



54-40 OR FIGHT

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SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is invited to become secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to ask the Baroness von Ritz, spy of the British ambassador, Pakenham, to call at his apartments. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and Nicholas is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, and she asks Nicholas to assist in evading pursuers. Nicholas notes that the baroness has lost a slipper. She gives him the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun what she wants to know regarding England's intentions toward Mexico. Calhoun's security Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Tyler tells Pakenham that joint occupation of Oregon with England, must cease, that the west has raised the cry of "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight." Calhoun becomes secretary of state. He orders Nicholas to Montreal on state business, and the latter plans to be married that night. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman whom Nicholas asks to assist in the wedding arrangements, sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth, by mistake, and the wedding is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded, where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him that the slipper he had in his possession contained a note from the attaché of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas meets a naturalist, Von Rittenhofen, who gives him information about Oregon. The baroness and a British warship disappear from Montreal simultaneously. Calhoun engages Von Rittenhofen to make maps of the western country.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"I will tell you, Nicholas," said he at last, wheeling swiftly upon me. "Start next week! An army of settlers waits now for a leader along the Missouri. Organize them; lead them out! Give them enthusiasm! Tell them that Oregon is! You may serve alike our party and our nation. You cannot measure the consequences of prompt action sometimes, done by a man who is resolved upon the right. A thousand things may hinge on this. A great future may hinge upon it."

"While you have been busy, I have not been idle," he continued. "I have here another little paper which I have roughly drafted." He handed me the document as he spoke.

"A treaty—with Texas!" I exclaimed.

"The first draft, yes. We have signed the memorandum. We await only one other signature."

"Of Van Zandt!"

"Yes. Now comes Mr. Nicholas Trist, with word of a certain woman to the effect that Mr. Van Zandt is playing also with England."

"And that woman also is playing with England?"

Calhoun smiled enigmatically.

"But she has gone," said I, "who knows where? She, too, may have sailed for Oregon, for all we know."

He looked at me as though with a flash of inspiration. "That may be," said he; "it may very well be! That would cost us our hold over Pakenham. Neither would we have any chance left with her."

"How do you mean, Mr. Calhoun?" said I. "I do not understand you."

"Nicholas," said Mr. Calhoun, "that lady was much impressed with you." He regarded me calmly, contemptuously, appraisingly.

"I do not understand you," I reiterated.

"I am glad that you do not and did not. In that case, all would have been over at once. You would never have seen her a second time. Your constancy was our salvation, and perhaps your own! In due time you will see many things more plainly. Meantime, be sure England will be careful. She will make no overt movement, I should say, until she has heard from Oregon; which will not be before my lady baroness shall have returned and reported to Pakenham here. All of which means more time for us."

I began to see something of the structure of bold enterprise which this man deliberately was planning; but no comment offered itself; so that presently he went on, as though in soliloquy.

"The Hudson Bay Company have deceived England splendidly enough. Dr. McLaughlin, good man that he is, has not suited the Hudson Bay Company. His removal means less courtesy to our settlers in Oregon. Granted a less tactful leader than himself, there will be friction with our high-strung frontiersmen in that country. No man can tell when the thing will come to an issue. For my own part, I would agree with Polk that we ought to own that country to fifty-four forty—but what we ought to do and what we can do are two separate matters. Should we force the issue now and lose, we would lose for 100 years. Should we advance firmly and hold firmly what we gain, in perhaps less than 100 years we may win all of that country, as I just said to Mr. Polk, to the River Saskatchewan—I know not where! In my own soul, I believe no man may set a limit to the growth of the idea of an honest government by the people. And this continent is meant for that honest government!"

He sighed as he paused in his walk and turned to me. "But now, as I said, we have at least time for Texas. And in regard to Texas we need another woman."

I stared at him. "You come now to me with proof that my lady baroness traffics with Mexico as well as England," he resumed. "That is to say, Yturrio meets my lady baroness. What is the inference? At least, jealousy on the part of Yturrio's wife, whether or not she cares for him! Now, jealousy between the sexes is a deadly weapon if well handled. Repugnant as it is, we must handle it."

I experienced no great enthusiasm at the trend of events, and Mr. Calhoun smiled at me cynically as he went on. "I see you don't care for this sort of commission. At least, this is no midnight interview. You shall call in broad daylight on the Senora Yturrio. If you and my daughter will take my coach and four tomorrow, I think she will gladly receive your cards. Perhaps also she will consent to take the air of Washington with you. In that case, she might drop in here for an ice. In such case, to conclude, I may perhaps be favored with an interview with that lady. I must have Van Zandt's signature to this treaty which you see here!"

"But these are Mexicans, and Van Zandt is leader of the Texans, their most bitter enemies!"

"Precisely. All the less reason why Senora Yturrio should be suspected."

"I am not sure that I grasp all this, Mr. Calhoun."

"Perhaps not. You presently will know more. What seems to me plain is that, since we seem to lose a valuable ally in the Baroness von Ritz, we must make some offset to that loss. If England has one woman on the Columbia, we must have another on the Rio Grande!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Politics Under Cover.

To a woman, the romances she makes are more amusing than those she reads.—Theophile Gautier.

It seemed quite correct for the daughter of our secretary of state to call to inquire for the health of the fair Senora Yturrio, and to present the compliments of Mme. Calhoun, at that time not in the city of Washington. Matters went so smoothly that I felt justified in suggesting a little drive, and Senora Yturrio had no hesitation in accepting. Quite naturally, our stately progress finally brought us close to the residence of Miss Calhoun. That lady suggested that, since the day was warm, it might be well to descend and see if we might not find a sherbet; all of which also seemed quite to the wish of the lady from Mexico. The ease and warmth of Mr. Calhoun's greeting to her were such that she soon was well at home and chatting very amiably. She spoke English with but little hesitancy.

Lucy Yturrio, at that time not ill known in Washington's foreign colony, was beautiful, in a sensuous, ripe way. Her hair was dark, heavily coiled, and packed in masses above an oval forehead. Her brows were straight, dark and delicate; her teeth white and strong; her lips red and full; her chin well curved and deep. A round arm and taper hand controlled a most artful fan.

Mr. Calhoun expressed great surprise and gratification that mere chance had enabled him to meet the

wife of a gentleman so distinguished in the diplomatic service as Senor Yturrio.

"We are especially glad always to hear of our friends from the southwest," said he, at last, with a slight addition of formality in tone and attitude.

"At these words I saw my lady's eyes flicker. 'It is fate, senor,' said she, again casting down her eyes, and spreading out her hands as in resignation, 'fate which left Texas and Mexico not always one.'

"That may be," said Mr. Calhoun. "Perhaps fate, also, that those of kin should cling together."

"How can a mere woman know?" My lady shrugged her very graceful and beautiful shoulders—somewhat mature shoulders now, but still beautiful.

"Dear senora," said Mr. Calhoun, "there are so many things a woman may not know. For instance, how could she know if her husband should perchance leave the legation to which he was attached and pay a visit to another nation?"

Again the slight flickering of her eyes, but again her hands were outspread in protest.

"How indeed, senor?"

"What if my young aide here, Mr. Trist, should tell you that he has seen your husband some hundreds of miles away and in conference with a lady supposed to be somewhat friendly toward—"

"Ah, you mean that baroness!"

"So soon had the shaft gone home! Her woman's jealousy had offered a point unexpectedly weak. Calhoun bowed, without a smile upon his face."

"Mr. Pakenham, the British minister, is disposed to be friendly to this same lady. Your husband and a certain officer of the British navy called upon this same lady last week in Montreal—informally. It is sometimes unfortunate that plans are divulged. To me it seemed only wise and fit that you should not let any of these little personal matters make for us greater complications in these perilous times. I think you understand me, perhaps, Senora Yturrio?"

"She gurgled low in her throat at this, any sort of sound, meaning to remain ambiguous. But Calhoun was merciless.

"It is not within dignity, senora, for me to make trouble between a lady and her husband. But we must have friends with us under our flag, or know that they are not our friends. You are welcome in my house. Your husband is welcome in the house of our republic. There are certain duties, even thus."

Only now and again she turned upon him the light of her splendid eyes, searching him.

"If I should recall again, gently, my dear senora, the fact that your husband was with that particular woman—"

"If I should say that Mexico has been found under the flag of England, while supposed to be under our flag—"

"If I should add that one of the representatives of the Mexican legation had been discovered in hiding over to England certain secrets of this country and of the Republic of Texas—"

"why, then, what answer, think you, senora, Mexico, would make to me?"

"But Senor Calhoun does not mean—does not dare to say—"

"I do dare it; I do mean it! I can tell you all that Mexico plans, and all that Texas plans. All the secrets are out; and since we know them, we propose immediate annexation of the Republic of Texas! Though it means war, Texas shall be ours! This has been forced upon us by the perfidy of other nations."

"You seek war, Senor Secretary! My people say that your armies are in Texas now, or will be."

"They are but very slightly in advance of the truth, senora," said Calhoun grimly. "For me, I do not believe in war when war can be averted. But suppose it could be averted? Suppose the Senora Yturrio herself could avert it? Suppose the senora could remain here still, in this city which she so much admires? A lady of so distinguished beauty and charm is valuable in our society here."

He bowed to her with stately grace. If there was mockery in his tone, she could not catch it; nor did her searching eyes read his meaning.

"See," he resumed, "alone, I am helpless in this situation. If my government is offended, I cannot stop the course of events. I am not the senate; I am simply an officer in our administration—a very humble officer of his excellency our president, Mr. Tyler."

My lady broke out in a peal of low rippling laughter, her white teeth gleaming. It was, after all, somewhat difficult to trifle with one who had been trained in intrigue all her life.

Calhoun laughed now in his own quiet way. "We shall do better if we deal entirely frankly, senora," said he. "Let us then waste no time. Frankly, then, it would seem that, now the Baroness von Ritz is off the scene, the Senora Yturrio would have all the better title and opportunity in the affections of—well, let us say, her own husband!"

She bent toward him now, her lips open in a slow smile, all her subtle and dangerous beauty unmasking its batteries. The impression she conveyed was that of warmth and of spotted shadows such as play upon the leopard's back, such as mark the wing of the butterfly, the petal of some flower born in a land of heat and passion. But Calhoun regarded her calmly, his finger tips together,

and spoke as deliberately as though communing with himself. "It is but one thing, one very little thing."

"And what is that, senor?" she asked at length.

"The signature of Senor Van Zandt, attaché for Texas, on this memorandum of treaty between the United States and Texas."

Bowing, he presented to her the document to which he had earlier directed my own attention. "We are all well advised that Senor Van Zandt is trafficking this very hour with England as against us," he explained. "We ask the gracious assistance of Senora Yturrio. In return we promise her—"

"I can not—it is impossible!" she exclaimed, as she glanced at the pages. "It is our ruin!"

"No, senora," said Calhoun sternly; "it means annexation of Texas to the United States. But that is not your ruin. It is your salvation. Your country well may doubt England, even England bearing gifts!"

"I have no control over Senor Van Zandt—he is the enemy of my country!" she began.

Calhoun now fixed upon her the full cold blue blaze of his singularly penetrating eyes. "No, senora," he said sternly; "but you have access to my friend Mr. Polk, and Mr. Polk is the friend of Mr. Jackson, and they two are friends of Mr. Van Zandt; and Texas supposes that these two, although they do not represent precisely my own beliefs in politics, are for the annexation of Texas, not to England, but to America. There is good chance Mr. Polk may be president. If you do not use your personal influence with him, he may consue politics and not you, and so declare war against Mexico. That war would cost you Texas, and much more as well. Now, to avert that war, do you not think that perhaps you can ask Mr. Polk to say to Mr. Van Zandt that his signature on this little treaty would end all such questions simply, immediately, and to the best benefit of Mexico, Texas and the United States? Treason? Why, senora, 'would be preventing treason!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Johnny on the Spot.

Peddler (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—I have got here—

Servant (who responds to the ring)—Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here today. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion.

Peddler—Ha! Hurt much?

Servant—Blown to atoms. Only a grease spot left of him.

Peddler—Ah! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator, which will remove that grease spot in two minutes.—Tit-Bits.



"And What Is That, Senor?" She Asked at Length.

UGLY RACE CONFLICT

NEGROES ATTACK WHITES IN DELAWARE TOWN—ONE KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

BAD FEELING AMONG RACES

Riot Continued Nearly Through One Night—Shot and Bullets Whiz Through Streets—Law Officers Could Not Control Mob.

Laurel, Del.—The ill feeling which has existed for some time between white and colored residents of Laurel and vicinity culminated in a race riot that raged in the heart of town nearly all night, resulting in the death of a white boy, the serious injury of two white men and minor injury of a number of white and colored men and damage to a number of buildings. A lynching is threatened if the negro who fired the fatal shot is found.

Laurel, Del.—A mob of armed negroes swooped down upon a crowd of spectators in the main thoroughfare of the town and fired a volley of bullets and buckshot into the crowd. Orem Stockley, 18 years old, son of a farmer living near Laurel, fell to the ground, shot through the head. He was taken to a hospital in Salisbury, Md., where he died.

George Hudson, 50 years old, a white man of Bethel, was shot in the leg, necessitating amputation, and John Thompson, a white barber, was shot in both legs while shaving a patron. Other white men received minor injuries. It is known that several negroes were injured but they cannot be located.

Officers were unable to cope with the mob and there was a fierce struggle between the two races until 3 o'clock in the morning. Windows were shattered and the interior of buildings was greatly damaged.

Earl Richards, a 15-year-old white boy, stole his father's revolver and captured George Wright, a negro, for whom the authorities have been looking for over a year. Richards compelled the negro to hold up his hands until the officers arrived. Wright is said to be wanted in Virginia for the alleged murder of a white boy.

Officers are endeavoring to apprehend the negro who fired the fatal shot at young Stockley. Open threats have been made of a lynching when he is caught.

DR. SEAMAN A. KNAPP DEAD

An Expert in Agriculture—A Warm Friend of the South.

Washington.—Dr. Seaman Asahel Knapp, one of the foremost experts of the department of agriculture, who has made investigations in many parts of the world, died at his home here. He was 78 years old.

Dr. Knapp was from New York and his work in the Orient and in connections with American rice production in the South and in promotion of various Southern crops made him famous among agricultural investigators.

Rheumatism, which later developed into a complication of diseases caused Dr. Knapp's death. He was a graduate of Union college and received many degrees from other institutions.

Dr. Knapp introduced the improved Japanese rice in this country after extensive travels in Japan, China and the Philippines for the Department of Agriculture. His investigations stimulated the rice industry in Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, as he frequently made prolonged lecture tours in the interest of farmers. Throughout the South, but particularly in Louisiana, Dr. Knapp became well-known of his efforts in behalf of the production of not only rice but sugar and cotton. He was one of the leaders in the great fight of the government against the cotton boll weevil. Of recent years he had been directing the work of the department toward the diversification of crops in the South and through his efforts many Southern farmers were induced largely to give up their one-staple crop—cotton—and to plant corn and raise hogs.

China Men Assault Missionary.

Shanghai.—The Rev. John Murray, of the American Presbyterian mission at the Tsi Nan Fu was attacked by Chinese on March 23, 17 miles north of that place. He was badly injured about the head and body and was brought back to the mission by a government escort. He is now considered out of danger. An absurd report had been circulated among the Chinese that Mr. Murray had stolen a child and some of them set upon him, while he was engaged in making pastoral visits.

Promised Trouble Blown Away.

Madrid.—The ministerial crisis, which appeared fraught with the greatest possibilities, seems to have ended as abruptly as it began. It has resolved itself, seemingly to the general relief, into a second reconstruction of the Canallas ministry. King Alfonso, on his arrival from Seville, immediately received Senor Canalejas and requested him to continue in power. The Premier agreed on condition that he be permitted to make such changes in the Cabinet as he deemed necessary.

PROBABLY DOES.



Howell—My wife is a woman of few words.

Powell—But doesn't she make the few work overtime?

SCALES ALL OVER HER BODY

"About three years ago I was affected by white scales on my knees and elbows. I consulted a doctor who treated me for ringworm. I saw no change and consulted a specialist and he claimed I had psoriasis. I continued treatments under him for about six months until I saw scales breaking out all over my body save my face. My scalp was affected, and my hair began to fall. I then changed doctors to no avail. I went to two hospitals and each wanted to make a study of the case and seemed unable to cure it or assure me of a cure. I tried several patent medicines and was finally advised by a friend who has used Cuticura on her children since their birth, to purchase the Cuticura Remedies. I purchased a cake of Soap, the Ointment and the Resolvent. After the first application the itching was allayed.

"I am still using the Soap and Ointment and now feel that none other is good enough for my skin. The psoriasis has disappeared and I everywhere feel better. My hands were so disfigured before using the Cuticura Remedies that I had to wear gloves all the time. Now my body and hands are looking fine." (Signed) Miss Sara Burnett, 2135 Fitzwater St., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1910.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, for free book on affections of the skin and scalp.

Preponderance of Evidence.

"Sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest you—you bear down" along at the rate of 50 miles an hour.

"You are wrong, my friend," said the driver. "I wasn't, and here's a ten-dollar bill that says I wasn't."

"All right," returned the constable, pocketing the money. "With 11 to one against me I ain't goin' to subject the county to thy' expense of a trial!" —Harper's Weekly.

What is passing in the heart of another rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own.—Shelley.

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY.

Mothers should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for 25 years. THESE POWDERS NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Drug Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample mailed FREE to any mother. Address: Allen S. Quinsied, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is the rally of loyal allies which helps most to win a good cause to victory.—W. S. Royston.

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Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsidine will relieve you. It's liquid-pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c, 25c, and 50 cents at drug stores.

Every church preaches louder by its square dealing than by its high shouting.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontaine.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicates rheumatism, gout and other diseases.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—Delareme.

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