

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION THAT WAS STARTED FOR THE LOVE OF A GIRL



affairs he promised a six years' residence in Paris at a salary equal to that of the British ambassador. To the minister of the navy he promised a war. And thus Lieut. Ector laid the foundation for his revolution.

Ector Carreras knew that the minister of war was wealthy and not to be bribed. He was loyal and hence not dissatisfied. It looked to Carreras as if he would have to fight against the minister of war.

Eager for Excitement of War.

Lieut. Carreras left the president's reception at 10 o'clock in the evening, and before midnight had summoned to his luxurious bachelor rooms a dozen officers like himself—rich, reckless, and ready for anything that promised the excitement of war. All were the sons of rich planters and all were ready enough to join Ector Carreras in a revolution or anything else.

"It's all settled, isn't it?" called out Lieut. Rodrigo Nunez, as he drank off another glass of Carreras' champagne.

"Yes," "Yes," "Yes," responded a chorus of the young officers. "Vivas le revolution!"

"But where will we find soldiers?" asked a cautious lieutenant.

"Why, the men on our plantations," answered Carreras. "There ought to be several thousand of them; and we know they would rather fight than work. Why, a revolution will be a holiday for them."

"All right, let's say you can get the soldiers. Where are the guns?" persisted the cautious lieutenant.

"I'll find the guns," said Carreras. "Gentlemen," he continued, opening the door to the adjoining room and beckoning a short, thick set man with a bristly gray mustache, closely cropped hair, and a bald head, "let me introduce Herr Schmidt of Berlin."

The lieutenant stared, then laughed, as Herr Schmidt bowed low.

"Herr Schmidt," continued Carreras, "is the agent of a German company which makes a specialty of meeting the demands of the Central and South American revolutionary trade. Now, I happened to know that he has a whole steamer load of Mauser rifles, machine guns, swords, ammunition, uniforms, and camp equipage. I propose we buy the whole cargo, send it up the river to my father's plantation, and thus by the simple drawing of a draft on my own bank account in London, arm and equip our army. Easy, isn't it?"

The young officers applauded.

"It's all settled, isn't it?" asked Carreras.

"Yes, all settled!" declared the rest of his comrades.

An Office Seeks the Man.

"Wait one minute, gentlemen," persisted the cautious lieutenant once more. "After the revolution has succeeded, what are we to do with the government? Who will be president of Paraguay?"

The question was a poser. No one but the cautious lieutenant had thought of it—no one but Carreras—and he only thought of Isabella Angules y Montlva.

"Count me out," declared Lieut. Rodrigo Nunez. "I'm going to Paris this winter."

"I'll be too busy settling up the governor's estate," said Lieut. Miguel Ribledo, whose father had died only a short time before.

"Politics is a beastly bore," declared Don Rafael Felle, who had spent a season in London.

"O, well, gentlemen," put in Carreras, "since no one else wants to be president and some one must be, if we succeed, I may as well take the place myself."

"That's fair," shouted all the lieutenants. "As long as you are paying all the expenses you may as well have the presidency."

"Who ever heard of a lieutenant being president of Paraguay?" put in the cautious lieutenant.

"No, that wouldn't do, would it?" asked Lieut. Rodrigo Nunez, blankly; and then, his face clearing with a happy thought, he raised his champagne glass.

"Fill up your glasses," he cried, "and drink to Gen. Ector Carreras, commander in chief of the revolutionary armies of Paraguay and the future president of the republic."

The lieutenants drank the toast and went away. Before daylight Herr Schmidt had received a check upon the London bank for 20,000 pounds sterling and his steamer load of mining and plantation machinery was making its way slowly up the river to the Carreras plantation. Mounted messengers left the city at daylight summoning all the white plantation hands of a dozen big estates to meet at the Carreras plantation three days following. The Paraguayan navy—three gunboats and a steam launch—under orders of the minister of marine—steamed up the river to be ready to assist.

Breaking the News to Her.

A violet scented note was left with the maid of Isabella Angules y Montlva to be given to that haughty beauty when she awoke the morning after the president's reception.

It read:

"In three days."

It was not signed, but Isabella readily guessed that it came from her lover.

"Isn't he just splendid!" she cried, when she read the note. "I'll marry him even if he doesn't succeed—that is," she said to herself, "if they don't shoot him."

Three days later Paraguay was profoundly surprised to find itself confronted by a revolution. No one had dreamed of a revolution. Political leaders had not planned one.

"What is it?" asked the people of Paraguay, as they heard the sounds of conflict.

The history of the Paraguay revolution is already effaced from the minds of men. It all happened more than a week ago, and therefore no one knows whether it failed or not; but cable messages from Paris announce the arrival there of Signora Isabella Angules y Montlva, and it is said further that in a few weeks she is to wed Lieut. Ector Carreras, late of the Paraguayan army. Therefore it is assumed that Isabella was so delighted with the revolution and so pleased that her own lieutenant escaped being shot as a traitor that she has decided to marry him anyway, even if he is not president of Paraguay.

a match, for his father was as wealthy as Fernandez Montlva. So he could not be looked upon as a mere fortune hunter.

Leader in Battle and Ballroom.

Lieut. Carreras was more than the rich son of a rich father. He was handsome, and he had proved that he could wear a fatigue uniform in the campaign against the enemies of the republic with as much grace as he wore his full dress uniform in the ballroom on the nights of the president's grunting receptions. In other words, he was a bold, dashing soldier, content to serve as a subaltern.

Ector Carreras was ambitious to reach no higher rank than that of a lieutenant until he met Isabella Angules y Montlva. He wooed her with all the impetuous fervor of his Spanish nature, and won her—almost. He declared his love at the diplomatic reception at the president's palace.

Isabella was almost ready to consent—and then the willful caprice of her nature asserted itself. With a glance at the magnificent rooms of the palace she flashed her glorious eyes into those of Ector Carreras and declared she would wed him when he could make her the mistress of the president's palace.

"Become president of Paraguay," said Isabella Angules y Montlva, "and I will marry you."

"Do you mean it?" asked Lieut. Ector.

"Yes, if you dare it," retorted Isabella.

"Dare it? I'd start twenty revolutions in Paraguay to win you," said the lieutenant. "I'll start a revolution tomorrow morning."

"Suppose you do, and fail. What then?"

"What then? I suppose they will stand me blindfolded against a stone wall and let a file of soldiers shoot bullets through me," answered Lieut. Ector, with a laugh. "but I'm not going to fail. Good-by," he said, holding out his hand. "I am going to begin work on the revolution tonight."

How to Begin a Revolution.

It is not a difficult matter to begin a revolution in a South American republic. Lieut. Ector Carreras knew all the intricacies of the art. It was only a question of money to buy men and guns—especially men. He had the money and he knew where men were to be bought and guns were to be found.

Within an hour Lieut. Ector had managed to hold a few minutes' conversation with several members of the ministry. He discovered in the ordinary course of conversation that the minister of the navy, the ministry of the interior, and the minister for foreign affairs were dissatisfied. One was too poor to keep up his social position and wanted money. Another was eager to be sent to Paris as minister to France, because his wife and daughter insisted on living in Paris and could not afford it. The minister of the navy only wanted to fight. He was tired of peace.

Ector Carreras was so rich that even a cabinet minister was humbled before him. So his promises were as good as an account in a Paris bank. To the minister of the interior Lieut. Ector promised a fortune. To the minister of foreign

THE caprice of a dark eyed Spanish beauty, Signora Isabella Angules y Montlva, is said to be the real cause of the revolution in Paraguay. The fact is a diplomatic secret, and only became known by mere chance. Even now the circumstances connected with one of the most romantic incidents in the history of South American revolutions will be strenuously denied at Washington. It is for this reason that the story can be told only in a guarded way.

On the surface the revolution in Paraguay has appeared to be like almost all other South American revolutions. There has been the usual revolt against the government party. The usual battle, the usual seizure of steamers and gunboats, the usual bombardments, the same officious, fussy anxiety of foreign consuls, the customary negotiations, and the expected happy ending for all parties concerned except for the man who paid for the excitement and the fireworks. Now that it is all over, it is said that the secret of it all was the refusal of Isabella Angules y Montlva to marry Lieut. Ector Carreras until he became president of the republic.

Romance at the Bottom of It.

Paraguay has had an able president in the person of Juan Esquivas ever since 1902, and his term of office does not expire until 1906. Between Lieut. Ector Carreras and the presidency there is a long list of swarthy generals. But Lieut. Carreras did not care for either President Esquivas or the swarthy generals. He was much in love with Isabella Angules y Montlva, and if she would not marry him until he became president, why, the swarthy generals would have to stand out of the way or take the consequences.

Isabella is the daughter of a wealthy ranchero whose plantation extends back for scores of miles from the river

Rio de la Platte. He is so wealthy that he does not really know how many acres of grass land, how many acres of mahogany and rubber trees, how many silver mines, or how many horses and cattle he owns. His wife and daughter spend most of their time in Paris, and it is only for a few brief weeks that they consent to grace the society of the South American republic with their presence.

It was at the president's ball that Lieut. Ector Carreras first met Isabella Angules y Montlva, and even before he knew that she was the only child of old Fernandez Montlva he fell desperately in love with her. He wasn't so bad