

# SQUIRE JOHN

## A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

By GEORGE BATHURST

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### CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

At nightfall they have left the other stern, and the fleet greyhound seems to rush over the green waters like a hungry hound in pursuit of a hare.

Now they near the American coast. Thus far the steamer has kept up to Jack's expectations, and he feels almost positive of landing before the others.

As luck will have it, they run into a heavy fog and it becomes necessary to slow down. This promises to bring delay that will add hours to what seemed to presage a record-breaking passage.

Whistles are heard—one hoarse one ahead, where some steamer is plowing through the dense fog. As soon as Travers learns this vessel is going in the same way as themselves he smiles, confident that it is the one he chases.

At length about noon the fog rises and discloses the beach of Far Rockaway on Long Island. Jack's eyes are fastened upon the steamer just ahead, and which they promise to pass about Scotland Lightship.

It is the Anchoria.

The Glasgow steamer might have reached port first only for foundering in the fog.

When they pass her black hull cheers are given from lusty throats, and returned with equal vim. Jack scans the passengers along her side, and his heart gives a sudden bound when through his field glasses he discovers—his wife!

The sensation is one not easily forgotten.

Near her hovers Senor Roblado and Juanita.

The latter talks with some gentleman—Jack cannot see him well at first, but when he moves the light strikes his face, and Travers grinds his teeth in sudden rage.

It is Howard Spencer, as dashing as ever, despite his smash-up in Edinburgh.

Why does he follow them? Is it because he is a moth fluttering round the candle? The American who has just become an English squire and forsaken all his rich inheritance to go chasing after the girl who bears his name, yet care not whether she be wife or widow—this man frowns, and under his breath says dire things which he may visit upon the head of the offender in case the said Spencer persists in forcing his attentions on Jack Travers' wife.

Reaching quarantine first, the Teutonic is almost through a health examination when the other steamer comes limping up, her machinery in bad trim.

So Jack finds ample time after passing the customs official to take a cab, send Ah Sin to an hotel, and in another reach the Anchor line pier just as the Anchoria is pushed into her berth by the noisy little tug.

He screens himself from observation and thus watches the descent of the passengers as they fall into the hands of the inspectors.

Jack is careful not to show himself; it is to his advantage to have Roblado believe his plan for detaining him in Glasgow worked to a charm. Spencer is not with the party, he having troubles of his own.

As he stands there Jack recognizes in one of the inspectors an old acquaintance, with whom he once spent happy days on the plains.

He hears that the authorities have received word from abroad that some party sailing on the Anchoria is bringing over a vast quantity of precious stones concealed somewhere about his person or luggage, and as the information has been vague, they appear to

have settled upon the wretched don as the culprit, and are making life miserable for him.

While the senior is raging up and down and breathing out fire with every swear word, Jack allows himself to be seen by the girl whom the strangest fate on record made his wife in the good old city of Edinburgh.

He sees her start and gaze at him with dilated eyes, as though surprised beyond measure. She turns and speaks quickly to her companion, and in a flash he finds the black eyes of the little Cuban fastened upon him.

Then it is Jack puts a finger to his lips to indicate caution and silence. He sees Juanita's expressive nod, and having accomplished all he desired, fades away.

Another minute and his arm is touched by some one, and turning he discovers a humble individual who would pass for a missionary to the Cannibal Islands or an actor off the boards. His attitude is that of a second-rate tragedian on inspection, but the twinkle in his eye declares the man possessed of intense humor.

Jack knows him at sight, and is intensely amused to see him here.

"Why, hello, Smithers, my dear man! Been a long time turning up. Beat you across the big pond, you see?" he says, accepting the gravely extended hand of the Scotland Yard agent.

"I've been watching you for some time, sir, and endeavoring to puzzle it out. You were on the Teutonic, I imagine. How did you come to miss my note, and leave me the task of detecting how far I was to follow these people?"

Jack laughs and hastily sketches the manner in which he was so cleverly defamed, at hearing which the detective puckers up his mouth as though to whistle.

"Come, the old fellow has more shrewdness than I gave him credit for. But what are your plans with regard to me, sir?"

"That we can decide on later. I may want you to accompany me to Cuba."

"Cuba? That will seem natural enough," returns Smithers, quickly. "You have been there before, then?"

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"Well, rather. Spent some years in Havana."

"Good! I see we can arrange it nicely—that is, if you have no objections to returning 'here?'"

"Well, I don't hanker after it, truth to tell; but business is business. If you want me we can arrange it."

They are close enough when the don and his ladies move away to hear him direct the driver to the Brevoort house, and before the carriage has reached West street Jack and his companion are snugly ensconced in another, having given the wide-awake Jehu orders to keep the first vehicle in sight.

Senor Roblado is attempting no little game, but brings up safely at the hotel, where his trunks also arrive, in doubtless a condition that makes him more than ever the inveterate foe of the Yankee.

Thus the translation from the Old to the New World has been effected.

There is something connected with this hasty trip of Don Roblado to Havana that Jack does not profess to understand—something that is tinged with mystery in its way, and which excites his curiosity not a little.

When he talks over the matter with Smithers, whom he has taken fully into his confidence, the latter agrees with him that Roblado is a queer customer, and that before they are through with him they will very likely discover he has a deep object in all that he does.

It would appear more natural for the senior to have remained in Great Britain until his claim in behalf of his ward's third of the heritage was put through, instead of leaving it in the hands of lawyers, and posting off in such hot haste for the other side of the Atlantic.

And hardly has he settled his party comfortably in a New York hotel than the indefatigable Job Smithers follows him to the office of a coastwise steamship company, where Roblado secures accommodation for the next voyage.

Undoubtedly he has reasons for bringing up in Havana with the least possible delay.

At first it appears as though they will have to go by the same boat, which makes the chances of discovery very great; but wise Jack, after an investigation, finds a way of reaching Havana ahead of the party, after seeing them off, by means of the train to Tampa, Florida, and then taking the little steamer Mascot over to Cuba, a voyage of about twenty-four hours.

Twenty times a day Travers growls at the accused fate which keeps him from entering the lists and striving to win that girl's heart. Poor fellow, he little suspects how much he has been in Jessie's mind ever since his generous action in Edinburgh, and that fate is so shaping events as to bring their life-lines together again, this time never more to part.

He has some satisfaction in discovering that while Jessie treats Spencer with respect, there is a coldness in her manner not at all promising to the success of the other's suit.

The more he sees of her—from a distance, of course, since he does not wish to annoy her or betray his presence to either of the men—the greater becomes Jack's enthusiasm, and the stronger his resolution to leave no stone unturned in the endeavor to carry the citadel of her heart.

Then comes their sitting.

Smithers has done his duty faithfully, and clung upon the trail of the senior with a persistency that Jack cannot but commend.

He has not fully comprehended all the mysterious actions of Senor Roblado in New York, and reports several meetings which the other attended where such extreme care was taken that even a cunning fellow like Smithers had not been able to overhear what was said.

When Jack presses him for his opinion, Job declares it as his belief that the Spaniard is concerned in some political intrigue—possibly in league

with the rebels of Cuba, and that his secret mission in New York has to do with the Cuban Junta at their headquarters.

"Well, they're off," says Travers, rather gloomily, as he stands on the pier and sees the steamer moving toward the upper bay.

He has been looking through his marine glasses, but although the tall, arrogant figure of Roblado is readily discerned, the one he seeks is not in sight.

That is what gives him a fit of the blues, Jack is not at all the same fellow as of yore, for when once that burning feeling creeps into a chap's heart, good-by to his peace of mind and the bonhomie ways that formerly made him the best-liked of men; and the thought that renders him moody now is the possibility of her being in the cabin of the steamer in conversation with the detested Spencer.

"I should have thrown him into a duck pond, or clipped his wings in some way," is the rather vicious thought that intrudes upon his mind.

The day of reckoning will come sooner or later, and may discharge this debt.

Smithers presently joins him. The steamer has passed Liberty island.

Sees her start and gaze at him with dilated eyes.

and will soon be far down toward Sandy Hook.

"When shall we start, sir?" asks the agent.

"To-night's train will bear us south. I have nothing to detain me in New York. Did you see about our passports this morning, Job?" replies Jack.

"I had no trouble there, sir. In thirty-six hours we will be in Tampa, ready for our little voyage," replies Smithers.

And what he says comes to pass. (To be continued.)

QUEEN BEES WORTH MONEY.

As Much as \$200 Paid for Some Bred by Italian Farmers.

Just as there are valuable strains in horses, cattle and other stock, so there are varieties of queen bees which are worth many hundred times their weight in gold. The most valuable strain is the Italian, and many Italian bee farmers demand and receive without question prices ranging from \$50 to \$200 for a single queen bee of a certain kind. Such bees are sent all over the world. The owner of a bee farm near Ottawa, Canada, goes to Europe annually and brings back with him bees of an aggregate value of thousands of pounds. He is enabled through the agency of an Italian firm to effect an insurance upon the most valuable of his queens.

This bee farmer has many strange experiences in connection with the assistants he is obliged to engage. Of course all beekeepers must submit to a certain amount of stinging. But in some cases the poison in the sting acts directly upon the assistants and makes them alarmingly ill. Others are immune, though stung hundreds of times. Bee farmers are often applied to by persons suffering from rheumatism, who wish to place themselves in the way of being stung. And, strange as it may seem, the virus of the bee sting does often act as a cure to persons suffering from serious attacks of rheumatism.

Homes of Millionaires.

Pasadena, in California, says the Sunset Magazine, has more millionaires per capita than any other town in the country. Comparing census and assessment rolls, it shows about one millionaire to every 400 people—millionaires who own residences there and who live in their own homes. Of transient millionaires who come there year after year, for a month perhaps, or three months, there are fully as many more, all glad to exchange a despondent mercury for a whiff of orange blossoms and a lungful of balmy air. As a home of millionaires—a place where millions are enjoyed, not earned—Pasadena is like the living room of a house, where the work and cares of the day give way to ease and comfort. Here men come because it is so far from the hurry and worry of Wall street, the noise and strain of money seeking; here they can forget the care of great enterprises, the task of amassing fortunes, in the luxury of possessing and realizing their benefits. The strenuous spirit of commercialism wanes under the influence of ever sunny skies and soft, semi-tropic air.

Must Saw Wood for Lodging.

Cards have been tacked high up on the walls of the lockup at Wallingford, Conn., which read: "All persons lodged in this room must saw one basket of wood for each night's lodging."

### A Sea-Lover

She said: "Oh, I long and yearn, this year, For the sea—my own blue sea! Where I can roam with no one near, And dream and muse, and be free. I long to lie where the billows roll, And the white gulls skim and dart— Yes; that alone is life to the soul And peace to the tired heart!"

She went—and sat in a swaying chair On a wide veranda's space— And she gazed and gazed at the women there, And she never once turned her face From the chic creations, and costumes fine— Then, back to her home, with a sigh Of heart's content . . . "It was just divine! Oh, that glorious sea and sky!" —Puck.

### CAUGHT BY THE HAWK

BY FRANK H. SWEET

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The girl had caught him red-handed, slipping into their horse stable; and during the past week they had lost three of their best animals. But the prisoner was importunate, even when in the first excitement of discovery she had fired a bullet across his shoulder as a warning to accept the capture without protest. He had turned calmly, but with an odd look of amazement in his eyes; and as he raised his hat—with his left hand—and tried to say something about wandering into the valley by accident, she had cut him short, with a curt, "Move on ahead there, and don't attempt to touch our weapons."

"If you will excuse me, miss," he observed quietly, after they had covered half the distance to the house, "isn't it rather odd to build such a home as yours in so wild a place? I did not suppose there was even a log cabin within a hundred miles."

"My father likes the location," the girl said coldly, "and so do I. Here we are now—that is my father on the piazza."

As she spoke they passed from behind a hedge of transplanted New England barberry bushes, brilliant with their scarlet clusters of seedy fruit, directly in front of the entrance. Her father had half risen and was looking down at them inquiringly.

"This is a man I caught in our horse stable, father," the girl explained. "He says he was looking in out of curiosity, but I believe he is the thief who has been taking our horses. You can talk with him though, and find out. Watch him closely, for he's armed. I will go round to the kitchen and see if the Chinaman has got dinner about ready."

As she disappeared in the house the stranger turned away to hide a smile. These people were not very experienced in thieftaking.

"You will excuse my not rising, sir," the host was saying courteously, "but unfortunately I am at present a little indisposed. Please step up on the piazza and take that chair. Place the books upon the table."

There were several small tables on the piazza and a number of chairs, and tables and chairs were all occupied by books. The prisoner went to the chair indicated and removed the books to the table at the man's elbow. As he did so he gazed at the thin, smoothly-shaven face with a puzzled look that was half recognition.

But the keen, quizzical eyes were piercing him through and through, and as he sat down he had a feeling that he was back at college and his professor was probing him for the truth of some misdemeanor. Soon, however, the man's face cleared and the searching eyes lost their look of fixed inquiry.

"You are blameless, sir," the incisive voice declared conclusively, "and I apologize for my daughter's suspicion. Perhaps, though, it was natural under the circumstances. Of course you will stay to dinner. May I ask your name?"

"Reynolds Phillips."

All the time the man had been speaking Phillips' gaze had been

wandering longingly over the profusion of books. They were a familiar avenue back into his past. Involuntarily he reached out and picked up one, opening it at the fly-leaf. As he did so he uttered a surprised exclamation.

"Move on ahead, there."

One afternoon, a month later, Phillips and Mary walked down from the piazza, under the trees. The professor was asleep in a reclining chair at the far end of the piazza, a paper over his face. It was the first time Phillips had left the house after a long, serious fever which had followed his

"President Elliot! He gave you this?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"He was my college president."

"What!" The man half rose in his chair. "I have been a professor in his college a good part of my life. When were you there?"

"Nine years. Let me see—yes I was in Europe a year or two about that time for my health. But we must both have been in the college during your undergraduate days at some time. Phillips, Phillips—the name seems familiar."

"Yes, we were together nearly three

years. I remember you perfectly now. You were my professor of literature. I half recognized you when I first stepped upon the piazza."

The professor's hand was suddenly extended. "Let me shake hands with you, Phillips," he said. "I never expected to see any of my students again. It is delightful. What?" as Phillips put out his left hand somewhat awkwardly, "is your right arm disabled? What is the matter?"

"Just a little scratch," hastily. "Men hunting in a wild country like this are running into something all the time, you know."

"Recent?"

"This morning."

"Been attended to?"

"N—no, not yet. But it doesn't matter. I will attend to it as soon as I go away. I don't mind a little thing like this."

"Mary shall look after it at once," decisively. "She is a very good surgeon, and included medicine in her curriculum. Mary! Oh, Mary!"

"Really, it doesn't matter in the least," interposed Phillips hastily. "I would much rather not have it looked after just now."

But the professor paid him not the least attention. When his daughter appeared he nodded toward Phillips' right arm.

"Wounded," he said, "and from the looks of that round hole in his coat sleeve I should say it was a bullet. That kind of cloth does not show blood saturation much, or I think we would have noticed it before. To think of him sitting here all this time with an arm too disabled to use, and not alluding to it. Mary, you must cut the sleeve away at once and attend to it."

The girl's face had grown white with sudden comprehension. She went quickly to Phillips, her gaze steady and direct.

"What is it?" she demanded.

But Phillips was equally steady, and in his eyes was an impervious request for silence. And she understood.

"It is nothing but what is liable to happen at any moment to an adventurer like me," he answered, "and I assure you it is not worth a moment's uneasiness on your part. I would much rather you had not noticed it; but since you have, and to relieve any possible anxiety, I will submit. But please understand it was a mere accident, with no one to blame but myself."

One afternoon, a month later, Phillips and Mary walked down from the piazza, under the trees. The professor was asleep in a reclining chair at the far end of the piazza, a paper over his face. It was the first time Phillips had left the house after a long, serious fever which had followed his

wound. In Mary's eyes was a tender, surprised joy.

"It is good to see you out again, Reynolds," she said. "At one time I was afraid that—that—"

He turned his eyes away, gazing up the valley, conscious of the flush that was coming to her face. It was the first time she had called him by that name. There was joy in his own eyes.

"I shall always keep the bullet as the direct cause of my great happiness, Mary," he said, with a low laugh. "I had counted on spending the rest of my life in this wilderness, for I love freedom. But the prospect was never wholly satisfactory. Sometimes the influence of the East came over me, with a longing for its books and I had to fight the feeling away. This valley now brings me the East, with cultured people to talk to, and with the freedom of the wilderness at the very door. It is a perfect combination—with you."

FORCED TO BE CLEAN.

Administering Baths in New York Municipal Lodging House.

In "Six Weeks in Beggarland," Everybody's Magazine, Theodore Waterson begins an account of his investigation of the beggar problem for that magazine. The following is a partial description of his experiences, disguised as a destitute workman, in the Municipal Lodging House of New York:

"After the medical examination we fled through the outer office, where we gave over our pedigrees and the envelopes, in which we had been obliged to put our trinkets, to the bookkeeper; and after that we went down a flight of steps to the basement where hundreds of dirty men were being made clean. Every man was instructed to remove his clothing and place it in a net bag given him for the purpose. The garments were then hung in a great oven and subjected to a temperature of 230 degrees F. The men meantime were compelled to take a handful of green soap and rub it upon their heads, and then to stand under a very Niagara of water which descended from taps in the ceiling. There was no escaping this drenching process. A big attendant armed with a mop handle inspected each man as he went under the water, and never failed to object vigorously when any attempted to escape while the slightest particle of grime remained upon him. I saw what I felt sure must be the dirtiest man in New York give up his clothes and go under the shower grudgingly, and after determined urging on the part of the attendant, come out clean. There were many such in the City Lodging House that night, but the majority of them welcomed the bath, the spotless night-gown, the comfortable slippers, and finally the repose on the cleanest of beds."

Up-to-Date Costume.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, famous for her dramatic art and her pet dog Pinky Panky Poo, a Japanese spaniel of high culture, while in Washington recently went driving one day and incidentally dropped in to see a friend. The air was chilly, in fact cold, and Mrs. Campbell wore a long coat of Russian sable. Pinky or Panky or Poo was in a warm spot underneath the coat, his shaggy little head, his eyes, and white teeth peering out.

"Oh, what a lovely coat that is," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell's hostess as she stroked it; "and what an odd frog you've got there at the button," as she took hold of Pinky's head. Pinky replied the gentle squeeze with a snap.

"My heavens!" exclaimed the actress's friend. "What is that?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the actress laughingly. "It's just a little Jap that's got under a Russian's hide."—New York Times.

Poor Croesus.

If I were rich as Croesus— But—out on riches, dear! For I have you and love to-day, And just to-day is here! If I were rich as Croesus— I pause again and laugh— The half the joy of you and love— Wealth could not buy the half!

If I were rich as Croesus— I wonder if the flame Of autumn leaves would be as red, If skies would look the same. If I were rich as Croesus— Dear heart, I turn to you, Would you hold me much dearer then, Love me more than you do?

If I were rich as Croesus— Dear heart, there's naught I lack, And if I lost what now I have, No wealth could bring it back! If I were rich as Croesus, And I were left alone, Could golden cross bring back thy heart To beat against my own?

Nay, I am rich as Croesus, Far richer, too, I ween, For there are hearts so close to mine That naught may come between; Aye, I am rich as Croesus— I've held your hands in mine! He never clasped you in his arms, Nor saw your dear eyes shine. —J. M. Lewis in Boston Post.

Queer Religion of Japan.

The emperor and the empire, the empire that is the people—these constitute the real religion of Japan, the great idea through the divine virtue of which the Japanese have accounted for themselves before the wondering eyes of a Christian world.

For his imperial majesty, Emperor Mitsuho, the little brown soldiers of Japan joyously die, and for him do the thousands of bereaved ones suffer in proud silence that dreams in great peace of an afterward. And it is not weak indifference they display, these tearless ones; it is strength, the mightiest ever seen on earth.

By thousands they hear the grim news that robs them of all reason for living, and by thousands they retreat in splendid awe, tempered, bless God! by patriotic pride that has not its equal under the shining sun. Grief in visible racks the soul of Japan while she marches proudly on with a joy note in her war song.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.



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have settled upon the wretched don as the culprit, and are making life miserable for him.

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