

ESTEBAN'S CONNECTION WITH THE INSURRECTOS BRINGS DISASTER UPON HIMSELF AND ROSA.

Synopsis.-Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth 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 urges 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. Crazed by the loss of his daughter, Sebastian kills Don Esteban and is himself killed. Many years pass and Donna Isabel is unable to find the hidden treasure. Don Marlo, rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from school in the United States. Johnnie O'Rellly, an American, who loves Rosa, wins her promise to wait for him until he can return from New

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Seating himself on one of the old stone benches, the young man lit a cigarette and composed himself to wait. He sat there for a long time, grumbling inwardly, for the night was damp and he was sleepy; but at last a figure stole out of the gloom and joined him. The newcomer was a rag-ged negro, dressed in the fashion of

the poorer country people.

"Well, Asensio, I thought you'd never come. I'll get a fever from this!" Esteban said irritably.

"It is a long way, Don Esteban, and

Evangelina made me wait until dark.

I tell you we have to be careful these

What is the news? What did you

Asensio sighed gratefully as he seated himself. "One hears a great deal, but one never knows what to believe. There is fighting in Santa Clara, and Maceo sweeps westward.'

Taking the unaddressed letter from his pocket, Esteban said, "I have an-other message for Colonel Lopez."

"Well, you must find him, and immediately, Asensio. This letter contains important news—so important, in fact"—Esteban laughed lightly—"that it you find yourself in danger from the Spanlards I'd advise you to chew it up

and swallow it as quickly as you can.' "Til remember that," said the negro.
"for there's danger enough. Still, I
fear these Spaniards less than the
guerrilleros: they are everywhere.
They call themselves patriots, but they
are nothing more than robbers.
They—"

Asensio paused abruptly. He seized



"What's That?" Gasped the Negro.

ing forward, stared across the level garden into the shadows opposite Something was moving there, under the trees; the men could see that it was white and formless, and that it

pursued an erratic course "What's that?" gasped the negro. He gan to tremble violently and his eath became audible. Esteban was breath became audible. Esteban was force. "It's old Don Esteban, your fa ther. They say he walks at midnight carrying his head in his two hands." Young Varona managed to whisper

with some show of courage: "Hush! Wait! I don't believe in ghosts." Nevertheless, he was on the point of setting Assensio an example of undignified with some show of courage: "Hush! "I had business that took me there," still declared the younger man. Attheless, he was on the point of setting Asensio an example of undignified alight when the mysterious object merged from the shadows into the other lands with the lands of the shadows into the other lands with the lands of the

open moonlight; then he sighed with relief: "Ah-h! Now I see! It is my stepmother. She is asleep." For a moment or two they watched the progress of the white-robed figure; then Esteban stirred and rose from his seat. "She's too close to that well." seat. "She's too close to that well. There is—" He started forward a pace or two. "They say people who walk at night go mad if they're awakened too suddenly, and yet—"

When the somnambulist's deliberate rogress toward the mouth of the well continued he called her name softly "Donna Isabel!" Then he repeated it louder. "Donna Isabel! Wake up." The woman seemed to hear and ye not to hear. She turned her head to listen, but continued to walk,

"Don't be alarmed," he said, reas-suringly, "It is only Esteban—Donna Isabel! Stop!" Esteban sprang for ward, shouting at the top of his voice for at the sound of her name Isabel had abruptly swerved to her right, a movement which brought her danger-ously close to the lip of the well.

"Stop! Go back!" screamed the

young man.

Above his warning there came Above his warning there came a shriek, shrill and agonized—a wail of such abysmal terror as to shock the night birds and the insects into stillness. Donna Isabel slipped, or stumbled, to her knees, she balanced briefly, clutching at random while the earth and crumbling cement gave way be-neath her; then she slid forward and disappeared, almost out from between disappeared, almost out from between Esteban's hands. There was a noisy rattle of rock and pebble and a great splash far below; a chuckle of little stones striking the water, then a faint bubbling. Nothing more. The stepson stood in his tracks, sick, blind with horror; he was swaying over the open-ing when Asensio dragged him back. Pancho Cueto, being a heavy sleeper

was the last to be roused by Esteban's outcries. When he had hurriedly slipped into his clothes in response to the pounding on his door, the few servants that the establishment supported had been thoroughly awakened. Cueto thought they must be out of their minds until he learned what had be-fallen the mistress of the house. Then, being a man of action, he too issued swift orders, with the result that by the time he and Esteban had run to the well a rope and lantern were ready for their use. Before Esteban could form and fit a loop for his shoulders there was sufficient help on hand to lower him into the treacherous abyss. That was a gruesome task which fell

to Esteban, for the well had been long used, its sides were oozing slime, its unused, its sides were obzing sime, he was waters were stale and black. He was on the point of fainting when he finally climbed out, leaving the negroes to noist the dripping, inert weight which

d found at the bottom Old Sebastian's curse had come true; Donna Isabel had met the fate when he had called down upon her that day when he hung exhausted in his chains and when the flies tormented him. The treasure for which the woman had trigued so tirelessly had been her death. Furthermore, as if in grim-mest irony, she had been permitted at the very last to find it. Living, she had searched to no purpose whatso ever; dying, she had almost grasped it in her arms.

Once the first excitement had abated and a messenger had been sent to town, Cueto drew Esteban aside and questioned him.

"A shocking tragedy and most pe culiar," said the overseer. "Nothing could amaze me more. Tell me, how did you come to be there at such an

Esteban saw the malevolent curiosity in Cueto's face and started. "I—That is my affair. Surely you don't think-'

"Come, come! You can trust me." The overseer winked and smiled "I had business that took me there,

"Stop!" Esteban was turning alternately red and white. "You seem to imply something outrageous."

Now let us be sensible. I under stand you perfectly, my boy. But an officer of the Guardia Civil may arrive at any moment and he will want to know how you came to be with your stepmother when she plunged into that

rap. So prepare yourself."
Young Varona was watching his inquisitor now with a faintly speculative
rown. When Cueto had finished, Esteban said:

teban said:
"You would like me to confess to some black iniquity that would make us better friends, eh? Well, it so happens that I was not alone tonight, but pens that I was not alone tonignt, but that another person saw the poor wom-an's death and can bear me out in ev-erything I say. No, Pancho, you over-reach yourself. Now, then"—Esteban was quick-tempered, and for years he was queek-empered, and for years he had struggled against an instinctive distrust and dislike of the plantation manager—"remember that I have become the head of this house, and your employer. You will do better to think



Your Accuser Is None Other Than

of your own affairs than of mine intend to have a careful reckoning with you. I think you know I have a good head for figures." Turning his back upon the elder man, he walked

Now it did not occur to to doubt the boy's innocence, though the circumstances of Donna Isabel's the circumstances on Donna Isabel's the circumstances of Donna Isabel's the view of the circumstances of Donna Isabel's the circumstances death were suspicious enough to raise a question in any mind; but in view of Esteban's threat he thought it wise to protect himself by setting a back-

As he sat on an old stone bench moodily repicturing the catastrophe as Esteban had described it, his attention fell upon an envelope at his feet. It was sealed; it was unaddressed. Cuewas seared; it was unaddressed. Cue-to idly broke it open and began to read. Before he had gone far he start-ed; then he cast a furtive glance about. But the place was secluded; he was unobserved. When he finished reading he rose, smiling. He no longer feared Esteban. On the contrary, he rather pitied the young fool; for here between his fingers was that which not only promised to remove the boy

from his path forever, but to place in his hands the entire Varona estates. One afternoon, perhaps a week later, Don Mario de Castano came puffing and blowing up to the quinta, demand ing to see Rosa without a moment'delay. With a directness unusual even in him, Don Mario began:

"Rosa, my dear, you and Esteban have been discovered! I was at lunch with the commandante when I learned the truth. Through friendship I prevailed upon him to give you an hour' grace."
"What do you mean, Don Mario?"

"What do you mean, Don Mario?" inquired the girl.

"Come, come!" the planter cried, impatiently. "Don't you see you can trust me? Heaven! The recklessness, the folly of young people! Could you not leave this insurrection to your elders? Or perhaps you thought if a matter of no great importance, an ing thing

"Don Mario!" Rose interrupted. "I don't know what you are talking

"You don't, eh?" The caller's wet "You don't, eh?" The caller's wet cheeks grew redder; he blew like a porpoise. "Then call Esteban quickly! There is not a moment to lose." When the brother appeared De Castano blurted out at him accusingly: "Well, sir! A fine fix you've put yourself in. Perhaps you will be interested to learn that Colonel Fernandez has issued or-ders to arrest you and your sister as agents of the insurrector

"What?" Esteban drew back, Ros "What?" Esteban drew back, Rosa turned white as a lily and laid a flut-tering hand upon her throat. "You two will sleep tonight in San Severino." grimly announced the ro-tund visitor. "You know what that

Rosa uttered a smothered cry. "Colonel Fernandez," Don proceeded, impressively, "did me this favor, knowing me to be a suitor for Rosa's hand. In spite of his duty and

"Evidence? What evidence?" Estenn asked sharply.

on asked Snappy

"For one thing, your own letter to
Lopez, the rebel, warning him to beware of the trap prepared for him in
Santa Clara, and advising him of the

int- | warned you."

plain that he was not in the least frightened. "They haven't caught me yet," he laughed. "You say they intend to arrest me

also?" Rosa eyed the caller anxiously.
"Exactly!"
"Who accuses her, and of what?"
Esteban demanded.
"That also I have discovered through

the courtesy of Colonel Fernandez. Your accuser is none other than Pan-cho Cueto."
"Cueto!"

"Yes; he has denounced both of you as rebels, and the letter is only part of his proof, I believe. Now, then, you can guess why I am here. I am not can guess why I am here. I am not without influence; I can save Rosa, but for you, Esteban, I fear I can do noth You must look out for yourself.
? What do you say?"

When Esteban saw how pale his sis ter had grown, he took her in his arms, saying gently: "I'm sorry, dear. It's all my fauit." Then to the merchant: "It's very good of you to warn us."

"Ha!" Don Mario fanned himself.
"I'm glad you appreciate my efforts.
It's a good thing to have the right kind of a friend. I'll marry Rosa within an hour, and I fancy my name will be a sufficient shield—"

Rosa turned to her elderly suitor and made a deep courtesy. "I am unworthy of the honor," said she. "You see, I—I do not love you, Don Mario."

"Love!" exploded the visitor. "God bless you! What has love to do with the matter? Esteban will have to ride for his life in ten minutes and your property will be seized. So you had etter make yourself ready to go with But Rosa shook her head.
"Eh? What ails you? What do you

xpect to do?' "I shall go with Esteban," said the

tupefy De Castano. He sat down neavily in the nearest chair, and with als wet handkerchief pojsed in one budgy hand he stared fixedly at the speaker. His eyes were round and budging, the sweat streamed unheeded bulging, the sweat streamed unneceded from his temples. He resembled some queer bloated marine monster just emerged from the sea and momentarily dazzled by the light. "You— You're mad," he finally gasped. "Esteban, tell her what it means."

means."

But this Esteban could not do, for he himself had not the faintest notion of what was in store for him. War seemed to him a glorious thing; he had been told that the hills were peopled with patriots. He was very young, his heart was abluze with hatred for the Spaniards and for Pancho Cueto. He eemed to him a glorious thing; he had spannards and for rance Cueto. He longed to risk his life for a free Cuba. Therefore he said: "Rosa shall do as she pleases. If we must be exiles we shall share each other's hardships. It will not be for long."

"Idiot!" stormed the fat man. "Better that you gave her to the sharks below San Severino. There is no law, no safety for women outside of the cities. The island is in anarchy. These patriots you talk about are the blacks, the mulattoes, the—lowest, laziest sav-ages in Cuba."

"Please! Don Mario!" the girl leaded. "I cannot marry you, for—I we another."

"I love another. I'm betrothed to O'Reilly, the American—and he's com-ing back to marry me."

De Castano twisted himself labori-

ously out of his chair and waddled ously out of his chair and wandled toward the door. He was purple with rage and mortification. On the thresh-old he paused to wheeze: "Very well, then. Go! I'm done with both of you. I would have lent you a hand with this week! Cutte, but now ho will full help. rascal Cueto, but now he will fall heir to your entire property. Well, it is a time for bandits! I—I—" Unable to think of a parting speech sufficiently bitter to match his disappointment, Don Mario plunged out into the sunlight, muttering and stammering to himself. ascal Cueto, but now he will fall heir

Within an hour the twins were on their way up the Yumuri, toward the home of Asensio and Evangelina; for it was thither that they naturally turned. It was well that they had made haste, for as they rode down into trust me? Heaven! The recklessness, the folly of young people! Could you not leave this insurrection to your elders? Or perhaps you thought it a matter of no great importance an importance and property of the property of t

CHAPTER V.

A Cry From the Wilderness

New York seemed almost like a for eign city to Johnnie O'Reilly when he stepped out into it on the morning after his arrival. For one thing it was bleak and cold: the north wind, hall-ing direct from Baffin's bay, had teeth, and it bit so cruelly that he was glad when he found shelter in the building which housed the offices of the Carter Importing company. The truth is O'Reilly was not only cold but fright-

It was not the effect of his report concerning the firm's unprofitable Cu-ban connections which he feared— Samuel Carter could take calmly the most disturbing financial reverse—it was the blow to his pride at learning that anybody could prefer another girl to his daughter. Johnnie shook his shoulders and stamped his feet, but the chill in his bones refused to go. He went to meet his employer as a man marches to execution.

His heart sank further at the wel-come he received, for the importer gave him a veritable embrace; he pat-ted him on the back and inquired three times as to his health. O'Reilly was Santa Clara, and advising him of the government force at Sabanilla. Oh. don't try to deny it! I read it with my own eyes, and it means—death."

Rosa said faintly: "Esteban! I twenty of the face. Carter had never been so enthusiastic, so demonstra-

Esteban was taken aback, but it was | tive; there was something almost the-

atrical in his greeting.

"Well, my boy, you made a fizzle of it, didn't you?" The tone was almost complimentary.

"Yes, sir, I'm a bright and shining failure."

failure."
"Now, don't 'yes, sir' me, We're friends, aren't we? Good! Understand, I don't blame you in the least—it's that idlotic revolution that spoiled our business. You did splendidly, under the circumstances."
"They have reason enough to re-

"They have reason enough to re volt—oppression, tyranny, corruption.
O'Reilly mumbled the familiar word in a numb paralysis at Mr. Carter's jo vial familiarity.

"All Latin countries are corrupt, announced the importer—"always have been and always will be. They thrive under oppression. However, I dare say this uprising won't last long."

Johnnie wondered why the old man didn't get down to cases. "It's more than an uprising, sir," he said. "The rebels have overrun the east end of the island, and when I left Maceo and Gomez were sweeping west.'

Gomez were sweeping west."

"Bah! It takes money to run a war."

"They have money," desperately argued O'Reilly, "Marti raised more than a million dollars, and every Cuban cigar maker in the United States gives a part of his wages every week to the cause. The best blood of Cuba is in the fight. Spain is about busted; she can't stand the strain."

"I regular they", ouit fighting as

"I predict they'll quit fighting as soon as they get hungry. The govern-ment is starving them out. However, they've wound up our affairs for the time being, and—" Mr. Carter carefully shifted the position of an inkwell a calendar and a paper knife—"tha a calendar and a paper knire—"that brings us to a consideration of your and my affairs, doesn't it? Ahem! You remember our bargain? I was to give you a chance and you were to make good before you—er—planned any—er—matrimonial foolishness with

any—er—matrimonial foolishness with my daughter."

"Yes, sir." O'Reilly felt that the moment had come for his carefully rehearsed speech, but, unhappily, he could not remember how the swansong started. Mr. Carter, too, was unaccountably silent. Another moment dragged past, then they chorused.

"I have an uniquesant."

"I have an unpleasant-" Each broke off at the echo of his own words.

"What's that?" inquired the im-

"No-nothing. You were saying—"
"I was thinking how lucky it is that you and Elsa waited. Hm-m! Very fortunate." Again Mr. Carter rearranged his desk fittings. "We sometimes differ, Elsa and I, but when she sets her heart on a thing I see that she gets it, even if I think she ought" to have it. What's the use of having children if you can't spoil 'em, eh?"
He looked up with a sort of resentfut challenge, and when his listener appeared to agree with him he sighed with satisfaction. "Early marriages are silly—but she seems to think otherwise. Maybe she's right. Anyhow wise. Maybe she's right. Anyhow going on in the German press as to "No-nothing. You were saying-"

"Come, come! It's tough on you, I know, but—" Johnnie had a horrified vision of himself being dragged unwillingly to the altar. "Elsa is going to have what she wants, if I have to break something. If you'll be schsible I'll stand behind you like a father and teach you the business. I'm getting old, and Ethelbert could never learn it. Otherwise—" The old man's jaw set; his eyes began to gleam angrily.
"Who is—Ethelbert?" faintly in-

quired O'Reilly.
"Why, dammit! He's the fellow I've been telling you about. He's not so bad as he sounds; he's really a nice

"Elsa is in love with another man?
Is that what you mean?"
"Good Lord, yes! Don't you understand English? I didn't think you'd take it so hard—I was going to make a place for you here in the office, but of course if— Say! What the deuce ails you?"

Samuel Carter stared with amaze daughter's fickleness had leaped to his feet and was shaking his hand vigor ously, meanwhile uttering unintelli-gible sounds that seemed to signify relief, pleasure, delight—anything ex-cept what the old man expected.

O'Reilly, in New York, learns of Rosa's plight. The next installment tells what happened

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First American Multimillionaire.
The first American multimillionaire
to attain international fame on acto attain international fame on ac-count of his vast wealth was Stephen Girard. Of the financial dynasties of today only the Astors and Vanderbilts were represented in Girard's time, and the fortune of the distinguished Philadelphian exceeded that of Commodor Cornelius Vanderbilt or the first John Jacob Astor. Girard was worth \$9,000,000 at the time of his death. Much of this money he left to the city of Philadelphia for public purposes, and \$2,000,000 were applied to the building of a college for orphans. This institu-tion has supported and educated tens of thousands of orphans and fitted them for their battles with the world, Girard was a free thinker

In New South Wates there is a mountain from which rock yielding 80 per cent alum has been mined for more

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

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which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used anually and all have to be aftered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have

female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

UP TO AMERICA TO WIN WAR

Collapse of Russia Places the Burden of Eliminating the Hun on Should ders of the Yanks.

Daily it grows more certain that the world war is to be fought till one side world war is to be fought till one side or the other is prostrate. The war would have been over months ago if Russia had not collapsed; but with treason in the czar's cabinet and lun-acy and stupidity pervading the Rus-sia proletariat, that mighty empire of the north became an inert and impo-tent mass at the mercy of Germany. And as for Russia, her fate will be determined by the world concress that determined by the world congress that will write the peace when the war is over. It will be about the mightlest job human statecraft ever undertook

are silly—but she seems to think otherwise. Maybe she's right. Anyhow she's licked me. I'm done. She wants to be married right away, before we go west. That's why I waited to see you at once. You won't object, will you? We men have to take our medicine."

"It's quite out of the question," stammered the unhappy O'Reilly.
"Come, come! It's tough on you, I know, but—" Johnnie had a horrified

Receive German Paper Cloth.

The first sample of German paper cloth has reached St. Paul in the form cloth has feached St. Paul in the form of a paper wrapper for a German helmet sent to Sergt. Maj. A. S. Kirkwood of the British recruiting mission as a trophy of war. The cloth resembles rather fine burlap in appearance, but on cutting the wrapper it was discovered the strands were of rolled paper. Some of these contain print, indicating the "cloth" was made from ordinary newspaper. It is said much ordinary newspaper. It is said much of this is being worn by Germany's civilian population.—St. Paul Dis-



instead of

coffee. Postum is

nutritious, healthful. economical delicious and American.

TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON