

Towell Ledger.

F. M. Johnson, Publisher.

Reform moves with a leaden heel and strikes with a hesitating hand.

What this country really needs is a telephone that is not busy all the time.

Every well-regulated public official prefers Chinese dinners to Chinese puzzles.

In these belligerent days the girl of the period is much interested in arms and the man.

The only military achievement of the Chinese soldiers is of recent date. They have finally managed to catch their breath.

Miss Chestnut, the president of a "college" in Mingo, Okla., resents the fact that there is anything ancient about her.

There was another crank at the white house last week. The supply already being fully equal to the demand, he was not admitted.

"Women look better with their hats off in the theater," says the Boston Globe. And men see much better. It is better all around.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

RELIGION AND REFORM IN MANY LANDS.

O-DAY I MET A broken heart. Whose hopes were rent in twain.

He speaks from out the empty tomb. A message clear and plain— Let Easter bring to you the truth— "Your dead shall live again."

Let the Rev. George D. Heron, D. D., professor of applied theology in Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., make a most stirring address on the topic of "Church and the Workings" in Central Methodist church in San Francisco last Sunday afternoon.

Have You Not Heard Him Calling You? "He saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of customs; and he said unto him, Follow me, and I will make thee a fisherman."

Mr. Mills answered, "Yes, and I will not be a minister." "Then the Lord said unto him, 'Be thou a fisherman; for thou shalt catch men.'

The Cuban Cause is Lost.

Havana: Maceo is captured and the Cuban cause is lost. The Spanish authorities are posting bulletins and the loyalists in Havana are celebrating the ending of the revolution.

Three Negroes Lynched. Great excitement was caused around Greenville, Ala., by the brutal murder of three Negroes.

After serving continuously in the service of the United States of a period of 43 years, Major General Alexander McDowell McKook retires from the army at the age of 64.

The effect of a sermon. Once, when Cardinal Manning was preaching in Rome, he recognized John Danforth in the audience.

Two Ways of Measurement. Wm. H. Bancroft, Thurloe, Pa. Tradition tells us that the Apostle Paul was a merchant who dealt in purple dye.

Wheat, Corn, Oats. New York—Wheat 2 1/2 @ 100 100 100. Chicago—Wheat 2 3/4 @ 100 100 100.

WOMEN OF ATLANTA.

LADIES WHO WILL SHINE AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Board of Lady Managers bids fair to rival the famous body of the World's Columbian Exposition—Some Portraits.

Mrs. Louise Gordon is chairman of the press committee. Her work will be to make pleasant headquarters for the visiting newspaper women.

Mrs. Joseph Thompson is naturally a thorough newspaper editor. She has already brought forth numerous expressions of dissatisfaction on the part of proposed exhibitors.

THE MARKETS. LIVE STOCK. New York—Cattle 2 1/2 @ 100 100 100. Sheep 2 1/4 @ 100 100 100.

REVIEW OF TRADE. Don's says: In every speculative department business is growing; but this is really the least important.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING... ST. JACOB'S OIL

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring a large illustration of a man and the text 'As Cure is King, Alleviate with Aches in Everything.'

The Old Folks at Home and Abroad

Advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, featuring the text 'ADD BLESSINGS AND PRAISE FOR RELIEF FROM PAIN AND INFIRMITIES THEY FIND IN DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.'

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, including the text 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE' and 'ROYAL BAKING POWDER'.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, featuring the text 'ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made.'

AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. O. Hummel, of Detroit, tells a War Story of His Own Experiences. One of our representatives called at 115 Michigan.

A FINE OLD LADY.

With Children and Grandchildren Aroust Her is the Autumn of Life She Tells How Her Days Have Been Prolonged.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Old age has many infirmities, none of which are more prevalent than kidney disease. Doan's Kidney Pills are excellent medicine.

OUR NEW SPRING WRAPS HAVE COME

And are Ready for Inspection. If You See Them, You will Buy.

We have just opened an Elegant Line of Umbrellas and Parasols.

NEW DRESS GOODS A FINE ASSORTMENT.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AND SEE THEM.

See Our New Designs and Styles in Hosiery. Examine Our Light weight Summer Underwear. We Make the Prices Others Attempt to Follow, but Do Not Get There.

A. W. WEEKES.

LOWELL STATE BANK

LOWELL, MICH.
Capital, \$25,000.
FRANCIS KING, President,
CHAS. McCARTY, Vice President.
M. C. GRISWOLD, Cashier.
B. N. KEISTER, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Francis King, Chas. McCarty,
Robert Hardy, F. T. King,
H. Force, M. C. Griswold.
A General Banking Business Transacted
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security

HOME NEWS.

Frank Talbot was up from Grand Rapids Saturday.

W. Dawson of Grand Rapids, is visiting here.

Mrs. A. P. Hunter has been entertaining her niece, Miss Anna Gibson.

Overalls at 25, 50 and 75 cents that are worth the money at W. S. Godfrey's.

Dan Bush and Ben Converse made a bicycle trip to Belding Sunday.

Miss Annie Ronan of Grand Rapids, is visiting her brother, P. F.

Mrs. E. M. Ball of Grand Rapids, and Miss Minnie Stillson of Battle Creek, have been the guests of Mrs. J. L. Kopf this week.

A good 50c shirt for 50c at W. S. Godfrey's.

O. O. Adams has taken charge of R. J. Flanagan's lawn and will fit the same as a suitable accessory to the handsome residence.

Our worthy townsman, O. O. Adams makes an announcement in this issue concerning cement walks to which the attention of our readers is invited.

For Sale or Rent—A good farm of 30 or 120 acres Inquire of J. C. Wilson, Pratt Lake.

FRUIT TREES—Don't believe that oily tongued tree agent who tells you that N. P. Husted & Co. have no good nursery stock, but call at our packing grounds near the D. G. H. & M. depot, examine our trees and you will be convinced that he is a liar and the truth abideth not in him.

Mrs. Sinclair, mother of Mrs. M. M. Perry, died at her home in Jonesville on Sunday, at the age of 88 years. Mrs. Perry was with her mother to the last, as were all of the seven brothers and sisters, but one, Mrs. J. J. Deal, who is in California. Funeral services were held on Tuesday, Mr. Perry joining the friends at Jonesville to attend the same.

B. C. Smith and Geo. Winegar have new ads in this issue.

C. R. Hino has returned from his tour of the southern states.

Buy all kind of wood of J. W. Becker & Son.

Money loaned on real estate. Low rates, no bonus. Lowell State Bank.

WANTED.—House cleaning etc. to do. Plain laundry work taken at the house. Mrs. M. Sweetland, in "addition" on Ada road.

PRIZE LOCALS.

Only two responses were received from our prize local offer. The result is given below. We award first prize to Bessie Faulkner of Segwan and second to Lina Bieri of Alton. Next week we look for a response from Lowell girls and boys.

ALTON LOCALS.

Mrs. Alice Brown is having her house repaired.

A Keech is going to have some picket fence on his farm.

Ida Weeks has the measles.

Allie Carr and wife of Keene spent Sunday with Fred Condon.

Clint Miller has started to the Valley school.

Mrs. S. Bieri has a very sick cow.

A dance took place at Joe Rush's in Keene Friday and a picnic supper was served.

Mrs. E. Cambell presented her Sunday school class with picture cards with the ten commandments on the back, as farewell gifts, last Sunday.

Willie, son of George Converse broke his arm by being thrown by a frightened colt.

The Swiss people held Easter services in Alton church last Sunday, but Rev. Mr. Metzger could not be present on account of his sister's death. The exercises consisted in pieces spoken, singing and Swiss band music.

Agnes and Essie Condon visited friends in Keene last week.

V. R. Smith is visiting Thomas Condon.

LINA BIERI, age 14.

SEGWAN LOCALS.

Several of our young people have been suffering with the mumps lately.

Charley Kopf and Gain Bangs have succumbed to the cycling craze and have each purchased a new wheel.

Earl Faulkner is improving his his house with a fresh coat of paint.

The next meeting of the S. S. L. S. will be held with R. D. Bancroft and wife, Wednesday evening, April 24.

Wesley Fox of Freeport was seen on our streets, Mouday.

Several of our old residents have left this locality during the spring. Jacob Kumpel and family have moved to their farm southeast of town, Joseph James and wife to their farm south of town and John Hawk and family to Winchester, Mecosta county, where Mr. Hawk has a saw-mill.

The mill at the depot has finished its job of sawing.

George Gulliford is teaching school again.

Corra Perry was a recent visitor at W. Gable's.

Johnnie Youngs has been repairing his building opposite the warehouse and is putting in machinery for a box factory.

Mrs. Bradie of Grand Rapids visited with Mrs. Kopf part of last week.

BESSIE FAULKNER, age 13.

ELMDALE CHURCH.

We hope all farmers are taking advantage of this fine weather to get their oats sown in good shape.

We notice that the wild flowers are putting in their appearance somewhat earlier this spring than usual.

It is said that Abe Keller is growing weaker.

Miss Mae Herber returned to Delray Monday morning.

There have been rumors of late that religious services would be held Sunday evenings at the hall, but as yet there has been none. Now if we should ask our business men what Elmdale need most, they would undoubtedly reply, a freight house and an elevator, but we think, judging from the language of men and boys sometimes assembled that what Elmdale needs most of all is evangelization.

A very pleasant social event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Herber, Thursday evening, April 18, in the marriage of their daughter, Laura, to Bert B. Sydman of Alto, at 8:30 o'clock. Mrs. Floyd Parrot played St. Albans grand march,

COME, SEE
OUR
ELEGANT
WALL
PAPER.
HUNTER
& SON.

THE LOWELL MARBLE WORKS.

JOS. H. HAMILTON, PROP.

Successors to Kisor & Ayres, Dealers in and Manufacturers of
MARBLE & GRANITE CEMETERY WORK.

All work Guaranteed.
Please Call before Purchasing.

DAVIS HOUSE

THURSDAY, MAY 9th, 1895.

FREE

CONSULTATION & EXAMINATION

G. L. DELEON, M. D. and C. F. MUSGROVE, M. D.,
The Eminent Specialists of the Ohio Medical and
Surgical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

These Eminent and successful Gynecological Physicians and Surgeons will be at the above named place, on days mentioned, with a complete line of Remedies and surgical appliances for the successful treatment of the following diseases of which he makes a Specialty, of diseases of Women Hay Fever, Tape Worm, Morphine, Opium and Alcohol Habits treated by a New System; all Rectum troubles, Private and nervous diseases. Advice and examination FREE.

Dr. C. L. DeLeon has been twenty years in practice—six years in a large general practice, two years Professor in Medical college in Cincinnati, O. five years a surgeon Spanish Navy, five years Examining Physician Ohio Medical and Surgical Institute. Has given hundreds of Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and the causes and cures of diseases. He never travels except where he lectures; can give you hundreds of reliable names as references. He takes this means to reach those who cannot meet him at the office. Can give you the names of hundreds I have cured.

Dr. C. F. Musgrove has had 14 years practice in Diseases of Women in several of our large cities, Des Moines, Minneapolis, San Francisco, in Hospitals and Dispensaries as well as private practice, at all times availing himself of all opportunities to perfect himself and has his diploma and ample evidence of his ability. All women out of health in places he visits have placed before them the rare opportunity of a life time in this chance. You have to consult him and learn the truth in your case, get relief and begin to live.

Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States. List of 130 questions free. Address with postage, Drs. DeLeon & Musgrove, Ohio Medical and Surgical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Ice Cream
Ice Cream Soda

Rickert has it. The proof is in trying.

If you wish to see a splendid collection of nursery stock call at N. P. Husted & Co. at D. G. H. & M. depot, Lowell, Mich.
See Ecker & Son for wood and kindlings.

People in search of good laundry service, are cordially invited to give the Banner laundry a trial order. It is not refunded if work is not right. Trade at home and your cash will return to you.
CHAS. SEVERY.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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to be well acquainted with the tongue. He spoke rapidly for a moment, when the faces of the Spaniards relaxed, and one of them smiled broadly. Both joined in the words: "Si, señor," lifted their hats with Castilian politeness, and again fixed their eyes upon the platform.

"I know a little of that gibberish myself," said the sailor to his companion. "I heard you say 'old man,' and 'foolish fellow.' Now, my lad, who told you to apologize to those stuck-up dons for me? I'll bet you another silver dollar that I can whip both of them together."

"I shouldn't wonder, uncle; but I was afraid, from the way you have been going on here, that you would never get back to the ship safely unless you could whip the whole of Captain-General Concha's army, too—which I hardly think you'd like to undertake. For my part, I don't want to stand

even one night in Moro Castle; and I'm pretty certain that after I do get back to the ship, I'll not appear in Havana again with you."

"You won't be urged to," the sailor retorted.

"You'd said quite enough to put you where the American Government would have trouble to find you," continued Louis. "I believe that if I hadn't stepped in and smoothed out affairs with those dons, we should each of us be in charge of a file of soldiers now."

The sailor had an angry rejoinder on his lips, when his attention, as well as that of his companion, was directed again to the platform. The occurrences which this chapter has described were of but a few minutes' duration, and while they had been transpiring, General Lopez had made his fruitless appeal to be allowed to speak to the people, and had taken his seat in the garrote-chair. When the sailor's eyes were again turned toward him, one of the guards was clasping the fatal collar about his neck.

"Do you see," whispered the sailor (for what had just occurred had really made him cautious), "that he's looking this way?"

"He couldn't well look anywhere but straight to the front, with that iron collar on."

"No, no—don't you see that his eyes are looking straight toward us? He don't appear to see the crowd at all; he sees somebody that he knows."

"I believe I have not the honor of the illustrious Liberator's acquaintance. Have you?"

"If you were not called my nephew, Louis Hunter, I'd knock you down for that remark. No—I don't know that I ever saw General Lopez before; but I should consider it an honor to have such a man look at me. Just look at him now—I'll be swallowed by sea-serpents if he ain't smiling! O, the brave man!—may Heaven receive him. I wish I dared to take off my hat to him. I really believe he's looking right at me."

The bluff and impulsive sailor's mistake was perfectly natural. In that awful moment, upon the verge of death, with his fleeting thoughts turned upon fair Cuba for which he was to die, the eyes of General Lopez, as they surveyed the vast concourse, were arrested by a familiar and friendly face. His own expressive face lighted up at the sight; something like a smile visited it; one last affectionate look he gave to him he had recognized, before the black curtain of death descended between him and that glorious September day.

The man who had arrested his attention was not the sailor. It was the man in the sombrero and white duck suit, who stood just in front of the sailor.

PART I.—CHAPTER III. A BOLD ESCAPE.

In the last chapter it was stated that

this man kept his eyes fixed on the face of General Lopez, and that he threw back his great hat, so that his vision might be unobstructed. He closely watched every movement upon the platform, and bent his head eagerly forward to hear. The tones of the victim as he entreated permission to speak to the throng were low, and did not reach as far as where this earnest watcher stood; but the harsh voice of the tyrannical officer who refused this last request was pitched in a high key, and the man clinched his fists as he heard the words. Some powerful feeling controlled him. His face grew red and pale by turns; his-breath came quick and then labored. He saw Lopez seated in the fatal chair, and his teeth ground together with rage. Suddenly—could it be?—yes, those dark, luminous eyes were fixed upon his own face, a faint smile of recognition greeted him. Further than this, he knew that the patriot General dared not recognize him, for fear of imperiling his safety, but this was enough. The heart of the watcher swelled with pride and grief; his eyes moistened; a mist swam before him. Then the dying cry of the patriot thrilled him through and through—ah, how often had he heard it before, in words of affection and friendship, and in loud ringing tones upon the battle-field! He heard the harsh command of the officer, the deafening roll of the drums; his head reeled, he would have fallen to the ground but for a strong effort which he put forth to control himself. When his senses were steady again he saw the patriot-martyr dead in the chair, the multitude heaving and swaying around him with excitement, and he heard the loud exclamation from the platform:

"So perish all enemies of Spain and Cuba! Viva Isabella! Viva Concha! Down with all filibusteros and renegades!"

Another loud and prolonged flourish of drums emphasized the proclamation, while from some hundreds of loyal throats came an approving huzza.

The sight, the words, the sounds threw the man with the sombrero into a transport of rage. The soldier-spirit stirred madly within him; he forgot his surroundings, he forgot his own feebleness; he remembered only that he had just seen Lopez bravely die, and had heard his ascending spirit basely insulted. Prudence, judgment, safety, all were thrown to the winds, as he flung his great hat in the air and shouted in a voice that rang like a trumpet through the Paseo:

"The memory of Narciso Lopez shall live forever! Cuba shall be free! Down with all Spaniards!"

The very audacity of the words seemed at first to strike everybody speechless. Then a murmur of wrath ran through the crowd, quickly swelling to a roar of rage and denunciation.

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

"Kill the filibustero! Down with the Americans! To the garrote with him!"

With such menacing cries as these the mob closed round the devoted man, and long knives were brandished in the air. Quickly the bayonets of the soldiers cleared away the crowd, and a Captain of the guard confronted the offender. The latter stood quietly with folded arms, a look of defiance resting on his handsome face.

"Speak," said the Captain, in broken English. "Who are you?"

"An American."

"We might know *that!* Fellow, were you with Lopez or Crittenden?"

The man returned no answer; he stood proudly before his enemies,



"I AM AN AMERICAN."

neither admitting nor denying his identity. The Captain, sword in hand, was closely searching his face, when a sudden light came into his eyes.

"By Heaven, I've seen you before!" he exclaimed. "You were in the fight at Las Pozas—confess, is it not so?"

Still no answer. The man's eyes never quailed, but he spoke not.

"Ah," exclaimed the Captain, "I understand your disguise now. Oblige me by removing that hair, Senor Filibustero!"

The man laughed, actually laughed at the announcement of this discovery, and with one motion of his hand tore off the great wig that covered his head and shoulders. He stood revealed now, a man of about twenty-five, with closely-cropped brown hair, a ruddy face, bright, sparkling eyes, and a powerful though slender frame.

"You are right," he said, in a clear, firm voice. "Concealment is useless now; I am what you say. I was with Lopez in his glorious if unfortunate attempt, and I wanted to be near him in his death. I fought with him at Las Pozas—and I am proud of it. Do your worst.

The Captain went back to the platform to report this strange occurrence to the General, and to receive his orders. In a few moments he returned,

and placing a soldier with a fixed bayonet at each side of the prisoner, and sending a platoon ahead to open a path through the crowd, he detached a company from the nearest battalion, and gave the order to march.

Slowly the dense throng opened to the right and left, and the prisoner was conducted through it. Imprecations were showered upon him, and some weapons were shaken at him; but the bayonets of the guard protected him from violence. The eager crowd closed up solidly behind the soldiers and followed them, and many were borne unwillingly along by the mere presence and rush. Among these were Louis Hunter and his uncle. The episode just described had occurred so near to them that they had seen and heard everything, and now they had some difficulty to keep their feet amid the tumult and rush. They were borne along by the press, and could do nothing but yield for the present. They were but a little way in the rear of the company, and the tall form and bare head of the prisoner were in plain sight.

And now occurred something, which in its successful daring has perhaps never been exceeded, the world over, in the annals of escapes. How it could have happened, how it was done, seemed little short of a mystery; and there are elderly men in Havana to-day who will tell you with bated breath of the daring escape of "El Americano Filibustero," on the day that Lopez was garroted, and express their opinion that he was in league with the devil!

The advance platoon had cleared the square and proceeded some distance along one of the principal streets that entered it. The Captain, marching just before the prisoner and his guard, had reached one of those narrow, alley-like streets so common in Havana, which branch off from the principal thoroughfares. An exclamation and a scuffle behind him caused him quickly to turn. Before he could comprehend what had happened, he was felled senseless by a blow from the butt of a musket. A man darted from the street into the alley. The Lieutenant, perceiving a halt, and seeing the confusion, hurried from the flank of the company up to the head, and found that the prisoner had escaped. "Which way?" he cried; and when twenty voices replied: "Into the alley," he commanded the soldiers to fire that way. For two minutes a rattling and useless fusillade was kept up—useless, except that three or four persons were wounded, whose first knowledge of the trouble came from the bullets that struck them. To the consternation and rage of the officers it was clear that the prisoner was out of sight.

The whole affair had occurred so suddenly and unexpectedly, as well as so quickly, that even those who saw every motion that was made, including Louis Hunter and his uncle, had



THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

some difficulty in describing it accurately. It seemed tolerably clear, however, that, as the prisoner came near to the alley, he had suddenly tripped up one of his guards, knocked down the other, felled the Captain with one of the muskets and sprung into the alley.

All was uproar and confusion. The crowd continued to pour into the street, and rumors of what had happened ran like wild-fire back to the Paseo, which the troops were leaving. The whole force was at once broken up into squads and sent forth to scour the city; drums resounded, half the garrison was turned out under arms; and soon the loud boom of a gun from the ramparts of the Moro told Havana and all the country round that a prisoner had escaped. The alley and every house in it were thoroughly searched; but no discovery was made. It was expected by some of the officers that the recapture would be easy, since the fugitive had been plainly seen by thousands, and being bareheaded and dressed in white, any attempt to secure other clothing would certainly betray him. But at dark of that day he had not been found, nor had any thing tangible been heard of him.

When at last the two Americans whom we have seen at the Paseo were able to disentangle themselves from the crowd, they began to make their way down to the quay. Their progress was slow. Squads of soldiers patrolled every street, and they were often halted and commanded to give an account of themselves. On these occasions Louis Hunter would stand carelessly by with his hands in his pockets, while the sailor, who had been prepared by the latter events of the day to act and talk temperately, would pull some folded papers from his breast-pocket, and declared

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"So perish all enemies of Spain and Cuba! Viva Isabella! Viva Concha! Down with all filibusteros and renegades!"

Another loud and prolonged flourish of drums emphasized the proclamation, while from some hundreds of loyal throats came an approving huzza.

The sight, the words, the sounds threw the man with the sombrero into a transport of rage. The soldier-spirit stirred madly within him; he forgot his surroundings, he forgot his own feebleness; he remembered only that he had just seen Lopez bravely die, and had heard his ascending spirit basely insulted. Prudence, judgment, safety, all were thrown to the winds, as he flung his great hat in the air and shouted in a voice that rang like a trumpet through the Paseo:

"The memory of Narciso Lopez shall live forever! Cuba shall be free! Down with all Spaniards!"

The very audacity of the words seemed at first to strike everybody speechless. Then a murmur of wrath ran through the crowd, quickly swelling to a roar of rage and denunciation.

LOWELL LEDGER SUPPLEMENT.

"Kill the filibustero! Down with the Americans! To the garrote with him!"

With such menacing cries as these the mob closed round the devoted man, and long knives were brandished in the air. Quickly the bayonets of the soldiers cleared away the crowd, and a Captain of the guard confronted the offender. The latter stood quietly with folded arms, a look of defiance resting on his handsome face.

"Speak," said the Captain, in broken English. "Who are you?"

"An American."

"We might know that! Fellow, were you with Lopez or Crittenden?"

The man returned no answer; he stood proudly before his enemies,



"I AM AN AMERICAN."

neither admitting nor denying his identity. The Captain, sword in hand, was closely searching his face, when a sudden light came into his eyes.

"By Heaven, I've seen you before!" he exclaimed. "You were in the fight at Las Pozas—confess, is it not so?"

Still no answer. The man's eyes never quailed, but he spoke not.

"Ah," exclaimed the Captain, "I understand your disguise now. Oblige me by removing that hair, Senor Filibustero!"

The man laughed, actually laughed at the announcement of this discovery, and with one motion of his hand tore off the great wig that covered his head and shoulders. He stood revealed now, a man of about twenty-five, with closely-cropped brown hair, a ruddy face, bright, sparkling eyes, and a powerful though slender frame.

"You are right," he said, in a clear, firm voice. "Concealment is useless now; I am what you say. I was with Lopez in his glorious if unfortunate attempt, and I wanted to be near him in his death. I fought with him at Las Pozas—and I am proud of it. Do your worst."

The Captain went back to the platform to report this strange occurrence to the General, and to receive his orders. In a few moments he returned,

and placing a soldier with a fixed bayonet at each side of the prisoner, and sending a platoon ahead to open a path through the crowd, he detached a company from the nearest battalion, and gave the order to march.

Slowly the dense throng opened to the right and left, and the prisoner was conducted through it. Imprecations were showered upon him, and some weapons were shaken at him; but the bayonets of the guard protected him from violence. The eager crowd closed up solidly behind the soldiers and followed them, and many were borne unwillingly along by the mere presence and rush. Among these were Louis Hunter and his uncle. The episode just described had occurred so near to them that they had seen and heard everything, and now they had some difficulty to keep their feet amid the tumult and rush. They were borne along by the press, and could do nothing but yield for the present. They were but a little way in the rear of the company, and the tall form and bare head of the prisoner were in plain sight.

And now occurred something, which in its successful daring has perhaps never been exceeded, the world over, in the annals of escapes. How it could have happened, how it was done, seemed little short of a mystery; and there are elderly men in Havana to-day who will tell you with bated breath of the daring escape of "El Americano Filibustero," on the day that Lopez was garroted, and express their opinion that he was in league with the devil!

The advance platoon had cleared the square and proceeded some distance along one of the principal streets that entered it. The Captain, marching just before the prisoner and his guard, had reached one of those narrow, alley-like streets so common in Havana, which branch off from the principal thoroughfares. An exclamation and a scuffle behind him caused him quickly to turn. Before he could comprehend what had happened, he was felled senseless by a blow from the butt of a musket. A man darted from the street into the alley. The Lieutenant, perceiving a halt, and seeing the confusion, hurried from the flank of the company up to the head, and found that the prisoner had escaped. "Which way?" he cried; and when twenty voices replied: "Into the alley," he commanded the soldiers to fire that way. For two minutes a rattling and useless fusillade was kept up—useless, except that three or four persons were wounded, whose first knowledge of the trouble came from the bullets that struck them. To the consternation and rage of the officers it was clear that the prisoner was out of sight.

The whole affair had occurred so suddenly and unexpectedly, as well as so quickly, that even those who saw every motion that was made, including Louis Hunter and his uncle, had



THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

some difficulty in describing it accurately. It seemed tolerably clear, however, that, as the prisoner came near to the alley, he had suddenly tripped up one of his guards, knocked down the other, felled the Captain with one of the muskets and sprang into the alley.

All was uproar and confusion. The crowd continued to pour into the street, and rumors of what had happened ran like wild-fire back to the Paseo, which the troops were leaving. The whole force was at once broken up into squads and sent forth to scour the city; drums resounded, half the garrison was turned out under arms; and soon the loud boom of a gun from the ramparts of the Moro told Havana and all the country round that a prisoner had escaped. The alley and every house in it were thoroughly searched; but no discovery was made. It was expected by some of the officers that the recapture would be easy, since the fugitive had been plainly seen by thousands, and being bareheaded and dressed in white, any attempt to secure other clothing would certainly betray him. But at dark of that day he had not been found, nor had any thing tangible been heard of him.

When at last the two Americans whom we have seen at the Paseo were able to disentangle themselves from the crowd, they began to make their way down to the quay. Their progress was slow. Squads of soldiers patrolled every street, and they were often halted and commanded to give an account of themselves. On these occasions Louis Hunter would stand carelessly by with his hands in his pockets, while the sailor, who had been prepared by the latter events of the day to act and talk temperately, would pull some folded papers from his breast-pocket, and declared: