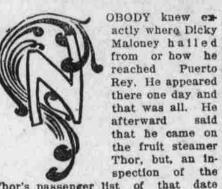
Rouge Et Noir

A Little Eusiness Romance of the Banana Trado

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actly where Dicky Maloney halled from or how he reached Puerto Rev. He appeared there one day and that was all. He afterward said that he came on the fruit steamer Thor, but, an inspection of the

Thor's passenger list of that date would have found it to be Maloneyless. Curiosity, however, soon perished, and Dicky took his place among the heterogeneous litter of the coastthe stranded adventurers, refugees and odd fish from other countries that line the shore of the Caribbean.

He was an active, devil-may-care, rollicking fellow with an engaging gray eye, the most irresistible grin, a rather dark, or much sun-burned complexion, and a head of the fleriest red hair ever seen in that country. Speaking the Spanish language as well as he spoke English, and seeming always to have plenty of silver in his pockets, it was not long before he was a welcome companion both with the natives and the resident foreigners. He developed an extreme fondness for vino blancho; could drink more of it than any three men in the port, and to meet Dicky Maloney's brilliant head and smile coming down the street meant, to any of his acquaintances, the consumption of from one to three bottles of strong, white wine. Everybody called him Dicky; everybody cheered up at sight of him-especially the natives to whom his marvelous ruddy hair and his free and easy style were a constant delight and envy.

A considerable amount of speculation still existed concerning the object of his stay in Puerto Rey, but one day he silenced this by opening a small shop for the sale of cigars, dulces and the handiwork of the interior Indians-fiber and silk woven goods, deerskin zapatos, and basketwork of tule reeds. Even then he did not change his habits, for he was drinking and playing cards half the day and night with the comandante, the collector of the port, the Jefe Politico, and other gay dogs among the native officials. The care of the shop he left entirely to Pasa. And now it is both desirable and fitting to make Pasa's acquaintance, for she was Dicky's Digression.

La Madama Timotea Buencaminos y Salazar de las Yglesias kept a rum shop in Calle numero ocho. No dismind you for rum-making is a government monopoly, and to keep a government dispensary assures respectability if not supereminence. Moreover, the saddest of precisians could find no fault with the conduct of the shop. Customers drank there in the lowest of spirits and fearsomely, as in the shadow of the dead, for la madama's ancient but vaunted lineage counteracted even the rum's behest to be joyful. For, was she not of the Yglesias who landed with Pizarro? And had her deceased husband not been Comisionado de Caminos y Puentes for the district?

In the next room, seated in the cane rocking-chair, dreamily strumming a guitar, could generally be found her daughter Pasa-"La Sanita Navanjada" the young men had named her. Navanjada is the Spanish word for a certain shade of color that you must go to more trouble to describe in Engglish. By saying: "The little saint. tinted the most beautiful-delicateslightly-orange-golden" you will approximate the description of Dona Pasa Buencaminos y Salazar de las

That Dicky Maloney would, sooner or later, explore this field was a thing to be foreseen. There were few doors in Puerto Rey his red head had not been poked into.

He saw Pasa one afternoon sitting by the door with an unusually saintly look upon her face. Dicky rushed off to find one of the white duck wallflowers to present him. In an incredibly short time he was seated close beside the cane rocking-chair. There were no back-against-the-wall poses with Dicky. At close range, was his theory of subjection. To carry the fortress with one concentrated, ardent, eloquent, irresistible escalade-that was Dicky's way.

Pasa was descended from the proudest Spanish families in the country. Moreover, she had had unusual advantages. Two years in a New Orleans school had elevated her ambitions and fitted her for a fate above the ordinary maidens of her native land. And yet here she succumbed to the first redhaired scamp with a glib tongue and a charming smile that came along and courted her properly. For, very soon Dicky took her quietly to the little church next to the Teatro Nacional and then to his little shop in the grass-grown street where customers seldom troubled him. And it was her fate to sit, with her patient, saintly eyes and figure like a bisque Psyche, behind its sequestered counter while Dicky drank and philan-

tances. Sometimes mysterious things happened at night about Dicky's shop. While the front of it was dark, in the little room back of it Dicky and a few of his friends would sit about a Cable carrying on some kind of very | shall rest upon this arm tonight."

dered with his frivolous acquain-

quiet negocios until quite late. Finally he would let them out the front door very carefully, and go upstairs to his little saint. These visitors were generally conspirator-like men with dark clothes and hats. Of course, these dark doings were noticed after a while, and talked about.

Quite a number of letters arrived, addressed to "Mr. Dicky Maloney," or 'Senor Dickee Maloney," to the considerable pride of Pasa. That so many people should desire to write to him only confirmed her own suspicion that the light from his red head shone around the world. As to their contents she never felt curiosity. There was a wife for you!

The one mistake Dicky made in Puerto Rey was to run out of mones at the wrong time. Where his money came from was a puzzle, for the sales of his shop were next to nothing, but that source failed, and at a peculiarly unfortunate time. It was when the comandante, Don Senor el Coronel Encarnacion Casabianca looked upon the little saint seated in the shop and felt hls heart go pitapat.

The comandante, who was versed in all the intricate arts of gallantry, first delicately hinted at his sentiments by donning his dress uniform and strutting up and down fiercely before her window. Pasa, glancing demurely with her saintly eyes, instantly perceived his resemblance to her parrot, Chichi. and was diverted to the extent of a smile. The comandante saw the smile. which was not intended for him. Convinced of an impression made, he entered the shop, confidently, and advanced to open compliment. Paza froze; he pranced; she flamed royally; he was charmed to injudicious persistence; she commanded him to leave the shop; he tried to capture her hand and-Dicky entered, broadly smiling,

full of white wine and the devil. Five minutes later he pitched the comandante out the door upon the stones of the street, senseless. That five minutes Dicky had spent in punishing him scientifically and carefully, so that the pain might be prolonged as far as possible.

A barefooted policeman who had been watching the affair from across the street, now blew a whistle and a squad of eight soldiers came running from the cuartel just around the corner. When they saw that Dicky was the offender they stopped and blew more whistles, which brought out reenforcements of twelve.

Dicky, being thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit, stooped and drew the comandante's sword which was girded about him, and charged his foe. He chased the standing army four squares, playfully prodding its squealing rear, and hacking its bare, ginger colored heels. He was not so successful with the civic authorities. Eight muscular, nimble policemen overpowered him, and conveyed him, triumphantly but warily to jail. "El Diablo Colorado," they dubbed him, and derided the military for its defeat.

Dicky, with the rest of the prison ers, could look out the barred door at the grass of a little plaza, a row of orange trees, and the red tile roofs and 'dobe walls of a line of insignificant tiendas. At sunset, along a path across this plaza, came a melancholy procession of sad-faced women bearing plantains, bread, casaba and fruiteach coming with food to some wretch behind those bars to whom she still clung. Thrice a day, morning, noon and sunset, they were permitted to come. Water was furnished her guests by the republic, but no food.

For two days succeeding Pasa came at each appointed time and brought him food. He eagerly inquired each time if a letter or package had come for him, and she mournfully shook her head.

On the morning of the third day she brought only a small loaf of bread. There were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed as calm as ever.

"By jingo," said Dicky, who seemed to speak in English or Spanish as the whim seized him, "this is dry provender, muchachita. Is this the best you can dig up for a fellow?"

Pasa looked at him as a mother looks at a beloved but capricious

"Think better of it," she said, in a low voice; "since for the next meal there will be nothing. The last centavo is spent." She pressed closer against the grating.

Pasa lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "And, listen, heart to my heart," she said, "I have endeavored to be brave, but I cannot live without thee. Three days now-

Dicky caught a faint gleam of steel from the folds of her mantilla. For once she looked in his face and saw it without a smile, stern, menacing and purposeful. Then he suddenly raised his hand and his smile came back like a gleam of sunshine. The hoarse signal of an incoming steamer's siren sounded in the harbor. Dicky ca'led to the sentry who was pacing before the door:

"What steamer comes? "The Catarina." "Of the Vesuvius line?"

"Without doubt, of that line."

"Go you, picarilla," said Dicky, joyously to Pasa, "to the American consul. Tell him I wish to speak with him. See that he comes at once. And you, let me see a different look in those eyes, for I promise your head

came. He was a spectacled young man, a greedy botanist who was utilizing his office to study the tropic flora. He held a green umbrella under his arm, and mopped his forehead impatiently.

"Now, see here, Maloney," he began, captiously, "you fellows seem to think you can cut up any kind of row, and expect me to pull you out of it. I'm neither the War Department nor a gold mine. This country has its laws, you know, and there's one against pounding the senses out of the regular army. You Irish are forever getting into trouble. I don't see what I can do. Anything like tobacco, now, to make you comfortable-or newspa-

"Son of Eli," interrupted Dicky, gravely, "you haven't changed an iota. That is almost a duplicate of the speech you made when old Koen's donkeys and geese got into the chapel loft, and the culprits wanted to hide

in your room." "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the consul, hurriedly adjusting his spectacles. "Are you a a Yale man, too? Were you in that crowd? I don't seem to remember any one with red-any one named Maloney. Such a lot of college men seem to have misused their advantages. One of the best mathematicians of the class of '91 is selling lottery tickets in Belize. A Cornell man dropped off here last month. He was second steward on a guano boat. I'll write to the Department if you like, Maloney. Or if there's any tobacco. or newspa-

"There's nothing." interrupted Dicky, shortly, "but this. You go tell the captain of the Catarina that Dicky Maloney wants to see him as soon as he can conveniently come. Tell him where I am. Hurry. That's all."

The consul, glad to be let off so easily, hurried away. The captain of the Catarino, a stout man, Sicilian born, soon appeared, shoving, with little ceremony, through the guards to the jail door. The Vesuvius Fruit Company had a habit of doing things that way in Puerto Rey.

It was an hour before the consul til that perpendicular line came between his brows that always distressed Pasa. Presently she went and brought his hat, and stood with it until he looked up, inquiringly,

"It is sad for you here," she explained. "Go out and drink vino blanco. Come back when you get that smile you used to wear. That is what I wish to see."

Dicky laughed and threw down his "The vino blanco stage is past. It has served its turn. Perhaps, after all, there was less entered my mouth and more my ears than people thought. But, there will be no more maps or frowns tonight. I promise you that. Come."

They sat upon 2 reed silleta at the window and Jatched the quivering gleams from the lights of the Catarina reflected in the harbor.

Presently Pasa rippled out one of her infrequent chirrups of audible laughter.

"I was thinking," she began, anticipating Dicky's question, "of the foolish things girls have in their minds. Because I went to school in the states used to have ambitions. Nothing less than to be the president's wife would satisfy me. And, look thou, red picaroon, to what obscure fate hast thou stolen me!"

"Don't give up hope," said Dicky, smiling. "There was a dictator of Chili named O'Higgins. Why not a President Maloney of this country? Say the word, and I'll make the race. We'll capture the Irish vote, easy running, by a head."

11.

The Vesuvius Plays.

The banana republic of Costaragua has, practically, two capitals. The one officially recognized is San Mateo, seventy miles in the interior. But, during the hot season, from May to October, the entire administration removes to Puerto Rey, where the sea breeze renders the pursuit of business and pleasure possible. Custom had so established this annual hegira of the executive that a commodious government "I am exceedingly sorry-exceeding building had been erected on the sorry," said the captain, "to see this | beach at Puerto Rey for the use of the



"Shall I Deliver Them to Enrico, Olivarra's Assassin, or to His Son?"

occur. I place myself at your service,] Mr. Maloney. Whatever you need shall be furnished. Whatever you say shall be done."

Dicky looked at him unsmilingly. His red hair could not detract from his attitude of severe dignity as he stood, tall and calm, with his now grim mouth forming a horizontal line. "Captain De Lucco, I believe I still

have funds in the hands of your company-ample and personal funds. I ordered a remittance last week. The money has not arrived. You know what is needed in this game. Money and money and more money. has it not been sent?"

"By the Cristobal," replied De Lucco, gesticulating, "It was dispatched, Where is the Cristobal? Off Cape Antonio I spoke her with a broken shaft. A tramp coaster was towing her back to New Orleans. I brought money ashore thinking your need for it might not withstand delay. In this envelope is one thousand dollars. There is more if you need it, Mr. Maloney."

"For the present it will suffice," said Dicky, softening as he crinkled the envelope and looked down at the half inch thickness of smooth, dingy bills.

"The long green!" he said, gently, with a new reverence in his gaze. "Is there anything it will not buy, cap-

When the captain had departed Dicky called the sergeant of the fail squad and asked:

tain?"

"Am I preso by the military or by the civil authority?" "Surely there is no martial law in effect now, senor."

"Bueno. Now go or send to the alcalde, the Juez de la Paz and the Jefe de los Policios. Tell them I am prepared at once to satisfy the demands of justice." A folded bill of the "long green" slid into the sergeant's hand.

So, that night Dicky sat by the window of the room over his shop and his little saint sat close by, working at something silken and dainty. Dicky was thoughtful and grave. His red hair was in an unusual state of disorder. Pasa's fingers often ached to smooth and arrange it, but Dicky would never allow it. He was poring, conight, over a great litter of maps and books and papers on his table un- | contemplators.

president and his official family during their sojourn.

But now, this year, though the middle of May was almost come, the heart of the people was not stirred to the customary joyous preparation. Throughout the entire republic there seemed to be a spirit of silent, sullen discontent. The administration of President Zarilla had made him far from a popular idol. Fresh taxes, fresh import duties, and, more than all, his tolerance of the outrageous oppression of the citizens by the military had rendered him the most obnoxious president since the despised Alforan.

But the most impolitic of the administration's moves had been when it antagonized the Vesuvius Fruit Company of New Orleans, an organization plying twelve steamships, and with a cash capital something larger than Costaragua's surplus and debt combined. Naturally, an established concern like the Vesuvius would become irritated at having a small, retail republic with no rating at all attempt to squeeze it. So, when the government proxies applied for subsidy they encountered a polite refusal. The president retaliated by clapping an export duty of one real per bunch on bananas-a thing unprecedented in fruit growing countries.

An emissary requested an interview with a representative of the company. The Vesuvius sent Mr. Franzoni, a little, stout, cheerful man always whistling Verdi. Sepor Ortiz. secretary to the Minister of Finance, attempted the sandbagging in behalf of Costaragua.

Senor Ortiz opened negotiations by the announcement that the government contemplated the building of a railroad to skirt the alluvial coast lands. After touching upon the benefits such an improvement would confer upon the interests of the Vesuvius, he reached the definite suggestion that a contribution to the road's expense of one hundred thousand pesos would not be more than an equivalent to benefits received.

Mr. Franzoni denied any benefits from the contemplation of a road. He was authorized, however, to offer a contribution of five hundred to the

Did Senor Ortis understand Mr. Franzoni to mean five hundred thous-

By no means. Five hundred pesos And in silver; not gold.

"Your offer insults my government," sald Senor Ortiz, rising indignantly. "Then," cried Mr. Franzoni, in a warning voice, "we will change it!"

The offer was never changed. Mr. Franzoni must have meant something else.

So, when the fifteenth day of May arrived the signs were that the presidential advent would not be celebrated by unlimited rejoicing.

President Zarilla was a little, elderly man, grizzly bearded, with a considerable ratio of Indian blood revealed in his cinnamon complexion. As he was assisted into his carriage, his sharp, beady eyes glanced around for the expected demonstration of welcome, but he faced a stolid, unenthused array of curious citizens. Sightseers the Costaraguans are by birth and habit, and they turned out to the last able-bodied unit to witness the scene, but they maintained an accusive

At length, after a prodigious galloping and curvetting of red-sashed majors, gold-laced colonels and epauletted generals, the procession formed for its annual formal progress down the principal street-the Camino Real-to the government building at its end.

As the band struck up, and the movement began, like a bird of ill omen the S. J. Pizzoni, Jr., the swiftest steamship of the Vesuvius line, glided into the harbor in plain view of the president and his train.

By the time the van of the procession had reached the government building, Captain Cronin, of the S. J. Pizzoni, Jr., and Mr. Vincenti, member of the Vesuvius Company, had landed and were pushing their way, bluff, hearty and nonchalant, through the crowd on the narrow sidewalk. Clad in white linen, big, debonair, with an air of good-humored authority, they made conspicuous figures among the dark mass of unimposing Costaraguans. They penetrated to within a few yards of the steps of the brown stone building Casa Moreno, the brown White House of Costaragua. Looking easily above the heads of the crowd, they perceived another that towered above the undersized natives. It was the flery poll of Dicky Maloney against the wall close by the lower step, and his broad, seductive grin showed that he recognized their pres-

Dicky had attired himself becomingly for the festive occasion in a wellfitting black suit. Pasa was close by his side, her head covered with the ubiquitous black mantilla.

Mr. Vincenti looked at her attentively.

"Botticelli's Madonna," he remarked, gravely. "I wonder when she got into the game. I don't like his getting tangled with the women. I hoped he would keep away from them."

Captain Cronin's laugh almost drew attention from the parade.

"With that head of hair! Keep away from the women! And a Maoney! Hasn't he got a license? But, nonsense aside, what do you think of the prospects? It's a species of fillbustering out of my line."

Vincenti glanced again at Dicky's head and smiled.

"Rouge et noir," he said. you have it. Make your play, gentlemen. Our money is on the red." They ceased talking, for General Pilar had descended from the first carriage and had taken his stand upon the top step of Casa Morena. As the oldest member of the cabinet, custom had decreed that he should make the address of welcome, presenting the keys of the official residence to the president at its close.

Holding in his hand the gilt keys of Casa Morena, he began his address in a historical form, touching upon each administration and the advance of civilization and prosperity from the first dim striving after liberty down to present times. Arriving at the regime of President Zarilla, at which point, according to precedent, he should have delivered a sulogy upon its wise conduct and the happiness of the people, General Pilar paused. Then he silently held up the bunch of keys high above his head, with his eyes closely regarding it. The ribbon with which they were bound fluttered in the

"It still blows," cried the speaker, exultantly. "Citizens of Costaragua, give thanks to the saints this night that our air is still free.'

Thus disposing of Zarifla's administration, he abruptly reverted to that of Olivarra, Costaragua's most popular ruler. Olivarra had been assassinated nine years before while in the prime of life and usefulness. A faction of the Liberal party led by Zarilla himself had been accused of the deed. Whether guilty or not, it was eight years before the ambitious and scheming Zarilla had gained his goat.

Upon this theme General Pilar's eloquence was loosed. He drew the picture of the beneficent Olivarra with a loving hand. He reminded the people of the peace, the security and the happiness they had enjoyed during that period. He recalled in vivid detail and with significant contrast the last summer sojourn of President Olivarra in Puerto Rey, when his appearance at their flestas was the signal for thundering vivas of love and approba-

The first public expression of sentiment from the people that day followed. A low, sustained murmur went among them like the surf rolling along the shore.

"Ten dollars to a dinner at the Saint 'harles," remarked Mr. Vincenti, 'that rouge wins."

"I never bet against my own interwis," said Captain Cronin, lighting a cigar "Long-winded old boy, for his aga. What's he talking about?"

"My Spanish." replied Vinces "runs about ten words to the minute his is something around two hundred Whatever he's saying, he's getting them warmed up.'

"Friends and brothers," General Pilar was saying, "could I reach out my hand this day across the laments ble silence of the grave to Olivarre 'the Good," to the ruler who was one of you, whose tears fell when you sor rowed, and whose smile followed your joy-I would bring him back to you but-Olivarra is dead-dead at the hands of a craven assassin!"

The speaker turned and gazed bold ly into the carriage of the president His arm remained extended aloft as if to sustain his peroration. president was listening, aghast, at this remarkable address of welcome

"Who says that Olivarra is dead?" suddenly cried the speaker, his voice old as he was, sounding like a battle trumpet. "His body lies in the grave but, to the people he loved he has be queathed his spirit—yes, more—his learning, his courage, his kindnessyes, more—his youth, his image—peo ple of Costaragua, have you forgotter the son of Olivarra!" Cronin and Vincenti, watching close

ly, saw Dicky Maloney suddenly raise his hat, tear off his shock of red hair leap up the steps and stand at the side of General Pilar. The minister of war laid his arm across the young man's shoulders. All who had known President Olivarra saw again his same lion-like pose, the same frank, un daunted expression, the same high forehead with the peculiar line of the clustering, crisp black hair.

General Pilar was an experienced orator. He seized the moment of breathless silence that preceded the storm.

"Citizens of Costaragua," he trum peted, holding aloft the keys to Cass Morena, "I am here to deliver these keys-the keys to your homes and lib erty-to your chosen president. Shall I deliver them to Enrico, Olivarra's

assassin, or to his son?" "Olivarra! Olivarra!" the crowd shrieked and howled. All vociferated the magic name-men, women, chil dren and the pairots.

And the enthusiasm was not con fined to the blood of the plebs. Colon el Rocas ascended the steps and laic his sword theatrically at Young Ra mon Olivarra's feet. Four members of the cabinet embraced him. Captair Cruz gave a command and twenty of El Ciento Hullando dismounted and arranged themselves in a cordon about the steps of Casa Morena.

But Ramon Olivarra seized that mo ment to prove himself a born genius and politician. He waved those sol diers aside, and descended the steps to the street. There, without losing his dignity or the distinguished ele gange that the loss of his red han brought him, he took the proletariat to his bosom-the barefooted, the dirty Indians, Caribs, babies, beggars, old young, saints, soldiers and sinners-

he missed none of them. While this act of the drama was be ing produced the scene-shifters had been busy at the duties assigned them Two of Cruz's dragoons had the bridle reins of President Zarilla's horses, others formed a close guard and they galloped off with the tyran and his two malodorous ministers. Ne doubt a place had been prepared for them. There are quite a number o well-barred stone apartments in Puer

to Rev. "Rouge wins," said Mr. Vincenti calmly lighting another cigar. Captain Cronin had been intently watching the vicinity of the steps for

some time. "Good boy!" he exclaimed, suddenly as if relieved. "I was wondering if he was going to forget his Kathleen Ma

vourneen.

Young Olivarra had reascended the steps and spoken a few words to Gen eral Pilar. That distinguished veteral descended to the walk and approached Pasa, who still stood, calm and won der-eyed, where Dicky had left her With his hat in his hand, and hi medals and decorations shining on his breast, the general gave her hi arm, and they went up the steps to gether. And then Ramon Olivarn stepped forward and took both he hands before all the people:

And while the cheering was break ing out afresh everywhere Captail Cronin and Mr. Vincenti turned and walked back toward the landing where the ship's gig was waiting for them.

"There'll be another president proclamada in the morning," said Vin centi, musingly. "As a rule, they are not as reliable as the elected ones But this youngster seems to have good stuff in him. He planned and maner vered the whole campaign. Olivarra' widow, you know, was wealthy. Sh gave the boy eight years of the bes education in the states. The company hunted him up and backed him in the little game."

"It's a glorious thing," said Crouis half jestingly, "to be able to discharge a government and insert one of you own choosing, these days,"

"It's business," stated Vincenti stopping to offer his cigar to a mor key swinging from a lime tree; "an that is what moves the world of to day. That extra real on the price of bananas had to go. We took the quickest way of removing it."

When She Hit the Mark. Boblits-I've always kept my eye open, but I've never seen a throw anything straight.

Collister-That's because you have never been fortunate enough to se her throw a kiss.

Nothing Left. "The English government canno

even terrorize the suffragettes by put ting them in frons." 'Why wouldn't they mind that?"

"It would be nothing to them after the hobble skirts."