

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATHBOONE

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

However, there is no help for it, and no precaution must be neglected that will conduce to the success of the game.

Her safety first, no matter what may become of his hopes.

That is Jack Travers for you.

Presently he searches for Ah Sin, and gives that humble individual quite a severe shock when he runs across him. The Celestial has been keeping quiet, feasting on the good things placed before him, and awaiting orders.

When he learns what has occurred to call for immediate attention, Ah Sin is at once on the qui vive, and ready to act as best his master sees fit.

At six o'clock Smithers shows up, looking very unlike himself. He would easily pass for one of the native Jehu whips upon the thousand cabs of Havana.

Jack and his man tumble inside—there is a crack of the whip, and away they go.

The crowds delay them a little, but Smithers pushes his horses, and at a quarter-past six they draw near the station.

There is the usual noise of moving trains, for the presence of an hundred thousand Spanish soldiers on the island presses the limited railroad accommodations at times.

Smithers has made all arrangements, and leaving Jack mounted on the box, with Ah Sin near by, he hurries into the station to meet the confederate he has engaged.

Jack sees him two minutes later waving his hand as a signal to come at once. Something is evidently wrong or he would not appear so agitated.

With a terrible fear clutching his heart as if with fingers of ice, Travers leaps to the ground and runs. Ah Sin does likewise, and together they reach Smithers.

"What is it—the train?" cries Jack.

"Has gone five minutes ago. They changed the time to a quarter past. That was it we saw hauling out as we came up," is the crushing reply.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Man Who Owned the Engine.

Jack stares at the other—he even repeats the words Smithers has used. Five minutes too late, and the special train, laden with Spanish soldiers, has gone to destruction.

Before his eyes, as plain as day, he can see the awful wreck, the dead and the dying, and among them, oh, horrors! the lovely form of his Highland lassie, the girl he loves.

No wonder Jack feels for one brief moment as though paralyzed.

The reaction comes. Instead of a deadly chill, he has a burning sensation pass over his whole frame, and experiences an earnest, furious desire to do something in order to save her from this fearful fate.

Smithers is endeavoring to collect his senses—Smithers, who has, under almost every condition, shown such wonderful nerve, seems broken up by this decree of Fate.

And while he thinks Jack acts.

It is Ah Sin who leads the way. The Celestial never gets rattled no matter what accumulation of disasters overtake them. Jack sees the China-



"What is it—the train?" cries Jack, man's arm extended, and following the line of his finger he discovers what it is to which Ah Sin would attract his attention.

The railway company's telegraph office.

At sight of it Jack's hopes revive. True, he has sworn not to betray the plot of the rebels, but when the last resort is gone and her life is in peril, he will feel compelled to do so. Better a broken vow than that she suffer.

So he leaps toward the office.

Perhaps nearly, if not quite, sixty seconds have flown since he first received the dire news—sixty precious seconds, during which the doomed train has been shooting on toward the destruction that lies in wait.

His positive intention is to have the telegraph agent wire the conductor in charge of the train, warning him of the awful danger ahead, and having him use extra precautions when approaching the bridge where the dynamite is supposed to lie.

Smithers sees him dash into the office and stifles a groan. Perhaps

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this is for the rebels whose plan for striking a blow at their hated foes will fall through. At any rate, he does not make the least attempt to hold Jack in check, but awaits results.

When he looks again he discovers Jack dashing out of the telegraph office.

His manner is not that of a confident man who, by a bold stroke, has accomplished what he set out to do.

On the contrary, Jack appears excited—his face is almost as pale as one who has seen a ghost, and he glances sharply from right to left as he runs toward them, after the manner of a man who seeks a remedy for some dreadful malady.

As he draws near where Smithers stands, he can be heard exclaiming aloud, as though to save even the precious seconds of time:

"Wires down—Macao raided the outskirts of Havana—impossible to reach even the first station—no way of reaching the train—now been gone seven and a half minutes, and already four miles away."

Yes, they can hear the rumble of the train among the hills—it comes very plainly during a cessation of noise about the station, though gradually growing fainter and more distant.

"Can you suggest anything?" cries Jack, endeavoring to cudgel his brains to greater rapidity of action. "Think as you never did before. What can overtake the special, since telegraphing is out of the question?" Smithers is looking down the tracks, where they gleam in the lights beyond.

"If we had an engine we might do it."

Jack snatches at the idea like a drowning man might clutch at a straw.

"Then we will have an engine if it takes a thousand—five thousand dollars—all I have in the world. Follow me!" he ejaculates.

Jack has not started off at random—he generally knows what he means to accomplish before setting out to begin. Some moving object has caught his eye just down the track—something that in this crisis of his existence looks more valuable than the best paying mine in the Cripple Creek region. It is an engine just emerging from a shed, upon a turntable. Smoke is pouring from the large, old-styled stack, black smoke burning resinous pinewood, than which few species of fuel will generate steam more quickly.

It means a possible chance to solve the terrible problem that has been suddenly set before them—it means the case of life and death may yet be decided in favor of continued existence.

Under these conditions, therefore, it can be readily understood with what tremendous satisfaction Jack starts in the direction of this locomotive.

As he advances with such a burst of speed he takes note of several things. Everyone connected with the engine seems to be in the utmost haste, and this is the more wonderful when the fact is taken into consideration that in such hot countries as Cuba they do not, as a general thing, use any too much speed in anything undertaken.

He sees the stoker tossing pine knots into the yawning mouth of the fire box, while the engine driver leans part way out of the cab window, his face streaked with grime, but looking anxious in the light of the fire.

Thus bearing down upon the scene, Travers is not long in reaching the place where several stout men stand ready to turn the engine around on the revolving table.

Two men stand beside the trucks, one of them having an official air, and holding a paper in his hand that may be an order.

His companion seems to be an ordinary citizen—a Spaniard, judging from his olive skin and black hair.

Jack instantly surmises that the official is the party who can attend to his wants, and he means to obtain possession of that engine if money can buy it.

"Senor, are you in charge here? I have missed the special by a hair's breadth. It is very important that I should overtake it. I would have sent a message, but the wires are down."

The official shoots a quick but expressive glance toward his companion, who moves a little closer, cocking his ears as though he takes an unusual interest in what Jack says.

"Si, senor, the wires are down—that Macao is always on the move, and he keeps the wires cut so that we in Havana may not know what he is doing. It is very sad," is the consoling remark made by the official.

"But, senor, you did not answer my question—are you in charge here?"

"For the night—yes," is the reply.

"I wish to hire a special."

"A what?" ejaculates the other.

"A special—an engine to overtake the train that left here some minutes ago."

The official throws up both arms.

"Madre de Dios!—another!" he gurgles.

"Senor, it is a case of life and death," Jack breaks out with, huskily, for the men are swinging the iron monster around, and Jack is inwardly swearing he will control the destiny of that engine, come what may.

"Alas! I am sorry!"—with a shrug.

"If money stands in the way, I am prepared to pay you any price."

"That is not it. Alas! I have no engine."

"This one will do, I am sure."

"But—"

"You hesitate when many lives are in peril."

"It is no longer under my control."

"Senor explain."

"This gentleman is Gen. Toledo. He has also missed the train, but bears authority to overtake it if the means can be had. I have ordered out this engine. It belongs to him since the Government commands. Senor, you must deal with Gen. Toledo."

Jack whirls upon the soldier in civilian attire. "General, as I said before, it is a case of life and death with us to overtake the special. If you have the power to allow such a thing, I beg that we may find a lodgment somewhere on your engine. If a thousand dollars would be of any service to you—"

The other shakes his head.

"We can talk of that later, senor," he smiles.

"You consent?"—in sudden rapture.

"Caramba! there is no one who can prevent me. I own this engine."



"It is a case of life and death with us to overtake that special."

for the hour. And you say it is a case of life and death, senor. I sympathize with you—I offer you a chance to overtake the special, which left fifteen minutes ahead of time."

His manner tells Jack plainly that he has been entirely influenced by the prospect of a heavy pecuniary reward, and not because he has a big heart.

"Then you will allow us to accompany you? A thousand thanks, senor. If you only knew the facts, you would never regret your decision."

Jack feels as though a load of a thousand pounds had been lifted from his heart. There is a fair field and a favor now. It is all he asks at any time.

The engine has been faced down the track, and a man dashes down to change the switch that will run it upon the main line.

"Come, senors, all aboard," sings out General Toledo, as he swings him self up into the cab, quickly followed by Jack and Smithers, while Ah Sin clutches hold even as the engine bursts forward.

(To be continued.)

Force of Character.

Perhaps you remember Hawthorne's lovely tale of the great stone face and the little boy who loved it and watched it, day after day, until the villagers discovered that his own face had been transfigured into a flesh and blood incarnation of its glories.

This is a parable of the influence exerted on the character by an ideal fixed and never forsaken.

It is a beautifully true parable. We cherish an ideal, only to have it enter the warp and woof of our character.

We entertain great expectations of ourselves only to have them fulfilled. Our lovely dreams come true. Our fond hopes are realized. Our ethereal air castles are founded on solid rock.

"We grow like what we contemplate," Longfellow said. "Let us, therefore, contemplate the true, the beautiful, and the good."

Changing the Subject.

"Well, my son, have you been a good boy to-day?" said papa upon his return from his daily labors. "Yes," said 8-year-old Harold, hesitatingly. Then, after a moment's pause, "pretty good," but as if to square himself, he added, "Mamma did 'pank me onse.'"

"Why, what did she spank you for?"

"Cawh I wash naughty."

"Well, what did you do that was naughty?"

"Papa," said the dear little fellow between smiles and tears, "let's talk about shompeping else."

She Was Cornered.

Mother—Why have you taken all of the chairs out of the parlor, dear?

Daughter—Because George is so fearfully bashful, I'm not progressing at all. Now there is nothing left in the room but a tete-a-tete and he's got to sit near me!—Detroit Free Press.

Their Smile Came Off.

Maud—I always like to stand between a couple of brawny football players.

Both (pleased)—Aw! why, now?

Maud—Their hideous appearance sets off a girl's looks so.

Sunday School Enrollment.

More than 13,000,000 persons are enrolled in the Sunday Schools of the country. In public schools the enrollment is more than 16,000,000, or only 3,000,000 more.

LEGISLATURE of NEBRASKA

A Synopsis of Proceedings of the Twenty-Ninth General Session.

In the capitol building shortly after noon on the 3rd, 132 citizens stood with uncovered heads and with right hands uplifted, before Chief Justice Holcomb, and repeated after him a solemn oath of office. The men who invoked God to attest that they swore truly were the members of the twenty-ninth session of the legislature, and this is what they swore:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the state of Nebraska, and will faithfully discharge the duties of member of the legislature according to the best of my ability, and that, at the election at which I was chosen to fill the said office, I have not improperly influenced any vote of an elector; that I have not accepted nor will I accept, either directly or indirectly, money or other valuable things from any corporation, company or person, or any promise of office for any official act or influence, for any vote I may give or withhold on any bill, resolution or appropriation, so help me God."

The business to be transacted was that of organization only, and was carried out strictly along the lines determined on in the republican caucuses. The house was called to order by Secretary of State Marsh. The roll was called by C. H. Barnard of Pawnee county, who was later made first assistant clerk of the house.

R. B. Windham of Cass county was unanimously elected speaker pro tem, and John Wall was made temporary chief clerk.

For the election of permanent speaker, the vote stood: Rouse, 91; Hunker, 9; and on motion of the latter, the election of Mr. Rouse was made unanimous.

The oath was administered by Chief Justice Holcomb, and was repeated by the members standing with right hands uplifted and afterwards was signed by them.

The house then proceeded to permanent organization, electing George L. Rouse of Hall, speaker; John Wall, chief clerk, and the other officers and employes as agreed on in caucus last night.

The nine fusion members supported for speaker F. D. Hunker of Cuming county.

The speakers and officers were sworn by the chief justice.

Mr. Rouse was escorted to the speaker's chair by Burgess of Lancaster, Casebeer of Gage and Perry of Furnas. He addressed the house briefly, informally and in a very general way.

A committee of five was ordered appointed on legislative supplies. The rules of the twenty-eighth session were adopted as the rules of the present session.

Windham of Cass, Anderson of Douglas and Burns of Lancaster were appointed to act with a senate committee to wait upon the governor and inform him the legislature is ready to hear from him.

Casebeer of Gage moved that the clerk be instructed to furnish requisition blanks, which should be exclusively used by the members in calling for supplies, and that such requisitions be permanent preserved in the record. The resolution was voted down.

Windham of Cass, chairman of the committee to confer with the governor, reported that his excellency had fixed 2 o'clock Thursday as the hour when he would convey his wishes to the legislature in the form of a message.

The house thereupon adjourned.

In the senate work began at noon. Lieut. Governor McGillon called the body to order.

Rev. J. H. Pession led in prayer. He invoked the divine blessing on the legislators and asked for harmony and peace throughout the session.

A roll call showed that all the senators were present except Hart of Adams county. He was detained by illness.

Senator Wall moved that Senators Begthol of Lancaster, Saunders of Douglas and Jackson of Gage be appointed a committee on credentials. They reported there were no contests.

Senator Saunders of Douglas moved that the 1903 rules be adopted until new regulations were formulated, and the motion prevailed.

Senator Haller of Washington moved that Senator Jennings be elected president pro tem. Senator Wall of Sherman moved as a substitute that all the senate caucus nominees be declared elected. The latter motion prevailed. Wall then moved that Senators Epperson of Clay, Tucker of Richardson and Sheldon of Cass wait on the secretary of state and ask him

Discretion.

"You never laugh at young Mr. Blizzins' jokes."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I like Mr. Blizzins. I am afraid he will get to trying to be clever every time he meets me and become a nuisance."

Social Economy.

One—Since poor Jack Waring died his widow really seems to be on the decline.

The Other—Declining, is she? It will be safe to ask her to dinner, then.

to swear in the senate employes. This was carried. Secretary of State Marsh could not be found, and Senator Mockett of Lancaster moved that the lieutenant governor administer the oath. This was adopted and the employes were sworn in.

Begthol of Lancaster moved that the committee on standing committees and the committee on employes, selected by the caucus, be chosen by the senate. The selections were approved.

Senator Jones of Otoe asked that the pay of the enrolling and engrossing clerks be fixed at \$4 a day. This was done. Senator Wall of Sherman moved that Senator Cady of Howard, Fries of Valley and Nielson of Douglas compose a committee to notify the house that the senate had organized. The motion carried, and the committee notified the house.

Without transacting further business of importance the senate adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4.

The senate held a short session. The body was called to order by Lieutenant Governor McGillon. A committee composed of Begthol of Lancaster, Fries of Valley and Shreck of York, was appointed to confer with a house committee to set a time for a joint session to canvass the vote on executive officers and fixed the time at 11:30. Mockett of Lancaster moved a resolution, that was unanimously carried, to furnish representatives of the newspapers in the senate copies of the Cobbey statutes for use during the session. The board of secretaries of the state board of health sent in a communication requesting the favorable action of the senate in the matter of providing a home for the epileptics. An invitation was read and placed on file from the National Live Stock association for the legislature to attend the meeting of the association in Denver, January 10, or to send a committee. Adjourned until Thursday, when joint inaugural ceremonies will take place.

In the house complaint was entered against the railroads for the length of time they take to get lumber into Nebraska and the way in which they treat the dealer. Lumber is sometimes on the road a month, with the dealer unable to locate it. When it does arrive, unless it is unloaded within forty-eight hours the purchaser has to pay \$1 a day demurrage. Frequently the cars stack up on the dealer and in many cases shippers have been unable to unload the cars within the prescribed time, and have had to pay the demurrage charges when it is all the fault of the railroads. Should a measure be introduced to regulate this evil it will have the support of the lumber dealers, who two years ago were tied up with the railroads. The following members were excused from attendance for the remainder of the week: Jouvenat of Boone, Jackson of Antelope, Bacon of Dawson, Peabody of Nemaha, Livingston of Franklin, McAllister of Deuel, Richardson of Madison and Smelser of Sherman. Roberts of Dodge offered a resolution, directing the chief clerk to furnish to the reporters of daily newspapers regularly represented in the house a copy each of the compiled statutes for use during the session, the resolution being seconded by Perry of Furnas. The question was put to a viva voce vote, and the speaker was in doubt as to the result. Burns of Lancaster then explained to the members the necessity for furnishing statutes to the newspaper men, after which the resolution prevailed. Following this adjournment took place until Thursday.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5.

Brilliant and elaborate ceremonies marked the inauguration of Governor Mickey and the state officers. The capitol building was decorated from top to bottom with flaunting bunting. Ferns, palms and flowers were in all the offices, and there was an interminable receiving line leading up to Governor Mickey, who was surrounded by his colonels, their uniforms ablaze with gold lace. There was a reception in the senate chamber which lasted from 8 to 8:30 o'clock. Several thousand marched through the chamber and into Representative hall. After this there were receptions in the various offices by the new officers. The First regiment band furnished music and Adjutant General Culver of the national guard had charge of the ceremonies. But little business was transacted beyond inauguration ceremonies. Jennings of Thayer reported the standing committee. Giffen of Dawson moved that Wall of Sherman, Lavory of Saunders and Gould of Greeley be appointed a committee to represent the mem-

Nothing to Say.

Cholly—I suppose she doesn't like me because I never flatter. I always say what I think.

Miss Sharp—Ah! Is that all? Perhaps her dislike, then, is due to the fact that you never say anything.

The Remarkable Thing.

He—Miss Elder tells me she's only 22. That seems remarkable, doesn't it?

She—Not at all. It would have been remarkable if she had told the truth.

bers of the senate at the meeting of the National Live Stock association at Denver. The committee on employes reported these names to the senate and they were sworn in and placed on the pay roll: Miss Olive Utt, secretary to lieutenant governor; Charles E. Furry, copist; F. J. Bonedict, custodian of the senate; Edgar McCrea, custodian of the gallery; Mrs. E. S. Cameron, copist; Tom Wright, clerk; J. A. Pollard, messenger; Jerry Wilhelm, night watchman; H. A. Hober, janitor.

In the house the session was very short, lasting but ten minutes. Chairman Perry of the committee on adjournment reported that an agreement had been reached with the senate committee for an adjournment until 11 o'clock Tuesday. The report was adopted. McClay of Lancaster moved that a committee of three be appointed to arrange for the securing of mimeograph copies of the house journal; one to be placed daily on the desk of each member, and that the committee be given power to act. The speaker seemed to regard this as entailing unnecessary expense, and the motion was defeated. The house then went into joint session and, on convening, adjourned.

No Sign.

Ethel—Are you sure the count was intoxicated last night?

Ethel—Positive. Why, he couldn't pronounce his own name.

Ethel—But you must remember that he is a Russian count.

It All Depends.

Giles—How far is it from your house to the nearest saloon?

Smiles—Well, it is three minutes' walk from my house to the saloon and about thirty minutes' walk back.

Didn't Want a Change.

Nell—He seems to be devoted to you.

Belle—Yes.

Nell—Why don't you marry him?

Belle—Oh, I like to have him devoted to me.

A Loss Indeed.

Jahey—What makes you so blue today, Ike?

Ikey—I was fired yesterday.

Jahey—Fired? And you had no insurance?

Long-Felt Want.

Customer—Say, what kind of a crazy novel is this, anyway? It begins with the last chapter and ends with the first.

Bookseller—Oh, that edition is intended for ladies only.

The Usual Size for Him.

Little Elmer—"Papa, what is a hypochondriac?"

Professor Broadhead—"A hyperconfidence man, isn't he?—Catholic case, but many complaints.—Fuck."

Tells Why.

Aunt Julia—Why did you break off your engagement with young Huggins?

Pretty Niece—Because he got a fool notion in his head that I intended to marry him.

The Retort Proper.

"Ah, you poor chaps of bachelors! Now, when a married man gets a little rent in his clothes—"

"He's got to pay it to the landlord!"

Some Think So.

Willie—Pa, what does "trust" mean?

Pa—Well, "trust" means confidence for one thing.

Willie—Then a "trust magnate" is a confidence man, isn't he?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Proof Enough.

"Oh, mamma, I know there's a flea on me," cried little Ethel.

"How do you know it is a flea, dear?" asked mamma.

"Why, because I can't catch it!"

Parental Promptitude.

Willie—Mamma, I think I like God better than I do papa.

Mrs. Slimson—Why, Willie?

"Well, papa punishes me a great deal quicker than God does."—Collier's Weekly.

Criminal Offense.

Lawyer—Did the defendant, to your knowledge, ever incite another to perjury?

Witness—Yes; once I heard him ask a woman her age.

Measuring Ingredients.

It is useful to know that sixty drops are equivalent to one teaspoonful, three teaspoonfuls equal to one tablespoonful. A gill is four tablespoonfuls. One cupful of liquid is equal to one-half pint. Two cups of butter or sugar weigh one-half pound, and sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid are equal to a cupful.

Day of Heaviest Rainfall.

A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and four o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day.

To Procure Sound Sleep.