

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATHURNE

CHAPTER VI.

The Room That Faced Edinburgh Castle.

Jack amuses himself the following day knocking about the city, taking a tram ride down to Leith, and watching the fishermen there and at Newhaven come in with their catch.

Then he spends some time up at the Castle—a most fascinating spot for all temporary sojourners in Edinburgh; observes the Highlanders go through their drill, and, like all Yankees, mentally compares them with the boys in blue at home.

Jack dines at the hotel and then promenades Princes street, observing the throng, until it is near the appointed hour, when he retires to his room, and prepares for the reception of his expected guest, having given orders that the Spaniard be shown up when he arrives.

He anticipates a lively scene when the disclosure is made, and feels that his future course must be in a great measure governed by circumstances.

Four by the clock, the bells are just ringing the hour, when he hears voices, and then comes a rap on the door.

"Come in!" sings out Jack in his genial way. So the door swings open to give admittance to the urbane don.

He is just as striking in his appearance as on the preceding night, and wears the same dark velvet jacket. People turn to gaze after him in the street, especially when a large cream colored sombrero rests jauntily on his head and every one must have guessed he is some distinguished artist, which attention pleases the worthy senior exceedingly.

Holding his wonderful headgear in one hand, he advances quickly, his face wreathed in smiles, and Jack languidly rises to meet him.

So they cross palms for the last time; it is only a question of minutes now ere these two will be glaring at each other across the table, deadly enemies.

"And how does our happy bridegroom find himself to-day? Come, do the fetters gall, or, after all, are you thinking only of the rich results to come from the enterprise?" asks Roblado, with a glance at the decanter Jack has had brought into the room.

"Help yourself, my dear sir—sherry, port, and genuine Scotch mountain dew. As for myself, I'm feeling fairly bright, and I reckon, as we Yankees say, equal to the occasion. Don't deprive yourself, senior, have another."

"Caramba! that is nectar fit for the gods. We shall not want for it after this—eh, Senior Jack?"—smacking his lips, after having half emptied one of the decanters.

"You have come then, to-day for what specific purpose?"

"To arrange for the transfer according to our agreement. Of course your first move will be to go to London and prove your identity as Jack Travers to the legal gentlemen having the estate in charge. You will want the evidence of your marriage with the party named in the will. Here are the necessary proofs, including the regular certificate of marriage."

"Ah, thanks. They will come in handy, I am sure. You make one mistake, however, senior."

"Vaya hombre, what may that be?" asks the artist, in the act of lighting a weed.

"About my visit to the solicitors—there is no need of my hastening to see them, since I have already been in Chancery lane."

"The Spanish artist looks anxious. You were bolder than I thought possible. Tell me, how did you suc-

ceed?" he demands, puffing vigorously.

"The result was all that could be expected," answers the young American, coolly.

"Good—good! Then they recognized you as the genuine party in question?"

"Everything passed off in my favor."

"Oh, what great luck we are having, Senior Jack! Fortune brings everything in my way—I, who was only lately contemplating flitting to Cuba, where I have some interests that bring me in a scanty living. I hardly know how I shall invest my share of the spoils."

"Perhaps you may yet be saved the trouble, my dear Senior."

"What is that you say?"

"Well, only an old proverb to the effect that 'there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.'"

Senior Roblado laughs in his disagreeable way.

"I have no fear there will be anything of that kind here. Oh, no, my dear young friend. I have anticipated everything, and it is quite impossible that you receive the benefit of this great property without sharing the same with your wife and her stepfather. Make your mind easy on that score, for it does not worry me a little bit. You signed the papers, therefore I have you powerless."

"Pardon me, the only binding act that I have done was to promise my wife I would not force my presence upon her, and that I shall keep most religiously."

"But—the papers—"

"I have signed none."

Senior Roblado seems in doubt whether to laugh in derision or swear lustily in Spanish. He looks at the companion across the table and endeavors to read the cool sphinx who leans back in his chair apparently intent only on watching the rings of blue smoke that go curling up from his cigar. Finally the artist compromises; he realizes that it is necessary for him to remain calm in order to keep on a footing with this customer.

"Senior, are you joking?"

"Never more serious in my life, I assure you," comes the reply.

"Then you mean to play me false. Take care; I am in a position to hurl you down from your station, even if I have to keep you company, and men of my race will never forgive treachery. You swore to keep the faith with me."

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Senior Roblado grows excited—he leans across the table and endeavors to throw a bit of emphasis in his voice; but Jack appears still at his ease, and as he turns his gaze upon his companion, something between a sneer and a smile can be seen on his countenance.

"Pardon me again, but I swore nothing of the kind, either verbally or on paper."

"Caramba! beware, young man. You tempt me too far. I am no fool, neither am I blind."

"I had begun to think the latter, else you must have caught on to something before now."

"Caught on—I, who say my eyesight is not good. Come, what have I failed to see beyond that you were a double rogue posing as a gentleman? Tell me, sir!"

Senior Roblado is waking up to the seriousness of his cause, and as he speaks he raps his knuckles imperiously on the table, while his face no longer appears tranquil, but inflamed, his eyes blazing with gathering wrath.

"First of all, that I am not the person you took me for. I declared to you that I had signed no papers save those connected with my marriage. That is absolutely true. You have letters, but they were not written by my hand, nor did I ever see them. No wonder you look mystified, Senior Roblado. I shall have a little mercy upon you. Settle yourself comfortably, then, and listen, while I spin a little yarn that will make the whole thing as clear as noonday."

"I had an appointment last night in the Canongate. While I waited for my friend to appear, a hansom, driven recklessly, lost a wheel and was wrecked. The inmate, a gentleman, was badly hurt, and while we waited for an ambulance to take him to Trinity hospital, he uttered various things in a half delirium, that attracted my attention. As I had once known the unfortunate gentleman, I thought it might be an act of charity to seek the house of seven gables, and let the good people know what had become of him."

"Well, I did so. You came to the door, and gave me no chance to explain. I was quick to perceive that you mistook me for Howard Spencer, and having already an inkling of the game, determined to allow myself to be drawn on, with the intention of finding out why that man had assumed the name of Jack Travers."

"You know the rest. I need not tell you I entered into the spirit of the game, and that I consider myself very fortunate in being the legal husband of so charming a girl."

The Spanish senior has some difficulty in finding his voice, and it is in a hoarse whisper he cries:

"But—my letters! You had them. You are surely playing a Yankee joke on me."

"A pretty serious one I am afraid, then. As to the letters, my Chinese servant picked them up when Spencer had been trotted off to the hospital. When you asked for letters I remembered them, and they seemed to fill the bill admirably."

"Then—it is all—true?"

"Absolutely, senior."

"You are not Howard Spencer?"

"Most certainly not. That gentleman does not bear a very enviable reputation around the Cripple Creek mining country, and I should seriously object to being compelled to stand for him."

"You are not my correspondent, yet you know about the game! Caramba! you even tell me there is no necessity of hurrying to Chancery lane, because you have already seen the lawyers and it is all right. What is all right? And you have even had the sublime assurance to marry my step-

daughter and ward, while admitting that you are not the party named in the special license! That is the height of impudence, sir—it is damnable!"

"Ah, Roblado, that is where I have you! The special license was perfectly framed, even better than you thought, as I was not reduced to sailing under false colors in order to fulfill its conditions."

The senior sees light all at once. "Malediction!" he shouts, in the most intense excitement; "then you are—"

"The genuine Squire John—known in the wild and woolly west as Jack Travers," replies the other, complacently.

CHAPTER VII.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

The picture when Travers proclaims his identity is certainly one well worth seeing, especially the consternation stamped upon the features of that remarkable man with whom Jack holds his interview.

Senior Roblado is apparently stricken dumb for the time being; the hand that holds the smoking cigar trembles as might an aspen leaf, and his fierce black eyes under the shaggy grey brows are fastened on the Yankee with the look of a hungry wolf.

"You are the genuine Jack Travers! You who sit there dare to tell me that as coolly as you might speak of your



"Malediction! Then you are—"

cigarro! Por Dios! man, I admire your nerve, though you have come near shattering mine with your devilish intelligence. I feared treachery; I prepared against it, but hold! you overwhelm me. Still, a Roblado never surrenders; we sometimes die in the last ditch."

"Ah, senior," laughs the tantalizing Jack, "you remember I warned you it was full thirty feet from my window, and a hard pavement that of Princes street. Don't do anything to tempt me, I beg."

The senior, who has risen halfway from his chair, drops back again; one glance at the muscular figure of the American has convinced the Spaniard that he cannot hope at his age to cope with such an athlete.

"All the Fates must be against me to bring you here at such a time. I believed you dead, Jack Travers," he growls, hardly knowing what else to say.

"So did my dear friend Howard, and he had good reason to believe himself haunted by his ghost, since it was by his orders I was waylaid, robbed and thrown into Dead Horse Canon. But I am a favorite of fortune, and I escaped, as you see, to baffle your schemes."

"Then we have lost everything. You have swept the board, Senior Jack; but there is one thing still left to me."

(To be continued.)

GATORS AND TERRAPINS TAMED.

Washington Man Has Trained Creatures to Come at His Call.

In one of the several places of public entertainment in the city, says the Washington Star, is to be witnessed the novel sight of the feeding of alligators and terrapins that have been trained by their owner. There are three alligators in the fountain in the garden and about a dozen terrapins of the diamond-back and slider families. Besides these products of southern waters there are several hard-shell crabs to be seen swimming about in the water. Thus far no effort has been made to tame the crabs, but the other occupants of the pond have made friends with their owner. At any time the latter goes to the fountain and talks in a peculiar way the terrapins and alligators will come pell-mell toward the edge of the water and climb over each other's backs to get the pieces of cooked crab upon which they are fed.

One night last week several women were about the fountain watching the sight of the water pets enjoying the crab feast, and they were certain that they could bring the terrapins and alligators to the surface the same as their owner had.

"A treat for our party," was what one of the women said, "that I can bring them up to get some crab."

"And it's a treat that you can't," said another.

Then the effort of making the peculiar noise was made, but with no signs of life appearing above the surface of the water. Again and again the noise was made, but it was not until their owner made the sounds that they appeared. Then there was the usual scramble for the crabs, and the sight was greatly enjoyed by those who witnessed it.



Furs of Two Colors.

An entirely novel idea in fur trimming is to applique fur medallions or flowers in one color on scarfs and muffs of another color. One beautiful set of this description is of ermine, the very white fur being ornamented with scrolls of moleskin on each shoulder, on the stole ends, and on the panels of the large muff.

Tiger and leopard furs are made up usually in small fancy neckties and very plain crescent muffs, never trimmed in any way and lined most inconspicuously.

Black and the reddish baby calf follow the same model, and are invariably simple. The red and white calf is sometimes lined and combined with white kid, but the black is all smooth, glossy black, with not even a Jewel in the clasp.

Snake skin, too, should be recorded as observing these extremely tailor-made designs. All these eccentric furs are almost wholly worn with tailor-made dresses and with small, unobtrusive toques, the fur furnishing all the audacity and showiness necessary in any one costume.

This Season's Laces.

Multiform uses for lace this season make the ransacking of bureau drawers, work bags, trunks and all kinds of storage corners a profitable business. Any sort of lace can be utilized, heavy or fine, ancient or modern, black, white or yellow. If you have only a scrap you can use it in connection with ribbon for some sort of a neck piece. If a little more, it may do for a hat; one kind will serve for the crown and another for the brim. Allover lace hats for dressy occasions are as becoming as they are of the mode.

The felt or velvet hat may be given an up-to-date touch by the addition of a ruching of lace.

Lace joined by handwork makes the prettiest sort of an evening bodice. The girl who is clever at that sort of thing can get up a fancy waist for six or eight dollars that would cost her fifty in the shop.

Attractive Ruffled Skirts.

There are many attractive ruffled skirts for slender women, but they should be passed by stout maids. For example, a recently imported model has a skirt of pale yellow net, rather full and long, trimmed with five ruffles of yellow pineapple silk, which grow narrower toward the ground. Each ruffle is edged with a narrow corded puff of a deeper shade of yellow. The bodice of net is half hidden by fichu tabs that end below the waist line and are held in place by a girle of black taffeta. The sleeves are puffed and end at the elbow.

Curious Combination.

A curious fashion which has made its appearance of late is that of wearing a ceinture of black taffeta with a colored costume. To accompany it there is generally a rosette of black taffeta worn on one side of the corsage, and sometimes the same is repeated on the sleeves. The effect is not always of the happiest, especially when the gown is trimmed with a different colored material to that of which it is made, and it may be doubted whether the vogue will be of long duration.

Stylish Little Coat.

Eton jackets make the smartest of all the season's wraps and are particularly charming worn by young girls. This one is made of tan colored cloth with vest of brown velvet and trimming of braid and makes part of a costume, but the design suits the separate wrap equally well and all reasonable materials. Black taffeta is much in vogue for general wear and



Design by May Mantou.

canvas veilings make up most charmingly for the coats of lighter weight. The quantity of material required for a girl of 14 years of age is 3 1/2 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 27 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yards of velvet and 5 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

Gowns of Dyed Laces.

Entire gowns of dyed laces made up with silk or velvet appliques are among the novelties of the season. Brown Valenciennes lace is perhaps the newest material, and it is mounted over brown in a deeper shade. A model in this lace is built with a full Spanish sounce edged with a double

ruffle of crepe de chine and a narrow ruffle to head it. This model shows one of the season's fancies, that of combining different varieties of lace, fine and heavy, silk and wool, and in different colors or shades. The blouse is of brown valenciennes and it has a yoke of rich brown corded gupure and a puff of corded silk forms the outline of the yoke. The sleeves are in a double puff to the elbow, ending with full chiffon ruffles. The stock is of white lace and brown crepe de chine. The girle is of crepe de chine.

Girl's Sacque Night-Gown.

In spite of the fashion for dainty and elaborate underwear which has taken such a hold on the fancy of young girls, as well as of their elders, the sacque night-gown always finds its place. This one is absolutely simple, but is made attractive by fine material and frills of pretty needlework at neck and wrists. Nainsook, linen batiste, cambric, long cloth and muslin all are appropriate, and frills can be either



lace or embroidery, but the model is made of English nainsook and is closed by means of small pearl buttons and buttonholes.

The night-gown is made with fronts and back and can be left plain or strengthened by the applied yoke as preferred. Also there is choice allowed between a turn-over and a standing collar. The sleeves are simple full ones gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 5 1/2 yards 27, or 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide

A Hint for Artists.

Now that hand-painted panels or trimmings are so much in vogue for evening gowns there should be a good chance for a skillful artist to make her own gowns beautiful or dispose of such work where it is wanted.

In doing this painting a certain design is chosen, perhaps a spray of flowers of the colors desired, and this design can then be repeated in the various parts of the gown, the size of the design depending on where it is to be used. Such a gown could have the sash ends, flat yoke or collar, skirt panels or other skirt decorations all painted with the desired pattern. Ribbon painted with a smaller pattern of the same design may also be used.

Blouses painted with floral or butterfly designs are very popular abroad and are sure to be worn here.

Dashing French Modes.

With the revival of all the picturesque modes, even the tailor-made are taking on a dressy touch that has hitherto been foreign to their particular style. The dashing modes of the Louis periods are to be seen in the soft chiffon cloths, and even the new double-width crepe de chine is now being made up in the draped models to which the tailors are giving their best attention.

And in contradistinction to the old modes the new ones demand that the dressy costumes be of silk or velvet and that the trimming be of cloth. The novel chiffon faille Francaise, our old friend come back under the chiffon guise, is seen in the Louis Seize mode with the seams strapped with cloth, graduated cloth bands upon the skirt, the characteristic revers faced with velvet and the cloth appliques piped with the same.

Dangerous Flowers.

The florist held a tulip in his hand. "Some people claim that a tulip has no smell," he said. "As a matter of fact, it has a dangerous smell. Take a tulip of a deep crimson color and inhale it with profound inspirations and it will be apt to make you lightheaded. You will say and do queer things—dance, sing, fight, swear and so on. For two hours you will cut up in this way. Afterward you will be depressed."

"The poppy is another dangerous flower. A young woman of nervous temperament, if she lingers among a bed of poppies, will become drowsy, the same as if she had smoked a pipe or two of opium. In Asia Minor, where the opium manufacturers cultivate vast fields of poppies, tourists inspecting the beautiful flowers often become altogether incapacitated. They get so sleepy they can hardly talk. They reel in their gait. In some cases they have to be put to bed."—Boston Advertiser.

A married man always wonders what his wife will say after the company has departed.



A Serious Matter.

The Major—Those no-account corner loafers robbed Jim Smithers of \$14 yesterday.

The Judge—Well, that's no great matter.

The Major—But they also took a jug of whisky away from him, judge.

The Judge—They did? B'gad, sub, it's time to call a halt to these outrages!—Pittsburg Post.

A Great Pleasure.



"What'd you get for your birthday?"

"Ma let me go to de dentist an' see him pull me brudder's tooth out!"

Sure to Be Well Treated.

"Goodart has opened a restaurant down the street. Let's go for lunch."

"Nonsense! That man hasn't the slightest idea of how to run a restaurant."

"I know. He'll be sure to give you more than your money's worth."—Philadelphia Press.

Process Reversed.

"You regard campaign calculation as a distinct branch of mathematics."

"Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."

Couldn't Think of It.



Stock Broker—"Yes, I want a book-keeper, but see here—do you bet on the races?"

Applicant—"Why—er—yes, sometimes, sir."

Stock Broker—"Sorry, but you won't do. We don't want gamblers working for us."

Positively Brutal.

Mrs. McDuff—This paper says that mice are attracted by music; but I don't believe it.

McDuff—Why not?

Mrs. McDuff—Because I never see any mice around when I play the piano.

McDuff—Well, that's no excuse for doubting the paper's statement with regard to mice and music.

Transferred the Responsibility.

"What was the cause of your barn burning down?" asked the drummer.

"Spark from the railroad, stranger," drawled the farmer.

"You used to blame it on the tramps."

"Railroads have more money than tramps, stranger."—Chicago News.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I notice," said the Tired Citizen, "that a New York woman was holding a pair of trousers belonging to one of her lodgers until he should pay her his room rent."

"Well," butted in the Cheerful Idiot, "it's nothing new for trousers to be rent."

Not in a Hurry to Die.

Maude—Don't you know that cigarettes are a slow poison?

Ferdie—Well, do you suppose I want to die in a hurry?

Why It Hurt So Much.

"Don't feel so cut up about it, Mr. Skemer," said Miss Roxley, after rejecting him. "I'm not the first girl you ever loved, nor, I venture to say, am I likely to be the last."

"No," he sighed disconsolately, "but you're the richest."

Fair Warning.

Mr. Lovett—Good evening, Tommy; is your sister at home?

Her Brother—Yeh, but so is pop, an' he's got indigestion. You'd better skip.