CAREER OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

FROM SHOEMAKER TO LEADER OF AN EMPIRE — HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE

FROM shoemaker to leader of an Empire—that, in a word, sums up the career of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, present Colonial Secretary of England.

But had Joseph Chamberlain "stuck to his last," as all good shoemakers are supposed to do, it is doubtful if the world at large ever would have heard of him.

It was not from making shoes that Chamberlain won name and fortune. The lucky purchase of an invention for putting points on screws gave the English statesman the upward thrust which won him a place—perhaps not an enviable one—on the pinnacle of Fame.

"The man who made the Boer war"—as W. T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, has called Chamberlain—began his business career in the year 1852 as a member of the firm of "J. Chamberlain & Son, wholesale boot and shoe merchants," at 38 Milk street, a little alley-like thoroughfare in London just off Cheapside, two blocks from St. Paul's Cathedral.

The future Colonial Secretary of the British Empire then was in his 16th year, and his dreams of empire-building—if he had any—extended little beyond the shoemaker's bench in his father's shop.

Mr. Chamberlain was born at Cumberwell, a division of South London, in 1836, and received the rudiments of his education at a little village school almost adjoining his home. He attended this school until his 8th year, when the family moved to the north of London. From his 8th to his 16th year, Chamberlain attended the Rev. Arthur Johnson's school in Canonbury Square, London, completing his education at the University College School.

His First Shrewd Move.

Those who have studied Chamberlain's school days have failed to find anything remarkable about the youthful scholar at this period. He held a medium place in his class, never achieved any scholastic triumphs, and his only indication of his future ability was a fairly good oratory at debate.

It is on record that he was a good hand at driving a bargain; and quick to take advantage of any opportunity to improve his material condition. A story is related of how the future Colonial Secretary "managed" an affair whereby Chamberlain, who was arbitrator in a fight, won a cricket outfit through sheer force of bluffing.

Here is the story: Two of Chamberlain's school companions got into a dispute over some points at cricket. The cricket outfit belonged to one of the boys. The point was referred to young Chamberlain as arbitrator. There was a great deal of ill-feeling on both sides. Chamberlain took the cricket outfit and said he would decide the matter in a few days. In the meantime, the two combatants came to blows, and "fought out" their difficulties, after which they shook hands and "made up." Both then asked Chamberlain to restore the cricket outfit, as they had become friends.

Chamberlain was much larger than either of the others, and this was the decision he rendered: "As you have decided the matter yourself, after putting me to a lot of trouble, I shall keep the cricket outfit for my pains."

Went Early to Work.

This incident throws a great deal of light on the inner character of Chamberlain. It was a foreshadowing, in a measure, of his policy in the Boer war, particularly of the part he took in the famous Jameson raid; a practical illustration of

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That he should take who has the power;
> And he should keep who can.

In those days, a youth destined, as was Chamberlain, for a commercial career had his collegiate days shortened as much as possible.

Chamberlain received no further schooling after his 16th year, but went to work in his father's place of business in Milk street, Cheapside.

Though his father was well-to-do and could have given his son a "soft job" in the firm, no such good luck was in store for him.

"You will learn all the details of the trade, Joe," said father to young Chamberlain the first day he entered the place, "from making a pair of shoes up to keeping a set of books."

It was not long before the future statesman found himself seated on a typical shoemakers' bench, with awl and needle in hand, making a crude pair of shoes under the direction of his father's foreman. When he had learned to make shoes perfectly he was transferred to another department of the business.

Joseph Chamberlain, the elder, was a man of indomitable will, and as "hard as nails" in driving a bargain or carrying out his own plans. He had succeeded in business to the extent of becoming master of the Cordwainers' Company—practically head of the shoemaking business—and he was not a man to see any excuse for the failure even of one of his own sons.

One of the earliest lessons impressed upon young Chamberlain was the fact that he would have to be "worth his salt," if he expected to remain a member of the firm.

Daniel's son, William, left Laycock and began as a cordwainer in London. He and his two sons became prosperous merchants. The father of the Colonial Secretary is the grandson of the William Chamberlain who went to London in the early part of the last century. So, Chamberlain comes by his trade honestly and deserves credit for being proud of it.

When young Chamberlain had been two years learning the shoemaking business, his father became interested in certain patent rights in wooden screws.

These patents had been secured for England by Joseph Nettleford, of Birmingham, who had married Martha Chamberlain, aunt of young Joseph Chamberlain. The youthful shoemaker, who had displayed while under his father's watchful eye considerable business ability—his skill in making successful purchases for the firm being most noticeable—was sent down to Birmingham to take charge of his father's interest in the new business of making screws.

The screw manufactory had to be built up before it would begin to pay a profit, and it was at Birmingham that Chamberlain spent some of the most strenuous years of his life. His father and cousin were furnishing the money for the new business, but the principal responsibility of making it return dividends devolved upon Chamberlain's shoulders.

Chamberlain has described the condition of the Birmingham hardware manufacturers during these days. He says:

"Birmingham manufacturers in those days not unfrequently worked side by side with their men, and sometimes with members of their family in their own dwelling-house or in small premises attached to it. When the bigger men began to use steam power instead of hand labor only, such small owners could not compete with them, and, failing out of the ranks of employers, many of them obtained work as foremen and overlookers. Gradually most of the small firms disappeared as the factories became larger."

Chamberlain has been severely attacked by the London press again and again for his part in forming a species of early trust among the Birmingham manufacturers of screws. By making various combinations with other concerns besides his own, Chamberlain was enabled to advance the price of screws, and to "freeze out" nearly all the smaller manufacturers. Chamberlain has been openly accused in so many words of "securing a monopoly by questionable dodges," and one of the stories going the rounds is to the effect that he had made his fortune out of another's invention.

When Chamberlain first went into the business of making screws, it was in the days before these useful articles had pointed ends. The screws all being blunt at the tip, it was necessary that a separate hole should be bored before the screw would operate.

A young man in Chamberlain's employ, so the story runs, one day suggested that the screws should have ends to them like the points of a gimlet. The inventor first showed his plans and drawings to Chamberlain.

Chamberlain kept the drawings for some time, and secretly had some screws made after the young inventor's model. These screws worked like a charm, and Chamberlain at once saw that the invention was an extremely valuable one.

It is said that he reported to the inventor that the idea was not particularly valuable, as it would necessitate the making of entirely new machinery throughout all the screw-making factories in England. He offered the inventor, however, £60 ($300) for his entire rights.

Under the circumstances, and in view of the discouraging aspect which Chamberlain had shrewdly placed on the gimlet screw idea, the inventor gladly accepted the terms.

Not Over Grateful.

Thereupon patents were immediately taken out for the device, and as soon as the new screws were put on the market, Nettlefold and Chamberlain began to receive so many orders for screws that they could not be filled, even though all the machines in the factory were kept working day and night. Within six months Chamberlain's firm practically controlled the screw-making business of England.

Those who delight in attacking the character of the Colonial Secretary have constantly asserted that even after he had made a vast fortune from the adoption of the gimlet-point idea he failed to aid the inventor, or even to keep him employed at fair wages. Whether this story be true or not, the fact remains that Chamberlain did make his vast fortune, estimated at about $10,000,000, by introducing the gimlet-pointed screw. It is also a fact that he did not invent this idea, but purchased the patent outright at a very low price.

The friends of Chamberlain, in defending him, say that he improved his opportunity as many other men have done before and since his time. The inventor should, they say, have kept a sharp lookout for his own interests, and he would have obtained good value for his remarkably simple and effective device.

In 1865, 11 years after Chamberlain had gone into the screw-making business, his firm was manufacturing 90,000 gross of screws out of the 120,000 gross then being turned out weekly in Birmingham. An oversight in judgment on the part of the Chamberlain firm at this time was their failure to secure patent rights in other countries than England.

As a consequence, America, Russia, Germany and France began to cut into the profits of the Chamberlain firm. Despite competition, however, Chamberlain and Nettleford obtained a large percentage of trade and managed to hold it throughout many years. The great firm of Nettleford, Limited, now represents the Chamberlain interests, and does one of the largest businesses in England.

This firm not only made screws, but also corkscrews, button hooks, picture rings and other articles. The Nettlefold-Chamberlain combine or trust has absorbed several of the largest manufacturing concerns in England.

Took Up Local Politics.

He began, at this time, to take great interest in local politics, joining the Liberal Asociation of Birmingham. In 1865 he took an active interest over the agitation of Gladstone's reform bill.

Chamberlain made his first important political speech in 1867, at the age of 31. In this speech he made some bitter sarcastic remarks, comparing his opponents to quack medicine men. From that time on Chamberlain's speeches have been full of virile personalities.

He is a vigorous debater, quick to take advantage of any opening—even the most minute—in the enemy's ranks. His utterances often descend to remarks which startle conservative, dignified debaters.

In 1869 Chamberlain became a member of the Birmingham Corporation, a position corresponding to that of an American alderman. In 1884 he became president of the Board of Trade.

Chamberlain and his brothers at one time owned outright an island in the South Seas. The Colonial Secretary had considerable property in the Bahamas, which was controlled by his son Neville Chamberlain. It has been said that the possession of these personal Chamberlain "colonies" were the first influences which directed the Colonial Secretary toward his British expansion policy. He has been ambitious to see England sole owner and ruler of as much property outside of England as possible.

Chamberlain's connection with the Boer War is too recent history to require narration here. That he was instrumental in bringing about the Jameson raid, and the whitewashing of the brother of Cecil Rhodes, and indeed of Rhodes himself, is well known.

The personality of Chamberlain is a striking one. He is tall, weighs about 190 pounds, is angular of person and has a ferret-like visage. The monacle which he invariably wears in his right eye, and the flower which juts from his buttonhole, combined with his immaculate linen and fashionable attire, give him the appearance of a typical dandy.

But Mr. Chamberlain's dandified appearance is merely a sort of cloak to disarm suspicion. He is a fighter. When he gets up to reply and opens the batteries of his vicious oratory, he always says something that counts. Mr. Balfour knows this better than any other man.

Chamberlain's fine clothes and natty make-up correspond in a measure to Caesar's loosely fitting girdle. "Beware of the ill-girdled young man,' says Sylla in referring to Caesar; and the modern Sylla might have well exclaimed years ago, "Beware of the monocled Chamberlain."

W. B. NORTHROP.

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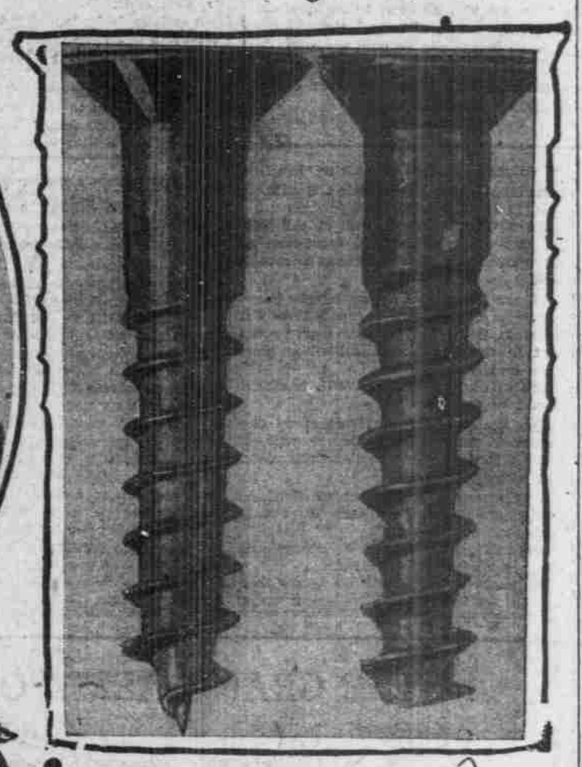
LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Secretary of State for English Colonies.

Chamberlain's Library, Birmingham.

Earliest Portrait of Chamberlain Taken at age of 35 Years.



Old and New Screws from latter of which Chamberlain made his fortune

TRUE ACCOUNT OF A ROMANCE IN PERU — LA RUBIA — BY MAJOR ALFRED F. SEARS C. E.

LIMA, the Capital of a South American republic, which has known more sorrow and joy, more public spirit and treason, more ignominy and glory, than any other country on this Western continent; Lima, the Capital of Peru, has long gloried in calling itself the Paris of America. If that means to be the most brilliant in streets and shops and salons; the most exacting in theater and opera; to own the most diamonds on the Continent and the finest; to attend early mass the most rigorously, and coquette the most silly in returning from church; to dance more ravishingly and glance more seductively than any other people on earth, then the Capital of Peru is certainly the Paris of America. It is, moreover, a glad city in its outward expression, its complexion. Its walls, finished by the hands of Italian artists in fine stucco, are brilliantly colored; and even the iron gratings, that barricade every lower window of its houses, are designed in tasteful patterns and gay colors and gilding.

A special feature of a Lima dwelling is the balcony. It is true that every Spanish town of pretense abounds in balconies, but those of Lima are peculiar to that city. They seem not to be an integral part of the edifice, but, like a lady's jewel, added solely for show. Extending the whole front of the great drawing-room and overhanging the street without support of column or bracket, from the base up to the window-sill they are paneled in gilded moldings and joyous colors, and above are protected from the sun's bright glare with gay awnings. Into these balconies the women of Lima come to see and be seen at a certain time and discreet distance, for a part of every day. Not with indecorous intent, but because it is a pleasant thing and pretty, to loll over a crimson cushion upon the window-sill and watch the rolling current of life in the street below, during the cool hours of the late afternoon. Generous in the display of their brilliant beauty, the Limenas are modest women, virtuous wives and fascinating members of society, where their vivacity and intelligence make them charming companions.

More than a score of years have passed since, one day, the native beauty was eclipsed by an unheralded arrival from Spain, who had come with her parents, they said, fresh from the innocence of a Castilian convent, to join the home circle in Piura, the most northern department of the republic.

Dona Juana Maria Mendoza was not one of the ordinary type of Lima belles. They have great, eloquent black eyes; hair as black and glossy as a crow's wing, oval faces and olive-tinted complexions, through which a flush of rich, ripe, passionate blood provokes the admiration of men. The Dona Juana was none of this. On the contrary, she became known as La Rubia, for her hair was fair, worn in two short braided tresses, during the day, bound together at the ends with a bright blue ribbon; and her throat, white and polished as pearl, set off the more brilliantly her fresh, rosy face, with its large, loving, innocent blue eyes. But her arm! "Heavens!" said the swells, "what an arm! Was anything so exquisite ever before seen!"

As La Rubia leaned in guileless freedom, every afternoon, over the blue and gold cushion, her beautiful arm, with the evening privilege of the occasion, shone forth in its delicate tint of rose pearl, and the innocent freedom of dazzling beauty all over the world. Sometimes the hand supported the queenly little head; at others it hung down over the bright satin lambrequin, as if inviting worship, which, whether received consciously or not, was daily rendered in full share. This arm, tapering from the full, round, voluptuous shoulder to the fine wrist, was adorned with a laughing dimple, by the way, and ended in a hand somewhat broad in the palm, in the judgment of scrawny maidens; but the tapering, dimpled fingers of which was, each of them, a beauty in itself.

In a week La Rubia had become the current theme of the clubs, every man of which passed her balcony daily in the hour of her recreation and threw her "flores" from lip and finger-tip. If she never resented the offering nor even seemed averse to such notice, still she never responded after the gracious manner of Lima.

"She is as cold as the crown of the Misti," said Don Eulogio Sevilla. "As pure," said Don Manuel Calderon, "not as cold; no woman can be cold with that complexion. She is absorbed; her heart is doubtless among the valleys of Castile."

One man never discussed her; he listened to all that was said; sometimes he bestowed on the speaker an expression of withering pity. He was not an attractive man to look at as men go; he had passed the age of fifty, was tall, thin, and carried high, for he was remarkably erect, a sharp, red nose, under which grew a meagre, rank, weeping moustache, through the wires of which, one got glimpses of three or four long, blackened snags that stood for teeth. His hair grew low upon his brow, showing, with his enormous backhead the man of will and tireless energy. This was the Colonel of Cavalry, Don Martin Lopez, in battle cool, fearless, invincible. In peace not fit to be at large; a reckless gamester, a cruel and unjust husband, now deserted by a loveable and beautiful wife; a false friend, an intriguing debauchee.

II.

More than a month had passed and not one of the members of La Union, the "swell" club of the city, could boast a recognition from La Rubia. Night had come and the gathering of Lima's elite in the elegant club-rooms over against the Cathedral; the conversation ran into its regular channel for these days, and betrayed the general conviction that La Rubia's heart was absent. One had seen her on the street in the gown and black leather belt of a penitent of La Merced. "But what a glorious figure! What a superb bust! What a royal carriage! What modest indifference to men!" No one had seen her at the opera, but every morning a score of young men awaited her retirement from early mass, in the plazuelita of San Pedro, where she was constant.

In the midst of this gossipy chat, Don Manuel Calderon appeared; held the door ajar an instant, craned his neck to peer about the room and then, shutting the door behind him, advanced a step, leaned forward, placed a forefinger on his lip and asked: "Has Colonel Lopez been here this evening?" No, the Colonel had not yet arrived. "Dios mio! Hijos, what do you think? What I say is the truth. I have seen the infernal picaro walk home from early mass this morning, with La Rubia."

A moan swept over the company; a moan made up of oaths, groans and hissing. "Oh! she was superb! She looked heavenly," added Don Manuel.

"She can only be safe in Piura," declared an anxious clubman.

"Safe in Piura?" growled Don Manuel; "then she must go soon, seeing that fascinating beast has her in his fangs. Dios mio! was there ever a thing like it?"

While the young man talked of Colonel Martin Lopez, in charge of the Prefectura. To suppose he had sought the position that he might gain possession of La Rubia is the puerile thought of those young men of society who knew him for his worst nature and jealousy ignored his having any other or better side.

The truth is, this man cared for no woman not distinctly in his way. But, in his way and beautiful, they said meant "doomed." He had but one ambition, and that he shared with every officer of a Spanish-American Army, who has reached the rank of Colonel; he craved command.

Being neither intellectual in his tastes or endowments, nor highly educated, his repertory of enjoyment was limited; but he had the hearty cordiality which makes the tone of camps. To the reputation of warrior, whose story was written by the onel Martin Lopez and the beautiful creature threatened by his arts, they kept a prudent eye on the door of the salon, liable to be opened at any moment, by that formidable officer.

. . . . . .

It was already approaching midnight, and the gentlemen of the club were settled in their various games of rocambor (Spanish whist) and timbarimba (throwing dice), and were silent if they had not ceased to think of La Rubia, when the door opened and the Colonel of Cavalry marched in, more commanding than ever. They swore there was triumph in his little sharp eye and brisk step as he entered, accompanied by an elderly man, whose physiognomy betrayed his descent from the moorish Jews of Spain. Instantly the playing ceased and every man came forward to salute the Colonel and his guest. "This gentleman," said he, "is Senor Mendoza of Piura, now in the Capital with his charming daughter." Then turning to his companion, "Your accomplished daughter has quite turned the heads of my young friends here. She is queen of hearts in this club, sir."

"Ah, gentlemen," said La Rubia's father, "she is quite too young for your admiration. You have seen her only from a distance, I am sure. You flatter us too much."

The young men crowded around old Mendoza, while the Colonel withdrew to the newspaper.

It is wonderful the interest that attaches to an ugly old man, who happens to be the father of a desirable woman, even with the prospect that she may one day come to look like him. But with all their arts at angling, no man in all that assembly, met the hospitable salutation of the polite Spaniard, "Mi casa es a la disposition de Vd," (my house is at your disposition). Evidently the father knew how precious and coveted was the jewel in that house.

Don Manuel Calderon ventured to ask the old man when he would go to Piura. Mendoza cocked his head on one side, opened his arms with extended palms, shrugged his shoulders and answered, "quien sabe?" I am at the orders of the Prefect.

"What," exclaimed Don Manuel, "is he then in Lima, the Prefect of Piura?"

"Ah, my friend has not then told you? The splendid old soldier, always modest. The Colonel Martin Lopez was this day commissioned to be Prefect of Piura."

Calderon started to his feet. This was plainly cold-blooded strategy to gain control of an innocent girl. But the young man's self-possession returned to him at once; and lighting a cigarito, he sat down again, resuming his conversation with the father of La Rubia.

Colonel Lopez finished his paper and joined the circle about Mendoza. Calderon sword in blood, he added that suave gentleness in the presence of woman which she esteems a tribute to her majesty. Ugly as he was he seemed to her raised about the plane of earth, and if she knew his character and thought him a beast, he was at the least a lion.

The Colonel's ambition was to command; to be a Prefect is the next best thing to the President's Cabinet and more sought, because it leaves the officer free from the annoyances of interpellations and votes of "no confidence." A department lies at the Prefect's feet. We have nothing like it save, perhaps, the military governor of conquered possessions.

Twelve months had passed since Mendoza and his beautiful daughter had arrived at Piura with the companionship of the Colonel Prefecto. La Rubia had become only a charming memory in Lima, like the undefined pleasure left in the soul by a sweet aroma. Meantime, the little northern city was beside itself in her worship; even the women declared her "mui simpatica," and gave fetes in her honor. Every mother and sister of a 30-year-old bachelor determined on La Rubia to be a daughter or sister.

For with her marvelous beauty were prodience and artlessness, to say nothing of her piety, which was rigorous. She was at the altar every morning before 6; also, she went to confession and took the sacrament promptly every month. But yet La Rubia permitted herself no intimacy with any one, save the Colonel Prefect, and him she called Padrino, treating him unreservedly before the world with affectionate confidence. If she smiled on any other man in the presence of her mother, it was certainly the Adjutant, Calderon, who was seriously in love and hoped, by biding his time, to win her in honorable marriage.

But the Prefect was not altogether pleased in his apparent possession of the woman, whom everybody coveted. She rode in the pampa with him and alone, to be sure, but he could never draw her into a tete-a-tete there. She seemed the most accomplished coquette he had yet encountered in a long life of conquests in just such fields. It looked as if he were at last to meet the woman who would avenge her sex. She rode like an amazon; her horse, a thoroughbred Arabian stallion, was her guard, and would have slain any other animal coming near him when she was on his back. In vain the Prefect begged her to ride another and so let their paseo be more tranquil. At home she had always the protecting presence of her mother, and no cajolery of the master of arts availed with that prudent woman to leave her charge in his keeping. He suspected also the designs of the Adjutant, who, he plainly enough saw, attracted the girl's regard. And yet the Colonel Martin Lopez succeeded in conveying to her a ring, which had already been worn by a dozen other beauties, and was paraded by La Rubia on all occasions; a ruby surrounded by pearls.

Every evening the Mendoza salon was filled with the admirers of the young woman; men came to pay her court; girls, with their aunts and mothers, to learn her graces. La Rubia was affable and polite, never gay, it is true, but rather serious. Yet she danced deliciously and her songs were glorious.

In all the city there was but one reflection. "Ah, that such a being should be the victim of the Colonel Prefect!" Yet no one dared to say a word of caution to her or to her parents. Was he not the Prefect? That stood for all. To cross his path men knew meant ruin or worse.

At this time the Prefect of Piura was sorely beset by the misdeeds of a bandit in the desert of Paita; a Zambo who for months had defied every stratagem to capture him, and whose hands, red with blood, were also illumined with much coin of the republic. What with his campaign against the citadel of La Rubia's goodness and his war to capture the bandit, known to the country as "El Diablo Negro," the Prefect was a very busy man. Yet he had time to see that the Adjutant was in his way, if not making great head, or rather heart.

IV.

It was morning at the prefectura. The Adjutant, Don Manuel Calderon, with a Sergeant, two Corporals and ten men of the mounted guard, waited in the Patio to receive final orders from the Prefect for an ambuscade of El Diablo Negro and his capture or death.

"'Tis a queer freak," said the young officer, as he rode away at the head of his squad. "There's more than one devil in it; he went to early mass this very morning, and came home with that poor child before light; he's deep and she is infatuated." And then he suddenly pricked up his horse and started the troop into a trot.

If, as the Adjutant suspected, the Prefect was in any plot beyond the earnest business of the day in the cause of order, when he sent off his Lieutenant, no one could have guessed it from his conduct. He cleared up the morning's correspondence, took his second breakfast at 11, and then an hour of siesta in his hammock. After that he had his bath and dressed, as usual. At 1 o'clock, it became apparent that he was ready for something out of the common routine of duty, for he took festive note of his watch, walked to the great gate of the Zaguan, looked up and down the deserted narrow street, lying, under the noonday sunshine of the torrid zone, as silent as any other in the small hours that follow midnight; muttered a rare thing with him, a little oath of impatience, and returned to his quarters.

He entered his library and pretended to settle down to a book; then he treated himself to a glass of Moquegua, crossed his hands behind his back, and paced the floor. "Holy Mary," he muttered, "is she fooling me? She daily walks this way at noon. Why not today?" Again he crossed the patio and queried the silent street, which gave him back no answer; then returned to his library and drank another glass of wine. "Ah! well," he said, "perhaps the old woman is watching her, poor little prisoner." He listened to a sound of the tramp of his returning troop. "And here comes that damned Adjutant, to interrupt me; may the devil catch that fellow."

He had barely re-entered the house when Don Manuel, in heavy boots, with clanging spurs and sword, went noisily into the Sala, where he was confronted by the Prefect. "So soon returned, Don Manuel?"

"Yes, my Colonel, and with the dead body of El Diablo Negro; my horse was better than his; but I was forced to kill him to make the capture."

The Prefect forgot his disappointment in his joy at this important capture, and cordially embraced the Adjutant. They walked together to the corridor; and there lay the corpse of the bandit on the pavement. The patio was filled with the populace and citizens, come to congratulate the Prefect and one another on their luck in being rid of the black wretch.

"After all the cry, El Diablo Negro is a white man," said the Prefect; "take off his mask." A Sergeant in one motion tore off together the hat, black wooley wig, false beard and mask, revealing a mass of shining blond hair, bound close to the head by a bright blue ribbon.

The Prefect started, sprang towards the body, muttering, "Dios mio!" and turning toward the Adjutant, saw that officer staggering for support against a column of the corridor. When Colonel Martin Lopez had recovered his self-control, he ordered a Corporal to take off the gloves. The left hand held the ring that he had placed on the finger of La Rubia. Then he turned to the old Chola, his housekeeper, and gave her directions about the body, to prepare it decently for the house of her parents.

The blond, El Diablo Negro, what was left of him, was taken in tenderly and lain upon a cot in the sala, for the services of the women, of whom the room was soon filled, to witness, when they could not help. The Colonel-Prefect and his Adjutant went into the library.

Suddenly a cry arose among the women; all poured forth from the house in haste and fled across the corridor into the patio, covering their faces with their mantas or their hands. The Adjutant entered the sala, but presently returned to the Prefect. "Senor Prefecto," said he, "I have sent soldiers to replace the women in caring for La Rubia."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the Prefect. "What new barbarity is this? Common soldiers to care for the poor dead body of a beautiful woman! What an accursed shame to you!" In the impatience of his hot temper he sprang to the door of the sala and rushed in to drive away the soldiers, but instantly returned without disturbing them. He was pale, but said not a word; only, he walked to his cabinet and drank off a glass of the white brandy of Moscatel.

When the body had been made ready, the soldiers lifted the cot and bore it away from the Prefectura.

"Safe at last from the Colonel!" muttered the Adjutant. "What an illusion! At least, I am not ashamed of loving what I thought I loved."