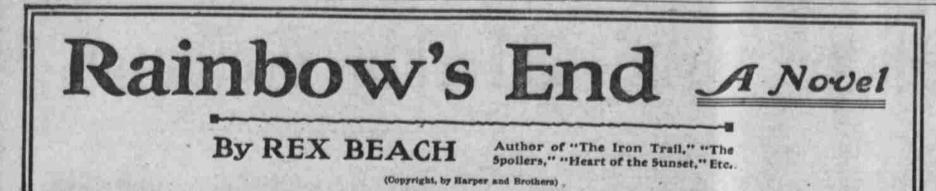
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.



SECRET OF THE HIDING PLACE OF THE VARONA TREAS-URE IS LOST

Synopsis .- Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth money, jewels and title deeds-in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban's wife dies at the birth of twins, Esteban and Rosa. Don Esteban marries the avaricious Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she arges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgie, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

Don Pablo, in whom the liquor was dying, cursed impatiently: "Caramba! Have I won the treasure of your whole establishment?" he inquired. "Perhaps you value this wench at more than a thousand pesos; if so, you will say that I cheated you."

"No! She's only an ordinary girl. My wife doesn't like her, and so I determined to get rid of her. She is yours, fairly enough," Varona told him.

"Then send her to my house. I'll breed her to Salvador, my cochero. He's the strongest man I have." Sebastian uttered a strangled cry

and rose to his feet. "Master! You must not-" "Silence !" ordered Esteban. "Go

about your business. What do you mean by this, anyhow?"

But Sebastian, dazed of mind and sick of soul, went on, unheeding. "She is my girl. You promised me her freedom. I warn you-"

"Ish ?" The planter swayed forward and with blazing eyes surveyed his slave. "You warn me? Of what?" he growled.

At this moment neither master nor man knew exactly what he said or did. Sebastian raised his hand on high. In Peality the gesture was meant to call beaven as a witness to his years of faithful service, but, misconstruing his intent, Pablo Peza brought his ridingwhip down across the old man's back, erying:

"Ho! None of that."

A shudder ran through Sebastian's frame. Whirling, he selzed Don Pablo's wrist and tore the whip from his fingers. Although the Spaniard was a strong man, he uttered a cry of pain.

At this indignity to a guest Esteban flew into a fury. "Panchol" he cried. "Ho! Panchol" When the manager

tian's voice gathered strength. "Ten | a clank and rattle and clash of metal thousand men in ten thousand years upon the flags; and then-Sebastian would never find the place, and nobody knows the secret but Don Esteban and

"I believe you. I knew all the time it was here. Well? Where is it?" Sebastian hesitated and said, piteously, "I am dying-"

Isabel could scarcely contain herself. I'll give you water, but first tell me where-where! God in heaven! Can't you see that I, too, am perishing?"

Sebastian lifted his head and, meeting the speaker's eyes, laughed hoarsely.

At the sound of his unnatural merriment Isabel recoiled as if stung. She stared at the slave's face in amazement and then in fury. She stammered, incoherently, "You-you have beenlying !"

"Oh no! The treasure is there, the greatest treasure in all Cuba, but you shall never know where it is. I'll see to that. It was you who sold my girl; it was you who brought me to this; it was your hand that whipped me. Well, I'll tell Don Esteban how you tried to bribe his secret from me! What do you think he'll do then? Eh? You'll feel the lash on your white back-"

"You fool !" Donna Isabel looked murder. "I'll punish you for this; I'll make you speak if I have to rub your wounds with salt."

But Sebastian closed his eyes wearily. "You can't make me suffer more than I have suffered," he said. 'And now-I curse you. May that treasure be the death of you. May you live in torture like mine the rest of your days; may your beauty turn to ngliness such that men will splt at you; may you never know peace again until you die in poverty and want-"

But Donna Isabel, being superstitious, fled with her fingers in her ears; nor did she undertake to make good her barbarous threat, realizing opportunely that it would only serve to betray her desperate intentions and put her husband further on his guard.

As the sun was sinking beyond the farther rim of the Yumuri and the valley was beginning to fill with shadows Esteban Varona rode up the hill. His temper was more evil than ever, if that were possible, for he had drunk again in an effort to drown the memory of his earlier actions. With him were Pablo Peza, and Mario de Castano, Col. Mendoza y Linares, old Pedro Miron, the advocate, and others of less cons

turned upon his tormentor, a free man, save only for the wide iron bracelets and their connecting chain. He was quite insane. His face was frightful to behold; it was apelike in its animal

rage, and he towered above his master like some fabled creature out of the African jungle of his forefathers, Sebastian's fists alone would have been formidable weapons, but they

were armored and weighted with the old-fashioned, hand-wrought irons which Pancho Cueto had locked upon them. Wrapping the chain in his fingers, the slave leaped at Esteban and struck, once. The sound of the blow was sickening, for the whole bony structure of Esteban Varona's head gave way.

There was a horrified cry from the other white men. Don Pablo Peza ran forward, shouting. He swung his machete, but Sebastian met him before the blow could descend, and they went down together upon the hard stones. Again Sebastian smote, with his massive hands wrapped in the chain and his wrists encased in steel, and this time it was as if Don Pablo's head had been caught between a hammer and an anvil. The negro's strength, exceptional at all times, was multiplied tenfold; he had run amuck. When he arose the machete was in his grasp and Don Pablo's brains were on his knuckles. It all happened in far less time than

It takes to tell. The onlookers had not yet recovered from their first consternation; in fact they were still fumbling and tugging at whatever weapons they carried, when Sebastian came toward them, brandishing the blade on high. Pedro Miron, the advocate, was the third to fall. He tried to scramble out of the negro's path, but, being an old man, his limbs were too stiff to serve him and he went down shrieking.

By now the horses had caught the cent of hot blood and were plunging furiously, the clatter of their hoofs mingling with the blasphemies of the riders, while Sebastian's bestial roaring made the commotion even more hideous.

Esteban's guests fought as much for their lives as for vengeance upon the slayer, for Sebastian was like a gorilla ; he seemed intent upon killing them all. He vented his fury upon whatever came within his reach; he struck at men and animals alike, and the shricks of wounded horses added to the din. Rosa." It was a frightful combat. It seemed

whom he had graciously chosen to be his mate.

His arrival threw Donna Isabel into flutter; the woman could searcely contain her curlosity when she came to meet him, for he was not the sort of man to inconvenience himself by mere social visits. Their first formal greetings over, Don Mario surveyed the bare living room and remarked, lugubriously:

"I see many changes here."

"No doubt," the widow agreed. "Times have been hard since poor Eseban's death.

"What a terrible calamity that was! shudder when I think of it," said he, "A shocking affair, truly! and one I shall never get out of my mind."

"Shocking, yes. But what do you think of a rich man, like Esteban, who would leave his family destitute? Who would die without revealing the place where he had stored his treasure?"

Donna Isabel, it was plain, felt her wrongs keenly; she spoke with as much spirit as if her husband had permitted himself to be killed purely out of spite loward her.

"As if it were not enough to lose that treasure," the widow continued, stormily, "the government must free

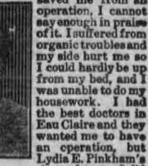


sugar, my plantations-"



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was thirsty, too, but that was the least of his sufferings. Some time during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which

he leaned. The speaker was Donna Isnbel. "Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began in a tone of gentleness and pity. "Yes, mistress." The speaker's

tongue was thick and swollen. "Can I help you?"

The negro raised his head ; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him.

"Give me a drink of water," he said, hoarsely.

"Surely, a great gourdful, all cool and dripping from the well, But first 1 want you to tell me something." "A drink, for the love of heaven,"

panted the old man, and Donna Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his thick lips, how near the torture had come to prostrating him.

"Tli do more," she promised, and her voice was like honey. "Fil tell Pancho Cueto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me something?"

"What can I tell you?"

"Oh, you know very well! I've asked it often enough, but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He is a miser; he has no heart; he cares for nobody, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him. Tell me-is there really a treasure, or-?



"I must have a drink." "Tell me first.'

running, Esteban explained: "This fool is dangerous. He raised his hand to me and to Don Pablo."

Sebastian's protests were drowned by the angry volces of the others.

"Tie him to yonder grating," directed Esteban, who was still in the grip of a senseless rage. "Flog him well and make haste about it."

Sebastian, who had no time in which to recover himself, made but a weak resistance when Pancho Cueto locked his wrists into a pair of clumsy, oldfashioned manacles, first passing the chain around one of the bars of the iron window grating which Esteban had indicated.

Cueto swung a heavy lash; the sound of his blows echoed through the guinta, and they summoned, among others, Donna Isabel, who watched the scene from behind her shutter with much satisfaction. The guests looked on approvingly.

Sebastian made no outcry. The whip bit deep; it drew blood and raised welts the thickness of one's thumb; nevertheless, for the first few moments the victim suffered less in body than in apirit. His brain was so benumbed, so shocked with other excitations, that he was well-nigh insensible to physical pain. That Evangelina, flesh of his flesh, had been sold, that his lifelong faithfulness had brought such reward as this, that Esteban, light of his soul, had turned against him-all this was simply astounding. Gradually he be- that I begin to doubt." gan to resent the shrieking injustice of it all, and unsuspected forces gathered is a treasure," said he. laside of him. They grew until his frame was shaken by primitive savage impulses.

After a time Don Esteban cried: "That will do, Cueto! Leave him now for the flies to punish. They will remind him of his insolence."

Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went to bed.

All that morning Sebastian stood with his bands chained high over his nead. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his lacerated back; the blood dried and clotted there; a cloud of files gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cueto's whip.

Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about ontime and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; therefore, when he mounted his horse he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was doglike and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled in the old fellow's breast, hotter by far than the fever from his fly-blown sores. He

Tell Me-la There Really a Treasure, or-?"

The woman gasped; she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment, "Tell me there

The old man nodded. "Oh, yes, there

"Oh! You have seen it?" Isabel was trembling as if with an agae. Good Sebastian, I'll give you water; I'll have you set free if you tell me." "How much? I don't know. But there is much-pieces of Spanish gold, allver coins in casks and in little boxes -the boxes are bound with iron and have hasps and staples; bars of precious metal and little paper pack-

uges of gems, all tled up and hidden in leather bags."

"Yes! Go on."

"There are ornaments, too, God knows they must have come from heaven, they are so beautiful; and pearls from the Caribbean as large as plums."

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"Did I not make the hiding-place all alone? Senora, everything is there just as I tell you-and more. The grants of title from the crown for this guinta and the sugar plantations, they are there, too. Don Esteban used to fear the government officials, so he hid his of an ox-and he was heaving with papers securely. Without them the lands belong to no one. You understand?"

"Of course! Yes, yes! But the jewels- Where are they hidden?" "You would never ruess !" Sebas

quence, whom Esteban had gathered from the Spanish club. The host dismounted and lurched across the courtyard to Sebastian.

"So, my fine fellow," he began. "Have you had enough of rebellion by this time?"

Sebastian's face was working as he turned upon his master to say: "I would be lying if I told you that I am sorry for what I did. It is you who have done wrong. Your soul is black with this crime. Where is my girl?"

"The devil! To hear you talk one would think you were a free man." The planter's eyes were bleared and he brandished his riding-whip threateningly. "I do as I please with my slaves. I tolerate no insolence. Your girl? Well, she's in the house of Salvador, Don Pablo's cochero, where she belongs."

Sebastian had hung sick and limp against the grating, but at these words he suddenly roused. He strained at his manacles and the bars groaned under his weight. His eyes began to roll, his lips drew back over his blue gums. Noting his expression of ferocity, Esteban cut at his naked back with the riding-whip, crying:

"Ho! Not subdued yet, ch? You need another flogging."

"Curse you and all that is yours," roared the maddened slave. "May you know the misery you have put upon is, Sebastian. I've heard so many lies me. May you rot for a million years in hell. May your children's bodies grow filthy with disease; may they starve; may they-"

Sebastian was yelling, though his voice was hoarse with pain. The lash 'What is it like? How much is there? drew blood with every blow. Meanwhile, he wrenched and tugged at his bonds with the fury of a maniac.

"Pablo! Your machete, quick!" panted the slaveowner. "Fill make an end of this black fiend, once for all." Esteban Varona's guests had looked on at the scene with the same mild interest they would display at the whipping of a balky horse; and, now that the animal threatened to become dangerous, it was in their view quite the proper thing to put it out of the way. Don Pablo Peza stepped toward his mare to draw the machete from its scabhard. But he did not hand it to his friend. He heard a shout, and turned in time to see a wonderful and a terrible thing.

Sebastian had braced his naked feet against the wall; he had bowed his back and bent his massive shoulders -a back and a pair of shoulders that looked as bony and muscular as those every ounce of strength in his enormous body. As Pablo stared he saw the heavy grating come away from its anchorage in the solid masonry, as a that of youth. He saw himself as a hrub is uprooted from soft groupal

ncredible that one man could work quickly. such dreadful havoc in so short a time. Varona and two of his friends were

dead; two more were badly wounded. his eyes toward the high ceiling, which, and a Peruvian stallion lay kicking on like the sky, was tinted a vivid ceruthe flagging when Col. Mendoza y Linlean blue. ares finally managed to get a bullet home in the black man's brain.

Those who came running to learn the cause of the hubbub turned away sick and pallid, for the paved yard was a shambles. Pancho Cueto called upon the slaves to help him, but they slunk back to their quarters, dumb with ter-

ror and dismay. All that night people from the town below came and went and the quinta

resounded to sobs and lamentations, but of all the relatives of the dead and wounded, Donna Isabel took her bereavement hardest. Strange to say, she could not be comforted. Now, when it was too late, she realized that she had overreached herself, having caused the death of the only two who knew the secret of the treasure. She remembered, also, Sebastian's statement that even the deeds of patent for the land were hidden with the rest, where ten thousand men in ten thousand years could never find them.

CHAPTER III.

"The O'Reilly."

Age and easy living had caused Don Mario de Castano, the sugar merchant, to take on weight. He had, in truth, become so fat that he waddled like a penguin when he walked; and when he rode, the springs of his French victoria gave up in despair.

In disposition Don Mario was practical and unromantic; he boasted that he had never had an illusion, never an interest outside of his business. And yet, on the day this story opens, this prosate personage, in spite of his bulging waistband and his taut neckband. in spite of his short breath and his prickly heat, was in a very whirl of pleasurable excitement. Don Mario, In fact, suffered the greatest of all illuslons; he was in love, and he believed himself beloved. The object of his adoration was little Rosa Varona, the daughter of his one-time friend Esteban. To be sure, he had met Rosa only twice since her return from her Yankee school, but twice had been enough;

Notwithstanding the rivulets of perspiration that were coursing down every fold of his flesh, and regardless of the fact that the body of his victoria was tipped at a drunken angle, as if struggling to escape the burdens of his great weight, Don Mario felt a jauntiness of body and of spirit almost like splendid prince riding toward the The rods bent and twisted; there was | bamble home of some obscure maiden

"She interests me. She is more beautiful than the stars." Don Mario rolled

"She is now eighteen," the fat suitor went on, ecstatically, "and so altogether charming- But why waste time in pretty speeches? I have decided to marry her."

"Rosa has a will of her own," guardedly ventured the stepmother.

Don Mario broke out, testily: "Naturally; so have we all. Now let us speak plainly. You know me. I am a person of importance. I am rich enough to afford what I want, and I pay well. You understand? Well, then, you are Rosa's guardian and you can bend her to your desires."

"If that were only so!" exclaimed the woman. "She and Esteban-what children! What tempers-just like their father's! They were to be their father's heirs, you know, and they blame me for his death, for our poverty, and for all the other misfortunes that have overtaken us. We live like cats and dogs."

Don Mario had been drumming his fat fingers impatiently upon the arm of his chair. Now he exclaimed :

"Your pardon, senora, but I am just now very little interested in your domestic relations. What you say about Rosa only makes me more eager, for I loathe a sleepy woman. Now tell me, is she- Has she any-affairs of the heart?"

"N-no, unless perhaps a flirtation with that young American, Juan O'Rellly," Donna Isabel gave the name its Spanish pronunciation of "O'Rallye."

"Juan O'Reilly? O'Reilly? Oh, yes! But what has he to offer a woman? He is little more than a clerk."

"That is what I tell her. Oh, it hasn't gone far as yet."

The fat-but rich-sugar merchant, or the dashing-but penniless-young American-Rosa must make her choice between the two. The next installment tells which she chose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Japanese "Fish Sausage." The "kamoboko" or "fish sausage" of the Japanese is described by a consular report as made by chopping the white meat of any fish, passing through a colander, and making into a paste, with a flavoring of sugar, salt, and rice-brewed alcoholic beverage called "Mirin." The paste is made into loaves, steamed on boards an hour and a half to three hours, and at once packed in caus,

HYPNOTISM TAUGHT dress PROF. PETER P. DEUTSOH. Rockford, 11

GOT AWAY FROM IT NEATLY

Lightning Calculator Also Proved He Was Lightning Quick at Dodging an Issue.

Congressman Benjamin G. Humphries of Mississippi told this story at a, social gathering as an illustration of the masterful way in which some people can evade an issue.

At a vaudeville performance one night one of the troupe offered to answer by mental arithmetic any question that might be asked him by those in the audience. So long as the question remained in the expected channel there was plain sailing, but finally one man got beyond the buoys.

"If you please, sir," asked this individual, "how far off can one hear thunder?"

"I am very sorry, sir," responded the wonder on the stage, "but I can't tell you."

"You can't tell me," returneed the questioner, "Why, I thought"-

"Not about thunder," interposed the stage party, doing a quick plece of dodging. "You see I am only a lightning calculator."-Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The Horse's False Teeth.

Four-year-old David was greatly impressed when his grandmother removed her teeth at bedtime. The next day David saw a man taking the bit from a horse's mouth.

"Grandmother!" he exclaimed. "look at that man taking the horse's teeth out !"

Scenting Something. "Ever read the 'Reflections of an Old Bachelar?"

"Reflections on who?"





with prompt decision he had resolved to do her the honor of making her his wife.