

fron window grating which Esteban

Cueto swung a heavy lash; the

quinta, and they summoned, among

much satisfaction. The guests looked

welts the thickness of one's thumb:

nevertheless, for the first few moments

the victim suffered less in body than in

spirit. His brain was so benumbed, so

shocked with other excitations, that

We want her to stay here. . . . She

Accustomed as they were to prompt

compliance with their demands, they

spoke imperiously; but they had never

seen a frown like this upon their fa-

"Go to your rooms, my sweethearts,"

"We want Evangelina. She belongs

Don Pablo shook with laughter. "So!

She belongs to you, eh? And I'm to

then, come and give me a kiss, both of

But the children saw that Don Pab-

his eyes were wild and his magnificent

beard was wet with wine; therefore

"You won your bet fairly," Esteban

growled at him. "Pay no heed to these

"Evangelina is ours," the little ones

you, and I'll see what can be done."

to us," they chorused, stubbornly,

She plays with us every day. . .

Sebastian made no outcry. The whip

had indicated.

on approvingly.

belongs to us."

ther's face.

Don Esteban directed.

bravely repeated.

whom they dearly loved.

haps you value this wench at more

than a thousand pesos; if so, you will

"No! She's only an ordinary girl.

My wife doesn't like her, and so I de-

termined to get rid of her. She is

yours, fairly enough," Varona told him.

breed her to Salvador, my cochero.

and rose to his feet, "Master! You

He's the strongest man I have."

mean by this, anyhow?"

dom. I warn you-"

"Then send her to my house. I'll

Sebastian uttered a strangled cry

"Silence!" ordered Esteban. "Go

But Sebastian, dazed of mind and

At this moment neither master nor

man knew exactly what he said or did.

Sebastian raised his hand on high. In

reality the gesture was meant to call

heaven as a witness to his years of

faithful service, but, misconstruing his

intent, Pablo Peza brought his riding-

whip down across the old man's back,

A shudder ran through Sebastian's

frame. Whirling, he seized Don Pab-

lo's wrist and tore the whin from his

he was well-nigh insensible to physical

pain. That Evangelina, flesh of his

flesh, had been sold, that his lifelong

faithfulness had brought such reward

as this that Esteban, light of his soul,

had turned against him-all this was

Finnish Monarchy

"Ho! None of that."

say that I cheated you."

for Evangelina.

must not-"

growled.

fever?"

CHAPTER II.

Spanish Gold. The twins were seven years old when Donna Isabel's schemes bore their first bitter fruit, and the occasion was a particularly uproarious night when Don Esteban entertained a crowd of his Castilian friends. Little Rosa was awakened at a inte hour by the laughter and shouts of her father's guests. She was afraid, for there was some thing strange about the voices, some quality to them which was foreign to the child's experience. Creeping into her brother's room, she awoke him, and together they listened. Rosa began to whimper, and when Esteban tried to reassure her his own voice was thin

In the midst of their agitation they heard some one weeping; there came a rush of feet down the hallway, and the next instant Evangelina flung herself into the room

and reedy from fright.

She fell upon her knees before them. "Little master! Little mistress!" she sobbed. "You will save me, won't you? We love each other, eh? See then, what a crime this is! Say that you will save me!"

The children were frightened, but they managed to quaver: "What has happened? Who has harmed you?" "Don Pablo Peza," wept the negress. "Your father has sold me to him-lost

me at cards. Oh, I shall die! Sebastian won't believe it. He is praying. they hung back.



"Your Father Has Sold Me to Him!" And Asensio- But what can they do to help me? You alone can save me. You won't let Don Pablo take me away? It would kill me."

"Wait!" Esteban scrambled out of bed and stood before his dusky nurse and playmate. "Don't cry any more. I'll tell papa that you don't like Don

Rosa followed. "Yes, come along. brother," she cried, shrilly. "We'll tell Don Pablo to go home and leave our Evangelina."

"My blessed doves! But will they listen to you?" mouned the slave. "Papa does whatever we ask," they

assured her, gravely. "If he should growl we'll come back and hide you in the big wardrobe where nobody will ever find you." Then hand in hand, with their long nightgowns lifted to their knees, they pattered out into the hall and down toward the living room, whence came the shouting and the

Don Mario de Castano, who was facing the door, stopped in the midst of a ribald song to cry: "God be praised! What's this I see?"

The others looked and then burst into merriment, for across the litter of cards and dice and empty glasses they saw a dimpled girt and boy, as like as two peas. They were just out of bed: they were peering through the smoke. and blinking like two little owls.

"So! You awaken the household with your songs," some one chided Don

"Two cherubs from heaven," another exclaimed.

But the father lurched forward, a frown upon his face. "What is this, my dears?" he inquired, thickly. "Run back to your beds. This is no place for you."

"We love Evangelina," piped the twins. "You must not let Don Pablo have her-if you please."

"Evangelina?" They nodded. "We love her. . .

fingers. Although the Spanlard was a strong man, he attered a cry of pain. At this indignity to a guest Esteban flew into a fury. "Pancho!" he cried.
"Ho! Pancho!" When the manager came running, Esteban explained: This fool is dangerous. He raised his

hand to me and to Don Pablo."

Sebastian's protests were drowned by the angry voices of the others. "Tie him to yonder grating," directed Esteban, who was still in the grip of a senseless rage. "Flog him well and make haste about it."

Sebastian, who had no time in which to recover himself, made but a weak resistance when Panche Cueto locked lie by the state department Monday. im followed his firing shots at peas commander at Camp Dix, N. J., was hagen. his wrists into a pair of clumsy, old- Election of 80 Socialists show the de- ants who trespassed on his grounds | ill when he arrived her on the Leviafashioned manacles, first passing the feat of the monarchist principles for Afterward the peasants pillaged the than on March 6, He was a native of landed at Hartlepool by a British finin around one of the bars of the al ltime, it was added.

for the flies to punish. They will remind him of his insolence."

Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went

All that morning Sebastian stood with his hands chained high over his head. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his lacerated back; the blood dried and clotted there; a cloud of files gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cueto's whip.

Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about noontime and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; therefore, when he mounted his horse he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was doglike and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled in the old fellow's breast, botter by far than sound of his blows echoed through the the fever from his fly-blown sores. He was thirsty, too, but that was the least others, Donna Isabel, who watched of his sufferings. the scene from behind her shutter with

Some time during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which he leaned. The speaker was Donna

bit deep; it drew blood and raised Isabel, "Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began in a tone of gentleness and pity. "Yes, mistress," The speaker's tongue was thick and swollen.

> "Can I help you?" The negro raised his head; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him.

"Give me a drink of water," he said, honrsely. "Surely, a great gourdful, all cool

and dripping from the well, But first 1 want you to tell me something." "A drink, for the love of heaven," panted the old man, and Donna Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his

thick lips, how near the torture had

come to prostrating him. "I'll do more," she promised, and her be robbed of my winnings. Very well, voice was like honey. "Til tell Pancho Cueto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me somelo's face was strangely flushed, that

> "What can I tell you?" "Oh, you know very well! I've asked it often enough, but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He is a miser; he has no heart; he cares for nobody, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him. Tell me-is there really a treasure, or-?"



-is There Really a Treasure. or-7"

The woman gasped; she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment. "Tell me there is, Sebastian. I've heard so many lies that I begin to doubt."

The old man nodded. "Oh, yes, there is a treasure," said he.

"Oh! You have seen it?" Isabel was trembling as if with an ague. "What is it like? How much is there? Good Sebastian, I'll give you water; I'll have you set free if you tell me."

about your business. What do you "How much? I don't know. But there is much-pieces of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks and in little boxes sick of soul, went on, unheeding. "She -the boxes are bound with iron and is my girl. You promised me her freehave hasps and staples; bars of precious metal and little paper pack-"Eh?" The planter swayed forward ages of gems, all tied up and hidden in and with blazing eyes surveyed his leather bags." slave. "You warn me? Of what?" he

"Yes! Go on." "There are ornaments, too. God knows they must have come from heaven, they are so beautiful; and pearls from the Caribbean as large as

"Are you speaking the truth?" "Did I not make the hiding-place all alone? Senora, everything is there just as I tell you-and more. The grants of title from the crown for this quinta and the sugar plantations, they are there, too. Don Esteban used to fear the government officials, so he hid his papers securely. Without them the lands belong to no one. You understand?"

"Of course! Yes, yes! But the jewels- Where are they hidden?" "You would never guess!" Sebastian's voice gathered strength. "Ten

simply astounding. Gradually he bethousand men in ten thousand years gan to resent the shricking injustice of would never find the place, and nobody it all, and unsuspected forces gathered knows the secret but Don Esteban and inside of him. They grew until his frame was shaken by primitive savage After a time Don Esteban cried: That will do, Cueto! Leave him now

German General Is

Is On Decline COPENHAGEN, March 17.—Gener the German armies in Flanders, was ant Colonel David Hunter Scott, as-

"I believe you. I knew all the time it was here. Well? Where is it?" Sebastian hesitated and said, pite-

ously, "I am dying-" Isabel could scarcely contain herself. "Til give you water, but first tell me where-where! God in heaven! Can't sive hands wrapped in the chain and you see that I, too, am perishing?"

"I must have a drink." "Tell me first." Sebastian lifted his head and, meet-

At the sound of his unnatural merriment Isabel recoiled as if stung. She stared at the slave's face in amazement and then in fury. She stammered, incoherently, "You-you have beenlying !"

ing the speaker's eyes, laughed hoarse-

"Oh no! The treasure is there, the greatest treasure in all Cuba, but you shall never know where it is. I'll see to that. It was you who sold my girl; it was you who brought me to this; it was your hand that whipped me. Well, I'll tell Don Esteban how you tried to bribe his secret from me! What do you think he'll do then? Eh? You'll feel the lash on your white back-"

"You fool!" Donna Isabel looked murder. "I'll punish you for this; I'll make you speak if I have to rub your wounds with salt."

But Sebastian closed his eyes wearily. "You can't make me suffer more than I have suffered," he said. "And now-I curse you. May that treasure be the death of you. May you live in torture like mine the rest of your days; may your beauty turn to ugliness such that men will splt at you; may you never know peace again until you die in poverty and want-"

But Donna Isabel, being superstitious, fled with her fingers in her ears; nor did she undertake to make good her barbarous threat, realizing opportunely that it would only serve to betray her desperate intentions and put her husband further on his guard.

As the sun was sinking beyond the farther rim of the Yumuri and the valley was beginning to fill with shadows Esteban Varona rode up the hill. His temper was more evil than ever, if that were possible, for he had drunk again in an effort to drown the memory of his earlier actions. With him were Pablo Peza, and Mario de Castano, Col. Mendoza y Linares, old Pedro Miron, the advocate, and others of less consequence, whom Esteban had gathered from the Spanish club. The host dismounted and lurched across the courtyard to Sebastian.

"So, my fine fellow," he began. "Have you had enough of rebellion by

Sebastian's face was working as he turned upon his master to say: "I would be lying if I told you that I am sorry for what I did. It is you who have done wrong. Your soul is black with this crime. Where is my girl?"

"The devil! To hear you talk one would think you were a free man," The planter's eyes were bleared and he brandished his riding-whip threateningly. "I do as I please with my slaves. I tolerate no insolence. Your girl? of wounded horses added to the din. Well, she's in the house of Salvador, Don Pablo's cochero, where she belongs."

Sebastian had hung sick and limp against the grating, but at these words his lips drew back over his blue gums. Noting his expression of ferocity, Esteban cut at his naked back with the riding-whip, crying:

"Ho! Not subdued yet, eh? You need another flogging."

"Curse you and all that is yours," roared the maddened slave. "May you know the misery you have put upon me. May you rot for a million years in hell. May your children's bodies grow filthy with disease; may they starve; may they-"

Sebastian was yelling, though his voice was hoarse with pain. The lash drew blood with every blow. Meanwhile, he wrenched and tugged at his

bonds with the fury of a manjac. "Pablo! Your machete, quick!" panted the slaveowner. "I'll make an end of this black fiend, once for all."

Esteban Varona's guests had looked on at the scene with the same mild interest they would display at the whipping of a balky horse; and, now that the animal threatened to become dangerous, it was in their view quite the proper thing to put it out of the way. Explosion Causes Don Pablo Peza stepped toward his mare to draw the machete from its scabbard. But he did not hand it to his friend. He heard a shout, and turned in time to see a wonderful and a terrible thing.

Sebastian had braced his naked feet against the wall; he had bowed his back and bent his massive shoulders -a back and a pair of shoulders that looked as bony and muscular as those of an ox-and he was heaving with every ounce of strength in his enormous body. As Pablo stared he saw the heavy grating come away from its anchorage in the solld masonry, as a shrub is uprooted from soft ground. The rods bent and twisted; there was a clank and rattle and clash of metal upon the flags; and then-Sebastian turned upon his termentor, a free man, save only for the wide iron bracelets and their connecting chain. He was quite insane. His face was frightful to behold; it was apelike in its animal rage, and he towered above his master like some fabled creature out of the African jungle of his forefathers.

Sebastian's fists alone would have been formidable weapons, but they were armored and weighted with the old-fashioned, hand-wrought irons which Pancho Cueto had locked upon them. Wrapping the chain in his fingers, the playe leaped at Esteban and struck, once. The sound of the blow was sickening, for the whole bony structure of Esteban Varona's head guve way.

Col. D. H. Scott Dies Clubbed to Death In New York Monday

North Dakota.

There was a horrified cry from the other white men. Don Pablo Pena ran forward, shouting. He swung his machete, but Sebastian met him before the blow could descend, and they went down together upon the hard stones. Again Sebastian amote, with his mas-



The Slave Leaped at Esteban, and Struck, Once.

his wrists encased in steel, and this time it was as if Don Pablo's head had been caught between a hammer and an anvil. The negro's strength, exceptional at all times, was multiplied tenfold; he had run amuck. When he arose the machete was in his grasp and Don Pablo's brains were on his knuckles.

It all happened in far less time than it takes to tell. The onlookers had not yet recovered from their first consternation; in fact they were still fumbling and tugeing at whatever weapons they carried, when Sebastian came toward them, brandishing the blade on high. Pedro Miron, the advocate, was the third to fall. He tried to scramble out of the negro's path, but, being an old man, his limbs were too stiff to serve him and he went down shricking.

By now the horses had caught the scent of hot blood and were plunging furiously, the clatter of their hoofs mingling with the blasphemies of the riders, while Sebastian's bestial roaring made the commotion even more

Esteban's guests fought as much for their lives as for vengeance upon the slayer, for Sebastian was like a gorilla; he seemed intent upon killing them all. He vented his fury upon whatever came within his reach; he struck at men and animals alike, and the shricks

It was a frightful combat. It seemed incredible that one man could work such dreadful havoc in so short a time. | ual case, was apparently made certain Varona and two of his friends were dead; two more were badly wounded, inal laws late yesterday when the lowhe suddenly roused. He strained at and a Peruvian stallion lay kicking on er house passed the bill. The measure his manacles and the bars groaned un- the flagging when Col. Mendoza y Linder his weight. His eyes began to roll, ares finally managed to get a bullet home in the black man's brain.

Those who came running to learn the cause of the hubbub turned away sick and pallid, for the paved yard was a shambles. Pancho Cueto called upon the slaves to help him, but they slunk back to their quarters, dumb with ter-

ror and dismay. All that night people from the town below came and went and the quinta resounded to sobs and lamentations, but of all the relatives of the dead and wounded, Donna Isabel took her bereavement hardest. Strange to say. she could not be comforted. Now, when it was too late, she realized that she had overreached herself, having caused the death of the only two who knew the secret of the treasure. She remembered, also, Sebastian's statement that even the deeds of patent for the land were hidden with the rest, where ten thousand men in ten thousand years

could never find them. (Continued in next issue).

Death of Two

PORTLAND, March 13.-James George Udy, 5415 Sixty-fourth avenue promoting a plan for a world-wide expected to die at any moment, as a to a Helsingfors dispatch to the Mail, result of an internal explosion of a quoting advices from Moscow. Scotch marine boiler in the basement rison streets, at 11 o'clock this morning. James Red was slightly burned, but not seriously enough to necessitate of war and marine, when they lived his removal to the hospital.

Lower Rates On Postage to Return Clyde J. Rupert

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.-Instructions were received by the San Francisco postmaster yesterday from Washington to dispose of his stocks of among the honor men from the Ore three-cent stamped envelopes, two cent postal cards and three-cent adhesive stamps, preparatory to a re- nated in the flight last night of Jack turn on July 1 of pre-war postage rates. Three-cent stamps will be used after June 30 on third- and fourthclass mail. After July 1 letters will require a two-cent stamp, postal cards

BIG TRANSPORT SUNK BY MINE NINE ARE LOST

LUNDON, March 15 .- Nine sailors NEW YORK, March 18.-Lieuten are reported drowned in the sinking WASHINGTON, March 17.—The clubbed to death by a mob of infuri- sistant chief of staff of the Twenty- haven, which struck a mine at 1:35 monarchist constitution of Finland is ated peasants in Asch, Bohemia, it seventh division, died here Monday o'clock Friday morning, according to doomed to fall ultimately, according was reported in dispatches received from pneumonia. Colonel Scott, a son a report to Lloyd's. The Yse'haven to Swedish press reports made publiere today. The murder of von Arn. of Major General Hugh L. Scott, was sound from Baltimore to Copen-

Thirty-five survivors have been

ROLL OF HONOR

Died from Wounds Private Albert J. Hamilton, Bellingham, Wash.

Died of Disease Corporal George F. Meats, Eugene,

Private Henry Randala, Tacoma

Private Leonard J. Slaake, Spokane, Wash.

Died from Accident and Other Causes Private Albert Scharf, Portland, Or. Private Samuel F. Austin, Spokane, Wash.

Died of Disease Corporal Leo Kenneth McCormack, Republic, Wash.

Returned to Duty, Previously Report ed Wounded Private Lester Patterson, Scattle,

Lenroot Attacks League Constitution

WASHINGTON, March 18 .- If President Wilson does not negotiate a peace treaty satisfactory to the senate, Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, republican, said in a address on the league of nations before the Wash ington Commercial club here tonight congress may pass a joint resolution summarily ending the war with Germany without a treaty, leaving American participation in the league

of nations to future determination. Senator Lenroot declared he favored the general plan of the league as proposed, but would not be coerc ed into voting for the constitution as now drawn without amendment.

HIGH COURT TO TEST AUTHORITY OF BURLESON

WASHINGTON, March 17 .- Auth crity of Postmaster General Burleson to increase telephone rates through out the country is to be determined by the supreme court, which today granted the state of Kansas permis. When the police were trying to break sion to institute original proceedings up a parade of textile workers today, against the postmaster general, ques shots were fired from tenement houstioning the validity of his order of es, officers were stoned and persons December 13 last establishing new in the crowd clubbed. Many arrests toll rates. The court ordered that a were made. It was the most violent return be made in the case at the disturbance that had occurred since next term in October.

Bill On Capital Punishment Passes

OLYMPIA, Wash., March 12.-Capi tal punishment for first-degree murder, if the jury so wills in an individof restoration to Washington's crimhad already passed the senate and I now up to Acting Governor Hart.

EXECUTED IN BERLIN

BERLIN, March 14.-More than er in the prison court yard, were shot had been in effect during the war. down by machine guns this afternoon. War Minister Noske has ordered that all Spartacan prisoners shall be exe- meeting of the boilermakers' iron cuted similarly.

Government troops completed the capture of the suburb of Lichtenberg today. The railway station, where the insurgents had made their final stand was taken by storm. The Spartacans suffered 200 casualties in the attack.

RUSSIANS PLANNING

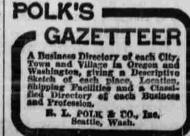
Asher, 422 Roselawn avenue, and soviet government, with a view to 000 monthly. Southeast, are dead, and Claude H. communist revolution, has appointed Hoffman, 188 East Sixty-ninth street a new minister, to be known as "in- 17,000 more American troops are North, is in Good Samaritan hospital ternational commissarie," according homeward bound from France on sev-

The new minister is a Swiss named nounced this afternoon of the Corbett building, Fifth and Mor- Moor, who was a friend of Nikolai Lenine, the Bolshevik premier, and in Switzerland. Moor is said to have been given unlimited financial and political powers at Moscow.

GOLD HILL, Or., March 17 .- An alleged extensive plan of escape gon penitentiary employed at the Henry E. McGinn and John McCourt, state lime plant at Gold Hill culmi-Hardy and Clyde J. Rupert, prisoners, who were in the hills west of Gold Hill today pursued by a posse led by three years and a fine of \$500 also one of the guards from the peniten- was imposed. tiary and the prison bloodhounds.

tablishment of another canery and potato mill here soon.

Brownsville-Old yoolen mill here to be turned into box factory.



GERMAN U-BOAT SUNK BY SPANIARDS WHEN ATTEMPTING ESCAPE

PARIS, March 17.-The German submarine U-48, while attempting to escape from Ferrol, Spain, last night, was chased by a destroyer and sunk according to a Havas dispatch from Madrid.

The U-48 took refuge at Ferrol in March, 1918, and was interned. The attempted flight of the U-boat was observed and the torpedoboat destroyer Antalo pursued her. The German boat was sunk outside the Ferrol roads. The crew was saved.

PRESIDENT WILSON GIVEN WELCOME ON ARRIVAL IN PARIS

PARIS, March 14 .- President Wilson arrived here from Brest at 12:03

P. M. today. President and Madame Polcare greeted the president and Mrs. Wilson at the Invalides station. While their wives chatted on the red carpet ed platform, the two presidents in

spected the guard of honor. A band played the American nation al anthem as the train drew into the station and the "Marseillaise" as the Wilsons started for their new residence in the Place Des Etats Unis, accompanied by an escort of cavalry.

TEXTILE WORKERS IN CLASH WITH FOLICE AT LAWRENCE, MASS.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 18.the strike began six weeks ago.

SHIPYARD RIVETERS WALK OUT ON STRIKE

SEATTLE, March 14.-Seattle and Tacoma metal trades councils will hold a joint meeting in Tacoma Saturday night, it was announced today, to discuss grievances of approximate 1000 riveters and helpers who have again walked out of the steel shipyards, since their return to work following the declaring off of the recent strike. The workers charge that the employers have discriminated against the men and have not lived up to the conditions that were in force prior to January 21, when the shipyard strike was called. One cause of dissatisfaction was said to be that the employers oundred Spartacans, chained togeth had abolished the bonus system which

Protests from the men who have struck were considered tonight at a shipbuilders' and helpers' union.

RETURN OF SOLDIERS

PARIS, March 18 .- President Will son today directed all American TO SPREAD RED TERROR transport officials to make good their promises to speed up the return of American soldiers to the United States. Beginning next mouth they LONDON, March 13.-The Russian will be sent back at the rate of 300,

WASHNIGTON, March 18 .- Nearly en transports and one United States cruiser, the war department an-

IS GIVEN H. ALBERS

PORTLAND, March 17.-Three years in prison and a \$10,000 fine Makes Escape was imposed on Henry Albers by Judge Wolverton today for violation of the espionage act. Before passing sentence, Judge Wolverton denied the motion for a new trial, argued by counsel for Albers.

Dr. Marie Equi, who was convicted of violating the espionage act several months ago was sentenced to serve

Salem—Prospects excellent for ea-DEMOCRATS MAY DIVIDE ON SUPPORT OF WILSON

WASHINGTON, March 17.-Whether or not Champ Clark is elected minority leader of the house in the next congress it is already apparent that the result will disclose a serious split in the Democratic party on the question of support of the president.

The administration has set out to defeat Clark because of his opposition to the president and his policies, and the former speaker is up against a bitter fight.