

# SQUIRE JOHN

## A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY GEORGE BATHURNE

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### CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Jack steps upon the platform of the car adjoining that which constitutes the rear of the train. He is bent upon finding out just how matters stand, so that should the expedition proceed, giving evidence that no suspicion of the danger ahead has entered into the calculations of the soldiers, he may be able to carry out a bright thought which has entered his head.

"I believe it can be done without a doubt," Jack mutters, after bending down and making a hasty examination of the connection between the two coaches.

"The same thing has been accomplished on numerous occasions. Railroad men in your country call it 'making a flying switch,'" says Smithers, almost in his ear—Smithers who seems to have intuitively guessed what Jack's bright thought has been, and indeed must have been figuring himself on the same thing.

"See, there is room enough for all of us to cling to the end of the other coach at the time we separate. The only danger will be the chance of discovery on the part of the soldiers."

"Well, sir, in that we are lucky. Note the fact that tents and a certain amount of luggage have been piled up at this end of the car."

"It not only serves to darken the platform in a degree, but will, I believe, prevent any of the men from noticing that the last coach is out of."

"Then let us pray that luck will follow us. If it wasn't for that promise—"

"Ah, sir, if I hadn't the utmost faith in your word of honor, I never would have betrayed their secret—no, not even to save the ladies. But no more on that subject, please. We are here, and our work is cut out for us. It remains to be seen what Anglo-Saxon wit can accomplish against the minions of Spanish tyranny."

Bold words these to be uttered, even in a whisper, within sight of several hundred Spanish soldiers, who would tear the speaker limb from limb did they but overhear.

"Look, the conference is over." Travers has kept one eye upon the group of officers all the while, and when he sees them separate he knows the subject that has been debated between them is settled.

As the officers hasten to the train. Will they order the men to turn out, or make themselves comfortable for the night, since further progress has been abandoned?

Alas! this is just what they do not carry out. Instead, loud orders in Spanish of "All aboard!" are heard, and the soldiers can be seen scrambling to enter the cars.

Thus the station platform, which but a minute before bustled with life, appears empty and almost forsaken.

The man in charge of the train glances up and down, and seeing everything in readiness, waves his arms.

An immediate response comes from the engine in the way of a shrill shriek—then is heard a puffing sound, the long train begins to move—they are off!

And the bridge at which the fearful



"Now!" he cries hoarsely.

disaster is planned to take place lies just eight miles beyond.

Jack knows they are now reduced to this dernier resort. Should it fail, in all probability they will be in at the death, if they can find any satisfaction in that thought.

Smithers has learned one thing that may have a bearing on the question. This refers to the train guard who answered the questions of Don Roblado.

This Spaniard has leaped into a compartment of the rear coach while the train was in motion—the section nearest the platform upon which stand, or rather, crouch, the three friends. Thus it is settled that they have someone to look after, and who must not be forgotten in the grand climax, lest he be the means of overwhelming them with disaster.

The speed increases. At this rate they will not be more than half an hour, perhaps only twenty minutes, in reaching the fatal spot.

Jack and Smithers talk it over in quick sentences, while Ah Sin stands ready to do just whatever he is bidden. No danger of their being overheard out there, with the rattle of the cars and the clang of the wheels over the rails.

One thing favors their plans—the

night has swooped down upon them with black pinions, and so intense has the gloom become in this mountainous region that but for the lights streaming from the car windows it would be impossible to see the length of half the train.

Jack points to the horizon, where some low-lying clouds are tinged with a glow.

"Possibly we are near the camp fires along the trocha," he remarks, at which the other says, with grim sarcasm:

"I would be more inclined to believe that is the handwriting of Maceo on the sky."

"Oh, more canefields destroyed. This is a sad day for poor Cuba, throttled on both sides. But we must be halfway there, Smithers."

"At least that. A few more miles and the blow will fall. To work, then."

"Look ahead. We are just descending a low grade. Beyond appears a gentle ascent. It is here we must sink or swim. Everything is planned. If the execution turn out as well, we need have no cause for complaint. Let us change quarters."

This is readily done, and in a very brief space of time they find themselves clinging to the ledge at the extreme forward end of the rear coach. Jack is on his knees groping for the coupling pin that holds the two vehicles together. If they wait until the ascent begins, no single man's strength may drag it out, because at that time the strain will be wholly upon it. Smithers is on the watch.

"Now!" he cries, hoarsely, as they reach the bottom of the descent and begin to run along a very limited level stretch, with the rise close at hand.

Jack half rises from his crouching position; he has given a tremendous try, and is now seen to hold something in his hand.

"It is done," he says, tossing the iron pin into the darkness of the night.

Almost immediately the car begins to drop behind; a gap appears that quickly widens, and the military train speeds on toward doom, leaving them behind.

### CHAPTER XV.

A Little Affair Concerning Senor Roblado and the Guard.

It is, as may be naturally supposed, a minute of intense suspense. Whether they will succeed in their desperate enterprise depends on the perfect alignment of numerous facts, each bearing on the others.

At the same time, our three friends do not forget to act.

As the carriage, upon the forward end of which they cling so desperately, decreases its speed, their eyes are not wholly taken up with watching the train draw ahead.

The business has been shrewdly, though hurriedly, planned, and each one of the trio has his work laid out for him.

Thus, Ah Sin, having secured a spare coupling pin that lay upon the platform of the last car of the retreating train, only waits for the lone carriage to about come to a stand, when he intends leaping to the ground and placing this piece of iron behind one of the wheels, so as to prevent any backward movement when the momentum already acquired shall have ceased.

Smithers has in mind the guard in the nearest compartment.

That railway man, accustomed to the different motions of a carriage, will speedily know by instinct that the rear carriage is traveling along on its individual responsibility, and as this is a freak hardly within the ordinary repertoire of trailing cars in general, involving considerable danger in its way, like a faithful employe he will be likely to show some desire for an investigation.

This is what interests Smithers. Should the guard discover that they are being deserted by the train he will naturally give tongue and endeavor by all means to attract attention to the fact, not knowing, of course, what a beneficent fate it is that has thus guarded his interests, for he can be aware of no danger ahead.

Possibly the voice of a single man, no matter how resonant, may not be heard above the rattle and roar of a train under full speed, and especially by the passengers.

Smithers does not mean that he shall have the opportunity to try. There are other times and places more propitious for testing the resounding qualities of a man's lung capacity, and since it concerns their fortunes acutely, the detective is bound to throw his influence against it.

Thus he begins to make his way in the direction of the guard's door.

Smithers has already discovered one thing of interest. There is a light in the end section of the carriage where all was dark at the last station.

Possibly the fellow has lighted a lamp in order to read, or it may be to better accomplish his regular duties, if a guard on a train out of Havana may be supposed to have any such.

At any rate, this fact suits Smithers to a dot, as he may now discover what course to take, and can in his own way intimidate the railway man.

Once his feet have found the plank, and he no longer has any difficulty.

Half a dozen times his hands seek a new hold, and then Smithers has

reached a point where he can look into the interior.

By this time the speed of the divorced car has been sensibly slackened, and even a very obtuse employe of the road can hardly help realizing that something is wrong.

Even as Smithers reaches the open window of the compartment door and crouches underneath it, the head and shoulders of the Spanish guard are hastily thrust into view, as the fellow endeavors to look up the line ahead.

It so happens that the train, having completed the gentle ascent of the hill, is just at this particular moment in full view outlined in silhouette against the heavens.

There is hence no possible excuse for the guard not immediately discovering it, and that he fully grasps the situation is evident from the startled exclamation that escapes his lips:

"Madre de Dios!"

Smithers' method of procedure is as emphatic as it is effective. As yet the man has not noticed the dark figure crouching under the window, since his attention is wholly taken up with what goes on ahead.

A hand suddenly plunges upward and fastens upon the guard's throat with a tenacious grip, and the hoarse yell which is just on the point of bursting forth is stifled in the act.

"Silencio!" says a voice in his ear.

The admonition is quite superfluous, since there is not the slightest chance of the fellow giving even a whisper while those fingers close so affectionately upon his throat.

The carriage has almost ceased to climb the gentle acclivity, its momentum having become very nearly exhausted, and already the train has vanished entirely from view, so that all danger from that source is past.

(To be continued.)

Skinned Out.

When it became known that the best shot in the regiment was going into the jungle to compass the death of a terrible tiger, the surgeon-major of the regiment, an enthusiastic curio collector, at once buttonholed him.

"Remember, Atkins," said he, "I bespeak the skin at your own price."

"All right, sir," said Atkins.

The surgeon-major was noting butterflies on the outskirts of the jungle that evening, when he saw Atkins running toward him.

"Shot him?" shouted the surgeon-major.

"Yes, sir!" breathlessly replied the flying Nimrod.

"How much for the skin?"

"Five dollars, sir!"

The doctor gave Atkins the money. "Where's the skin?" he cried.

"Behind you, sir!" came the receding answer.

The doctor looked, and saw the skin, with the tiger in it, coming open-mouthed and bleeding from a scratch where Atkins had "shot" it. The doctor didn't get the tiger's skin, but the tiger nearly got the doctor's.

A Waste of Time.

Health Commissioner Darlington, of New York, was talking about the water supplies of the world's great cities. A foreign city was mentioned that, after a great deal of expensive investigation, had decided not to improve its notoriously impure water service, and the commissioner said:

"That reminds me of a magistrate I heard about the other day.

"A man was arrested and brought before this magistrate, and the case was argued pro and con for a long while. The magistrate listened intently, and he made numerous notes. To the eloquent arguments of the lawyer for the defense he would nod vigorous approval. A little later the passionate periods of the lawyer for the prosecution would cause him to murmur low phrases of assent and encouragement.

"Finally, exhausted, the lawyers ceased to talk. They had said everything they could think of. They had no more ideas left.

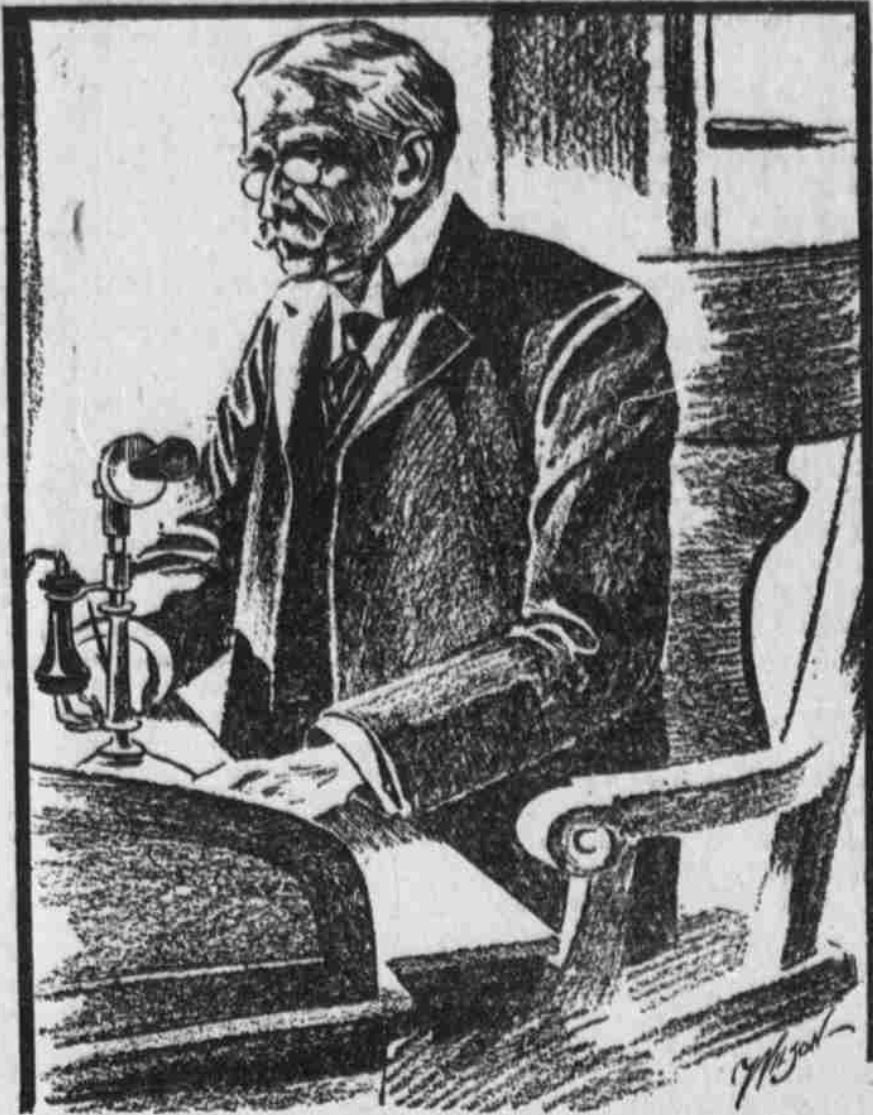
"Then the magistrate, looking down over his spectacles, said heavily: 'Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dere has been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall take dree days to consider dese points, but I shall eventually decide for the blaintfoot.'

Tent Life in Colorado.

Tent life is much in vogue at the International Printers' home at Colorado Springs, Col. There are ten steam-heated canvas houses, equipped with electric lights and having electric bell connections with the drugroom of the hospital. These probably are the only steam-heated tents in the world, and they are occupied the year through.

For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes.—Shakespeare.

## SHADY DEALINGS CHARGED TO NEW YORK FINANCIER



### TO PROBE FINANCIAL SCANDAL.

Creditors Want Large Sum from New York National Bank.

Archibald G. Loomis has resigned as second vice president of the National City Bank, New York, because of the disclosures growing out of the Munroe & Munroe scandal.

Mr. Loomis' withdrawal from the bank does not end the connection of the Standard Oil institution with the Montreal and Boston stock-washing scandal.

The bank got \$60,000 from Munroe & Munroe on the day of the failure, and Samuel Untermyer, counsel for Receiver Work, claims that this money should go into the general fund for division among all of the creditors. Unless the bank voluntarily makes restitution of the \$60,000, suit will probably be brought for its recovery.

This may make necessary the calling of James Stillman, president of the Rockefeller bank, as a witness. When Mr. Loomis goes on the stand he will not be connected with the bank, and the directors are anxious that none of the officials or employes shall be called to tell of the bank's dealings with the Munroes.

The creditors are confident, however, that the full relations of the bank with the enormous washing of Montreal and Boston have not yet been disclosed, and some of them declare that the books of the bank should be produced in open court and closely examined.

Frank Brewer, the broker who got 30,000 shares of Montreal & Boston stock from the Munroes on the day of the failure, but was only charged on the books of the firm for 15,000 shares, is said to have been the personal broker of Mr. Loomis.

Why Brewer should have been made the gift of 15,000 shares, worth at the time \$52,500, is one of the many mysteries of the scandal not yet cleared up. Mr. Loomis will be questioned about this phase of the case.

### JEWISH PROVINCE IN AFRICA.

British Government Offers Large Tract for Settlement.

Three commissioners representing the Zionist movement have just started to British East Africa to inspect a tract of land as large as Wales, which the British government has offered the Jews of all parts of the world as a place of settlement preparatory to the realization of their ultimate object of occupying Palestine.

The tract is described in a recent lecture by Sir Henry Johnston to "the Friends of Jewish Freedom" as a fertile, well watered country, with a climate "like a perpetual mild summer," situated some twenty miles from the Uganda railway. This Jewish colony is to be under a Jewish administrator, subject to British rule, with a large degree of autonomy. It will be a place of asylum for the distressed and oppressed Jews of eastern Europe.

The government's offer has been provisionally accepted by the Zionist committee, and commissioners, as already stated, have been sent to ascertain the feasibility of the proposal to build a new Jewish state in this region.

### His Own Pronunciation.

When congress resumed business the other day the house did not remain in session very long, an adjournment being taken on account of the death of Representative Mahoney of Chicago.

"Mr. Mahoney," said a Washington man, "was a quaint character in many ways, one of them being in the manner he pronounced his name. He put the accent on the first syllable—'That was very unjust, for I was brought up to adore the memory of Washington.'"

Chicago Chronicle.

### Knew the Crowd.

A street preacher in a west of Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience, and asked him to remove the objectionable ones.

"Weel, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me to spot them; but I'll tell ye what I'd do if I were you."

"What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher.

"Just gae round wi' the hat!"—Ran's Horn.

### NO MORE ROMANCE IN WAR.

Preparation and Combat Brought to Scientific Basis.

In spite of all that the military critics may say, war as a romantic occupation is doomed. The killing of men on the field of glory in days long past is still pictured as a "pretty pastime," as Napoleon said. But the favorite old figures of tradition are fast disappearing before the steady advance of science.

To-day Browning's boy rider who was shot in two while bearing news of the capture of Ratisbon to the emperor would be a matter-of-fact telegrapher sitting quietly at his instrument, and Branger's grizzled veteran of the guard returning to die with the colors would be barred at the recruiting office because he could not tell blue from green without glasses.

Gen. Greely grew enthusiastic the other day while describing before the Military Service Institution at Governor's Island how the Japanese had "wired" a whole army spread out before the enemy. He quoted approvingly a war correspondent who said that the clicking of the telegraph instruments at his headquarters meant more to Kuroki than the sound of the guns. What room will be left for romance when the general commanding the army of the right can telephone to the commander-in-chief's office forty miles away to have ten regiments and four batteries expressed to him by special train? He might as well be ordering dry goods or hardware, for all the sentiment to be got out of such a situation.

Kuropatkin's headquarters railway carriage and touring cars for side trips are only indicative of what may be done when his methods are perfected. When that time comes, the dashing cavalry leader brevetted for gallantry on the field of action will have nothing to boast of except that he burst seven tires while charging across the tack mines of an enemy two counties away. There will be no more Sheridan's rides.

When a lookout officer stationed in an impregnable bomb-proof with an automatic range-finder shall direct by wireless telegraph the firing of smokeless guns of hidden batteries against an invisible enemy war will degenerate into a mere scientific test between rival lens-makers and electrical-supplies concerns. The last step will be a heroic war and a pensionless retired list.

### International Antipathies.

In his reminiscences of diplomatic life Andrew White tells a pleasant anecdote of Empress Frederick, the German emperor's mother. The American ambassador had mentioned a certain pathetic picture of George III to the king's great-granddaughter, and in talking of the long-extended bitter feeling between the United States and Great Britain he said: "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to abhor the memory of George III." At this the empress smiled and answered—and all who have known her will imagine the note in her voice—"That was very unjust, for I was brought up to adore the memory of Washington."

### Constant Aching.

Back aches all the time. Spots your appetite, weakens the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it all and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it.

H. B. McCarver, of 201 Cherry St., Portland, Ore., inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for back aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills rooted it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Spanish Bridal Customs.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or god-mother. Neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive departure after the ceremony. The wedded pair go quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before leaving they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

### Professor's Atrocious Pun.

Professor Strunk of the English department of Cornell university is a fond papa, as well as a desperate punster. His favorite form of exercise is trundling a baby carriage along the campus walks. On day while he was so employed a friend hailed him with the query: "Giving your son an airing, Billy?" "No," replied the professor with dignity. "I'm giving my heir a sunning."

### Victim of Necessity.

With her husband in the hospital, Mrs. Wood, wife of a London drayman, sold her freeguard for 25 cents to buy food, and soon afterward her three-year-old child was burned to death.

### HIS EXPERIENCE TEACHES THEM

That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. Remarkable case of George J. Barber—Quick recovery after years of suffering.

Estherville, Iowa, Jan. 23d.—(Special)—The experience of Mr. George J. Barber, a well known citizen of this place, justifies his friends in making the announcement to the world "Bright's Disease can be cured." Mr. Barber had kidney trouble and it developed into Bright's Disease. He treated it with Dodd's Kidney Pills and to-day he is a well man. In an interview he says:

"I can't say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had Kidney Disease for fifteen years and though I doctored for it with the best doctors here and in Chicago, it developed into Bright's Disease. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best in the world."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease.

It is very difficult for a man to believe that a girl with golden hair and blue eyes would ever tell a fib.—Baltimore American.

10,000 Plants for 16c. This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes.

Salzer Seeds have a national reputation as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:

- 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
- 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
- 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
- 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuces,
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This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

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providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 26c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc., etc. [W. N. U.]

When Vanity enters at the front door Reason steals out the back way.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE