

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

By GEORGE BATHURNE

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

His identity! Good heavens! they seem to know him already, since the old sinner had called him by name, and still addresses him as Senor Jack.

Can it be possible this is some shrewd, canny Scotch game to inveigle him into a marriage that will put him in the power of a gang of blackmailers?

He might even suspect such a thing only for Howard's connection with it, and his declaration that he had a mortgage upon the name of Jack Travers.

At any rate there is still a lapse of time before the final round, and that same powerless curiosity urges him on—he may yet be able to fathom the amazing depths of this mystery.

He has aroused himself. He asks questions so fashioned that they may not betray his ignorance of the subject, receiving in reply non-committal explanations that only partially satisfy him.

In the midst of it all an explosion threatens.

"Senor Jack," says the remarkable host, who stands eyeing him from head to foot in a critical manner, "I believe you will make a wonderful hit with the charming young lady, and she will not think the union so disagreeable as she feared. Pardon me, but I had not dreamed from your description that you were so dashing, so very handsome."

It is not often a man receives a compliment from his own sex, and Jack laughs in some confusion, meanwhile muttering under his breath:

"Well, I don't wonder the old chap's surprised if Howard gave a truthful description of himself, since I've known him to scare a coyote by smiling at it."

His strange host continues: "There is one thing we have forgotten—not that I suppose it matters at all, but you will of course remember, Senor Jack, that it was agreed between us you should prove your identity when you came."

"Just so," remarks Jack, serenely, wondering which identity he is called upon to produce the evidence for, and hardly ready to stand up and swear he is the genuine party whose arrival has been so anxiously anticipated.

"Ahem! have you those letters with you?" asks the other, suavely.

Letters! That reminds him Ah Sin picked up a packet in the street after the wreck of the Caledonian hansom. Jack draws them out with a confident air; he is now ready to believe Fortune plays the cards for him, since everything seems to fit as neatly as though the ends were dovetailed by an experienced joiner.

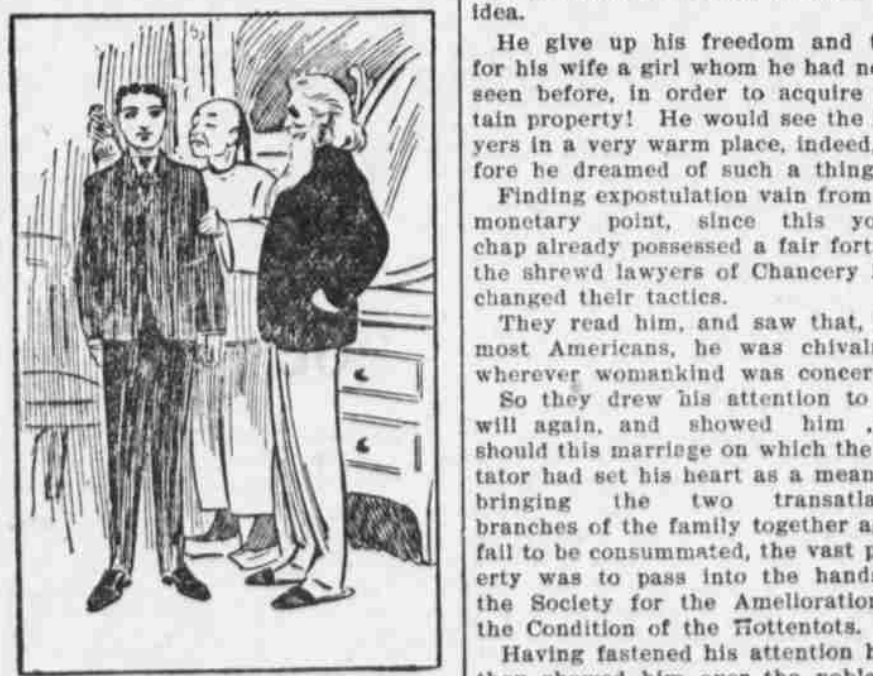
"Ah! the last doubt is thrown to the wind. Buenos! We shall be merry. Last of all, Senor Jack, you remember the compact."

"Suppose you repeat it, to refresh my memory," suggests the artful Jack, using the brush on his curly locks.

"Briefly, then, you have agreed to carry out your share of this business for a third of the spoils, which shall be placed in your hands as soon as we secure possession, and all is arranged so that you need not fear being cheated. On my part, because of my influence in the matter, I receive another third, or as much as I can coax from my lovely ward. The one point insisted on by her is hard with you, senor."

"How so?" asks Jack, deeply interested.

"You remember, I explained, and you agreed to abide by it. Otherwise there could have been no wedding here to-night. It is this—that once the ceremony is over, you part from your wife, and never seek to come



Bursts into a laugh.

into her presence again except by her own order."

Jack gives a little whistle. Really this affair gets more and more mysterious, and yet, strange to say, the deeper the complications become, the firmer grows his grasp upon it.

"Well, as you say, senor, when one has promised it is settled, and I would not go back on my word," he remarks, coolly.

"You are all ready now, I believe."

"Ready?"

"To descend with me—to add the finishing stroke to this great plan which has been arranged between us by letter—to end your bachelor days and for the space of five minutes call

shame for him to keep her out of that beautiful property.

It ended in Jack making up his mind that he would secretly seek the presence of Jesse Cameron, and if he found her all that her photograph seemed to promise, he would attempt to win her love under another name.

His first step was to discover where the young lady might be found, and without difficulty he learned she was in Edinburgh.

It was just when he was starting for that northern capital that the young American received a mysterious letter with the postmark of Edinburgh upon the envelope.

The writer, who was undoubtedly a woman, appealed to his love of fair play—declared that there was a plot on foot to out-general him, and that those engaged in it were unscrupulous in their designs, and finally begged him, if the letter should chance to reach him through his solicitors, to meet the writer before midnight of the night of May 28, or, if not then the following night, at the Old Tol booth in the Canongate of Edinburgh.

He finishes the muttered sentence with a knowing smile of anticipation, and hurries after the beckoning old gentleman; while Ah Sin, winking wickedly at himself as he passes the mirror, patters after the master.

"One moment, senor," Jack says, huskily, for the dramatic situation begins to tell upon him.

"What now," demands the other, a little testily.

"A simple request. Before we enter allow me one glimpse of the young woman to whom I am about—ahem—to sacrifice my bachelor days."

"That is reasonable," 'turn your eyes yonder—she who is dressed in white. Tell me, Senor Jack, saw you ever a lovelier vision than that?"

And Jack Travers, looking, feels his heart beat with tumultuous force against its prison walls—feels his whole frame thrill with an ecstasy he cannot explain. He draws a long breath of resignation and to his guide says:

"Lead on; do with me what you wish," while to himself he whispers, "The hand of fate is behind all. Why should I hesitate, when in this girl who they intend shall be my wife I see the original of the photograph I adore—sweet Jessie Cameron?"

CHAPTER IV.

Merely a Business Arrangement.

In order that Jack's motives may appear to have at least some degree of sanity in the eyes of the reader, it may be well to lift the curtain a little at the point of his appearance in the room, and explain briefly what mission brings him to Edinburgh, and how strangely the Fates have undertaken to manage his case for him.

While Jack was wrestling with a fickle fortune in the silver mines of Colorado, he received word through a firm of solicitors in London that a most extraordinary event had occurred in the other branch of the family, which resulted in his being made heir to a tremendous English property over in the tight little island, besides the honored address of Squire John Travers.

It chanced that Jack had made a rich strike in the mines at about the same time, so that he was not very eager to hurry across the big pond and claim his new inheritance.

Finally, however, having put his affairs in order, he accompanied the lawyers to London.

There, for the first time he learned of a peculiar codicil to the will through which he was to come into possession of the vast estate of the Travers family.

The squire's part of it was incontestable, and that small portion of the estate, about one-fifth, which had been entailed, must come to him through the natural law of next-of-kin, but the great balance, an enormous property, too, could only become his own in case he married a certain young woman—a distant relative of the testator, who cherished an affection for her—which affair must come off within a year.

Jack laughed aloud in scorn at the idea.

He give up his freedom and take for his wife a girl whom he had never seen before, in order to acquire certain property! He would see the lawyers in a very warm place, indeed, before he dreamed of such a thing.

Finding expostulation vain from the monetary point, since this young chap already possessed a fair fortune, the shrewd lawyers of Chancery lane changed their tactics.

They read him, and saw that, like most Americans, he was chivalrous wherever womankind was concerned.

So they drew his attention to the will again, and showed him that should this marriage on which the testator had set his heart as a means of bringing the two transatlantic branches of the family together again fall to be consummated, the vast property was to pass into the hands of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Tottenots.

Having fastened his attention here, they showed him over the noble estate, and Jack really was quite smitten with its charms.

Then the lawyers explained to him that in case of his refusal to carry out the conditions of the will, the young woman would be left penniless, even though it were not her fault the arrangement fell through.

Thus Jack was made to see what depended on him, and how ungalant it would be on his part to force this state of poverty upon her.

Last of all, these shrewd legal gentlemen gave him a photograph of the girl.

That completed the matter. The more he scanned the picture of his kinswoman, Jessie Cameron, the deeper grew his conviction that it was a

progress in T. vel.

It is recalled by the London Times that Berkeley, who wrote "Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way," landed at Newport on Jan. 23, 1729, and that he left Greenwich, England, in a "pretty large ship," as the New England Weekly Courier called it, early in September, 1728. So that he took nearly five months to make the trip.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS

APPEAL FOR MRS. LILLIE. THE NEWS IN NEBRASKA.

Brief Filed with the Clerk of the Supreme Court.

LINCOLN—Pathetic in the extreme is the brief which has been filed by Judge Hamer in behalf of Mrs. Lillie, convicted of murdering her husband. He maintains that there is no natural motive, that the evidence was distorted and new facts connected with the murder point conclusively to the innocence of the prisoner.

Mrs. Lillie, who was sentenced for life to the penitentiary for the murder of her husband at David City in 1902, is still confined in the Butler county jail awaiting the decision of the supreme court on the motion for rehearing.

New testimony in favor of Mrs. Lillie is said to have been discovered. The brief declares that it can be proved that Mrs. Lillie was in no need of money at the time of the tragedy, being worth more than \$3,000 over and above all her liabilities, thus refuting the probable motive alleged by the prosecution. The actions of the bloodhounds who three times led the way from the Lillie house to the kypsy wagon outside of town are again brought up. The question has been asked as to how the murderer escaped detection if Mrs. Lillie is guilty.

The brief cites the cases of Gillilan of Lincoln, Watson B. Smith, clerk of the United States circuit court at Omaha, Dr. Cronin of Chicago, all cases of murder where no clew to the murderer has ever been found.

Quiet Month at Prison.

LINCOLN—Only eight prisoners were punished for infraction of the penitentiary rules and discipline during the last month, according to the monthly report filed with Governor Mickey by Warden Beemer. The most serious punishment was the forfeiture of ten days' good time because of a convict leaving his cell after being warned not to do so. The number of prisoners in the penitentiary on October 1 was 315, and during the month twenty were received, fifteen discharged, one remanded and one paroled, making a total on November 1 of 318.

Mabel Kingham's Sudden Death.

ALBION—Miss Mabel Kingham, daughter of E. J. Kingham of this city, was found dead in her bed. She had been teaching school out in the Caddy district and at an early hour in the morning Will Caddy rode hastily into town with the news that they had called Miss Kingham for breakfast and when she failed to respond they discovered that she was dead. Heart failure is supposed to be the cause of her sudden death. She was one of the brightest young ladies in this vicinity.

Dodge County Mortgage Record.

FREMONT—The mortgage record for Dodge county for the month of October shows more chattel and fewer real estate mortgages than usual. It is as follows: Chattel mortgages filed, 92; amount, \$45,599.63; released, 27; amount, \$5,218.56. Farm mortgages filed, 10; amount, \$29,806. Released, 2; amount, \$20,800. Town and city mortgages recorded, 20; amount, \$20,906.25; released, 15; amount, \$13,054.95.

Workman Buried in Sand Pit.

FREMONT—Arthur Canaga, a young man employed at a sand pit belonging to C. H. Balduff, a short distance west of the city, received severe injuries while loading sand on a wagon beneath a very high bank. The bank caved down upon him and completely buried him. His fellow workmen succeeded in rescuing him after a vigorous effort.

Telephone Purchase.

FAIRBURY—C. W. Bartlett and son Carl have purchased an interest in the Fairbury Telephone company and took charge of the exchange, the former as manager and the latter as assistant. The company now has 550 phones in use, with eight lines extending into the country and to adjacent towns, and another line in course of construction.

Back After Long Absence.

BEATRICE—After an absence of fourteen years in the Klondike country, Thomas Berry has returned to his home in this city. Mr. Berry brings with him some very fine nuggets and specimens from the mines of the northwest.

Iowa Men Disappears.

NEBRASKA CITY—About a week ago a man arrived in this city, who has since proved to be M. Thomas of Hepburn, Ia. He drove to this city and put up his horse in Freese's barn and has not been seen since.

Equin Funeral at Norfolk.

NORFOLK—With impressive ceremony a cortege of mourners followed the equine hearse such as is not found at the burial services over the remains of many a man, the three thoroughbreds which lost their lives in an incendiary blaze here were given burial in a cemetery.

Finds Pearl in Oyster Stew.

BEATRICE—Robert Carmichael found a fine pearl in an oyster stew. The pearl is a perfect one and is valued at \$40.

A woman's club has been organized in Papillion.

The Union Pacific will build a round house at Norfolk.

Farmers of Gage county are now husking their corn crop.

Work is going forward rapidly on the lighting plant at Oakland.

Pupils of the high school at Hastings have organized an orchestra.

Mrs. Ricard Adawy of Columbus was thrown from a carriage and quite severely injured.

Wallace and James Brown are under arrest at Fairbury charged with stealing chickens.

Willie Fender, aged 14, was accidentally shot at Battle Creek while hunting. He will recover.

Thieves secured stock valued at \$200 from the hardware store of Edwards & Bradford at Page.

Detective Malone of Plattsmouth, in the service of the Burlington road, has captured three thieves at Akron, Colo.

The fact that the Burlington company will not repair its walk or depot at York is causing considerable complaint against that road.

In a fight at Ansley between a negro and a number of Japanese section men, the Japs were vanquished by the negro, who used a razor. The negro is under arrest.

Sparks from a passing Union Pacific train set fire to four large stacks of hay belonging to Mrs. E. Peterson, residing near Portal. The hay was entirely consumed.

Nebraska equal suffragists are to make a campaign against a bill admitting Arizona and Oklahoma to statehood, which provides for limiting suffrage to male citizens.

Wilson Smith, a farmer, who has resided in the vicinity of Adams, Gage county, for many years, was adjudged insane by the insanity board of commissioners and ordered taken to the asylum.

George Hart, the horse thief who escaped from the Columbus jail, was recaptured in Norfolk. He was found at the sugar factory, where he had gone to get work. He was returned to Columbus.

A team of horses was stolen from C. H. Stevens, a farmer, residing seven miles northeast of Papillion. The horses are described as being a bay and a brown, and weigh about 1,050 pounds each.

The relatives of Roy McDaniels, a young man who departed from Plattsmouth about four months ago for Rock Springs, Wyo., fear that he was the unidentified man whose lifeless body was found in a car loaded with lumber in Lincoln.

While A. M. Bovey of Table Rock, a butcher, was working the meat grinder in the shop, the belt slipped and pulled the machine loose from the floor, and in trying to stop the gasoline engine Mr. Bovey was struck in the calf of the leg by the handle of the machine and a severe wound inflicted.

Joseph Piepmeier, a farmer living near Dodge, accidentally shot himself in the abdomen and his recovery is doubtful. He loaded up his gun to shoot a skunk and while hurrying nearer to the animal in order to get a good shot he stumbled and fell, in some way striking the hammer of the gun.

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Erickson of Grand Island, were taken violently ill and it was learned that they had eaten stramonium berries growing in a sort of capsule or pod. The little boy was very violent for a time and his life was despaired of, but both the boy and girl are now out of danger.

Judge Holmes at Lincoln declared himself on the divorce question and he served notice that no longer could a husband and wife disentangle themselves from the holy bonds unless there were good and sufficient reasons. The declaration was the result of too many applications from dissatisfied wedded parties.

G. C. Demerer had a narrow escape from death by being caught in a lathe in the Burlington shops at Lincoln. As it was he was only slightly bruised, though nearly every stitch of his clothing was torn from him. Demerer was caught in the machine while at work near it and upon his yell for help his fellow workmen rushed to his assistance and succeeded in dragging him out of it.

Nebraska has certainly been blessed with a most bountiful prosperity during the last year, if the deposits in the various banks of the state are any indication. From November 20, 1902, to September 6, 1904, the deposits in all the banks have been increased to a total of \$7,033,427.12, there being on the September date a grand total deposits of \$109,214,222.93, against \$102,180,795.81 for the November date.

Falling from a high scaffolding at Petersburg, Jim Law, an unmarried carpenter, 45 years of age, met death by breaking his back. He was getting ready to build a new house. Surgeons were called at once, but pronounced his case hopeless.

The three farms of James C. Dolen, James C. Benjamin and T. J. Bowen located in Blakesly township, Gage county, were sold to Lewis Whitins of Nuckolls county, Neb., for \$40,000. This is the largest single land transaction consummated in Beatrice for many years.



Object to Matrimony.
"Look here," said the sour-faced lady who had answered the "personal," "your ad. is a fake; it distinctly stated 'object matrimony.'"
"Well—er—um—you see," faltered the man nervously, "there was some mistake. The printer omitted a word. The ad. should have read, 'object 'to' matrimony.'"
—Town Topics.

Modern Maid in a Quandary.
Modern maid—I wish some advice. Old lady—Certainly, dear. What is it?
Modern maid—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine and quarrel with him or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine and get tired of him?—New York Weekly.

One Would Do.
She—if I give you one kiss will you be satisfied?
He—Yes, if we start now, so we can get back home before night.

Boxed.
They were returning from the husking bee.
"And were there any red ears?" asked the friend.
"Oh, yes," responded the girl in theingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."

The Change Benefited Him.
"Yes," said Slyman, "I've been away for a week, down at Swell Beach."
"Ah! I suppose you got a little change for the better there."
"You bet. My hotel bill amounted to \$31.50, and I paid for it with a counterfeit \$50 note."

Something Wrong.
"Now, Henry," she began, with set jaw, "I must have \$50 to-day."
"All right," replied her husband, "here it is."
"Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed, suddenly paling. "What's the matter? Are you sick?"

Apprehension.
Little Edith—Oh, ma, when I grow up will I look like that?—Pittsburg Telegraph.

The Little Woman.
Little Girl—I want to get a mitten, please, and charge it to me mother.
Shopkeeper—A mitten? You mean a pair of mittens, sissy?
Little Girl—No, just on'y one; one that's suitable for a boy that's goin' to propose an' be rejected.

Real Sufferers.
Rodrick—They say automobiles are terrible on the nervous system.
Van Albert—I believe it.
Rodrick—But you have no automobile.
Van Albert—No, but I cross the street occasionally.

What Mamma Said.
Mother—What reason have you for not wanting to marry Mr. Oldboy, the capitalist?
Daughter—I don't love him.
Mother—Pshaw! that isn't a reason; it's the rankest kind of rank nonsense.

Looking Ahead a Long Way.
"What are you crying for, my boy?" "I ain't got nobody to play wid."
"But where are your boy friends?" "Dey are all at de reform farm."
"Oh! Well, don't cry. You'll see them soon."
"Ah, go long! De judge said I wouldn't be old enough to go dere for two years."

Strenuous Life.
The mother—Now, be careful, my son, and don't work too hard at college, or you may injure your health.
The son—Don't worry, mother. Under the new football rules there isn't so much work required as for