in which it is made in many old-established interests. But if all of them had it would still not operate powerfully to the same mind as a reason for placing this industry in jeopardy by reduction of the tariff on imported raw sugar. The policy of Protection is sustained by the votes of this country, not that the protected industries shall barely make both ends meet. The industry of sugar making in the United States is protected that it may be profitable—so that it may pay up to the American standard for labor and be a factor in lowering the price of a given article to the community.

The beet sugar industry does both these things. It gives satisfactory returns to the farmer or else he will not raise the beets; the whip hand thus remaining with him, and not with the factory. It has lowered the price of sugar to the consumer by the confession of the trust, and the evidence is to be had at any grocery store, the price of the refined article being now nearly or quite down to the figure it touched under free trade in foreign sugar.

The beet sugar industry has thus justified its claim for protection—by benefit to the consumer, by good prices

## IN GREAT DANGER.



to the grower, and by adding to the general prosperity of the State. The plea for lowering the tariff is founded on:

An alleged suffering Cuba. In all sincerity the "Journal" declares that it cannot conclude that Cuba is suffering. There were brought before the ways and means committee of the House a number of Cuban sugar planters. We have yet to read the testimony of one who did not acknowledge that the island was prosperous; that labor was better employed than ever before; that any enlargement of the sugar industry by increasing the size and number of the plantations would mean that labor must be imported to work them—cheap labor, not American labor. In fairness, let us admit that some of these same Cuban planters predicted suffering in the future if the sugar crop of the island could not be sold at a higher rate than offered now.

Grant that. But in whose hands, then, is the price? In the hands of the Sugar Trust. If the tariff is cut 20, or some other per cent, there is no certainty that the Sugar Trust will do other than say to the Cuban planter: "The price of sugar is fixed in the London market; any reduction in the tariff is velvet for me. If you do not wish to take the price we offer there are thousands of tons of surplus sugar in the market to be had at that price."

Michigan capital is slowly building up an industry of profit to the communities in which its factories are located, and the source of a cheaper household necessity to thousands. It was started under a pledge—a written pledge, not one in the air like that said to have been made to Cuba—a pledge to protect beet sugar that so much of the home market as it could supply should be saved to it by a tariff on raw sugar.

All that the industry asks is that that pledge be kept. If there is somewhere a pledge to Cuba, the rich Gem of the Antilles, let that be kept, too, but at the expense of the taxpayers as a whole—not of one industry.—Detroit "Journal."

## Protect Our Wool Growers.

There is a fine opportunity for the senators from Montana, Wyoming and

other Western states to be on the alert for the interests of their constituents. The effort is being made to bring up the Kasson reciprocity treaties—which many senators hold are dead because not ratified within the prescribed time. It is asserted that Senator Cullom of Illinois has given his word that the long delayed treaties shall be acted on, to which there is no objection—if they are acted on rightly.

The treaty which the Northwestern senators should look out for is that negotiated with the Argentine Republic, which provides for a material reduction in the duty on wool. The effect of the great wool growing interests of Montana and other wool-growing states can be appreciated, and the treaty in question should not be ratified.

Reciprocity is all right if carried on along the lines laid down by President McKinley—so that its provisions shall not prove injurious to any American industry. The treaty with the Argentine Republic would prove extremely damaging to the wool interests of this country, and therefore should not be ratified.—Helena (Mont.) Record.

## What We Know.

We know with much accuracy that free trade for Cuban sugar means the destruction of our domestic sugar industry. We know that it came into being by protection. We know that it was the first significant extension of protection to agriculture, and we know that the farmers of many states have profited by it, and that it means the addition of a new crop to the variety by which they make a living from their land. Extension of protection to them was an economic experiment that has become a demonstration. Why should it be abandoned, to the injury of American farmers, in order that Cuba may be delivered from hypothetical distress? Why not consider the interest of the American farmer and make the Cuban the subject of experiment? Why not let Cuba go on, organize her government, take the independence for which she fought and which we gained for her, and wait and see whether she goes over the hill to the poorhouse by losing the chance to sell one ton of sugar in Spain to forty sold in the United States?—San Francisco Call.

## More Than Our Duty.

We have performed far more than our duty toward Cuba. We cannot

## INSPECTION OF IMPORTED ANIMALS.

The secretary of agriculture says: In order to prevent the introduction of animal plagues an inspection service is maintained at our principal seaports and along our frontier. Quarantine stations have been established for animals coming from countries where contagious disease exists. There were quarantined at these stations during last year 559 cattle, 525 sheep, 31 swine and 118 animals for menageries and zoological parks. There were also admitted, after inspection and in some cases quarantine, over 242,000 animals from Canada and about 100,000 from Mexico. The examination of this vast aggregate of imported animals, amounting in all to over a third of a million, is a most responsible task, but so far it has been successfully conducted, and none of the exotic plagues of the domesticated animals has been allowed to reach our territory. With our enormous investment in animals that are susceptible to such plagues, it is clearly a duty which the government owes to its stock raisers to maintain this inspection and quarantine with the utmost rigidity. The ravages of the rinderpest as it is sweeping over the African continent should be an object lesson indicating the terrible destruction which such a disease would cause among our immense herds of valuable stock.

The tremendous possibilities of loss from imported contagion suggest that possibly the time has come when it might be well for us to consider whether it would not be best for us to follow the example of Great Britain and exclude entirely live stock from other countries. Inspection and quarantine, however, carefully and conscientiously performed, are acknowledged by most countries to be only a relative and not an absolute guaranty of protection. Should not our animal industry have the most complete safeguards thrown around it which the experience of the world has shown to be required for the most absolute and perfect protection? In this connection we are reminded that some of the territory which has recently come under our flag is believed to be infected with animal plagues and parasites unknown to the United States, and that may work great injury if they are transported to our soil. It would appear to be wise for such legislation to be enacted as would provide against animals from this territory being allowed to enter our ports, whether these animals are brought by individuals or returning troops.

## Loss of Moisture in Incubator.

Bulletin 73, West Virginia Station: The chick absorbs oxygen and moisture and certain gases are thrown off through the shell. Under normal conditions the total amount of moisture and gases which have been thrown off at any particular time corresponds to that particular stage in the development of the chick, or in other words, when an egg is incubated under perfectly normal conditions the total loss in the weight of the egg corresponds, within certain limits, to the stage of development of the embryo. If the operator of an incubator knows how much a certain number of eggs have lost in weight since the beginning of the incubating period and compares this loss with the normal loss of the same number of eggs for the same length of time he will know definitely whether the eggs have decreased properly in weight. If they have lost too much, providing of course that the temperature has been normal they are drying up too rapidly, and either more moisture should be supplied, or the amount of ventilation should be reduced, but in reducing the circulation of air through the incubating chamber it must be remembered that pure air surrounding the eggs is just as important as a proper temperature; on the other hand, if the eggs are not losing weight as rapidly as they should they are either kept too moist, or they are not receiving the proper amount of ventilation, or perhaps they may be kept too moist and insufficiently ventilated also.

## Why Danish Butter is Superior.

One reason why the Danes turn out such uniformly fine butter is that they pasteurize almost entirely. In that country they have a number of inspectors who go around to the dairies and creameries to see that things are all right. When the butter is found to be faulty, the buttermaker is told to change his starter. The buttermakers work by rule and can scarcely give a reason for what they do. In this they contrast strongly with our buttermakers. I think on general principles are better than the Danish. The point I want to make is that if a Dane is asked for an explanation as to why he did this or that, he cannot tell you. Put the same question to our buttermakers and they know why everything is done and what will result from their work.—Prof. G. L. McKay.

## A Popular Fallacy.

A strongly entrenched popular fallacy, often exposed but constantly being revived, is that sulphur is a valuable remedy against insects when put into holes bored into the trunks of trees, the idea being that the sulphur, when plugged in, is carried up by the movement of the sap into the branches and distributed in the foliage, rendering the latter distasteful to insects. In point of fact the sulphur remains exactly where it is placed, and is of no possible advantage from an insecticide standpoint or any other, and furthermore the treatment is mischievous in that it injures to that extent the soundness of the trunk.—Bul. 58, Texas Station.

"Work and sleep, the two periods of unconsciousness of self, are the two periods of happiness."