

CHAPTER XIV-Continued. -12-

"We've been talking about food," Leslie Branch advised his commanding "Miss Evans isn't a burning patriot like the rest of us, and so of his shoulder.

"So?" Lopez's handsome face cloud-"You are hungry, then?"

starving !" said she. "I haven't had a decent meal for a week."

"God be praised! I know where there Is a goat, not two leagues away!" said | tenings. the colonel.

"But I don't want a goat," Norine complained. "I want-well, pickles. and jam, and sardines, and-candy, end-tooth-powder! Real boardinghouse luxuries. Td just like to rob a general store."

Lopez furrowed his brows and lost bimself in thought. Later, while the others were talking, he drew Ramos aside and for a while they kept their heads together; then they invited Judson to join their council.

When O'Rellly joined Judson for supper the fatter met him with a broad grin on his face. "Well," said he, "You can get rendy to saddle up when the moon rises."

"What do you mean?"

"The colonel took Miss Evans at her word. We're going to raid San Antonio de los Banos-two hundred of us-to get her some pickles, and jam, and candy, and tooth-powder."

Certain histories of the Cuban War for Independence speak of "The Buttle of San Antonio de los Banos." It de quite a stirring story to read and it has but one fault, a fault, by the way, not uncommon in histories-it is main-

In the first place, the engagement was in no sense a battle, but merely a raid. The number of troops engaged was, perhaps, one-fifth of the generous total ascribed by the historians, and as a military maneuver it served no whatsoever. Nevertheless, since the affair had a direct bearing rupon the fortunes of several people onnected with this story, it is, perhaps, worth relating.

Lopez and his troop approached the own in the early morning. As they deployed for the attack the colonel issued private instructions to certain members of his command.

"O'Retlly, you and Senor Branch will enter one grocery store after another. You will purchase that jam, those sardines, and whatever else you think Miss Evans would like. Captain Judson, you and Major Ramos will go to the apothecary shop-I understand there is a very good one-and look for tooth-powder and candy and the like. I shall see that the streets are cleared, then I shall endsavor to discover some pickles; but as God is my judge, I ubt if there is such a thing this side

of Habana." Leslie Branch, whose temper had not improved with the long night ride, ind, caustically: "Do you expect us to buy the groceries? Well, I'm broke, and so is O'Reilly. If you don't give us stand change, colonel, we'll have to men a charge account in your name."

"Caramba!" muttered Lopez. "I inled to betwee Trom you gentlemen. ell, never mind-we'll commandeer what we wish in the name of the re-

Lopez' attack proved a complete surprise, both to the citizens and to the garrison of the town. The rebel bugle gave the first warning of what was afoot, and before the Castilian troops who were loitering off duty could regais their quarters, before the citizens could take cover or the shopkeepers tose and bar their heavy wooden shutters, two hundred ragged horsemen were yelling down the streets.

. There followed a typical Cuban engagement-ten shouts to one shot. There was a mad charge on the heels of the scurrying populace, a scattering pop-pop of rifles, cheers, cries, shricks of defiance and far-flung insults directed at the fortines.

O'Reilly, with Branch and Jacket close at his beels, whirled his horse into the first bodega he came to. The O'Reilly Whirled His Horse Into the store was stocked with general merchandise, but its owner, evidently a upon any of it. As the three horsemen came clattering in at the front he went flying out at the rear, and, although O'Reilly called reassuringly after him, back door, followed by swiftly diminishing cries of fright.

There was no time to waste. Johnale dismounted and, walking to the skelves where some imported canned tage of whatever shelter there was. goods were displayed, he began to select those delicacies for which he had tonio de los Banos across the fields at Esteban Varona lay suspended upon a been sent. The devoted Jacket was at the rear, but Colonel Lopez led their swinging bed between O'Reilly and his side. The little Cuban exercised no retreat by way of the camino real Judson's horses. Although they carrestraint; he seized whatever was most which followed the river bank. This ried him as carefully as they could handy, meanwhile cursing ferociously, road for a short distance was exposed | throughout that long-hot journey, he as belitted a bloodthirsty bandit. Boys to the fire from one port; then it was never ceased his babbling and never ark matural robbers, and at this oppor- sheltered by a bit of rising ground. | awoke to his surroundings.

tunity for loot Jacket's soul flamed savagely and he swept the shelves bare as he went.

"Hey, Leslie! Get something to carry this stuff in," O'Reilly directed over

course she can't share our ravenous ap-Spurred by O'Reilly's tone and by a petite for beef cooked and eaten on the He disappeared into the living-quarters at the back of the store. A moment later he emerged with a huge armful Norine confessed that she was, "I'm of bedclothes, evidently snatched at random. Trailing behind him, like a bridal vell, was a mosquito-net, which greeted with shouts and cheers. in his haste he had torn from its fas-

"I guess this is poor!" he exulted. "Bedding: Pillows! Mosquito-net! I'll sleep comfortable after this."

Dumping ais burden of sheets, blankets, and brilliantly colored cotton quilts upon the floor. Branch selected two of the stoutest and began to knot the corners together.

He had scarcely finished when Judson reined in at the door and called to O'Rellly: "We've cleaned out the drug store. Better get a r.ove on you, for we may have to run any minute. I've just heard about some Caban prisoners in the calaboose. Gimme a hand and we'll let 'em out."

Sharing in the general consternation at the attack, the jail guards had disappeared, leaving Lopez' men free to break into the prison. When O'Reilly joined them the work was well under way. Seizing whatever implements they could find, Judson and O'Reilly went from cell to cell, battering, prying, smashing, leaving their comrades to rescue the inmates. While the Americans smashed lock after lock, their comrades dragged the astonished nmates from their kennels, hustled them into the street, and took them up behind their saddles,

The raid was over, "retreat" was sounding, when Judson and O'Rellly ran out of the prison, remounted, and joined their comrades, who were streaming back toward the plaza.

Colonel Lopes galloped up to inquire, anxiously, "Did you find those entables,

"Yes, sir, and a lot more." "Good! But I failed. Pickles? Caramba! Nobody here ever heard of

one!" "Did we lose any men?" Judson

asked.

"So? Then he got to close quarters with some Spaniard?"

"Oh no!" The colonel grinned. "He open a show-case with his fist."

The retreating Cubans still maintained their uproar, discharging their rifles into the air, shricking defiance at their invisible foes, and voicing insult- Esteban!"



First Bodega

Spaniard, did not tarry to set a price ing invitations to combat. This ferocity, however, served only to terrify further the civil population and to close the shutters of San Antonio the tighter. Meanwhile, the loyal troops remained camp myself." his only answer was the slamming of a safely in their blockhouses, pouring a steady fire into the town. And despite gently: "It's a long march, and the this admirable display of courage the litter would be better for him. Thank visitors showed a deep respect for their heaven we have an angel of mercy enemies' marksmanship, taking advan- awaiting us, and she will know how to

The raiders had approached San An-

O'Rellly, among the last to cross the zone of fire, was just congratulating himself upon the fortunate outcome of the skirmish when he saw Colonel Lopez ride to the crest of a knoll, rise in arms excitedly.

He Branch had lagged far behind, and mind was permanently affected. It was manigua like the rest of us." now, as if to cap his fantastic perform- an appalling possibility, one to which ances, had dismounted and was de he could not reconcile himself. To scending the river bank to a place think that somewhere in that fevered his four daughters. Heaven guided where a large washing had been spread brain was perhaps locked the truth them to me. Alberto was an old man; upon the stones to dry. He was quite about Rosa's fate, if not the secret of exposed, and a spiteful crackle from the her whereabouts, and yet to be unable his girls. Nevertheless, he refused to nearest blockhouse showed that the to wring an intelligent answer to a ghandon me. Oh, they were faithful, Spaniards were determined to bring single question, was intolerable. The patient people! You see, I had walked him down. Mauser builets ricocheted hours of that ride were among the east instead of west, and now I was among the rocks—even from this dis- longest O'Reilly had ever passed. tance their sharp explosions were audible-others broke the surface of the heart. She took complete charge of lards who were burning, destroying, stream into little geysers, as if a school | the sick man upon his arrival in camp; | killing. You wouldn't know Matanzas, of fish were leaping.

then he climbed up the bank, remount-

for a clean shirt. . . . There's a fellow for you! He enjoys the hum of these Spanish bees! . . . Tell us what the bullets said to you," they cried, crowding around him in an admiring circle.

O'Reilly, unable to contain himself, ourst forth in a rage: "Lopez ought to ourt-martial you.'

Infuriated, he rode over to where Captain Judson was engaged in making a litter upon which to carry the sick prisoner they had rescued from the jall, "This chap here is all in," said Judson. "I'm afraid we aren't going to get him through."

Following Judson's glance, O'Reilly beheld an emaciated figure lying in the shade of a nearby guava bush. The man was clad in filthy rags, his face was dirty and overgrown with a month's beard; a pair of restless eyes stared unblinkingly at the brazen sky. His lips were moving; from them issued a steady patter of words, but otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"You said he was starving." Johnnie dismounted and lent Judson a hand with his task.

"That's what I thought at first, but he's sick. I suppose it's that infernal dungeon fever. We can swing him between our horses, and-"

Judson looked up to discover that Johnnie was poised rigidly, his mouth open, his hands halted in midair. The sick man's voice had risen, and O'Reilly, with a peculiar expression of amazement upon his face, was straining his ears to hear what he said.

"Eh? What's the matter?" Judson inquired.

frozen in his attitude, then without a your silly lives for may come in handy, word he strode to the forward, staring into the vacant, up-"Not one. But Ramos was badly turned face. A cry burst from his throat, a cry that was like a sob, and, kneeling, he gathered the frail, filthy figure into his arms.

"Esteban!" he cried. "Esteban! This was in too great a hurry and broke is O'Rellly. O'Rail-ye! Don't you know me? O'Reilly, your friend, your brother! For God's sake, tell me what they've done to you! Look at'me, Esteban! Look at me! Look at me! Oh,

> such passionate pity were in his friend's hoarse voice that Judson drew closer. He noticed that the faintest flame of reason flickered for an instant in the sick man's hollow eyes; then they began to rove again, and the same rustling whisper recommenced. O'Reilly held the boy tenderly in his arms; tears rolled down his cheeks as he implored Esteban to hear and to heed

Such eagerness, such thankfulness

"Try to hear me! Try!" There was flerce agony in the cry. "Where is Rosa? . . . Rosa? . . . You're safe now; you can tell me. . . You're safe with O'Reilly. . . . came back . . . I came back for you and Rosa. . . Where is she? . .

Is she-dead?" Other men were assembling now. The column was ready to move, but Judson signaled to Colonel Lopes and made known the identity of the sick stranger. The colonel came forward swiftly and laid a hand upon O'Rell-

"So! You were right, after all. Esteban Varona didn't die. God must have sent us to San Antonio to deliver hlm."

ly's shoulder, saying:

"He's sick, sick!" O'Reilly said; huskily, "Those Spanlards! Look what they've done to him." His voice changed. He cried, fiercely: "Well, I'm late again. I'm always just a little bit too late. He'll die before he can tell me-

"Wait! Take hold of yourself, We'll do all that can be done to save him. Now come, we must be going, or all San Antonio will be upon us."

O'Rellly roused, "Put him in my arms," he ordered. "I'll carry him to

But Lopez shook his head, saying,

make him well." When the troop resumed its retreat CHAPTER XV.

Norine Takes Charge. had reason to bless the happy chance lowed by several of his men, who like- covered how really ill Esteban Varona wise began to yell and to wave their was, how weak his hold upon life.

then in her brisk, matter-of-fact way O'Reilly. It is a desert. When Johnnie looked on in breath- she directed O'Rellly to go and get less apprehension Branch appropriated some much-needed rest. Esteban was indeed; nevertheless, she expressed harebrained exploit which delights a and reminded O'Reilly that nature has Cuban audience. When Leslie re- a blessed way of building up a resistfoined his comrades, therefore, he was ance to environment. As a result of her good cheer O'Reilly managed to "Caramba! He would risk his life enjoy a night's sleep.

He was up at daylight to offer his services in caring for Esteban Varona, Bravo! but Norine declined them.

"His fever is down a little and he has taken some nourishment," she re-



"Esteban! This is O'Reilly!"

after all."

"I dare say he won't be able to talk to me today?" O'Reilly ventured. "Not today, nor for many days, I'm | turn put an end to his speculations. afraid."

"If you don't mind, then, I'll hang around and listen to what he says," he told her, wistfully. "He might drop a

word about Rosa."
"To be sure. So far he's scarcely mentioned her. I can't understand much that he says, of course, but Mrs. Ruiz tells me it's all jumbled and quite unintelligible."

It was a balmy, languid morning about two weeks after O'Rellly's return to the City Among the Leaves. In Esteban Varona lay, listening to the admonitions of his nurse.

Johnnie O'Reilly had just bade them both a hearty good morning and now Norine was saying: "One hour, no more. You had a temperature again last night, and it came from talking too. much. Remember, it takes me just one bour to make my rounds, and if you are not through with your tales of blood and battle when I get back you'll have to finish them tomorrow." With a nod and a smile she left.

As Esteban looked after her his white teeth gleamed and his hollow face lit up.

"She brings me new life," he told O'Reilly, "She is so strong, so healthy, so full of life herself. She is wonderful! When I first saw her bending over me I thought I was dreaming. Some- ly knows the story." times, even yet, I think she cannot be real. But she is, eh?"

"She is quite substantial," O'Reilly smiled. "All the sick fellows talk as you do." Esteban looked up quickly; his face

"She-er-nurses darkened. eh? I'm not the only one?" "Well, hardly." There was a brief pause; then Esteban shifted his position and his tone

changed. "Tell me, have you heard the excuse of intimacy, pushes its way any news?" "Not yet, but we will hear some

fore long I'm sure." "Your faith does as much for me as

this lady's care. But when you go away, when I'm alone, when I begin to think-"Don't think too much; don't permit

yourself to doubt," O'Reilly said, quickand we'll find her somewhere, somehow, General Gomez will soon have word of her. That's what I've been waiting for-that and what you might | cooked any trichinae present are killed have to tell me." "You know all that I know now and

everything that has happened to me." "I don't know how you came to be in a cell in San Antonio de los Banos, two killed. That is still a mystery."

"It is very simple, amigo. Let me see: I had finished telling you about the fight at La Joya. I was telling you During the next few days O'Reilly how I fainted. Some good people found me a few hours after I lost conscloushis stirrups and, lifting his cupped which had brought Norine Evans to ness. They supposed I had been athands to his lips, direct a loud shout Cuba. During the return journey from tacked by guerrillas and left for dead. back toward the town. Lopez was fol- San Antonio de los Banos he had dis- Finding that I still had life in me, they took me home with them. They were old friends from Matanzas by the After listening to his ravings, O'Reilly nome of Valdes-cultured people who Johnnie turned to discover that Les- began to fear that the poor fellow's had fled the city and were hiding in the

"Not Valdes, the notary?"

"The very same. Alberto Valdes and he had hard work to provide food for miles away from home, and the coun-But Norine Evans gave him new try between was swarming with Span-

"I finally became able to drag myself around the hut. But I had no means several suits that promised to fit him; ill, very ill, she admitted; there was no of sending word to Rosa, and the uncompetent doctor near, and her own certainty nearly made me crazy. My lively rattle of rifle-shots outside, Les- ed his horse, and ambled slowly out of facilities for nursing were primitive clothes had rotted from me; my bones were just under the skin. I must have Now this was precisely the sort of confidence that she could cure him, been a shocking sight. Then one day there came a fellow traveling east with messages for Gomez. He was one of Lopez' men, and he told me that Lopez had gone to the Rub! Hills with Maceo, and that there were none of our men left in the province. He told me other things, too. It was from him that I learned-" Estebar Varona's thin hands clutched the edges of his hammock and he rolled his head weakly from side to side. "It was he who told me about Rosa. He said that Cobo had ravaged the Yumuri and that my sister-was gone!"

"There, there! We know better now," O'Reilly said, soothingly.

"It was a hideous story, a story of rape, murder. I wonder that I didn't go mad. It never occurred to me to doubt, and as a matter of fact the fellow was honest enough; he really believed what he told me, After the man had finished I felt the desire to get away from all I had known and loved, to leave Matanzas for new fields and give what was left of me to the cause. I was free to enlist, since I couldn't reach Lopez, and I came to join our forces in the Orient.

"That is how you found me in this province. Lopez' man never delivered these dispatches, for we were taken crossing the trocha-at least I was taken, for Pablo was killed. They'd have made an end of me, too, I dare say, only I was so weak. It seems a century since that night. My memory doesn't serve me very well from that point, for they jailed me, and I grew worse. I was out of my head a good

The two men fell silent for a while Esteban lay with closed eyes, exhaust ed. O'Reilly gave himself up to frowning thought. His thoughts were not pleasant; he could not, for the life of him, believe in Rosa's safety so im-For a moment O'Reilly remained ported. "That food you boys risked plicitly as he had led Esteban to suppose; his efforts to cheer the other had sapped his own supply of hope, leaving him a prey to black misgivings. He was glad when Norine Evans' re-

"Have you harrowed this poor man's feelings sufficiently for once?" she inquired of O'Rellly.

"I have. I'll agree to talk about nothing unpleasant hereafter." Esteban turned to his nurse. "There

is something I want to tell you both." "Wait until tomorrow," Norine advised.

But he persisted: "No! I must tell it now. First, however, did either of you discover an old coin in any of my

pockets-an old Spanish doubloon?" "That doubloon again!" Norine lifta hammock swung between two trees ed her hands protestingly, and cast a meaning look at O'Reilly. "You talked about nothing else for a whole week.

Let me feel your pulse." Esteban surrendered his hand with suspicious readiness.

"You were flat broke when we got you," O'Reilly declared. "Probably. I seem to remember that

somebody stole it." "Doubloons! Pieces of eight! Golden guineas!" exclaimed Norine, "Why those are pirate coins! They remind me of Treasure Island; of Long John

Silver and his wooden leg; of Ben Gunn and all the rest." Esteban smiled uncomprehendingly "Yes? Well, this has to do with treasure of the Varonas. My father buried it. He was very rich, you know, and he was afraid of the Spaniards. O'Reil-

Johnnie assented with a grunt. 'Sure! I know all about it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Ask Personal Questions. Never presume upon your intimacy with another to ask personal questions. No matter how good friends two may be, both have certain matters which they prefer to keep to themselves. The presumption which, under into the privacles of the spirit is unworthy of you. Respect your friends' reserves, and insist that they shall respect yours.

"Diseased Meat."

There is a wide difference in the terms "diseased meat" and "meat from diseased animais." In fresh pork for "Take my word for it, Rosa is alive Instance, the absence of live trichinae cannot be guaranteed by the vendor from any known practical method of inspection, but if the meat is properly and hence cannot produce disease.

Mindoro.

The island of Mindoro in the Philippines has about 39,700 inhabitants. hundred miles from the place you were and those include 18,000 Tagalogs, 7,200 Mangaynes and 2,000 Visayans.

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THEN HE KICKED HIMSELF

Good Story Told of Retribution That Was the Lot of English Food Hoarder.

Baron Reading told in Washington

a story about a food hoarder. "We punish our food hearders very severely," he said. "It's nothing unusual to arrest and fine an English food hoarder \$1,000 for hoarding 30

or 40 pounds of tea or rice. "Hence the food hoarder is a timid and jumpy animal. I heard the other day of a Liverpool banker who had bought and hidden in his office 50 pounds of cocoa. He was gloating over this hoard when two policemen

were announced. "'One minute,' the food hoarder gasped. Tell the policemen to wait one minute.'

"And then, pale and tremblingfor he thought the policemen had come to drag him off to fall-rushed among his staff, distributing the cocoa in halfpound and pound tins.

"When the distribution was finished; he ordered the policemen to be admitted. "And the policemen, bowing and scraping very humbly, asked him if he

would be so kind and good as to buy

a ticket for their benefit concert in

the town hall."

Night Driving in France. in driving trucks along the roads leading to the battle front under cover of darkness headlights cannot be used. else all concealment would be destroyed. To enable the drivers to keep in the road rows of posts are set along the roadside. These are three feet

A farmer's harvest lasts until the

high and painted white. They are vis-

ible even on the darkest night.-New

Orleans Times-Picayune.

summer boarders depart.

Cultivate the habit of meeting folks with a show of friendliness.

Besides Saying Wheat Ma Says I'm Saying Cooking When I Eat **TOASTIES**

