..The Filibusters of Venezuela..

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

"Say nothing about Mattazudo," said Philip. "I do not wish him to be alarmed, or he may escape my vengeance."

"I shall say nothing," said Don Juan.

Francisco went out with him.

"Where is the prisoner, Salvarez?" asked Philip of Gomez. "And the two Americans—where are they?"

"Salvarez is in the left wing of the castle, in a room from which he cannot escape. There is but one window, and that is strongly barred. There is but one door, and a sentinel paces before it. The prisoner's wife and daughter are with him. He requested it, and I saw no reason to refuse. The two Americans are in the right wing, confined in like manner."

"Have Salvarez brought in. Let us hear what he has to say."

Gomez went out, and in a few minutes returned with Salvarez.

The courageous General of the Republic walked with firm tread and unflinching gaze into the presence of his conquerors.

"You have sent for me," he said.

"Bow before the king!" said Gomez, with the intention of humiliating the republican.

"'Before the king!'" repeated Salvarez, with a sarcastic smile. "What king? I know no king."

"You see before you the King of Venezuela," said Gomez.

The lip of Salvarez curled.

"I am the King," said Philip, calmly.

"There is no king in Venezuela," replied Salvarez. "Long live the Republic!"

Philip's face flushed angrily.

"Beware! Do you defy me?" he said.

"I do not defy you; I am in your power," said Salvarez. "You have conquered me at arms, but you are not and never shall be king. The defeat of one small regiment does not overthrow a nation. The army of the Republic will drive you from the land."

"You do defy me. You shall acknowledge me king."

"Never."

"Then you shall die."

"I will die proclaiming the constitution."

"Take him away!" thundered Philip, now thoroughly angered. "I had meant to be generous to this man for his bravery, but he forfeits all right to my clemency. He is a rebel. He must die."

Salvarez was led back to the room which had become his cell.

Philip then sent for the two Americans, who were wondering what was to be done with them, now that they were so completely in the power of the enemy.

When the orderly opened the door and told them the king desired their presence, they rose and followed him, thinking that they might at least learn something now of the fate that was in store for them.

They had not been searched, and still possessed their revolvers.

They tramped through the halls to the Council Room. A lightning flash of intelligence passed between them as they recognized this as the room into which they had entered through the secret panel. Medworth counted the panels There it was—fifth from either end, and probably undiscovered still.

"You may go," said Philip to the orderly.

Then turning to the young men, he said:

"You are Americans?"

"We are," replied Medworth, in a tone that left no doubt that he was proud of the fact.

"How do you come to be mixed up in this affair?" asked Philip.

"We came here to rescue a young girl from a band of conspirators and villains," said Medworth, calmly.

Philip flashed an angry glance at the intrepid American.

"Have a care," he said. "Do not speak rashly. Do not anger me. You say you came here to rescue a girl from villains. What girl?"

"Don Juan's daughter," replied Medworth.

"Ah!" said Philip, with a sneer. "Then by 'villains' I suppose you mean myself and friends?"

"Yes. Even her father is one of them. You are another."

"Beware!" said Philip. "I have already sentenced one man to death for defying me."

"He wasn't an American," said Tempest. "You wouldn't like to get mixed up with the United States."

"Enough of this," said the king. "I sent for you to obtain information. It was you who discovered the cave where Don Juan's daughter was concealed?"

"It was," replied Medworth.

"How did you make the discovery?"

"In our own way," said Tempest; "and that is our secret."

"You must answer."

"Well, if I must, I must—a parrot told us where it was."

"A parrot!" exclaimed Philip, choking with rage. "I tell you——"

At that moment the door was thrown violently open and Mattazudo came running in. He fell on his knees before Philip.

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" he cried. "You will not have me shot! You will not kill me! I swear I was but obeying the orders of Gomez!"

Philip's face became like a thundercloud.

"Kill you?" he cried. "Who has told you that I would have you shot?"

"Oh, I heard it, your Majesty," wailed the half-breed. "My followers are strong; they are stronger than the followers of Francisco. If I am shot by your orders they will revolt. With them against you, you cannot cross the Orinoco."

"Where is Gomez?" demanded Philip, calling an orderly.

"I will find him, your Majesty," was the reply.

But before Gomez appeared, there was a loud shouting and shuffling of many feet approaching the Council Room.

"To the King! To the King!" cried a number of voices. "Mattazudo must be saved. He is our leader. If he dies, we go against the King. Long live Mattazudo! Long live the King!"

"Kill the pretender!" shouted an impassioned voice. "He is no king!"

"Kill him! Kill him!" shouted others.

"Stay that rabble!" shouted Philip, in great alarm. "Mattazudo, restore order. Tell them that if they remain loyal you shall be forgiven—you shall live."

"Ah, they might not believe me, your Majesty," said Mattazudo. "Will you not speak a word to them? Come, tell them that, and I promise you you will have no better troops than these."

The king stepped out into the hall with Mattazudo.

He faced the approaching mob.

"What is it you wish?' he asked.

"The life of Mattazudo. He is our leader," came the reply.

"Very well. I have not harmed him," said Philip. "He is my friend. See, I give him my hand. If he is loyal to me I ask no more. Is that enough?"

"Long live the King! Long live Mattazudo!" they cried; and with these words of rejoicing, they dispersed.

Philip returned to his Council Room.

The Americans were not there.

Philip called his orderly.

CHAPTER XII.

An Execution Delayed.

The prisoners—all that remained of the gallant band that fought for the Republic—were ruthlessly shot.

This was the first official act of Philip of Aragon after the crown had been placed upon his head. General Salvarez, the greatest of the prisoners, was not placed among them, but no less was the murderous wrath of his captors to descend upon his head.

True, Salvarez was a prisoner of war, and should have been treated with the consideration and dignity due his rank.

A certain honor was reserved for Salvarez, it is true—the honor of standing alone to meet his death.

And, as if to mock him, or to emphasize the irony of his fate, the man who was to command and carry out the execution of the republican general was his old neighbor, Pedro Francisco.

The loving wife and daughter of Salvarez were still with him in the room which was to be the last he should ever occupy in his own castle.

"I fear not for the country," replied Salvarez. "Give the President time to get his army here, and the monster will never live to see another day. It is not that which moves me. Ah, it is the thought of you!" The general rose from his chair and paced the length of the room. "For myself I care little. Years ago I consecrated my life to the Republic. In battle I would give it willingly. But it is hard to go thus and leave you, my dear ones, in the hands of these merciless scoundrels. There are no friends left. In whose hand can I leave you?"

"Alas!" said Dona Maria, "our friends are dead. Yet I do not fear for myself. If they take you, my general, I soon will follow you. By my own hand I will cheat these monsters of one victim of their license."

"But Jacinta!"

"She is young. She must—she must—"

"Must what?" sternly asked the general. "Give herself up to these despoilers? Rather, if she is a true daughter of the Republic, she—"

A heavy step interrupted the conversation.

Pedro Francisco entered.

His black, gleaming eyes glanced toward Salvarez and his wife, and then rested upon the beautiful, tear-stained face of Jacinta.

He beckoned for her to leave her father's side and come to him.

He led her to a distant corner, and bent to speak in her ear words that could be heard by herself alone.

"You can save your father's life," he said.

She glanced quickly and beseechingly at him.

"Jacinta," he said, "have you heard the order of the king?"

She bowed her head.

"Yes," she answered. "My father pays the penalty of his loyalty to his country—to your country—with his life."

"True," he said. "At noon today he is to be led out into his own garden, and bound, and stood face to a file of soldiers. An officer will give the word to fire. That officer is myself."

She started back. Her black eyes blazed scorn and hate upon him.

"You!" she hissed. "You! Oh, wretch, serpent, fiend!! You, who claimed to be a friend, will give the command that will send my father to his death!"

"You may prevent it, Jacinta."

"I? I can prevent it? How? I have already knelt in bitter humiliation before your pretender king, and begged for my father's life. He spurned me. How, then, can I save him?"

"I tell you I am to command the squad that is to shoot him. At noon nothing can be done. But if it can be postponed till midnight—if the execution could be held in the darkness, much could be done. His fetters could be loosened—he could be left free—the guns could be loaded blank—he could drop at the fire, and creep away."

"Ah, Pedro! You will do this? You will save my father's life? You love the Republic still!!"

"No. I am an enemy to the Republic. But I love you. For you, and you alone, I will do this, if you but say the word."

"Word!" Her bosom heaved with emotion. "What do you mean? What word?"

"Promise me that you will be my wife—it is all I ask."

She recoiled from him, clasping her hands over her heart. Panting, she looked at him helplessly.

"But I do not love you," she said.

"I know that," he answered. "You hate me. You despise me. You have said it a hundred times in your haughty way. But I do not care for that. I love you, and must have you. You have your choice—marriage and honor with me, your father's life saved, or—"

"Hush!" she said. "Do not speak of it again. I realize it all. But how do I know you will keep your promise? You may be as cruel as the others. You may not save my father's life."

He smiled.

"Grief has driven reason from you," he said. "Is it likely, when I wish to win your love, that my first step in that direction will be to murder your father? Besides, my part of the contract comes first. If I do not sacredly do my part, you need not keep your promise."

"But is it possible?" she asked. "The hour is already set for noon. Can it be changed to midnight?"

"I think it can. I have some influence with the king. I will ask this as a favor, and he will no doubt grant it. Can you not see, Jacinta, that I am risking my life for you?"

He turned away, and Jacinta, preserving a calm appearance, went back to her father.

"What had Francisco to say?" asked Salvarez.

"Nothing much, my father," she replied. "He spoke to me of—of—"

"Of something that will happen soon?" he asked, referring to his own death.

"No, father," she answered; "of something that will never happen."

The suspense was becoming unendurable. The girl dared not look at her father's calm countenance, lest she betray the true cause of her emotion. She dared not breathe her hopes—her fears.

"They delay," said Salvarez.

Jacinta heard the ticking of the watch in his hand.

With a tigerish fierceness she clutched and looked at it.

It was ten minutes after the hour of noon.

"Father!" she murmured, reeling "Saved!" and she fell fainting into her father's arms.

(To be continued.)

A Ring-Necked Tribe.

An officer of native troops was on outpost duty at Fort Stedman, in the Shan Highlands, Burmah, and was sent on an expedition to a wild part of the interior, where presumably foot of white man had never trod before. Here he came across a tribe called "Paloungs." He observed the women were decorated with curious coils of brass around neck, arms and legs, and on inquiry found that it was a canon of unwritten law that all the higher-grade ladies be thus adorned. He was horrified to be an eye witness of the operation, the coils being put on a young girl of 12, who lay shrieking and firmly held to the ground while the rods were bent and hammered on. The neck coil has the effect of a gigantic spring, elongating the muscles into a curious deformity. Each well-born ringed lady has a child following her with a pannikin of water, when in hot sun, to sprinkle the coil, as the brass gets intolerably hot, and festers the skin into horrible sores. This is one of the most curious customs ever heard of and in spite of the pain is willingly adhered to, as showing high rank in the wearer.—London Sunday Magazine.

Memory Shown by Young Canaries.

"St. Andreasberg people know nothing of the canary of the encyclopedia, which can imitate perfectly the nightingale, or even enunciate some words in imitation of the human voice," declares Ida Shaper Hoxie, in telling about St. Andreasberg, "The Singing Village of Germany," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The birds of one breed, subjected to the same influences, have songs that vary with the throat muscles and vocal chords of each individual. But so remarkable is the canary memory that a bird bred to a certain song, if removed from the cage in which he has heard it from his parent, when six weeks old, will later, when he himself begins to sing, give the same song though never having heard it in the intervening period."

A dollar unjustly gained cannot be justly kept.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Good or Evil Deeds Return to Bless or Blast Our Lives—Achievements of Pomology—"It Is He That Sitteth Upon the Circle of the Earth"—Is. 40: 22.

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Washington, Nov. 3.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that the good or evil we do returns to bless or blast us; text, Isaiah xl. 22, "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat and thousands of years before they found out that it was round Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle.

There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles, but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant; and if not the circle then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over 35,000 columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his molding room, where he may make 50 shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's molding room, but I do say out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is he that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle and the throne of God the center of that circle.

The Achievements of Pomology.

Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York minster, which was built in the year 1290. We are six centuries behind these artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of these very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhumed English city built in the time of the Romans, 1,600 years ago, that mortar today as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and stone. I say after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point.

If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they made in old times—Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries of England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no! But it is swinging in a circle and will come around to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction; the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well, now, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turn it turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

The Circle of Centuries.

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world. Give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After awhile the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then all nations, finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for theocracy and say, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world," every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2,000 men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramids. If men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation, the 6,000 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

The Circle of Good Deeds.

One day a man comes to you and says, "Good morning." You look at him and say: "Why, you have the advantage of me. I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to William E. Dodge?" "Yes, yes; I do." He says, "I am the man. That was my first step toward a fortune, but I have retired from business now and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up to my house and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting some years ago. I sat back by the door. You arose to make an exhortation. That talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to heaven under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty or thirty years the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses has these items among others:

	Shillings.	Pence.
One load of fire fagots.....	3	4
Cartage for four loads of wood	2	
Item, a post.....	1	4
Item, two chains..... ...	3	4
Item, two staples....		6
Item, four laborers.....	2	8

making in all 25s. 8d. That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances, but it kindled a light which shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overarching, all heaven, a circle.

The Echo of Past Misdeeds.

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you the "old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago.

A gentleman passing along the avenue saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him. It's all right. Forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head." It is a circle. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world. That circle is made quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us! Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation?

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb, his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through earth, through heaven, and at last the wave of influence, having made full circuit, strikes his soul. Oh, then I would like to see him! No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of Paul's influence save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth.

I should not like to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age, his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity, his bad influence widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the 123 years that have gone since he died, widening through the earth, widening through the great future, until at last the accumulated influence of his baleful teachings and dissolute life will beat against his dismayed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth, the Lord Almighty.

God's Omnipotent Mercy.

"Well, now," say some, "this in some respects is a very glad theory and in others a very bad one. We would like to have the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle and fall at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again, and God will not do anything like that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing he is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgressions. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ—his all the glory, his all the praise, his all the crowns, all heaven wreathed into a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around his great heart. O Christ, the Savior, O Christ, the man, O Christ, the God, keep thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of heaven!

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

WILD ESKIMO.

Some of the Habits of These People at Home.

Returning from the Coppermine, we fell in with a party of Eskimo, who ran from us as we approached, in spite of all our efforts to restrain them. But, as a matter of fact, even had we been bloodthirstily inclined we would have put up a poor fight, because both my assistant and I were quite tired out, and my men had gone on some hours before us. It seems rather incredible that twenty-five Eskimo would run from two played-out white men; but it is quite probable that they may have expected an army behind us. Their camp was a most extraordinary place. It lay on a hillock of sand, with a large lake in front and a pond behind. The knoll huts, the walls of which were formed of flat stones placed on end, and the roofs of caribou skin. The pond was filled with caribou bones, which showed that the camp had been much frequented. In the middle of the miniature village lay a large heap of raw caribou meat, which the Eskimo store up in seasons of plenty. We waited some time at the camp, hoping the natives would reappear, but they did not. It was their period of good feeding. The caribou were grazing on the Barren Lands in vast herds, and musk oxen were plentiful, so there was no necessity for them to return to their extra food supply. They had evidently never come in contact with white men before, because no article of civilized manufacture was found in their camp.—Geographical Journal.

Highest of Waterfalls.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosola cascade in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy, is 1,100 feet, and the falls of Yosemite valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the San Cuayatan canon, in the state of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high.—Land of Sunshine.

Lithographic Stone Is Plentiful.

A deposit of lithographic stone has been found near Mt. Sterling, Ky., which Eugene Leary, of the United States Geological Survey, believes to be more valuable than any gold mine. "There is no reason," says Mr. Leary, "why the quarry should not control the market in this country. There is no lithographic stone anywhere else, so far as is known, and there will be no difficulty in competing with the German product.

The first factory for the manufacture of cotton sewing thread was located at Pawtucket in 1794.

Those whom we suffer ourselves to scorn or hate, have overcome us.