

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATHURNE

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Jack feels a sudden glow as of exaltation as he remembers that the very party of whom she makes mention is in Havana at this hour. He has cudgeled his brains to find some method of getting Spencer out of his path—to sweep the road to his life clear of such an encumbrance—and what could give promise of more success than in playing this girl against him? "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and this applies especially to those women of the south through whose veins the blood leaps and bounds like molten lava, and who know no halfway course between love and hate when once a man has made an impression on their hearts.

Perhaps the situation warrants his action—at any rate, Jack is human, and the temptation to pay Spencer back in his own coin quite irresistible.

So he speaks, and tells this beautiful tress that the man she once loved—the man who won her heart only to insult her, the man she has remembered only with such bitterness as a Spanish girl can experience toward one who has wronged her—he is in Havana at this hour.

He can readily see she is strongly moved by the circumstance, though she does not reply for some time.

"He does not dream I am under Cuban skies. Perhaps my hour may come. You look at me in displeasure, Senor Jack. I know you cannot understand our ways. But he may yet learn that the girl of Santa Fe and the woman of Havana are one, and have the same grievance."

"Pardon me, but perhaps if the past were opened again it might be disagreeable to you—to others who are jealous of your name."

At this she laughs aloud.

"I see how it is, Senor Jack. You believe I am married—that this is the secret of my appearing in the midst of such luxury; but that is not the case."

"It was a natural supposition on my part, for when I met you before you were not living in such a paradise as this."

She looks a trifle confused.

"I cannot explain to you, senor. A promise stands in the way—a vow to the Virgin. But in time perhaps you may know all."

"I shall meet my host at dinner, perhaps," he puts out as a feeler, but is greeted by another silvery laugh.

"You are my guest, senor. There is no other who has a word to say or an order to give under that roof. Therefore feel at ease. Go and come as you will. By the memory of your brave act in the past you are welcome—yes, thrice welcome."

She beams upon him—there is a fascination in her very glance. So Cleopatra of old must have bound Marc Antony under a spell, and caused him to forget his duty to the Trivunvirate and Rome.

Jack shakes himself mentally. He decides that it may not be safe to remain under this hospitable roof longer than he can possibly help, since it is not to his liking that he awaken a passion in this tempestuous heart which must turn to Dead Sea fruit.

CHAPTER XI.

Under the Spell of the Enchantress.

Jack makes no attempt to discover the nature of the mystery enveloping Lola. That it may have some connection with the story of Smithers he can readily believe. The present and the future must engage his attention and they give promise of live-

ly enough times to satisfy the most exacting.

Smithers does not turn up, and Jack can well believe the agent is watching the movements of the enemy, so he smoothes his impatience, and dines with the little Cuban beauty, waited on by well-trained servants.

The day is slipping away, and Jack's worry increases. He hopes Smithers will bring news when he does come—news that will throw some light on the business in hand.

Lola has endeavored to entertain him with music. She sings Spanish songs to the tinkling of the mandolin, and her voice is a round contralto, very full and sympathetic. Jack has picked up a smattering of Spanish while in Texas and along the border,

so that he can understand the major portion of what she sings.

Upon this pretty picture Smithers suddenly bursts without warning.

Travers needs only one look to tell him the agent brings news of some sort, and he springs up hastily to meet him.

Travers feels a little guilty and shows some confusion, but the girl artlessly cries out:

"I have been charmed to find in your friend one whom I knew in Santa Fe as Senor Jack. We have chatted over old times, and seeing he was impatient for your return, I have endeavored to entertain him in my poor way."

"I have no doubt you succeeded," remarks the other drily; and then adds, "With your consent, senorita, I would like to see Mr. Travers alone for a short time."

"Ah, you bring him news; is it not so. I do not know what business has tempted him to visit this poor distracted country just now, but surely I wish it success," she says, quickly.

"Thank you," returns Jack, mentally wondering whether she would be as sincere should she know that the object of his venture is simply the strong hope that he may win the love of his own wife—that and nothing more.

She kisses her hand to them and with merry words dances away, mandolin in hand. Jack's eyes involuntarily follow the will-o'-the-wisp. Mentally he is thinking that "fine feathers make fine birds;" the last time he saw Lola, she was apparently in poverty, though known even then in Santa Fe as a beauty.

"She is a child of genius; she possesses the form and face of a Hebe and the smile of an angel. Beware, Senor Jack," warns Smithers, half in earnest, though his way of shaking his finger at the young mine owner in a melodramatic manner might be intended in the light of a joke.

"Don't engage in any worry on my account, Smithers, my dear boy. I frankly admit the girl is a beauty, and has a charm about her, a witchery, that might affect even Jack Travers were he heart-whole and fancy free. But you understand that I am deep in love with my Highland lassie and there is no room in my heart for two—certainly not at the same time. I'm no Turk, Smithers."

"Pardon me, sir; I only joked. As you say, there is a mysterious charm about the presence of Lola. I feel it myself—feel that I should be only too glad to give up all the world and devote myself to her service. But this isn't business—with a sudden snap of his jaws that indicates a putting away of gentler thoughts.

"Ah, yes, you have discovered something—something of importance, I should judge."

"Well, yes, I rather think I have, sir. It has staggered me quite a little, I admit; and there is a promise of some lively work ahead."

Having thus aroused Jack's curiosity, Smithers casts a nervous glance around him—not that he has fears of eavesdroppers in this place, but such an act is second nature to him.

"I have had my suspicions of Senor Roblado for some time, although in doubt as to the exact nature of his character. He has been working under a cloak, in disguise. You remember in New York I spoke of his meeting a number of mysterious men."

"Whom you believed at the time to belong to the Cuban Junta, which has headquarters in that metropolis, where filibustering expeditions are planned and money collected for buying arms, ammunition and dynamite."

Smithers shrugs his shoulders.

"Yes, and dynamite. Well, when I risked the hazard of that guess I was mistaken."

"Then the senor is not a conspirator?"

"I didn't say that—only he was not meeting members of the revolutionist party."

"Still, they were secret agents he met, and his business had to do with Cuba. Ah, yes! I grasp the situation. They were Spaniards."

"Exactly. Roblado is and has been a trusted agent of the Spanish government. I could not exactly say what his mission to London may have signified, but there was something deep behind it; for he is a desperate, daring man, in whom the captain-general places the utmost reliance.

"But now that you understand so much, let me tell my story. I went to the hotel, and loitered about, asking questions where I could without exciting suspicion. The senor was at dinner with the ladies and his friend Col. Spencer; for it seems this gentleman has a title when he reaches Cuban soil.

"While I watched, lo and behold! Roblado appeared. He looked anxious. I was the only person near, and believing, no doubt, I belonged to the hotel, he asked me to send a vehicle to the door without delay.

"I walked away, revolving a little plan in my mind. In a short time a vehicle drove up to the door, and the driver asked for Senor Roblado. That driver was, as you may already have suspected, Senor Jack, no other than myself. I found no difficulty in striking a bargain with the first cabby I met, and inside his vehicle we exchanged some of our garments. Here, in this strange land of intrigues, nothing surprises people, and the fellow took it as if quite accustomed to such methods.

"Something of importance."

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"Well, out came Roblado, looking splotch and span, but with a worried look on his remarkable face, as though he hardly relished the interview he anticipated.

"Judge of my amazement, sir, when he gave his orders to be driven to the palace of the captain-general. For the first time a suspicion of his true character flashed over me.

"Details, you know, are not to my liking. We arrived, and I left my cab, to usher the senor into the entrance. Lackeys are always about, and messengers come and go; for even now, at the beginning of the rainy season, the general is a busy man. He has sworn to sweep the rebels into the sea, and restore Cuba to Spain, a peaceful province; but already he realizes that the task is more difficult than he anticipated, and is ready to resort to desperate measures in order to succeed.

"Well, sir, I need not explain how it was done—men of my profession have a faculty for accomplishing such things in a manner that appears little short of magical to outsiders; but when Senor Roblado held his confidential talk with the general, I was in a position to hear what was said.

"Senor Roblado is in the secret employ of the Spanish government. Failing to overcome this last rebellion by force of arms, they are now about to

resort to strategy, and in this line no people on earth can beat the Spaniards.

"Various schemes are to be put into immediate operation—rewards will be offered for the betrayal of all filibustering expeditions, extraordinary inducements given to those enemies of Spain who will lay down their arms, and last of all it is designed that the leaders of the rebellion, Gomez, Maceo and Garcia shall either be captured or assassinated."

Jack utters a cry of incredulity; and yet why should he doubt the truth of the statement? Such things are in these enlightened days not infrequent. Sometimes it is in Russia or Turkey a leader meets death at the hands of an assassin; again it is in France, while even the freedom of a great republic did not save Lincoln or Garfield.

"From what I could learn, the captain-general does not favor this latter method, but is determined to make an attempt at capturing these bold leaders who continue to defy him, and should they fall into the hands of the military authorities, you can easily guess what their fate will be.

"So a clever plan has been arranged and to Roblado and Spencer has been given the task of bringing the great Gomez into Havana."

"Well, I am interested, but so far I see no cause for alarm on my part. Of course, those in sympathy with the rebels might be anxious about the outcome, but it surely does not matter much to you and I, Smithers," remarks Travers; and then, as his keen eye notes a flitting look of embarrassment upon the features of his companion, the thought dawns in his mind that perhaps, after all, Smithers is more deeply interested in the fortunes of the struggling patriots of Cuba than he has ever admitted."

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(To be continued.)

FOX HUNTING BY SYSTEM.

Maine Trapper Has Novel Method of Shooting the Animals.

A Maine trapper who gets \$200 or \$300 every fall for fur tells the Maine Woods that he can shoot foxes without taking aim. He sights the gun by daylight and simply pulls the trigger when the foxes come at night.

He secures the carcass of a horse or creature of any kind, or if that is impossible, he buys a calf and kills it. The body is buried in a favorable location; then he builds a little house just big enough for two. The house can be carried by two men and it is located at a point that is about right for a gun shot. There is a port hole for a gun and a small peek hole, also a bracket that holds the sun glass.

When the foxes come, which is usually after the snow is on the ground, they dig two or three holes down to the bait. When the hunter sees a fox he simply pulls the trigger and the pelt is his. There are frequently three or four foxes in sight at one time, but not in the range of the gun. This hunter claims that he has seen as many as seventy-five foxes visit a bait in one night.

Need for Clergymen.

The Kentucky colonel, lurching at the Arena, was telling the story of a famous Kentucky feud which had died a natural death, there being now only one survivor.

"Do they have any clergymen in Kentucky?" asked one of the party.

"Of course," replied the colonel. "They must have clergymen in Kentucky to read the burial service o'ah the daid."—New York Times.

SWIMMING A GOOD EXERCISE.

Tests Show It Makes Greatest Increase in Red Blood Corpuscles.

A series of experiments conducted by Dr. Philip B. Hawk, demonstrator of physiological chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, has proved that swimming is the most beneficial exercise.

As described by the World's Work, Dr. Hawk visited the dressing rooms at the athletic field and immediately before each athlete left for his exercise drew blood from him by means of the regularly prepared sterile needle. Then when the athlete returned to the dressing room after running, jumping, pole-vaulting or engaging in water polo the needle would again be brought into play and a second sample of blood drawn.

Analysis of the blood to discover how far each exercise increased the number of red corpuscles showed that water polo and other forms of swimming resulted in the largest increase. The swimming exercises were thus shown to be the most beneficial, for the greater the number of red corpuscles the richer is the blood. Swimming resulted in an average increase of 21 per cent, as against 27 per cent for the next best exercise—short-distance running.

After one of these examinations during the athletic season, while the men were in the pink of condition and exerting themselves to the utmost, Dr. Hawk found the following results, in round numbers, from the count of the blood corpuscles: Percentage of gain after the 100-yard dash, 25; 120-yard hurdles, 21.5; half-mile run, 18; mile run, 14; two-mile run, 9; broad jump, six jumps, 15; three-minute water polo game, 27.

THE LAW VS. KINDNESS.

Good Samaritan Suffers for Eccentricities of Ohio Statutes.

"Got a buzzard here?" inquired Charles W. Heyl, deputy game warden, of Mrs. Frank Edgerton of South Sixth street, according to the Columbus, Ohio, correspondent of the New York Herald.

"Yes, sir," the woman replied.

"Want to sell it?"

"No, sir; but you can have it if you want it."

"Can I see it?"

"Certainly; just come this way, please."

And Mrs. Edgerton walked back to the coal shed, where the bird was confined, opened the door and then walked back to the house. In a moment or two Heyl appeared with the buzzard under his coat. He showed a badge and said: "Tell your husband that I am a game warden and for him to appear before Squire Lakin."

A son of Mr. Edgerton, who is an employe in the Panhandle shops, while strolling through the fields, found a buzzard with a broken leg. The bird was fed and kindly treated and became a pet, running around the neighborhood as it pleased. When the family went away from the house the buzzard would be confined in the coal shed.

An affidavit charges Edgerton with having "in his possession a buzzard not then and there being in captivity prior to May 6, 1902, and not then and there having the permission to do the aforesaid act."

The Man Who Might.

My grandpa used to tell us boys about a man he knew.

Way out in northern Illinois, in eighteen forty-two.

This fellow's brag of how he might—When first out west he come—Have easy bought Chicago's site—For one small jug of rum.

We'd always ask granddaddy why The fellow did not trade, An' he'd say: "I was just a lie The chap made up, I'm afraid; But even though he'd looked ahead And heard the busy hum Of future years, when all is said, He'd rather had the rum."

Then grandpa'd laugh a bit an' say, "As we go down the years—No matter where extends the way, Or how our fortune steers, We'll surely meet the helpless wight, At every turn, I sum—Who might have bought Chicago's site For one small jug of rum."

—Pittsburg Post.

Writer Says Genius Is Insanity.

According to Mrs. Kate Upon Clark, the way to be happy, though a genius, is never to marry. "The poet's wife," said Mrs. Clark in a recent address, "does not care for poetry after the first week, any more than the grocer's boy does for figs. She never wishes to tell of the neighborhood's gossip but she interrupts some great thought of her husband's; then she imagines she is bereft of sympathy and looks for it in the wives and daughters of his neighbors, and if he is handsome he usually finds it. The genius should not marry. A woman wants her husband—not his art. Genius is insanity. In order to be a genius he lives most of the time in a world of deep emotions. It is hard for people of artistic temperament to conform to ordinary rules. Thus divorce, suicide, drunkenness and impulsive vices are found among people of genius. The irrepressible temperament seems to be absolutely necessary to art."

Contest of Smelling Powers.

A new game for long evenings has been devised and tried by an English house party. It is a contest of smelling powers. Numbered programs and numbered bottles contain essence of cloves, gin, eucalyptus, sherry and other groceries. The game is to identify these. And the difficulty of distinction has occurred to many men who have tried the decanters with the nose it, the hope of deciding whether it is brandy or whisky. In this particular effort to recapture a sense in which the dog masters mankind a woman won.

NEWS IN NEBRASKA

STATE NOTES.

Tecumseh merchants report a good holiday trade.

Dodge county employes but eighteen male teachers.

The hotel Lathrop at Hardy was burned to the ground.

There was a fire at the Normal college in Fremont, but it did not interrupt work.

Nebraska has realized from the inspection of kerosene and gasoline, at 10 cents per barrel, the sum of \$38,954.40, according to the biennial report of Oil Inspector Church, which was filed with the governor.

At Holdrege John R. Lucas, who shot and killed Clyde Lester December 6, was bound over to the district court on a charge of murder in the first degree and was remanded to jail without bail.

Charles Field hung himself at Crete. He was a foreman of stonework on the new Burlington depot at that place. He was found at supper time hanging from a rafter in the tool house. No cause is known for the deed other than that he had been drinking heavily.

The Farmers' Elevator company of Strausville, have the elevator under construction and have commenced to purchase and ship grain. An experienced man has been placed in charge of the business and the farmers by co-operation hope to circumvent the grain buyers' trust if such an institution exists.

Judge Harrington in the district court at Long Pine, has granted a decree annulling the marriage of S. Herbert Moore and Clara Taylor, which occurred at Long Pine several years ago. The decree was petitioned for by Will H. Taylor of Rosedale, Ill., who declared that his sister had been insane since 1894. Mrs. Moore is now an inmate of the Lincoln asylum.

George E. Haskell, president of the Beatrice Creamery company and former resident of Lincoln, will return to Lincoln from California with his family about January 1. He has been in Colorado and California for several years on account of ill-health, but has so far recovered that his physicians say he can return to this climate with safety. The family has been for some time at Ocean Beach, Cal.

Recently P. C. Alcorn of Crab Orchard suffered an injury to one of his eyes, and it was believed the optic might be saved. However, inflammation set in in such a bad condition that the sight of the other eye was threatened, and the surgeons deemed it advisable to remove the injured eyeball to guard against the possibility of Mr. Alcorn's suffering total blindness.

Mayor Hackett and some of the city councilmen of Humboldt had an interesting session with a stranger who appeared last week and made all preparations to open up a bucket shop in a vacant office room of the city. The authorities objected, but the man went on with his arrangements until warned that he would be immediately arrested if he attempted to do business, when he decided to drop the matter.

P. L. Troyer in jumping from freight No. 46 at Callaway, had a narrow escape from a horrible death which he is liable to remember for some time to come. Troyer has been up at Sheridan for some time past and, wanting to get back to his home at Callaway, made arrangements with a party bringing some horses east to ride with him. Thinking the train was not going to stop when it arrived there, he made a jump for the platform, which was covered with frost. A few minutes later he was discovered by Frank Makvicka, the night watchman, lying insensible, with his head nearly touching the rails.

IT AFFECTS NEBRASKA LANDS.

Kinkaid Has Some Amendments to the Laws.

WASHINGTON—Congressman Kinkaid of Nebraska introduced an amendment on the opening day of congress to amend the homestead laws affecting certain lands in the western and northwestern portions of Nebraska which would extend the time six months within which entrymen under the bill effective last June may occupy the land so entered. This is a trifling matter compared with other proposed amendments to the Kinkaid law, which, it will be remembered, increased the area of a homestead entry to 640 acres.

Prominent Nebraskans propose a law to amend the Kinkaid law, providing for the sole use of grazing lands for grazing purposes. This proposition is made in the hope of promoting the settlement or profitable occupancy of the vast area of grazing lands tributary to the Burlington, Union Pacific and Northwestern railroads in the state. Charles F. Manderson of Omaha, general solicitor for the Burlington, would have the department of the interior survey these lands and put them into three classes—namely, first, arable lands; second, irrigable lands; third, pastoral lands. The latter class Mr. Manderson would have put on sale at not less than 10 cents nor more than 25 cents an acre.

Another idea is to sell, under the direction of the secretary of the interior, all lands not disposed of under the Kinkaid act. Still another amendment provides for buying the land outright at 10 cents or more an acre, in the discretion of the secretary of the interior.

Mr. Manderson has laid his ideas before the members of the Nebraska delegation in congress and has requested them to join him in a conference to be held at Washington or at Omaha some time this month.

PAY FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Districts Deal Liberally With Their Educators.

The various school districts of the state of Nebraska have dealt liberally with their school teachers during the last year and while the total amount of money spent in salaries for men teachers is a decrease when compared with the amount spent last, it does not follow that the individual salaries of men have decreased, for the reason that the number of men teachers employed this year is less than the year before. According to statistics compiled by Chief Clerk Harly for use in the biennial report of Superintendent Fowler there was spent for salaries for male teachers this year was \$572,728.20, and for female teachers, \$2,533,108.10, compared to \$608,708.79 spent in salaries for male teachers and \$2,313,469.19 paid to female teachers last year. Of this total amount Douglas county paid its male teachers in 1904 \$29,834.87, and its female teachers \$386,971.88. In 1904 there were employed in the state 1,389 men and 8,325 women teachers, against 1,490 men and 7,819 women teachers last year, making a total for 1904 of 9,714, against 9,309, the increase in teachers being occasioned by the increase in women teachers, showing that woman is gradually taking the place of man in educational lines in Nebraska.

Fifteen Years in Court.

NEBRASKA CITY—The estate of Robert Hawks, deceased, that was filed for probate in the county court about fifteen years ago, has been settled and closed. The estate is one of the largest ever filed for probate in the county court and was the cause of many lawsuits.

Woman Attempts Suicide.

CHADRON—Because of a quarrel with her husband, Mrs. William Rondo attempted to commit suicide here. She shot herself with a revolver in the left breast, the bullet lodging under the right shoulder blade. It is doubtful whether she will recover.

Premiums for Nebraska.

LINCOLN—At the St. Louis exposition Nebraska stood second in the list of states in the horticultural exhibit, and only was excelled by the state of Colorado. In all departments the state received more than 500 premiums.

Rev. Johnson Appointed.

LINCOLN—Rev. P. C. Johnson of Tecumseh will take up the duties of chaplain at the state penitentiary January 1. The announcement of the appointment was made by Governor Mickey, who was formerly one of Rev. Johnson's parishioners at Osceola. Chaplain Walter K. Williams announced his resignation to the governor just before election.

G. L. Shumway of Scotts Bluff county proposes to erect an \$85,000 power plant on the North Platte river near the town of Gering. The plant is intended to have a capacity of 400 horse power. Mr. Shumway has filed an application for water with the State Board of Irrigation, in which he says the plant is to be used for milling, manufacturing and other purposes. It will be necessary to dig a ditch four miles long to conduct the water to the proposed site. A company has been formed to complete the work of construction.