

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

By GEORGE BATHURNE

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Wait; you may change your mind, Senior Jack," says the agent, deliberately.

"Suppose Roblado, bent upon such a dangerous mission, should fall into the hands of the enemy. They would perhaps feed him to the wild beasts, if you have any such in the Cuban chaparral, and possibly the dashing Colonel Spencer would share his fate; but I can see no reason why I should mourn under such conditions."

"Unfortunately it is not such clear sailing. The senior intends taking his laugh with him upon the expedition."

"Monstrous! The old wretch! It must not be allowed!" cries Jack.

"You are powerless to prevent it. He has a design behind it all, and hopes by the presence of the girls to avoid suspicion. A very shrewd old fellow, this Roblado, and as calculating and cold-blooded as you find them. But, Senior Jack, that is not all."

"The deuce, you say? Still worse coming! Well, I am prepared for it. Fire away!"

"Remember, this is in confidence. You must swear that through you not a whisper of it shall ever reach the ears of the authorities."

"Oh, I give you my solemn promise. And what I say I always do; you know that," replies Travers.

"I learned that it was the senior's intention to take a train from Havana that would bring him in the vicinity of Gomez' main camp."

"Well, I have it on pretty good authority that the rebels intend to dynamite that train, and the chances are that not a soul on board will escape to tell the story."

CHAPTER XII.

Just Five Minutes Too Late.

Smithers' intelligence causes a gritting of teeth on the part of his auditor. The possibility of such a fate overtaking Jessie Cameron is quite enough to unnerve him.

"A diabolical way of striking a blow for liberty. We could not sanction it in our countries, Smithers. But that is not to the point. The question is how to save the girls. As to the men, I have no interest in their lives. They can take pot luck."

"Your promise, Mr. Travers? That ties my hands so far as informing the authorities is concerned."

"Good."

"On my part I would say 'bad,' for now you and I must save those girls. I am determined on that, even though I have to start upon the doomed train myself."

"We must plan quickly, then, sir."

"How so? Is there something more you have not told me?"

"You see the day is declining."

"Yes—yes."

"And this train will leave Havana at about nightfall, I understand."

"But such a move is contrary to the usual rules governing railroad travel in these parts. All trains run by daylight, so that the danger may be less marked."

"Just so, and the rebels knowing this will not be on the lookout, it is supposed, and the extra train, or special, can go on un molested."

"Ah, I see. Quite a clever piece of



"The rebels intend to dynamite that train!"

engineering, though the secret must have slipped through in some way, since as you declare a scheme is on foot to blow the train up with Yankee dynamite. Our time may be short. We must think and act quickly."

"Our only hope would be to separate the ladies from the rest of the party, perhaps at the last minute before the train started."

"I grasp your meaning. Continue."

"Roblado and his companion would be powerless to accomplish anything. They dare not keep the train waiting, and should they fall to be on it when the signal is given to start, the iron hand of the Captain-General would close upon them in a grasp that could only be cut loose before a corporal's guard at the dead-line. What do you think of the idea?"

"Well, you understand I must not appear in the matter. My promise to Jessie forbids."

"Excuse me, but if she fell overboard in mid-ocean, would you feel compelled to wait until she appealed

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directly to you before leaping over to her rescue? I know you better than that, Squire John. First her life, then her reproaches if she pleases to be so contrary. That life is in deadly danger now. You expect to fly to her relief. Already you are hampered by enough promises. Then away with the notion that you dare not come into her presence unless she calls for you. How is she otherwise to know you are in Havana?"

Jack throws up his hands.

"Smithers, you have won. I recognize the folly of carrying that thing out to the letter. If the occasion demands such an exposure on my part, I am ready to submit, even though she scorns me for breaking my word."

"Scorn you—my dear sir, evidently you have not studied the feminine mind as much as the methods of mining, or the necessities of a stock ranch. Besides, unless all signs fail, you may be in a position to save her from a terrible fate, and the very opportunity you desire be granted."

"I am convinced. Now tell me how you would carry out such a scheme."

Smithers has evidently thought it all out beforehand, as he unravels a plan so well arranged that Jack can hardly add anything to it.

Just previous to the time for the train to go someone employed for that purpose will draw the senior to the end of the station platform on particular business—perhaps a few last verbal directions from the Captain-General of a non-committal nature.

While he is away from the carriage in which the ladies have taken up their places, another messenger will come to them, apparently from Don Rafael, bearing the information that he has given up the trip, and that they will accompany the other in the victoria back to the hotel, where the senior will rejoin them.

How simple—how effective!

If no hitch occurs to mar the little game, Senior Roblado will make a mad dash for his carriage as the signal to start is given, and plunging in as the train moves, discover it to be empty.

He may rave, he may bellow like a mad bull, but that will not prevent the special from leaving Havana and plunging in among the hills back of the Cuban capital. He dare not leave the train, since Spain expects him to do his duty, and any defection on his part may bring immediate ruin upon his house.

Meanwhile, it will not be so difficult a feat for the driver of the vehicle to explain matters to the two girls, and endeavor to gain their consent to his driving them—not to the hotel, but to the house under whose roof Senior Jack has found such an hospitable welcome.

"The rest I must leave to you, sir, for I expect you to be with me on the box of the vehicle. If you have never kissed the Blarney stone, I imagine you may at least be able to offer some specious plea as to why they should accept this hospitality."

"And Lola will be there to greet them," adds Travers, mentally picturing the scene when these two come together—the one so fair and winsome a lassie, bred in the bonnie air of the Scottish highlands, the other dark and beautiful, like a tropical flower.

"Well—er—no, I hardly think Lola will be at home. I gave her a note from head—from some parties who desire her presence, and unless I am mistaken she has gone from here before now. But that will not matter. The whole house is at their disposal."

"I hope they will accept. What comes after, we must leave to chance," and Jack smiles at the pleasing prospect.

"At any rate, with the don out of the game, there's no reason why you shouldn't advance your cause, my friend."

"H'm! Poor don. It is a terrible fate, and I hate to think of it; but I presume these people have been rendered quite desperate by what they believe to be their wrongs. At any rate, I don't pretend to judge just how far they are justified in such severe actions. My whole concern is to save my wife from such a fate into which as an entirely innocent party she seems in danger of being dragged."

"The wrongs of Cuba cry aloud to Heaven for redress from every hillside—they have burned like smouldering fires for half a century, breaking out now and again in such heroic struggles as the Ten Years' War. The end is inevitable, and none but the wilfully blind can fail to see the handwriting on the wall. Cuba must, and shall be free."

Smithers has unconsciously betrayed himself. He realizes that his enthusiasm has carried him beyond the line of prudence. His face pales, and he immediately places his hand on Jack's arm.

"Forget what I have said, I beg of you, sir."

"No, I could not if I would, and I would not if I could. My heart is in sympathy with the movement to free this island from her yoke. It does not surprise me that you are interested in the desperate struggle—many brave Englishmen are. Nothing surprises me in connection with this country. I honor you for the stand you have taken. Your secret is safe with me, Smithers. Now I can give a guess why you hesitated to come back to Havana. But, since we understand each other, let us talk of our plans for saving the girls."

Jack readily admits that he can

think of no positive improvement in connection with the idea so clearly suggested by the keen-sighted agent, and which appears to quite cover the ground.

"How much time have we to make ready?" he asks.

Smithers consults his chronometer.

"It is now a quarter to five—the train is appointed to leave at six-thirty," he says.

"An hour and three-quarters. Ample time to accomplish wonders, my dear fellow. I've seen occasions when the world was apparently turned topsyturvy in far less."

"I don't doubt it. You fellows in the Wild West live fast. I know something about it myself, sir."

"You've seen our country, then?"

"That is a fact, sir."

"Been in the Colorado mines—looked on a Texas ranch, perhaps?"

"Never shall forget it."

"And possibly visited some of our Spanish-American cities down near the border of Mexico—Santa Fe, for instance?"

"Again I admit the soft impeachment," returns Smithers, a little uneasily, as if he realizes what Jack is driving at.

"Ah!"

That is all Travers says, but there is a world of significance in his manner of uttering the one word. He understands now that it must have been while in the New Mexican capital this English agent met Lola. The rela-



Something of a piratical look.

tions between them are beyond his present ken, but by degrees it appears as though the curtain will rise.

Smithers prepares to bolt.

"I shall be back here with a vehicle by six o'clock. Meanwhile, alter your looks a little so as to seem more of a native. You will find certain things in your apartment that will aid you. As to Ah Sin, shall we take him with us?"

"He may prove valuable. I have found him so on many occasions."

"Very well. He goes along. I'm off, sir."

Jack watches the other's vanishing form until it is swallowed up amid the luxuriant flower bushes. Then he seeks solace in a cigar, and passes through the court to the suite of rooms assigned him.

Remembering Smithers' injunction, he tries his hand at darkening his skin a little and in various ways altering his appearance, so that when success follows his efforts he is constrained to believe he presents something of a piratical look, and experiences a feeling of dismal dismay at the prospect of her eyes being turned upon him.

(To be continued.)

Gen. Sherman as a Benefactor.

Helen Sherman Griffith, niece of Gen. Sherman, says her uncle was very fond of attending the theater. He also objected strongly, along with the rest of us lesser mortals who dare not express our real thoughts, to having bibulous, selfish men stumble and push over our knees to get out between the acts. One evening a young man with the clothes and voice of a gentleman began to crowd his way to the aisle from the end of a row in which Gen. Sherman was sitting.

"I beg a thousand pardons, General," he said, as he reached my uncle, "but may I get by you?"

"Yes," said my uncle, coolly, as he straightened his knees behind the young man, "if you don't come back."

The General enjoyed the rest of the play in peace and received the heart-felt if unspoken thanks of every one in the row.—Omaha World-Herald.

Followers of Count Tolstoi.

Not long ago the Vienna newspapers were speaking of a Hungarian doctor of philosophy who had become penetrated with Tolstoi's ideas and had apprenticed himself to a Budapest shoemaker, says the New York World. Now a Bulgarian doctor of philosophy, Lubekoff, who has passed his examinations at the University of Sofia "cum laude," and was engaged as professor of Latin, has become a bootblack at a street corner in Sofia. His customers come because they wish to have their boots polished by a doctor.

Lubekoff does not forget that he is a Tolstoisist and impresses on his customers the virtue of lowly labor and the happiness which it brings. He has actually succeeded in founding several little colonies of Tolstoisists in Sofia.

Horrible to Think Of.

Church—"In some of the Hindoo temples an elephant takes up the collection. It goes round with a basket extended from its trunk."

Gotham—"What do you suppose would happen if some thoughtless man dropped a peanut in the basket some Sunday morning?"

Go to Inspect Region of the Amazon

The departure of the yacht Virginia with the E. C. Benedict party of industrial magnates for the upper Amazon recently has served to attach new interest to the development and vast possibilities of that region. It is the intention to sail up the Amazon as far as Iquitos, 1,200 miles from the mouth—indeed, considerably more than that from where the river actually mingles with the Atlantic—and there to make side expeditions in native boats or with the auxiliary launches of the yacht, that will enable the party to form a more clear and definite estimate of the resources of the country, from the standpoint of opportunities for American investment, than has been possible up to this time. While at Manaus the party will join in celebrating the opening of the Manaus and Para wireless telegraph system, to be present at which forms one of the first objects of the trip.

The introduction of wireless telegraphy in South America is the most logical use, next to its employment at sea, to which the new system has been put. Across hundreds of miles of the jungle entanglements, mountain ranges, and river courses of South America there has existed hitherto

they surrendered the concession, and that country undertook to settle with Bolivia. So ended one really commendable and brilliant exploitation scheme.

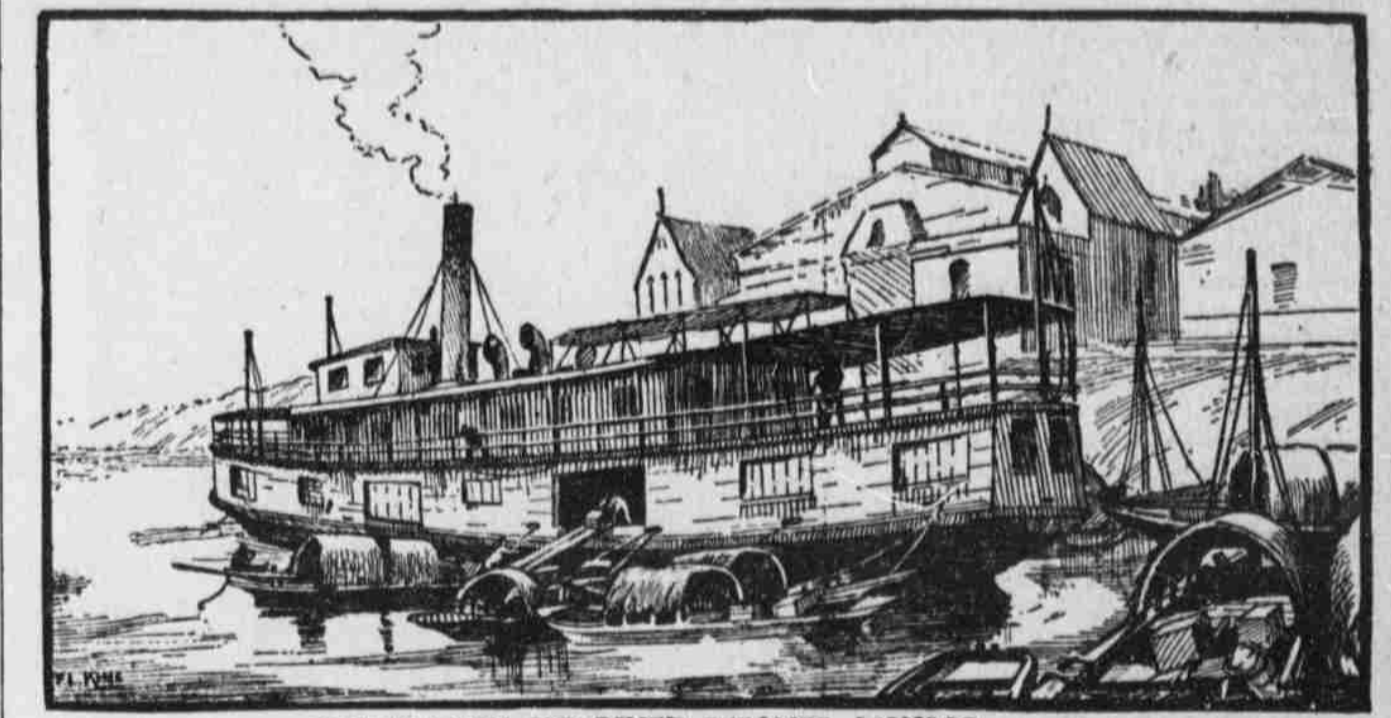
The Amazon river, with its tributaries, has been estimated to have 30,000 miles of navigable water. Possibly with slight improvements, or if there was such demand for it as has resulted in the pushing of boats over some of the most difficult of North American rivers, the total length of actual serviceable water might be increased to 50,000 miles.

There are, of course, many American trading concerns now operating in the interior regions reached by the Amazon. Most important among them, perhaps, owing to the leading natural product of the country, is the United States Rubber company. English and German concerns are represented at Para, Manaus, and Iquitos heavily. The two principal steamship lines are operated from Europe. A company composed chiefly, if not entirely, of English capitalists owns and operates the principal line of river steamers. In fact, European concerns have not only a larger interest in South American transportation and in-

heavier against us at the head sources of the Amazon, to all sections of South America.

This is now near the beginning of the rainy season, that long period commencing about the middle of December and lasting until June, on the upper Amazon. The great, luxuriant mattas that stretch in rounded undulations from the banks of the Water of Waters itself and from the hidden courses of its innumerable tributaries to impenetrable and illimitable distances, will be blurred and dripping with rain, while further back the open plots of the campos break out in fresh, green grass, and thither the jaguar and puma, and droves of peccary and herds of native deer are betaking themselves to avoid the soggy footing of the forests, and to feed upon the animals and the plant life.

The New York party will find, if they choose, an ample field for exploration. If by their observation, even in going no further than Iquitos, they are able to bring back to the United States any practical suggestion for the furtherance of our commercial interests, or if their trip is followed by other trips to those regions by competent business men and



NATIVE BOATS AND RIVER STEAMER, MANAOS.

no means of communication other than by footpath and "balsas," a type of native boat, and canoes. Wireless telegraphy, as soon as stations are erected and put into successful operation, will overcome this.

Not less needed will be the great systems of transportation that are now and have been from time to time projected for South America by various combinations of American and English capitalists. Industrial schemes, too, involving the bringing about of vast changes, have quite recently been launched, some of them apparently, it is true—as in the case of the exploitation of the Acre district, in which J. P. Morgan of New York and Sir Martin Conway of London, among others, were interested—only to be abandoned. The Morgan-Conway syndicate had a concession from Bolivia covering a tract of country on the head waters of the Amazon several hundred miles square, in which it was proposed to establish colonies and operate various plantations, timbering and rubber-gathering enterprises. About the time that the work was to commence, however, Brazil gave notice that Bolivia had no

dustrial affairs than the United States, but larger interests than the people of some of the South American republics themselves.

The United States gets from Brazil large quantities of coffee, cocoa, and other articles of that class, and we have some large companies engaged in importing, but a very small quantity of such goods, excepting rubber, comes from further up the Amazon than Manaus. In return we are shipping machinery—occasionally getting a good milling, mining or electric lighting plant order—hardware, lumber, some railroad, tram, and street railway supplies, canned goods, and quite a list of textile stuffs, such as prints, ginghams, plaids, sheetings, jeans and flannels and leather and rubber goods. Ice-making machines, awnings and parasols, drugs, patent medicines, and the like are sold. Equipment for a shoe factory has recently been sent. But the same ship may have contained machinery for a dairy plant and rice plantation which is to be operated by a German syndicate, for where we send one article the Germans or the English send a dozen. Wherever we send one dol-

skilled observers, it may mark the beginning of a more general and earnest effort than has been made in years to get acquainted with South America and to take our right place in the development of the great Amazon empire.—New York Times.

COSTLY ROBES FOR WOMEN.

The Middle Ages a Period of Unbounded Extravagance.

Say what you please about the extravagance in these days of women's dress, it cannot compare with the gowns of olden times, embroidered in genuine jewels and fashioned of costliest velvet. Of course, such gowns were not passing fancies or fashions but once made, were worn throughout the owner's life on such occasions as were appropriate. The women of the Middle Ages often had their own arms and those of their husbands embroidered in gold and jewels on their robes. Isabella de Valois had a robe and a mantle to match of red velvet worked with gold birds sitting on branches formed of emeralds and pearls. The trailing robes were termed cottes-hardies or surcottes, and were heavy silk in red or blue tulle, and these were sometimes veined. Their arms were embroidered on them in silver and gold thread. The wearer's own arms were done on the left or sinister side, impaled by her husband's, the latter being on the dexter or right side. Sometimes the arms of the wife only appeared on her robe, and her husband's were embroidered on her mantle. The most costly material then known was used for these mantles, most of them being fashioned of samite or baudeskin, silk woven with an admixture of gold thread. Women of other than taintless character were forbidden to wear these mantles on the street. In the thirteenth century women of noble birth wore robes embroidered in birds, fish, flowers and all sorts of emblems, all in the most costly workmanship.

He Made a Short Address.

The task of addressing a Sunday school was new to him, but when he was asked by the superintendent to make a short address to the young hopefuls he consented before he knew what he was doing.

The teachers noticed that he was ill at ease as he advanced to the front of the rostrum and began with a few platitudes about the weather and the "shining young faces." Then he conceived the idea that he should drive home a moral lesson, and he began the tale of a woman whose life was wrecked by the use of drugs.

"Just think of it, children," he said in his most dramatic manner. "That poor woman became the slave of narcotics."

The necessary look of horror was not forthcoming and he realized that he had gone too deep for the brief wisdom of his auditors and must explain.

"I suppose you do not know what narcotics are," he remarked in a patronizing way. "You are too young. Well, children, narcotics are opiates." Even after this explanation the audience was not enlightened, and he retired with a pained look of surprise.



FUTURE COFFEE FIELDS OF BRAZILIAN UPLANDS.

title to the territory embraced in the concession, and Peru, whose boundaries in that locality are likewise definable simply as being somewhere in indefinite and illimitable space, also got ready to take a hand. At this juncture, to cap the situation, an insurrection broke out in the very heart of the disputed region. Thereupon, while Bolivia was getting a detachment of some 200 soldiers ready for a four or five hundred mile tramp through the forest from La Paz in order to back up her claims, Messrs. Morgan and Conway sold out; or rather, made terms with Brazil whereby

lar's worth in ten of the total foreign purchases of the country, the Germans or the English send three, four or five. They even do not hesitate to send eight or nine, and, with the aid of France, are constantly striving to send the entire ten. In other words, the United States gets but about 10 per cent. of all the trade of South America. We buy from them, on the other hand, three times as much as they buy from us, the difference being annually about \$50,000,000 in their favor. The discrepancy between what we buy and what we sell applies about equally, though perhaps