

# The Filibusters of Venezuela.

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

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## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

...a traitor's hand has aided him. I suspected one before. My suspicion has been verified.

"You suspected one of our people?" "Yes; I suspected Francisco. Did it not seem strange to you that Francisco should ask to have the rebel's execution delayed till midnight?"

"Now that you speak of it, it certainly was strange; but I was so anxious about Garza's daughter I gave the other matter but little thought. Francisco said that Salvarez, his wife, his daughter, all begged for twelve hours more in which to say farewell—to pray together."

Gomez pointed grimly to the dead sentinel. "Well, they have prayed to some advantage, it seems, and have said farewell—to us, not to one another."

"But the knife!" exclaimed Philip. "Where did Salvarez obtain the knife?"

"Where, indeed, unless from Francisco?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

In the meantime Geo. Salvarez, his wife, daughter and their brave rescuers have gained a place of safety in the secret passage.

"You speak of getting to the Orinoco," said the wife of Salvarez. "It is impossible, as you know. How can you travel without being captured again?"

"I had already thought of that," said the General. "The thing is difficult, I will admit. But the difficulty of traveling is not the heaviest on my mind. If I go, I must go alone. I must leave you and Jacinta here. My anxiety is for you. What will become of you while I am away?"

"You need not be alarmed for them, General Salvarez," said Arthur. "It is certain that, aside from ourselves, no person about the castle suspects the existence of this place. While they remain in ignorance we are safe enough, and I assure you we shall make no effort to inform them of the facts. And you may rely on us. We are only two, of course, but as far as our protection can go, your wife and daughter shall have it."

"Right!" said Tempest. "Two Americans are as good as a dozen of that rabble upstairs."

Salvarez smiled. "You seem to have been better than the entire force to-night," he said. "I agree with you that this place is safe enough; but how will you live? It lacks the necessary comforts. Then the matter of food is most important."

Tempest laughed. "We must do without the comforts, General," he said. "But as for food, with a river full of fish running past our hidden door, and fruit to be had for the picking, not to mention a stray calf or two from your own herds, I don't think we'll starve. Don't fear for us. If we continue to have the same number of hours at night that the country has had since the creation, and the soldiers of the new king continue to drink plenty of intoxicating beverages, we can walk all around and never be caught."

"You give me renewed courage," said Salvarez. "If two young men who are strangers here can accomplish these things, a General of the Republic should not hesitate. Since I am assured of the safety of my dear ones, there remains nothing now for me to do but go. If I could but get word to Ramana."

"Who? Ramana, the Garib?" asked Medworth.

"Yes," replied Salvarez. "Ramana is old, but he is a true friend."

"What message would you send him?" asked Arthur. "I know his hut. I can go there now."

"You might be captured."

"Did not Tempest just now tell you that we could go anywhere?"

"Go, then," said Salvarez. "See Ramana, and say to him that Salvarez, his friend, is in trouble. Tell him that I have escaped from the castle, and must cross the Orinoco at once, without being seen at Bolivar or any other place on this side. Tell him I must start before it is light. Tell him to bring his large canoe, and his son, Ravona, to help him paddle. Tell him to meet me twenty feet below the secret passage."

Medworth then hurried away, cautiously worked his way out of the secret passage and started off toward Ramana's hut. He found the old Indian asleep in a rude hammock of grass, and woke him up to give him the message of Salvarez.

He was much surprised at the agility displayed by the old Indian. He called Ravona, who slept in another hammock, and, without wasting time in saying farewell to Ramana's aged wife, they hurried, accompanied by Medworth, to the river bank, where a long, light canoe was moored.

"Come," said Ramana.

Medworth took his seat, and the two Caribs, with powerful arms, sent the canoe speeding down the Coroni. In a short time they had reached the trying-place, and the prow of the canoe was shot into the overhanging grass on the bank.

"Where is he?" asked Ramana.

"He will come," said Medworth. "Wait here."

They had not long to wait. Salvarez had timed them pretty accurately, and a few minutes after they arrived he appeared, creeping along slowly in the darkness.

"Ah! you are here," he said.

He pressed Medworth's hand, and stepping into the canoe, said: "Away, Ramana!" Then to Arthur: "My brave friend, to you and your companion I leave my dear ones."

"You will find them safe on your return," replied Medworth. The canoe shot away in the darkness, and Medworth speedily made his way back to the cavern.

In the meantime Philip had been roused from his reverie by the messenger who had been sent by Don Juan with the information that Mattazudo had arrived, bringing Namampa, the herb-doctor.

Throwing off his dejection and moody misgiving, he hurried to Lola's room. He found Don Juan and Mattazudo there, with an aged Carib whose twinkling black eyes looked out from under bushy eyebrows with an expression of great cunning.

His skin was wrinkled and seared, and looked like rusty parchment, and his hands were long and skinny, seeming to be but the bony skeleton with a covering of skin drawn tightly over them.

Namampa bent over Lola, felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and solemnly shook his head.

"Very bad. Much fever. Bring me some water," he said.

Water was brought him, and he dissolved some crystals in it. Then he poured the fluid down Lola's throat.

In an hour the anxious watchers could see that the condition of the sick girl had improved. Her painful restlessness had given way to a sweet repose. The high fever had subsided. Don Juan's hope was renewed.

The Carib remained in the castle, and was constant in his attendance upon Lola. It seemed for five days that Lola was on the way to complete recovery.

Five days of anxious watching for Don Juan. Five days of cruel suspense for Medworth. Five days of dissembling for Gomez. Five days of villainous plotting for Mattazudo.

Then, one day, when Medworth was in his accustomed place, crouching behind the secret panel, he heard the sound of sobbing and voices that were very sorrowful. At first he pricked up his ears eagerly, for Lola's name was mentioned. He listened—then he heard what he had hoped he would never hear. Lola was dead.

He staggered away, and crept back to the cavern and his friends. The pallor of his face was ghastly in the light of the lantern that hung above their heads.

"What's the matter, boy?" cried Tempest, in alarm. "You look like a ghost. What's happened?"

"She's dead!" he gasped. "Lola's dead. I heard them talking about it just now. She died last night. They are going to bury her in the garden today."

"So soon?" said Tempest. "Why do they not wait longer?"

"They do not wait long in this country," said Jacinta; and then, with her long lashes hiding the gleam of satisfaction that came into her eyes and could not be held back, she placed her jeweled hand in Medworth's, and, leaning forward, she pressed her rich, warm lips to his cold, white brow in what seemed to be a token of her honest sympathy.

That afternoon there was a sad and solemn gathering near the fountain in the garden of Salvarez, and while Don Juan, Philip and Gomez looked silently on, the body of poor Lola was lowered into a shallow grave.

They did not see two pairs of eyes that peeped from a secluded bower, one pair being dimmed with tears.

Medworth and Tempest had risked capture, and perhaps death, to witness the last sad rites.

(To be continued.)

## Rotation of Calendars.

An evening contemporary has been informing its readers that they can use the same calendars every twenty years—when the dates of the month fall on the same days of the week—thereby avoiding the expense of five almanacs for the present century. But here is something better than that. Persons who have the double advantage of ancient family and careful forefathers, by turning up the calendars—unfortunately they are not printed ones, for the twelfth century, by Solomon Jarchus, will find the days and dates coincident with the present century. Such persons can save the expense of buying for 100 years. Again those with a frugal mind, who have preserved the almanacs of the nineteenth century, will avoid an outlay for calendars of the century commencing Jan. 1, 2201, as the dates for the 100 years following will be coincident with those of the last century. But life is scarcely long enough for such economies.—London Chronicle.

## Right in the Swim.

Having obtained a situation there he couldn't escape going to Philadelphia to live. On Chestnut street he met an old time friend, to him explained the reason for his appearance in the charming City of Brotherly Love and said:

"I've taken lodgings on Spruce street. Have I done the right thing?" "Certainly, certainly, my dear fellow! You couldn't have done better, you know. You're right in it, in fact. Why, the trolley cars run up Pine street on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and come down Spruce street on Tuesdays and Saturdays."—New York Times.

The Notre Dame church in Paris, which has heretofore been lighted by candles, is to be supplied with electric lamps at a cost of \$90,000.

Covetousness is never satisfied till its mouth is filled with earth.

## The First Thanksgiving



"INCIDENTALLY," remarked the man with a basket on his arm as he came into the presence of the editor. "I might mention the fact that if you want the finest and fattest turkey for your Thanksgiving dinner, my store is the place to get it, but that is not what I am here for. I came in to bring you an item of interest. You may not know, notwithstanding an editor knows more than anybody else on earth, that the first proclamation of Thanksgiving Day that is to be found in printed form is the one issued by Francis Bernard, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, and Vice-Admiral of the same, in 1767."

The editor admitted that it had not occurred to him previously.

"I'm glad I'm giving you something new," continued the turkey man, "and now let me read it to you, so you may compare it with the modern style. It is headed 'A Proclamation for a Public Thanksgiving:'"

"As the business of the year is now drawing toward a conclusion, we are reminded, according to the laudable usage of the Providence, to join together in a grateful acknowledgment of the manifold mercies of the Divine Providence conferred upon Us in the passing Year: Wherefore, I have thought fit to appoint, and I do, with the advice of his Majesty's Council, ap-



"INCIDENTALLY," SAID THE MAN.

point Thursday, the Third Day of December next, to be a day of public Thanksgiving, that we may thereupon with one Heart and Voice return our most Humble Thanks to Almighty God for the gracious Dispensations of His Providence since the last religious Anniversary of this kind, and especially for—that He has been pleased to preserve and maintain our most gracious Sovereign, King George, in Health and Wealth, in Peace and Honor, and to extend the Blessings of his Government to the remotest part of his Dominions; that He hath been pleased to bless and preserve our gracious Queen Charlotte, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and all the Royal family, and by the frequent increase of the Royal Issue to assure us the Continuation of the Blessings which we derive from that Illustrious House; that He hath been pleased to prosper the whole British Empire by the Preservation of Peace, the Encrease of Trade, and the opening of new Sources of National Wealth; and now particularly that He hath been pleased to favor the people of this Province with healthy and kindly Seasons, and to bless the Labour of their Hands with a Sufficiency of the Produce of the Earth and of the Sea.

"And I do exhort all Ministers of the Gospel with their several Congregations, within this Province, that they assemble on the said Day in a Solemn manner to return their most humble thanks to Almighty God for these and all other of His Mercies vouchsafed unto us, and to beseech Him notwithstanding our unworthiness, to continue His gracious Providence over us. And I command and enjoin all Magistrates and Civil Officers to see that the said Day be observed as a Day set apart for religious worship, and that no servile Labour be performed thereon.

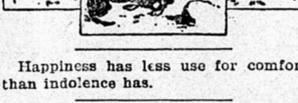
"Given at the Council Chamber in Boston the Fourth Day of November, 1767, in the Eighth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

"Fra Bernard. By His Excellency's Command.

"A. Oliver, Sec'y.

"God Save the King."

"Remember what I told you about the place for Thanksgiving turkeys," said the turkey man, laying the paper on the desk and walking out.—New York Sun.



Happiness has less use for comfort than indolence has.

Satire is the salt of wit rubbed on a sore spot.

Love and a silver dollar are tested by the ring.



F the many feast days celebrated throughout the world, Thanksgiving Day, the day set apart by proclamation to give thanks to the Giver of all good for the mercies and blessings of the year is nearest and dearest to the hearts of the American people. Especially is this so in historic old New England, where family ties, associations and memories, together with the day-by-day life of the hardy sons and daughters of this prosperous and picturesque region, are tempered and molded even to this day by the traditions of their Puritan ancestry, writes Rev. John Hall.

Nearly three centuries ago a little band of brave, adventurous pioneers celebrated the first appointed day of Thanksgiving. Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, Mass., in the autumn following the landing of the Pilgrims, set apart a day to be devoted to thanksgiving, prayer, praise and incidentally to various and sundry demonstrations of good will, good fellowship and a general good time for young and old. It was a day of bounty, of openhandedness, a day when the latch-string was not only altogether out, but the door was wide open. It is said of certain venerable Puritans that after the feast was over, after the hangers-on and the few poor of the neighborhood had been fed, that they gathered into baskets the scraps and bits that remained and went out through the highways and byways looking for hungry dogs and cats, that they also might be filled on this blessed day. Falling in this, they placed the food on some rock or tree trunk, that the birds and wild beasts might eat thereof. There are many holidays around which pleasant memories cluster, but among them all Thanksgiving Day presents to our view the most kaleidoscopic pictures. This day for family reunion, this milestone on the pathway of human life, this day from which many households date their pleasures and their griefs, the red-letter days in the calendar of the aged and infirm, hoped for, waited for, prayed for, because it brought once more the smiling faces of loved ones; because it furnished one more delight before the venerable and snow-crowned heads were laid away in their last long home. There is one most delightful feature of this altogether happy occasion: Blessed be the roof under which an unbroken family circle gathers. Then it is that the day can have its full significance of thanksgiving and praise. It is hard indeed to accept the decrees of Providence when they remove from us those to whom our hearts are closely united. Try as we may, profess as we will, up from the depths of our souls comes the cry for the beloved who have been taken from us. But when we come, one and all, an unbroken band and take our places at the table filled with the good things of life, then in the fullness of our hearts we can give thanks not only for the plenty which has been showered upon us, but for the presence of those without whom our lives would be incomplete and full of sorrow.

It is meet that before we enjoy the delights of a table laden with the delicacies and dainties with which the season has furnished us, that we should render our tribute of praise and thankfulness to the great Provider who giveth at the proper time the harvest of field, orchard, meadow, forest and stream. It is but common justice that we would do this even to a friend who has bestowed favors upon us. How much more, then, to the great Creator who gives not only the simplest, but also the greatest, gifts of our lives! For the gift of life! What is life? Life is the spirit of God Himself. When God made man He breathed into his nostrils His own breath and with it a fragment of his own spiritual and immortal being.

## What a Girl May Do

The girl who has cultivated the spirit of thankfulness does not gush over at the gift of a daisy, and snap an indignant 'Thanks!' at the man who has lost a day from the office to gratify her little whim, writes Edward L. Pell in the Woman's Home Companion. Of course those mothers of ours had their whims, and ex-

ercised the priceless privileges of thoughtlessness and snapping now and then, as girls, and other than girls, have always done; but I think it cannot be denied that the girl of a generation ago had a conscience on the subject of debts of gratitude such as few have had since her day.

I have said that I am afraid that with many of us today it is a lost art. I am sure that it is not given that prominence which it once had, and that it is not cultivated with the enthusiasm with which it once was. Girls are taught what etiquette says about it, but etiquette deals only from the lips outward, and the result is that even our language tells the story of the decadence of thanksgiving. A traveler from Mars might hear our 'Thanks' a million times and never suspect that it was meant as an acknowledgment of a favor. I am sure that up to, say, a dozen years ago, in those parts of our country where gallantry has held out longest, one could not give up a seat in a car without being sure of a full return in an acknowledgment, that meant to acknowledge something, and that today the average man is utterly upset and undone when his ears catch the old sweet sound.

Of course this does not justify on account for the current lack of gallantry among men, but I am not engaged in the hopeless task of restoring men to the old paths, but in the hopeful one of pointing out a neglected talent which the most charming of girls may cultivate with good results. I am not grumbling. I do not mean to say that the girl of the period is one whit behind the girl of the past. I do not believe in the decadence of women. I believe that the girl of today is equal to the girl her mother used to be; but I do not believe that it is enough to say of our girls that they are equal to the girls of the past any more than it is enough to say of a flower that has had the best attention of the best florists for a generation that it is as beautiful today as it was thirty years ago.

If we have done wisely, the girl of today ought to have not only something which her mother lacked, but she ought to have all her mother's graces as well. But it is a serious question whether in pressing her development we have not cultivated some qualities at the expense of others, just as in pressing the development of a certain flower we have increased its size and beauty at the expense of its fragrance.



'Cindy, reach dah 'hins yo' back 'N' han' me date ah almanac. 'WY, Land! t' morrer's Thanksgiving! Got to git out an' make hay.— Don' keer what de preachah say.— We mus' eat Thanksgiving' day. 'Uz sho' uz yo' a 'libbin'—

You know whah Mahs Hudson libst? Dey's a turkey dah dat gibbs. 'Mo a heap o' trouble. Some day Hudson g'ine to miss Dat owidashus fowl o' his: It's g'ine ober dah an' twis' 'At gobblah's nake plumb double.

Goin' pas dah t' othah day. Turkey strutted up an' say: 'A gobble, gobble, gobble!' Much uz of mo'nt' remahk: 'Don' you wish at it wuz dahk? Ain't I temptin'?' S' I: 'You hahk. 'Er else dey'll be a squabble.'

'Take an' wring yo' nake right quick. Light on you lak a thousand brick. 'N' you won't know what befall you. 'N' I went on. 'Yit, evah day. When I goes by that way.— 'At fowl had too much to say: 'N' I'm tiadh uv it, I tell you.

'G'ine to go dis bress'd night. An' put out dat turkey's light. 'N' I'll larn 'em lak a cobbah, Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass; Got to do ma work up fas'. Ain't a-g'ine to take no 'sass. 'Of o' no man's turkey-gobblah.