

we modest merchants of the tropics have heard of him, and that his son should seek to win success upon his own merits is greatly to his credit. I congratulate you, sir, upon your excellent progress."

"I ought to tell you, sir, that I am not on good terms with my father at present. In fact, he has cast me off. That is why I am here supporting myself by hard work, instead of living in idleness. But I'm beginning to like the work—and I'll make good—I'll do it if only to show my father his mistake. That's what I care about most. I don't want his money. It's easier to make money than I thought. But I must succeed, for his sake and my own."

"May I inquire the cause of this estrangement?"

"Oh, general worthlessness on my part, I suppose. Come to think of it, I must have been a good deal of a cross. I never did anything very fierce, though." He smiled a little sadly.

A quick light of thought flashed through the banker's eyes. He was a keen judge of men.

"Well, well," he said, with a trace of impatience, "there is no need to go into the matter further. Your pro-



"She has been promised to Ramon."

posal is impossible—for many reasons it is impossible, and yet—your spirit is commendable."

"Does that mean you won't even allow me to see your daughter?"

"It would be useless."

"But I love Gertrudis," said Kirk, desperately.

Garavel looked a trifle pitying.

"You are by no means the first," he said; "I have been besieged by many who say always the same thing—with-out Gertrudis they cannot, they will not, they should not live. And yet I have heard of no deaths. Her marriage has been arranged."

"Do you think that is quite fair to her? If she loves Ramon Alvarez?"

Once again Garavel's brows signaled surprise. "Ah, you know?"

"Yes, sir. I was about to say if she really loves him I can't make any difference. But suppose she should care for me?"

"Again it could make no difference once she had married Ramon. But she is too young to know her own mind. Youth is headstrong and blinded by dreams; hence it is better that marriage should be arranged by older persons."

"Exactly. That's why I want you to arrange mine." The banker smiled in spite of himself, for he was not without a sense of humor, and the young man's sincerity was winning.

"It is out of the question," he said, "useless to discuss. Forgetting for the moment all other considerations, there is an obstacle to your marriage into a Spanish family which you do not stop to consider, one which might well prove insurmountable. I speak of religion."

"No trouble there, sir."

"You are then a Catholic?"

"It was my mother's faith, and yet I was brought up in it until she died. After that I sort of neglected it. You see, I am more of a Catholic than anything else."

"What we call a 'bad Catholic'?"

"Yes, sir. But if I were not it wouldn't make any difference. Chiquita is my religion."

"Who?" The father started.

"I—I call her that," Kirk explained in confusion; "to myself, of course."

"Indeed! So do I," said Senor Garavel dryly. For a moment he frowned in meditation. There were many things to consider. He felt a certain sympathy for this young man, with his straightforwardness and artless brusquerie. Moreover, though the banker was no great respecter of persons, the mention of Darwin K. Anthony had impressed him. If Kirk were all that he seemed he had no doubt of the ultimate reconciliation of father and son. At all events it would do no harm to learn more of this extraordinary suit-

or, and meanwhile he must treat him with respect while carefully guarding his own dignity against possibly impertinent advances.

"She has been promised to Ramon," he said, at last, "and I have considered her future quite settled. Of course, such arrangements are frequently altered for various causes, even at the last moment, but—who knows?" He shrugged his shoulders. "She may not wish to entertain your suit. So why discuss it? Why make plans or promises? It is a matter to be handled

you there was one man at Taboga whom I did not wish to see?"

"Yes—at the salutarium."

"Well, something like this happened once—with him—and I told Stephen."

"And did you tell Mr. Cortlandt what I did?"

"Do you think I would have come riding with you if I had?" She shook her head. "Kirk, I used to think you were an unusually forward young man, but you're not very worldly, are you?"

He began firmly: "See here, Mrs. Cortlandt, you have been mighty good to me, and I'm indebted to you and your husband for a whole lot. I am terribly fond of you both."

"I suppose," she said, half defiantly, "you know how things are with Stephen and me—everybody must know, I suppose. Happiness—that is what I want, and I will have it—I will have it at any cost. It is my right. Because a woman marries without love, is it right for her to forego love all her life? I think not."

"I can't pretend to misunderstand you, although—listen!" He cut his words short. "Here comes some one."

She turned her head, as from the direction their mounts had taken came the sound of approaching hoofs.

"Natives from the hills," she nodded carelessly toward the purple mountains back of them. But the next moment she gave a little gasp of consternation. Out from the overhanging path, with a great rustling of leaves, came not the expected flea bitten Panama horse, but a familiar bay, astride of which was Stephen Cortlandt. He was leading Marquis and Gyp by their bridles and reined in at the sight of his wife and her companion.

"Hello!" he said. "I caught your horses for you."

"Jove, that's lucky!" Kirk greeted the husband's arrival with genuine relief. "They bolted when we got down to take a drink, and we were getting ready for a long walk. Thanks, awfully."

"No trouble at all. I saw them as they came out on the main road," Cortlandt's pigskin saddle creaked as he bent forward to deliver the reins. He was as cool and immaculate as ever. He met Edith's eyes without the slightest expression. "Nice afternoon for a ride. Pretty spot, isn't it? If you are going back I'll ride with you."

"Good enough. May I give you a hand, Mrs. Cortlandt?" Kirk helped Edith to her seat, at which her husband bowed his thanks. Then the three set out in single file.

"Which way?" inquired Stephen as they reached the highroad.

"Back to town, I think," Edith told him. "And you?"

"I'm not ready yet. See you later." He raised his hat and cantered easily away, while the other two turned their horses' heads toward the city.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Rest of the Family.

THE time for Senor Garavel's return having arrived, Kirk called at the bank and found not the least difficulty in gaining an audience.

"I remember you quite well, sir," said Garavel—"La Tosca." Since you are a friend of Mrs. Cortlandt I shall be delighted to serve you."

"I have something very particular to say to you," Kirk began diffidently, "but I don't just know how to get at it."

Garavel smiled graciously. "I am a business man."

"This isn't business," blurted Kirk; "it's much more important. I want to have it over as quickly as possible, so I'll be frank. I have met your daughter, Mr. Garavel—the banker's eyes widened in a look of disconcerting intensity—"and I am in love with her—of a shock, isn't it? It was to me. I'd like to tell you who I am and anything else you may wish to know."

"My dear sir, you surprise me—if you are really serious. Why, you have seen her but once—a moment, at the theater?"

"I met her before that night, out at your country place. I had been hunting and on my way home through the woods I stumbled upon your swimming pool. She directed me to the road."

"But even so?"

"Well, I loved her the first instant I saw her."

"I knew nothing of this. If you had reason to think that your suit would be acceptable, why did you not come to me before?"

"I couldn't. I didn't know your name. I was nearly crazy because I couldn't so much as learn the name of the girl I loved!" Kirk plunged confusedly into the story of his meeting with Chiquita.

"That is a strange tale," said Senor Garavel when he had finished. "If you would tell me something about your—self I might know better in what light to regard this affair."

"Gladly—though there isn't much to tell. Just now I'm working on the P. R. as assistant to Rannels—the master of transportation, you know. I like the work and expect to be promoted. I have a little money—just enough to give me a fresh start if I should lose out here, and—oh, well, I'm poor, but honest. I suppose that's about the size of it." He paused, vaguely conscious that he had not done himself justice. "My father is a railroad man in Albany, N. Y."

"In what capacity is he employed, may I ask?"

Kirk grinned at this, and, seeing a copy of Bradstreet's on the banker's table, turned to his father's name, which he pointed out rather shamefacedly. Senor Garavel became instantly less distant.

"Of course the financial world knows Darwin K. Anthony," said he. "Even

with the greatest delicacy; there are important issues linked with it. For a young man I have known so very short a time—he smiled genially—"you have impressed me not unfavorably. I thank you for coming to me, at any rate."

The two men rose and shook hands; Kirk was not altogether cast down by the result of the interview. He understood the banker's allusion to the possible change of arrangements, and felt sure from what Chiquita had told him that the marriage with Ramon could not take place after the true nature of Garavel's political aspirations became known.

The truth was that Andres Garavel had not hesitated long after that memorable night at the Tivoli before accepting the brilliant prize which the Cortlandts had dangled so alluringly before his eyes, and the decision once made, he had entered into the scheme with all his soul. He was wise enough, however, to leave his destiny largely in their hands.

It was not long after Kirk's visit to the bank that Garavel, during a conference with the Cortlandts, took occasion to bring up the young man's name. Cortlandt had been called to the telephone, and Edith was left free to answer without constraint.

"I have seen you and him riding quite frequently," her guest remarked, with polite interest. "Is he, then, an old friend?"

"Yes, we are very fond of him. He will be promoted soon, by the way, although he doesn't know it. He is to replace Rannels as soon as he is able. Kirk is certain to succeed, and old Anthony will come round, if I know American fathers."

Garavel smiled, well pleased that he had treated his recent visitor with proper consideration. After all, why not invite the young fellow to his house? That would be rather a significant step according to Spanish custom, yet he need not be bound by it. He could put a stop to the affair at any time. Besides, despite his frequent protestations to the contrary, he was somewhat influenced by his daughter's desire for more liberty. It was not fair to her, he thought in his heart, that she should know only Ramon. One reason especially appealed to his pride. If a break came between him and Alvarez, Ramon must not appear to have jilted Gertrudis. If, meanwhile, she had another suitor, and one of distinguished family, the affair would wear a better look. It cannot be denied that the name of Darwin K. Anthony rang musically in his ears.

"The boy has the right stuff in him," Edith went on. "He began at the bottom only a few months ago, preferring to work his way up, though he was offered a first rate position to begin with."

She would have said more, but just at that moment her husband entered.

"You were saying that Alvarez suspects," said Cortlandt, addressing Garavel. "Has he said anything?"

"Not to me as yet, but he surely must know. The rumors must have reached him. He is cold, and Ramon acts queerly. I feel guilty—almost as if I had betrayed a friend."

"Nonsense! When the time comes you will be called for. But it must be the voice of the people calling. Bocas, Chiriqui, Colon—they must all demand Garavel." Cortlandt sighed. "I shall be very glad when it is over. He looked more pale, more bloodless, more world weary than ever."

"You need have no fear that it will cause serious trouble between you and the general," Mrs. Cortlandt assured Garavel. "Ramon should be able to effect peace, no matter what happens."

"Ah, I am not so sure that there will be a marriage between Gertrudis and him."

"Is she growing rebellious?" Cortlandt inquired. "If I were you, then, I wouldn't force her. A loveless marriage is a tragic thing."

His wife nodded her agreement.

"Not exactly rebellious. She would do whatever I asked regardless of her own feelings, for that is the way we Spaniards bring up our daughters, but she is cold to Ramon, and he, I believe, is suspicious of my intentions toward his father. Therefore the situation is strained. With Gertrudis I cannot be severe, but unless it becomes necessary to make conditions with my old friend, Alvarez, I should prefer to let the girl have her own way."

It was about this time, perhaps two weeks after Kirk had replied to his father's letter, that Rannels called him in one day to ask:

"Do you know a man named Clifford?"

"No."

"He dropped in this morning, claiming to be a newspaper man from the States; wanted to know all about everything on the canal and—the usual thing. He didn't talk like a writer, though. I thought you might know him. He asked about you."

"Me?" Kirk pricked up his ears.

"I gathered the impression he was trying to pump me," Rannels eyed his subordinate shrewdly. "I boosted you."

"Is he short and thick set?"

"No; tall and thin." As Kirk merely looked at him in a puzzled way, he continued: "I suppose we're all suspicious down here, there's so much of that sort of thing. If he has anything on you—"

"He's got nothing on me."

"I'm glad of that. You're the best man I have, and that shakeup I told you about is coming off sooner than I expected. I'd hate to have anything happen to you. Do you think you could hold down your job?"

"What? Do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"It goes without saying that I'd like to be master of transportation, but not until you're through."

Even with his recent experiences of Spanish etiquette Kirk hardly realized the extent of the concession that had been made to him. He knew nothing of the tears, the pleadings and the spirited championship of his cause that had overborne the last parental objection. It was lucky for him that Chiquita was a spoiled child and Garavel a very Americanized Spaniard. However, as it was, he went nearly mad with delight and had hard work to refrain from shaving himself twice that Tuesday evening, so overcareful was he about his toilet, yet his excitement was as nothing compared to that of Allan, who looked on with admiration tempered by anxious criticism.

"It will be a grand wedding, sir," he exclaimed. "If Allan will be there for giving you away."

The residence of Senor Garavel is considered one of the show places of Panama. It is of Spanish architecture, built of brick and stucco and embellished with highly ornamental balconies. It stands upon a corner overlooking one of the several public squares, guarded from the street by a broad high stone wall crowned with a stout iron fence. Diagonally opposite and running the full length of the block is a huge weather stained cathedral, and fronting upon the intersecting street is a tiny shrine with an image of the Madonna smiling downward. At night its bright radiance illumines the darkness round about and lends the spot a certain sanctity.

An Indian woman, clad in barbarous colors, her bare feet incased in sandals, admitted him, and the banker himself met him in the hall. He led the way into a great barren parlor, where, to Kirk's embarrassment, he found quite a company gathered. His host formally presented him to them, one after another. There were Senor Pedro Garavel, a brother of Andres; Senora Garavel, his wife, who was fat and short of wind; the two Misses Garavel, their daughters; then a little wrinkled, brown old lady in stiff black silk who spoke no English. Kirk gathered that she was somebody's aunt or grandmother. Last of all, Gertrudis came shyly forward and put her hand in his, then glided back to a seat behind the old lady. Just as they were settling themselves another member of the family appeared—this time a second cousin from Guatemala. Like the grandmother, he was as ignorant of English as Kirk was of Spanish, but he had a pair of frightfully intense black eyes with which he devoured the American.

San Diego, Cal.—The United States customs office and postoffice at Tecate, 45 miles from this city, on the American side of the international boundary, were destroyed by fire at night, following a raid. Eyewitnesses said the raiders were Mexicans.

Frank V. Johnston, of San Diego, postmaster at Tecate, was shot to death when he resisted the bandits and his companion, Warren Didenback, was wounded.

The customs office and postoffice occupied parts of the general store operated by Mountain Brothers. The bandits, it was proved, were bent on robbing both of the government offices. Johnston was shot when he refused to give the combination of the safe.

Johnston's body was found in the smouldering ruins. An autopsy developed the fact that he had been shot through the heart. His pistol was found not far from the body.

Elliott D. Johnston, the dead man's brother, sent telegrams to Secretary of State Bryan, Governor Johnson and Representative William Kettner at Washington, demanding a thorough investigation. In his telegram to Mr. Bryan, Mr. Johnston placed the entire responsibility for the affair on Mexicans.

20 AT PENDLETON INDICTED

Wide-Open Gambling Charged, But Police Department is Clear.

Pendleton, Or.—Twenty indictments were returned by the grand jury after passing the greater part of a week in investigating the alleged charges of gambling, bootlegging and immoral practices under police protection.

Eighteen were brought against gamblers, and those who permitted the games in their places of business, and two were for perjury against men alleged to have testified falsely before the jury.

It is said that evidence brought out in the course of the week's investigation tended to show that Pendleton was just as wide open a town, so far as gambling was concerned, last fall as it ever was in her palmiest frontier days.

No indictments were returned against the police, who were charged by Evangelist Bulglin with receiving graft for protecting gambling, bootlegging and prostitution. It is said that fully one-half of those against whom indictments are returned have anticipated the action of the grand jury and left.

EARTHQUAKES RUIN TOWNS IN JAPAN

Tokio.—A serious earthquake occurred in the prefecture of Akita, island of Honshu. Several persons in the city of Akita were killed and many houses destroyed. In the village of Kowakubi, which was ruined, there were many casualties.

The volcano Asama-Yama, 90 miles northwest of Tokio, is in eruption. Sixty bodies were found in the basin of the Omono river, where 320 houses were destroyed. The village of Kitameno was burned.

Simultaneously with the earthquake came explosions and the bursting of flames from the volcano Asama-Yama, which terrified the inhabitants.

Akita is a garrison town on the Sea of Japan. It does a considerable export trade, especially in rice.

Car Robbers Kill Engineer.

Peoria, Ill.—Two men were killed and two deputy sheriffs and a woman wounded as the result of an attempted holdup of a Chicago and Northwestern freight train at Manlius, Ill., 45 miles north of here. Arthur Fisher, of Pekin, Ill., engineer of the freight train, was shot dead by one of the robbers and an unidentified robber was killed in a battle with the sheriff's posse.

Middle West Sweaters.

Kansas City.—Weather almost summerlike over the southwest put on record the warmest March 15 since official observations have been taken, according to the observer in the government weather bureau here. Temperatures of from 80 to 90 degrees were reported from western Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.

British Navy Estimates Grow.

London.—The British naval estimates for 1914-15 amount to \$257,750,000, an increase of \$13,700,000 over last year.

Oldest Elk Dead at 109.

Owosso, Mich.—Daniel O'Connell, 109, known during the last few years as the oldest living member of the Elks, died at his home near here.

CUSTOMS HOUSE ON BORDER IS RAIDED

Mexican Bandits Kill American Official, Loot Postoffice and Destroy Building.

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Special "Health Warning" for March

March is a trying month for the very young and for elderly people. Croup, bronchial colds, lagrippe and pneumonia are to be feared and avoided. Foley's Honey and Tar is a great family medicine that will quickly stop a cough, check the progress of a cold, and relieve inflamed and congested air passages. It is safe, pure and always reliable. For sale by All Dealers Everywhere.

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No. 17 3:20 p. m. No. 20 2:30 p. m.

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8:20 " Walden " 12:20

8:29 " Cerro Gordo " 12:11

8:44 " Dorena " 12:03

9:00 " Vaughn " 11:45

9:10 " Star " 11:35

9:35 " Red Bridge " 11:23

9:45 " Wildwood " 11:10

10:15 " Disston " 10:40

10:35 Ar. " " 10:40