

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATHURNE

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Senor Roblado has no longer his hand upon the throttle valve controlling his emotions, which, up to this moment, have been kept in wonderful control, considering his fiery nationality. The barrier is swept down by that fierce rush of the tide, and as he hisses across the table, his usually suave countenance takes on the expression of a fiend.

The crisis is at hand.

Thanks to his long training, Jack knows just how to meet such an emergency. He has one elbow resting on the table, and supports his head carelessly with his hand.

"What might that be, senor?" he smiles.

"Revenge. A Spaniard never forgets an injury. I have lost a fortune. It may be, but in return I mean to have—your life."

With these words the fiery Castilian suddenly produces a revolver, and presents it at the head of his companion. It is so close that Jack can look into the chambers and see the leaden messengers snugly ensconced, and awaiting the signal to go forth. He sees something more.

"Aha! you do not flinch. You are a man of nerve; but that shall not save you. See, the clock yonder is about to strike the half-hour. When it sounds I shall fire. This day which has seen the charming Jessie a wife shall also see her a widow," and his manner declares that regardless of consequences Roblado is bent on revenge.

"Ah, senor, you have been in America, in Cuba, and learned of their ways; but there is one thing you seem to have forgotten which no cowboy in Texas ever omits—that is, to pull back the hammer of your gun before you shoot."

The Spaniard gives a cry of bitter chagrin, and draws back his arm to remedy the fault, when Jack's foot flies up from the side of the table, and the pointed toe of his boot coming in contact with Roblado's wrist, the instantaneous result is a revolver whirling across the apartment.

A snarl of rage from the senor.

"Sit you down, sir," says Jack, calmly, and there is a terrible emphasis in his voice that has an effect on Roblado, though in all probability he is influenced more by the sight of a little shining weapon which Jack has taken from the drawer of the table, and the hammer of which is drawn back.

Roblado is not a madman, therefore he refrains from rushing on certain death.

Fuming with rage, he drops back into his chair, a picture of unutterable fury.

"Now, sir, let us have an understanding. I shall put my weapon away again, since I believe you will come to your senses and realize there are better ways of getting even than by murder."

A spark of cunning flashes into the eyes of the don; he has suddenly remembered that, after all, when the game appears lost, he has a winning card up his sleeve.

The girl!

She is in his power—she believes in his affection for her, and will do what he says.

"You seem to run this game as you see fit, Senor Jack. Tell me what you propose doing in the way of terms," he says sullenly.

"Of course you realize that I hold the fort. My identity has been proven, and I am now in a position to claim the whole estate. A portion will eventually fall to the lady in the



Jack's foot flies up from the side of the table.

case, but some time must elapse before this can be done. In the meantime, senor, I would like to contribute to the support of my wife."

The Spaniard smiles coldly. As he realizes the power of his one trump card, his old cunning returns, though now reinforced by a desperate hatred for this man, who has played with him as a cat does with a mouse. He can never forgive such humiliation.

"To what extent does the senor mean to go?"

"Anything reasonable until she comes into her own. As I am forbidden to see her by the terms of our agreement, I shall have to deal through you, as her agent."

"Will you draw me a check for ten thousand pounds now?"

"I will—not. That sort of game

don't work, my dear senor. A thousand would see you through in good shape until matters can be arranged. This is no blackmailing game."

"Did I say ten thousand? I meant twenty, or it might be thirty," pursues Roblado, vindictively.

"You jest, surely?"

"Ah, you refuse. She shall know how much you care for her comfort. Ten thousand—a mere pittance, sir—a crumb from your abundance. But I do not depend upon your generosity to live. Por Dios! I have other means. We can wait until she comes into her own—yes, wait in the sun-kissed isle beyond the sea, where the cold winds never freeze the warm blood of a Spanish gentleman."

Jack hardly hears the last of his chatter.

One sentence has riveted his attention, and caused him considerable alarm.

"You speak of quitting Great Britain—of going to the isle across the sea. Surely you do not mean Cuba, senor?" he asks.

"Why not? My interests lie there, and my first wife is buried in Havana. Yes, I surely mean Cuba," retorts Roblado, glad to see he has given his opponent a thrust.

"That fever-racked, war-tossed country! Take her there at this time! You must not."

"Senor, I smile. Am I your vassal that you should use such language to me? I go where I please, and when I please. A Spanish gentleman does not take his orders from a Yankee."

"But Jessie; I will not permit—"

"You cannot prevent her accompanying me of her own free will."

"She is my wife."

"In name only. You yourself have agreed never to exercise any of the rights of a husband unless she so wills. You dare not deny it. There is no law that can prevent her traveling with her father and her legal guardian. We sail from this country and she disappears from your sight forever. Aha! Senor Jack, who laughs now? It is perhaps my turn. Thus am I revenged. I was a fool to think of violence since there is a better way through the heart. See, with your permission I pick up my discarded firearm and return it to my pocket. I would not injure a hair of your head—here; but if you dare to follow me to the land beyond the sea, the hour may come when the insult you have offered me to-day will be wiped out in blood, sir. Now, I am going, and if we never meet again, you can occasionally remember, as in a dream, the charming Scotch lassie who, on your wedding night, came into and went out of your life forever. Adios, Senor Jack;" and with his mocking laughter floating into Travers's ears, Roblado bows himself out, leaving the American still seated at the table.

CHAPTER VIII.

Left in the Lurch at Glasgow.

The Spaniard has had his revenge. Jack never moves for some minutes after being left alone in his room. His gaze is still fixed at the bold picture of Edinburgh Castle as outlined against the soft southern sky; but his thoughts are hardly connected with that glorious masterpiece.

To Cuba!

This fair Scotch lassie whom a strange freak of Fate has thrown in his way in such a manner that their life-lines have crossed will soon have gone over the broad Atlantic to the Gem of the Antilles, where the terrible Yellow Jack lurks and revolution is in the air.

His cigar, which he has smoked mechanically, though vigorously, at times, becomes exhausted, and as he tosses the stump out of the window, Jack springs to his feet.

To Cuba!

Yes, around the world, if necessary will he follow. The greater the difficulties that arise in his path the more resolved he becomes to accomplish his honorable purpose.

If it lies in the power of mortal man, Jessie Cameron must be his. The law has given her to him already, but that counts for nothing without her heart, her love.

It is long after five when he leaves the hotel, and, accompanied by the ever-faithful Celestial, walks along Princes street.

An interview with the head of the police force is what Jack seeks. He desires to have the elements of law and order on his side in this struggle against the schemer.

When he has acquainted this shrewd gentleman with the facts, and explained what he desires, he soon secures the services of a private detective of great repute.

The orders given are to keep posted on all Senor Roblado does, and report often to Jack.

The night comes on slowly. Jack has dined and feels that, like the famous philosopher of old, no fate can harm him.

News from his agent is what he awaits, and meanwhile rides round the city on the top of tram cars. About nine he enters the hotel and finds a message awaiting him. Of course, it is from his agent—written in pencil and in a hurry.

"They are just leaving for Glasgow. Will go by same train. Follow me and put up at St. Enoch's Station hotel, where I will report."

Half a minute to reach his room, a full sixty seconds in which to toss

his things into a traveling bag with the help of Ah Sin, and back to the office on time.

He has his tickets purchased, and enters a carriage with Ah Sin and the luggage just as the prompt signal is given and the train moves.

The ride is uneventful.

Reaching Glasgow, a cab is taken to the hotel, and Jack seeks rest, having left word in the office that any message arriving is to be brought to him at once, for he believes the mission of the artist to this city on the Clyde is to sail on an Anchor Line steamer for New York, whence Cuba may be reached.

Another day and no word. How heavily time drags!

He lounges about the hotel, making short pilgrimages abroad, for it is possible that those he seeks escape him. In Jamaica street he surveys the crowd and wanders into Argyle street, his eyes ever on the watch for the face that is always in his mind.

Among such crowds the chance of seeing a particular person are slender indeed.

Ah Sin says nothing; but he, too, keeps a bright lookout.

And at noon no word.

Jack grows restless. Can it be possible his shrewd agent has lost trac-



"Aha! Senor Jack, who laughs now?" of the game, outwitted by Spanish cunning?

He arouses to the occasion and makes inquiries himself.

There is a party, consisting of two gentlemen and the same number of ladies, who have secured staterooms under the name of Hamilton; but he can find out nothing about them, or when they expect to come aboard.

It looks, then, as though he will have to come prepared to watch the gang plank, and, if he discovers those he seeks, go aboard himself.

At the hotel a note awaits him.

Smithers is awake and on the track. He bids Jack be ready for action in case a voyage is the next thing on the program.

This seems significant of action.

That evening, as Jack enters the dining-room, a gentleman hastily leaves whom he has not noticed, and who seems rather anxious to avoid recognition, which is not at all strange seeing that it is Howard Spencer.

Jack has actually been under the same roof as those he seeks for almost twenty hours, and yet never once dreamed of the fact.

It draws near ten o'clock. Clouds obscure the sky and the night promises to be a dark one.

Jack has decided to drive to the dock of the steamer and carry out his plan. Ah Sin has charge of the luggage and waits in the cab for his master, who lingers to exchange a few sentences with the clerk.

(To be continued.)

HE OWNED THE CAPITOL.

Insane Man Rented Various Portions of it to Police Captain.

An individual who imagines he owns the capitol visited that building several days ago, says the Washington Star, for the purpose of evicting all officials who declined to pay rent for the apartment they occupied.

While about to begin the work of evicting in statutory hall the stranger came in contact with Acting Capt. John Hammond of the capitol police force. He asked the captain if he was the occupant of the hall. Being told that he was, the stranger said to him:

"Well, are you prepared to pay your rent? You will either have to pay or get out of here."

Capt. Hammond realized that he was dealing with a crank, and decided to humor his vagaries until he could send for the Sixth precinct police patrol wagon.

"What rent will you charge me for this room?" he asked.

"Seven dollars," was the reply, "and that is dirt cheap. Look at the pretty things you will have," and he pointed to the surrounding statues of American celebrities.

Capt. Hammond, in order to detain the man, agreed to rent statutory hall for the figure named, although the demented stranger did not specify whether \$7 would pay for one week, one month or one year. The official went through the form of making out a voucher for the amount. Then he rented the rotunda, the hall of the house of representatives, the senate chamber at \$7 each for some indefinite period, and was negotiating for the rent of the dome when the clanging of bells outside announced the arrival of the patrol wagon, and the owner of the capitol was given a free ride to No. 6.

ACTRESS CHARGED WITH THE KILLING OF "CAESAR" YOUNG



Nan Patterson, now on trial at New York for murder, had achieved some notoriety before her arrest as a chorus girl in "Florodora." She is charged with killing "Caesar" Young, a bookmaker, in a hansom cab last June, using a pistol in the deadly work, but there are witnesses who allege that

the man shot himself. The face of the accused is said to be that of a weak, thoughtless girl. The illustration shows the accused woman in court with her father. It is copied from a drawing made by a staff artist of the New York Herald. The father's grief is pitiable.

RUSSIA FACING A CRISIS.

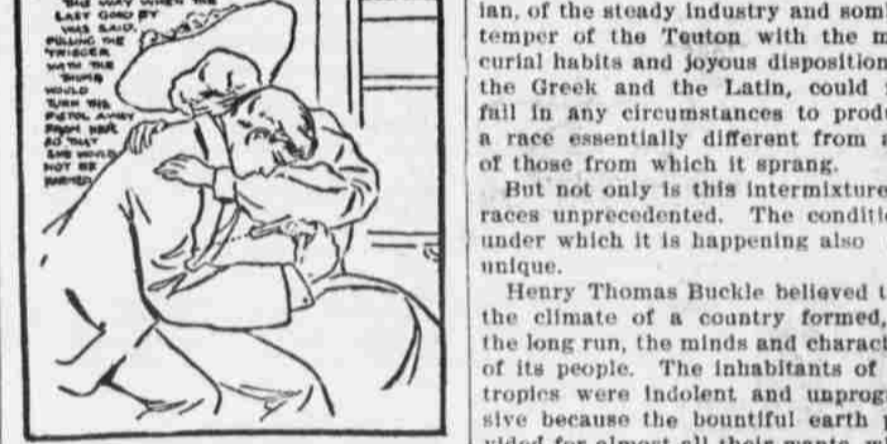
Significance of Demand Made by Representatives of Zemstvos.

When the czar of Russia permits a meeting of the representatives of the zemstvos in St. Petersburg for the obvious if not avowed purpose of agitating for a constitution, and when that body by a vote of 86 to 10 boldly informs him that the country urgently needs "a specially elected body to participate in legislation," it is plain that a crisis has arrived in the history of the Russian bureaucracy.

It is true the meeting had to be held without official auspices and the representatives are said not to be hopeful of immediate success, but, on the other hand, this is only the beginning of the agitation.

The zemstvos themselves will meet

One Theory of the Killing.



Dec. 14 for the purpose of urging forward the movement and the czar must either suppress it or permit it. In either case the result, sooner or later, will be that Russia will have a constitution and a parliament.

To people living in free countries this apparent groping and creeping of the Russians toward civilization and liberty is tantalizing. What we would all like to see in that country is a sudden upheaval which would overturn autocracy in a moment and forever, and possibly we may yet see it.

Everything indicates that the fuel is well prepared and that when the match is applied the conflagration will be fierce. Russia will yet be a free country.

These hopes seem to have a reasonable foundation in the disastrous war which Russia is waging in the far east. That she will ultimately overpower and drive back the Japanese seems probable enough, unless international complications should arrest her, but this will not altogether prevent the uprising at home.

It is not now conceivable that Russia should emerge from the conflict without a pitiable loss of prestige and badly crippled in her resources, and these effects can not be without serious effects on her domestic institutions.

There is nothing like a war to let the light. France never knew herself or Germany until the Franco-Prussian war. Both sections of this country had their eyes opened by the civil war. The Spanish war was an admirable instructor. The internal policy of Great Britain has been shaken to the foundation by the Boer war.—Chicago Chronicle.

Prof. Koch Fighting Disease.

Prof. Robert Koch has recently been investigating an outbreak of typhoid fever for the German government, and has since been at Paris, where he was entertained by the Pasteur institute.

On the course of the winter he will proceed to German East Africa in order to continue those studies of tropical and other diseases which he had not completed during his recent visit to Rhodesia. In particular he will continue to investigate the part played by ticks in conveying the infection of various cattle diseases.

Tax on Theater Tickets.

Victoria will probably be the first British community to levy a tax on amusements for the support of local charitable institutions, says the London Chronicle. Mr. Bent, the premier, proposes a tax of a penny on every shilling spent in the purchase of theater tickets. The Melbourne theatrical managers are alarmed at this proposal which they say means a levy of 8 per cent on their gross takings. They have had a long conference with the premier, but did not succeed in converting him to their way of thinking.

THE ODD CORNER

Just Two Girls.

I'm weary of young ladies. The kind that blossom in books; These beauties that are brilliant With languidly loving looks. Coquettish, kitteny creatures, I'm worn out, too, with you— Just two little girls have my heart— Rebecca and Emmy Lou.

Rebecca with that parasol— (The sweet little country maid!) Sitting high on the old stage coach Lays her rivals in the shade. Both went to school and "carried lunch"; Both friends had, tried and true; Ah, they were friends that one could trust— Rebecca and Emmy Lou.

Won't you be my "intimate friends"? I, too, can guard secrets well, And anything that you would say I declare I'd never tell. If I were a marrying man— (I tell this only to few)— I'd elope with two little girls— Rebecca and Emmy Lou. —New Orleans Picayune.

Wayside Inn for Geese.

Years before the war Daniel Scott, the owner of "Scotland's" plantation, in Albemarle county, Virginia, began the custom of feeding flocks of wild geese each spring and summer on their semi-annual migrations. The custom has continued to this day, being kept up by the descendants of Mr. Scott.

He had a special garment which he donned when feeding the hungry birds, and in this they invariably recognized him.

The children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the first geese must have been well instructed in regard to this "wayside inn," for they always tarry there to get provisions.

United States Senator Thomas S. Martin is the present owner of Scotland's.

Spectacles of Long Ago.

An interesting collection of spectacles that is possessed by Mrs. Wesley Williams of Bowdoinham, Me. More than 100 years old, these curios were the one-time property of the w. n. of Bath, who were forced by destitute circumstances to seek refuge in the almshouse. Many are of odd pattern, with side lights and extension bows. Another valuable souvenir owned by Mrs. Wesley Williams is the sword of her great uncle, Col. Samuel Coombs, a famous officer of the revolutionary war.

Strange "Talking Fish."

There is a kind of fish, the "gron-din," well known to naturalists, and often called the "talking fish." It has a sort of feet, and makes excellent eating. When it is taken from the water it makes a noise more or less loud, which has given it its name (from the French "gronder," to growl or snarl). This sound, however, is produced by the passage of the gas from the swimming bladder, which the fish can compress at will.

Strange Recovery of Voice.

For five years Mrs. Henry Rosler, wife of one of the leading merchants of Bennington, Vt., has been unable to speak above a whisper. The loss of voice followed a cold. A few days ago she went to call her son, Harry, when she discovered that she could speak as well as she ever could, that her voice had returned, and nothing has occurred to show that it has not come to stay.

Tree Not Very Prolific.

A well known Bangor, Me., man who has tried fruit raising with varying degrees of success was elated one morning recently to find that one of his trees had grown a pear, the second in the tree's life of twelve years. So surprised was he that he climbed into the tree to make sure that some practical joker had not attempted to fool him by tying it on.

Mail Clerks' Good Work.

A mail pouch was brought to the Meriden, Conn., postoffice that had been run over and badly mutilated by the wheels of a railroad train. Some of the mail matter was almost destroyed, but by much work and perseverance the bits were put together and practically all of the letters delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed.

Angles in Water Pipes.

It is calculated that one right angle bend in a pipe through which water flows will make necessary 9 per cent more pressure for a given flow than it required for a straight pipe of like size and structure. With three sharp bends at right angles, the pressure needed is 13 per cent more than that which is used in a straight pipe.

Wade to Catch Fish.

At Covington, Ga., the water is so low that it is only necessary for one to wade out into the stream with a basket to get all the fish he is looking for. Sheriff Sam Hay, with several friends, rode to the river one night and in thirty minutes raked in seventy-eight pounds of catfish.

Bees Used Boiler for Hive.

The mechanics, while at work on an unused engine and boiler at the cranberry bog of F. R. Burgess at Sandwick, Mass., lately, found that a swarm of bees had taken possession of the boiler and packed nearly every tube solid full of honeycomb.

Formed Strange Friendship.

There is an odd combination of pets in the Hildeford, Me., greenhouse of Charles S. Strout in a woodcock and a cat. They live in perfect peace, the woodcock growing fat on the worms in the rich earth and the cat keeping the place free from mice.