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“**LITTLE CUBA;**”
OR,

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BEING

A TRUE STORY OF LOVE, WAR, AND STARTLING ADVENTURES.

The Massacre of the Young Students!

SHOOTING THE MEN FOUND ON THE AMERICAN SHIP “VIRGINIUS.”

SPANISH DEEDS OF BLOOD-CHILLING ATROCITY!

Miss MINNIE DALLAS, the daughter of a well-known and wealthy jeweller, at New York City, follows her lover to Cuba. He has been accused of being her father's murderer, but is innocent. The evidence against him, however, is strongly circumstantial, and he escapes from prison, with the assistance of his sweet-heart, quits the country, and joins the Cuban patriots. Shortly afterward, Miss Dallas follows him, in male disguise, and soon becomes the idol of the men struggling for their freedom, and by them she gains the sobriquet of “Little Cuba.” She performs many deeds of true bravery and acts of noble charity, and aids in clearing up the mystery surrounding her lover's life.

George H. Boardman

N.B.—The dramatic effects, striking situations, and all the ideas, in this book contained, have been copyrighted and worked into a drama bearing the above title, and it will be performed throughout the country.

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"LITTLE CUBA."

CHAPTER I.

THE JEWELLER'S CLERK—THE PLOT COMMENCES—THE "EVIL GENIUS."

BRIGHT and early, on the morning of October 17th, 1873, Tom Bird—*honest* Tom, as he was called by his numerous friends—entered upon his duties for the day, at the store of his employer, Mr. John G. Dallas, jeweller, on the Bowery, New York city. Tom had not been in the employ of Mr. Dallas more than three or four months, at the opening of our narrative; but as he had produced most excellent reference, as to steady character and honesty, he was, in everything pertaining to the business, fully trusted. Mr. Dallas had for many years been a well-to-do jeweller; was a man reputed wealthy, though by no means the possessor of as much money as many people gave him the credit of being. For a decade, at least, he had owned the house in which he lived, occupying the first floor as a store, and the upper stories as a dwelling for himself and daughter, his wife having died many years since. Tom Bird was a fine, able-bodied, noble looking fellow, one whom sensible young ladies would certainly term handsome; and his honest face, with its decisive features, and clear blue eyes, certainly deserved the *sobriquet* which his friends were pleased, in their admiration, to bestow upon him. The young gentleman whom we have thus in all sincerity complimented, acted as clerk and salesman for Mr. Dallas, and at night he slept in the store, acting also as a sort of watchman. Young Bird, unlike most young men of his age, had not waded in the whirling stream of excitement termed "amusement," "seeing the elephant," etc., so easily found by the seeker in our great metropolis, who is the possessor of a well-filled purse. On the contrary, *his* amusements were of the most rational kind, spending one night in the week at a theatre and remaining at home during the other nights, occupying himself with some good novel, work of science, or the study of history. Let it not be supposed, however, that our friend was a *tame* young fellow—far from it. He loved excitement, and where occasion demanded it, he would display great courage and firmness. We have described him at some length, and perhaps tired our readers, but they will excuse us when we inform them that he will fill, in this narrative, a part second only to "Little Cuba."

On the morning herein previously referred to, Tom was seated upon his high stool at the desk, and was poring over a column of figures in the ledger, when there entered a man of singularly sinister expression, yet whose appearance was stylish to a degree, both as regards dress and features. Now we trust the term "stylish" will be taken in its *true* sense, which is nothing less than *vulgar*. This man might have been mistaken for a gentleman, by some, but the real gentleman is not estimated by the clothes that he may wear, but rather by his character and quiet demeanor; whereas the subject of our remarks was too lavish in a display of jewelry, and "the manners of a gentleman sat not upon him." In talking his voice grated harshly upon the ear, and his whole *personnel* discovered, to the experienced eye, the man in his true colors—those of rogue, gambler, and adventurer.

We but add, in our description of this villain, that his appearance was that of a foreigner, a Spaniard, in fact; and this was fully accounted for by those who knew him, it being whispered that he, Carlos Gonzales, was the son of a Spanish conspirator who had been executed recently at Madrid. It was further stated that Carlos Gonzales was of American birth, and had resided part of the time in this country, and part in Spain, thus obtaining a complete mastery of the languages of both countries.

"Good morning, Mr. Bird," said Carlos, smilingly displaying a set of handsome white teeth.

"Same to you, sir," replied Tom; and he asked: "Can I do anything for you this morning? Don't want to purchase another diamond pin, do you; or anything in our line?"

"No, my friend, I have not as yet taken a fancy to any of your new stock, but I have taken a *decided* fancy to you, Mr. Bird, and should delight in your friendship."

"Strange fancy *that*, I should say. Why, of what benefit or pleasure can my friendship prove to you? Twelve dollars per week and the income of a wealthy gentleman are scarcely companionable."

"That opinion does honor to your head and heart, señor; but nevertheless 'tis a false one, born of the exacting world in which we live. My means of enjoying life are abundant. 'Tis not every man I would seek as a companion in my pleasures, but I trust that you will yet honor me with your company; indeed, it was with that object in view that I have paid this visit. I have secured a box at the Grand Opera House for this evening, and came to invite you to accompany me."

Tom Bird meditated a short time before he made answer. This man was to him a comparative stranger. True, he had several times made purchases at Mr. Dallas' store, and had raised that gentleman's opinion of his customer to par at least, when on one occasion he bought a costly diamond pin, paying for it in a careless manner, which seemed to say, "Oh, this is an everyday thing with me; I buy these trifles to fill in time," etc.

"Mr. Gonzales," said Tom, "I appreciate your kindness, but cannot accept your invitation."

"Oh, very well; some other time will answer. You will soon learn that my friendship for you has not been *lightly* bestowed," and with these words, he of the raven locks took his departure. He had scarcely turned the corner, when he was joined by a thick-set, repulsive-featured, and rather roughly dressed man, whose appearance on the scene at this moment was evidently not expected, to judge from the reception he met.

"Curse you, for a stupid, blundering fool, Dan Rhoady. Have you no better sense than to salute me in the open street, where the lynx-like eyes of these New York detectives may even now be upon us! In the future I desire that you keep aloof from me, when in public; should I want you, I shall come or send for you!"

"Looker here, me fine sport, you're 'weeding the speek' a little kinder too large. You want to know *why* I'm 'shadowing' you, now don't yer? Well, I'll tell yer. Yer see, you're playing a mighty 'winded' game, or yer aint, and that's the pint that I want to 'tumble' to. You and me is 'pards,' and as we is pards I wants to lend a hand, and at the same time look after yer, for it wouldn't be the first time you've 'done' me; and if yer does 'do' me, I'll be ready to 'drop' to it in plenty time."

"Dan, you wrong me; your caution is not needed. I am now playing a deep game, and necessarily, I must be allowed time to shuffle my cards properly. This affair will enrich us both, by several thousand dollars, and you must not interfere if you would be successful. I have a plan—no Dan, don't look in that manner, it is *not* a murder—I have a plan, I say, by which we may, with safety to ourselves, secure a good round sum of money. Don't spoil the mess, is my warning to you. Now leave me; but be on hand to-night at 'Bulter's,' at eight, sharp!"

"Well, Cap, I'll vamoose; but I tell yer one thing, and this is it, if as how yer ever goes back on me, I'll have yer life for it; so square or nothin' is the word."

And with many a look intended for "I'm your match," this beautiful cutthroat took his departure. He had scarcely disappeared, and Carlos was still meditating what move to make next, when on looking up he beheld Miss Minnie Dallas, daughter of the jeweller, approaching.

Now although his acquaintance with the lady was but slight, the adventurer did not hesitate to salute her as an old friend, and to actually accompany her in her homeward walk. This is generally the case; the bold "man of the world" (*villain* of the world is a more appropriate term) will rush in where honest, well-meaning men fear to tread.

Minnie Dallas, sweet, lovely Minnie, and Carlos Gonzales, side by side! What a striking picture! The lamb and the wolf, and the wolf not even in sheep's clothing—only in that of a *gentleman* (?)

"Miss Dallas has no objection to my accompanying her, I trust."

"If I *had*, Mr. Gonzales, 'twould scarcely be the proper time to mention it now, as you have already walked with me some two or three blocks," answered Minnie.

"Is there a hidden meaning beneath those words, Miss Dallas?"

"Mr. Gonzales," she replied, "you must be fully aware that it is scarcely proper that you should thus suddenly claim, and seize upon, the privileges of a friend or even an acquaintance. We have met each other but twice, and you can barely claim to have been introduced to me; if so much, as when we met, I was acting in the capacity of saleslady in my father's store, and you were a purchaser."

"This is not, I trust, intended for the cut direct. I am a comparative stranger in this country, and have but few acquaintances—fewer friends. If I have stepped beyond the 'everyday etiquette' line, in thus presuming to accompany you a few blocks—our destination being in the same direction—I sincerely hope that Miss Dallas will overlook the unintended breach of manners. Your father is a gentleman whom I greatly respect, and for his lovely, amiable daughter—excuse my rapture, 'tis a part of my nature—I can have no lighter feelings."

"Sir, I consider this language as being, at least, on the verge of impertinence. You will oblige me by its discontinuance."

"I beg pardon, then, for having addressed you thus. Good day, Miss Dallas. When you *know* me, you will think better of me."

Lifting his hat, and bowing politely, oh *so* politely, this most potent player of many parts retired from the scene, and from Minnie there escaped an audible sigh of relief. Brave, high-minded girl that she was, she thoroughly detested the man who had presumed to address her. Without knowing anything against him, her finer nature rebelled when brought in contact with his. 'Twas the instinct of a virtuous mind; that noble body-guard which is ever present with such women as Minnie Dallas.

Perhaps our readers would like a description of this true heroine of every-day life—plain, good girl that she is—but we shall not attempt it; utter failure would be our portion; and besides, why give *our* ideal of a lovely woman, when in all probability it would not be that of the readers. Let each of our gentlemen readers imagine her such a woman as the one he loves, and all will have a satisfactory heroine; for it is our wish that for a short time, each of you identify your lady-love in *this* one; or at least, for a while, prove a little inconstant to the old flame, and love this new one which we present you, as much as *we* do, and as much as do *all* who know her. It is hardly possible, however, that you can peruse the pages which follow, in which are recounted her many sacrifices, a woman's bravery, and the working of a true heart, without idolizing our "Little Cuba."

CHAPTER II.

GUS DOBSON, ESQ.—TOM MORALIZES—GUS DISCHARGES HIMSELF—THE LOVERS.

NOW to go back to our friend Bird, who is ever ready to take his cue and appear upon the scene of action. Tom, we find, is still at that ledger, struggling against those awful figures which he has many times mastered, and will again. Patient, steady Tom, work on; your day is not far distant; you have many adventures to experience, dangers to encounter, false friends to make, and must look even upon the darkest side of human nature, ere we can pronounce you 'true to the core;' but we fear not for *thee*, friend Tom; thou art indeed a *noble*, who will yet show letters patent, written on the pure face of nature.

"Hello, Tom, 'old rocks,' how goes it?" The speaker had just entered, and Tom was somewhat startled at the salutation. "Little" Gus Dobson, some of his friends called him; while others amused themselves by applying to him such names as "Shorty Dob," "Gus the Masher," "Squab Dobson," and many others more expressive and less elegant. Gus—we have his portrait, life size, in our mind's eye—was a character indeed, and a very broad one at that. He *was* small, 'tis very true, but he didn't *feel* small, for the fact cannot be long concealed that Gus thought very highly of himself. It was no uncommon thing for him to talk about putting "heads" on men at least a foot and a-half taller than himself; and his description of various encounters in which *he* nightly figured as the hero, was sufficient to take away the breath of any man—who believed him. The fact is, our diminutive friend was really aching for something astonishing in the way of adventure; and as he had never, as yet, met with any of a startling kind, his highly wrought imagination supplied the want. At the time our narrative opens, Gus Dobson, Esq.—the Esquire being a little innocent title which he invariably added to his name, both in writing and when speaking of it—Gus had, we were about to remark, recently obtained a position in Mr. Dallas' store as—well, most *anything*, and "salary no object."

"Well, Gussie, how are *you*, this morning?"

"Oh, first rate; but look here, Tom, I don't like that 'Gussie,' it sounds too boyish. Now I know that I'm with Mr. Dallas to learn the business—which means to run errands—but that's because my 'Governor' is rich; for, don't you see, if he wasn't I should be working on a salary just as you are. Besides, 'old boy,' I'm nearly twenty, and flatter myself that I've seen a little of the world."

"Admitted. Well?"

"Why, you see I'm *correct* with a 'K,'" continued Gus; and he added,



Carlos Gonzales, the Spanish Adventurer, and his Accomplice, murder Mr. Dallas, the Diamond Merchant.
Carlos Gonzales, der spanische Abenteuerer, und sein Verbündeter morden Mr. Dallas, den Juwelenhändler.

"I'm up to the very best, double-extracted, eye-teething Scotch snuff, and I do my own sneezing. I smoke my 'Partagas,' drink nothing but the best of liquors, and I know a girl or two. Come, Mr. Sedate, I'll bet you I know more of 'life' than you do."

"Ah, but the life you refer to means *death*. Beware how you court it; for 'tis but a fickle coquette, all smiles to-day, ghastly perhaps upon the very morrow."

"Ah now, *don't*. You're always in the lecture field whenever I mention anything about 'fun,' and all that sort of thing. Why you pile up the agony six stories high with a French roof, whenever I drop in across the way and take a drink," said Dobson.

"My young friend, I have no inclination to throw cold water upon the class of amusements which you so freely indulge in; but I do dislike, very much, to see a young man with such bright prospects as you have, rush blindly on to what must soon prove your destruction, if persisted in. 'Take a drink?' how commonplace it sounds; and yet what misery, what untold grief, and bitter unshed tears, may be hidden in the after-path of him who accepts the invitation. Many a fine fellow, with superior talents, great accomplishments, and friends eager to assist him up the ladder of fame; many such, have I seen go down wretchedly to their graves, unknown to that world in which they might have stood bright ornaments; forgotten by all, wept for by none; and this was the effects of strong drink, moderately indulged in at first; its effects not visible *then*, but slowly, *surely* the demon creeps in, destroys mind and body, and only leaves the wreck it has made, when the last timber has floated upon the dark river that leads only to the mighty ocean of despair and *death*."

"That's an awful way of putting it, Tom. I guess I'll 'let up' on heavy drinks and take to 'beer, beer, good lager beer,'" sang Gus, "and ring in only once a day on that—say about *lunch time*," he added.

"Well, well, we will talk no more on that subject," said Tom.

"Yea, but I'm *serious*, I'm going to reform. It shall never be said of Gus Dobson, Esq., that he knocked down any ornaments; or went down to his grave without knowing any one, forgotten by all, and *unswept* by none; a perfect canal-boat wreck, whose last timber floats upon the dark ocean's stream, in company with much despair and more death."

"You've got that slightly mixed, but never mind, I hope you *mean* well."

"I do, in peace; and I'm going to be a professional man right away. A lawyer; that's the ticket for me to snatch. I'll leave old Dallas this day."

"Don't be hasty, Gus," said Tom.

"Correct, with a 'K'; I don't intend to be hasty, but I'm going to study law at once with old Buncome, a rich, rare, and racy attorney, and an old friend of the 'Governor's.' 'Bunky' wanted me to go into his office about a year ago; but I wanted to get into a store, so that I could 'mash' the

girls. I'm over that now. I'm on a bee line to wealth and affluence; so good-bye, 'old fel'; give my love to Miss Minnie Dallas, and tell the boss I've discharged him."

"Shall we see you now and then?"

"Correct, with a 'K,' you certainly will; and when you want any legal advice, call upon Augustus Dobson, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, No. —, don't know the street yet."

"So you're off?"

"Correct, with a 'K'; I am, you bet,—'so long,' Tom, I'll not forget you in my prayers, and I'll paste you in my dreams," and he thus suddenly, quitted the store, and his occupation, for with him everything conceived was acted upon the impulse of the moment.

"That's a strange fellow," mused Tom; "but he's by no means a bad one. Ah, good morning, Miss Dallas," for at this moment that young lady entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Bird. Quite well, I hope?"

"Oh yes, I am; that is, I—I might say that—" and he came to a full stop, leaving his uncouth sentence unfinished. Thus it ever was when these two met. She was quite at ease in his presence, only *apparently* though, for the fair sex are skilled, generally, in hiding the emotions of the heart beneath a cheerful, careless expression. Alas, poor Tom, *he* could not conceal the fact that he was deeply, *desperately* in love with Minnie. There had been no declaration of that kind however made by him, and he knew not if he might *hope* that, at no distant day, she would be his to love, honor and protect.

A few remarks on her part, and many blushes, and much conversational stumbling on his, ended the interview. As soon as she was gone he remembered what he *intended* to say, but could not; and even *his* good temper was somewhat ruffled. While in this humor, we will leave him, for a time, and introduce to the reader's notice Mr. John G. Dallas. He was a man of commanding mien, a high forehead, and the rays of uncommon intellectuality illumed a face in which was centred a look of mildness, and yet great firmness of character; a man who would stop at nothing when he knew or fancied himself to be on the right side. Such in brief was the father of Minnie. To say that he loved his daughter does not convey an adequate meaning; he *idolized* her, and being an only child, it is reasonable to be supposed that she was just a little spoiled; in other words, her slightest wish was law—that must be immediately enforced if you would please her father. But although these influences worked a somewhat injurious effect upon Miss Dallas, they failed entirely to change or stop a single natural beating of her warm, pure heart, which went out in great, deep love for the poor and afflicted around her.

The advantages of a most excellent education had been hers, and she had early made a judicious use of them. Besides the accomplishments, and to-be-taken-for-granted education of a young lady in her position, she had

gained a good practical knowledge of the French, Spanish, and German languages, the two former of which she spoke quite fluently. Almost as we have described him, Mr. Dallas hurriedly entered the store.

"Mr. Bird," said he, "I wish you would go in search of Mr. Gonzales. I have just discovered that a trick has been played upon me; the diamonds in the pin which we, last week, sold to the Spanish gentleman were nothing but an ingenious imitation, which deceived even my practised eyes. We must give him the genuine ones in place of those he now possesses. Unless I can obtain redress from the clever French scoundrels from whom I made my purchase, I shall be a heavy loser, but that is no reason why I should allow Mr. Gonzales to remain deceived, now that I have made the discovery. Please go at once to the Metropolitan—I think you will find him there—and request his immediate presence here, if possible."

Tom was off at once.

"That's a fine, honest and ever ready fellow," said Mr. Dallas, speaking to himself. "Such men are not plenty in New York, or elsewhere, I fear, and I fully appreciate my acquisition. Since he has been in my employ I have watched him closely when he little thought I was near, but never once did I detect an action to condemn him. The one night in the week which is his he 'fills in' very rationally indeed. If he were at all dissolute in his habits, or not over choice in his companions, I should discharge him at once. By the Lord Harry, it wouldn't do to allow a dissipated fellow to sleep in my store at night, let him be ever so honest; for either through his carelessness would I be the loser, or the temptation to obtain ample means to lead a reckless life, would prove irresistible, and he would fall, despite his honesty."

In this manner did the jeweller commune with himself, until the return of Tom, who soon entered, accompanied by Gonzales. Explanations were entered into, and everything satisfactorily arranged, after which Mr. Dallas left the store, on business, requiring his presence, as he said, up town. Tom and Carlos conversed together for some time, when the former suddenly remembered that he had promised to send home to a lady a breast-pin, left at the store to be mended. The young man who had that day "discharged the boss"—Gus. Dobson we refer to—was not to be thought of, to do the little errand, as by this time he was doubtless poring, with a relentless working of brain and eyes, over the intricacies of Blackstone or some other authority on law. In this predicament Tom concluded that he would first call Miss Dallas to attend the store, and himself carry the piece of jewelry to its owner, which he did. Bird and Gonzales left the store at the same time, and the latter inquired as to which direction the former would take, and upon learning it, suddenly discovered, or pretended to discover, that it was his, also. After Tom had found the house he was seeking, and had transacted his business, he was surprised to find that his companion in the walk was awaiting him. They soon reached Broadway, and presently Gonzales stopped before a cigar and sample room, at the same

time extending an invitation to "take something." Upon learning that Tom had recently formed a resolution *not* to "take something," he said:

"Let it be a cigar, then. Come!" As he spoke he entered, followed by Tom, who failed to consider the consequence of this simple act, which was the turning point of his life, the cause of much after misery and suffering. Ah, Tom, could you have but looked into the cruel future, have seen the danger now everywhere besetting your path, you would have hesitated, and turned your back upon this precursory step of much sorrow. But he did not—how could he?—see the plot laid for his destruction, nor realize the dreadful fate in store for him, hidden by its very self, and smoothly prepared for him by the oily tongue and influence of his evil genius—Carlos Gonzales. Events of a startling nature, and which will require all thy courage to battle, friend Tom, now crowd thick and fast about thee.

CHAPTER III.

THE JEWELLER DISCHARGES HIS CLERK—THE STOLEN KEYS—THE ROBBERY AND MURDER—TOM ACCUSED—STRONG CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IT was not long before the couple made their exit from the sample room; and when they reached the street they separated. Tom leisurely walked homeward; and upon his arrival was a little surprised to find Mr. Dallas returned, and the sole occupant of the store. A troubled look sat upon his employer's countenance, for which Tom could not account, as it was rarely that Mr. Dallas looked in this manner.

"Mr. Bird," commenced he, "I shall not require your services longer."

"I am indeed sorry," said Tom; and added, "for I have learned to look upon your house as my home; indeed, I have no other, and it will be painful to part with you and it."

"From this moment I wish no further conversation with you. You cannot—if you *could*, I'd not allow you—plead innocent of the knowledge that you have, this day, entered one of the vilest man-traps of this great metropolis—a *gambling hell*!"

"Sir, I swear to you—"

"Enough!" interrupted Mr. Dallas. "You must not attempt to deny what I, myself, witnessed. I desire that you quit my store and employ *at once*!" He was greatly excited; the perspiration stood out in large drops upon his forehead; and his face was each moment growing redder, caused by his suppressed anger and emotion.

Tom, wild with grief, at this sudden and unlooked for accusation, almost ran from the store. That he had been denied a hearing, and that his employer should believe for one moment that he was a *gambler*, worked him into such a frenzy that he knew not where he was going. Not until Mr.

Dallas had informed him as to the nature of the establishment he had entered in company with Gonzales, did he realize that it was a resort for black-legs. On, on, he rushed, heedless of all around; the demon of despair tugging at his heartstrings. People looked at him and wondered; and some remarked aloud, upon his strange conduct, but he neither heard nor saw them.

"My God, man! what is the matter with you?"

This was the first sound he heard, and looking round, he saw Carlos Gonzales approaching.

"Oh, why, why did you invite me into that cursed place?" asked Tom, in a very agonizing tone of voice.

"This is strange language; what mean you?"

"Great heaven! can you ask? Did you not lead me into a gambling house, which my employer saw me enter?"

"You talk wildly. If you refer to the saloon which we entered this afternoon, I can only say I was not aware that it was a place of that description. Come, man, drink some brandy. You will work yourself into a fever. Endeavor to calm yourself, I pray you," said this villain; and as he spoke he led Tom into a restaurant.

"Talk not to me of calmness. Do you know what I have lost? An employer's confidence destroyed, my life's early page blotted, and the respect of one whom I love better than life, lost to me forever. Yes, I'll drink, drink to the very dregs of this burning fluid, as I am now drinking in wretchedness. I care not what becomes of me; for I feel as if all the world were against me, and I against the world."

In this wild manner he talked on, and drank until his system refused its unusual work. He was rapidly becoming hopelessly intoxicated, when at length he paused in his madness, and said:

"I must go to him, and explain all. He shall, he *must* listen to me, for I will *force* him to—" As he uttered these words he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, and a bunch of keys fell upon the floor.

"Carlos Gonzales, those are the keys to Mr. Dallas' store; at least I must return *them*, and at once," cried he, excitedly.

"No, no, not now. Wait until you are calmer. You would certainly not wish to have Mr. Dallas see you while you are so excited; 'twould stamp you as a guilty man, in his eyes," said Carlos; and using persuasion of this kind, he picked up the keys, returned them to Tom, and finally prevailed upon him to drink again, and again, and then they quitted the saloon.

As they left the restaurant, a pale, anxious face, beautiful even in its distress, might have been seen just opposite—'twas that of Minnie Dallas. She had overheard the short conversation between Tom and her father; had heard the young man leave in great haste, and her whole soul in sympathy went out toward him. She could not believe him to be a gambler—a woman's intuition taught her that such could not be the case. 'Tis useless



Tom Bird, the Clerk, seizes Gonzales, the Spaniard, in the Act of robbing the Safe. The fearful Struggle.
 Tom Bird, der Clerk, pack Gonzales beim Erbrechen des Geldkoffers. Der furchtbare Kampf.

to further conceal the truth—she *loved* him. He knew it not, and *she* was but just awakening to the fact. The love of such a woman as our Minnie, is not idly bestowed; and he is indeed a lucky man who can secure such an affection—all warm, pure, trusting as it is, and surrounded by an impregnable wall of faith. The villain and his victim went arm in arm down the street, the latter speaking incoherently and leaning heavily upon the former. Minnie, from across the way, watched and followed. All sense of his surroundings was fast leaving Tom, and he was now an easy prey. Block after block did they traverse, now turning this corner, now that, until at last they reached a disreputable and dangerous portion of Green street. Into one of the houses in this neighborhood Gonzales entered, almost dragging his victim after him. Where is Minnie now? See! just in the shadow of the house opposite she stands! Brave girl, thou wilt not desert thy lover.

Over the door, painted upon red or stained glass, the observer beholds the word "Bulter's"—nothing else to indicate who, or what may be Bulter's occupation. The "sharp" ones, however, well know the nature of Budge Bulter's establishment; but as the doings of the proprietor and his regular visitors are varied, and to name which would not be pleasant to "ears polite," we shall not mention them.

It is not agreeable to our feelings to describe the motley crew assembled at Bulter's; nor do we intend to do so, as they have but very little bearing upon the plot of this narrative. Suffice it to say, that the first man whom the last arrivals met, upon entering, was Dan Rhoady—he of the beautiful "mug." This fellow, assisted by his more elegant accomplice in crime, conducted Tom to a room on the second floor, where he had not been long ere he became prostrated and stupefied. The villains now secured his keys, and left the house, leaving orders at the bar to detain him until the following morning. By this time the shades of night had fallen, and lamp-lights were visible here and there.

Minnie had seen Gonzales and Tom enter the man-trap, and afterwards she saw the former leave it, *without* the latter, but accompanied by Dan Rhoady. Her woman's wit was sorely puzzled at this; and she in vain endeavored to account for the strange proceedings. She still believed Tom innocent of all evil intentions, and rather looked upon him as the victim of a bold, bad man—for such, she was now confident, was the character of Gonzales. How foil the villains in their scheme, and what was the nature of that scheme, she failed to decide. Thus perplexed, she turned homeward; and arriving there, communicated her discovery to her father, declaring her belief in Tom's innocence. This had but the effect of more strongly convincing Mr. Dallas that he was on the right side, and had done well in ridding himself of the young man's services. A stormy scene ensued between father and daughter; and Minnie, early in the evening, retired to her room, weeping bitterly.

"Well, well," said Mr. Dallas; "was ever man so vexed. Here have I

lost a young man, in whom I placed every confidence; and to add to my trouble, I quarrel with my daughter, and make the startling discovery that she loves my discharged employé. In the morning," continued he, "I must find some one to fill his place. To-night I shall have to sleep in the store myself."

Strange as it may appear, he never once thought of the fact that Tom had a duplicate set of keys to the store, and that he had failed to return them when leaving.

The night was an unusually dark one, and rain was now falling. Four times had the hour hand of the large clock, which stood in the store, gone round since tea time; and Mr. Dallas closed for the night, first calling to Minnie, but receiving no answer.

"Poor girl," he said; "she has doubtless cried herself asleep. Well, well; perhaps I *was* a little severe with her. In the morning she will have forgotten all, and we shall see her face wreathed in sunny smiles. 'Tis ever thus with the young; troubles which appear to them as great ones, at first, are soon forgotten."

The lounge on which Tom had slept was now occupied by his late employer, who soon fell asleep.

"Tie toe," "tie toe," went the clock; "patter," "patter," fell the rain; and the wind rushed past the house in sweeping gusts, now returning and moaning, and then howling dismally. Windows rattled, and signs swung back and forward with their horrible "creak," "creak." Once more has the hour hand completed its circle, and now the rain falls in torrents; a very deluge, and the elements seem conspiring against the world below, threatening destruction at each moment. Peacefully sleeps the old man; no noise disturbs him, for he is a heavy sleeper.

Time flies fast, and ere we are aware of it, the bells ring out the hour of twelve. As the clock strikes, a policeman passing on his beat, tries the door, and this awakes Mr. Dallas, who cries, "All right, Charlie."

"All right? Whose there?"

"It's I," answers Mr. Dallas.

"Oh, all right; but where's Tom Bird? This isn't his night off?"

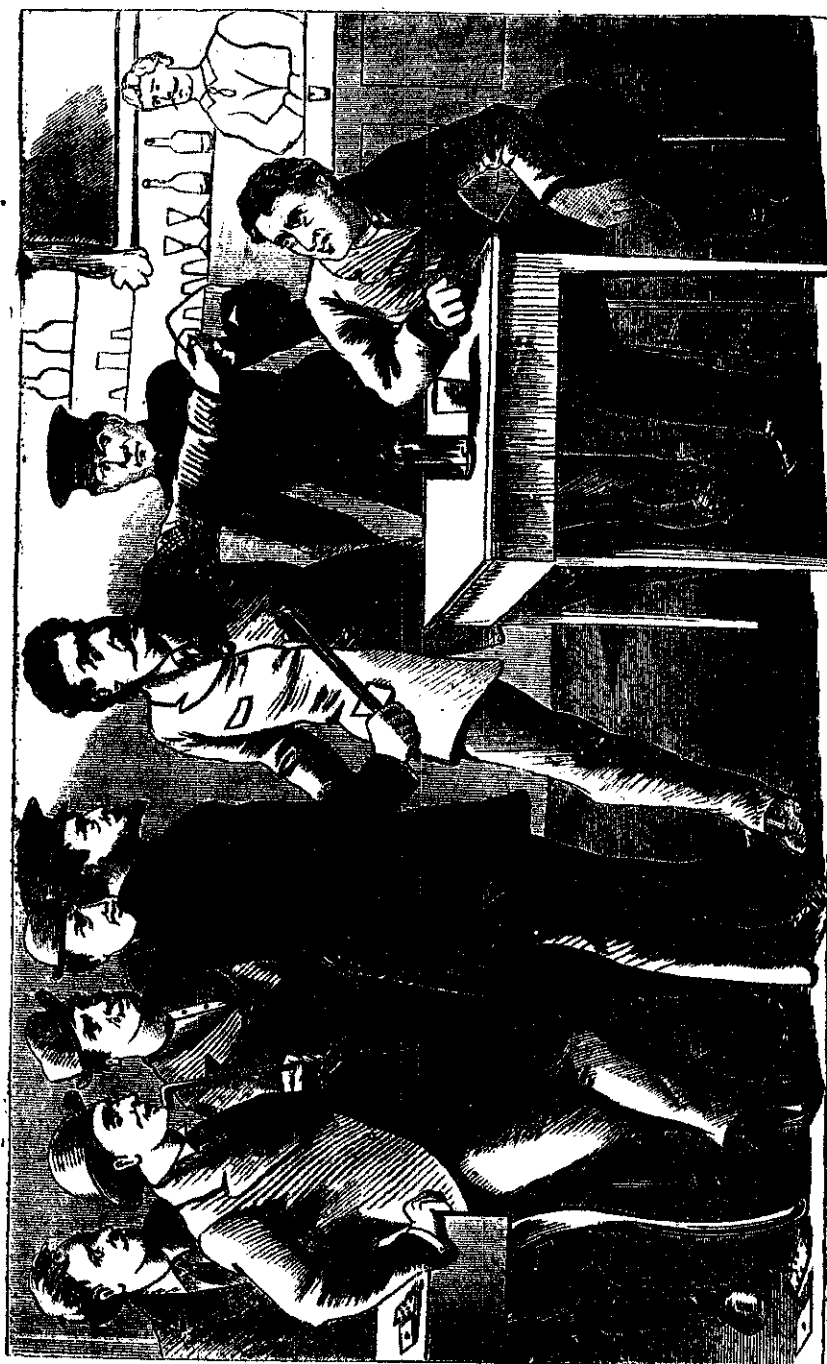
"Yes it is; for I've *discharged* him," laconically replies Mr. Dallas.

"Awful night!" shouts the officer, above the storm; and then moves on, trying each door as he goes.

"I don't envy that fellow's position much," said the old gent; and soon after he was in a sound sleep, one which proved his last.

"Take care," "look here," "take care," "look here," the clock seems to say; and its face speaks of the flying minutes.

The ticking of the clock, and heavy breathing of the sleeper, can be distinctly heard. The rain and wind still tell their tale of a fearful night without. But listen! *That* sounds like a key inserted in a lock. No, 'tis but fancy. Again that sound. Yes, there can be no mistaking it now. Softly, cautiously, some one turns a key in the store-door lock, from the



The ingenious Trick. The Spaniard foiled. "Why, that's not Tom Bird," said the Policeman.
Die klugfällige Täuschung. Der Spanier überunden. "Das ist doch nicht Tom Bird," sagte der Polyzist.

and then arrest him." And with this speech, which was not heard by the others, he hurriedly made his exit. His last words were spoken in *plain English*.

"I was, undoubtedly, correct in my surmises," whispered Tom to his friend, taking him aside. "And must make immediate preparation to elude the vigilance of that man." Tom called Hackle, and together they entered a door leading to another part of the house. Once out of sight of the party in the bar-room, Tom rapidly communicated to Toney a plan which he had just conceived. Everything was arranged, and the card-players again beheld Tom enter and seat himself at the same table. Presently the German appears, accompanied by two policemen. Going up to Dobson, he remarked: "Yaw, dot was a werry nice leedle game, dot 'bluff;' but, gentlemen" (this he spoke in good English), "the game is now *played*. No use, my young clerk" (he now addressed Tom); "you are our prisoner! You know *me*!"

As he uttered these words he walked toward Tom, and removing the huge whiskers, back of which the face of the supposed German had been concealed, Gonzales, the Spaniard, stood before him.

"Carlos Gonzales!" cried Gus.

"The same!" he replied; and added, "My friends, you are perhaps not aware of the select companion we have here. This is the murderer of Mr. John Dallas, the jeweller. Behold!" The Spaniard suddenly jerked off the wig and whiskers, which had disguised Tom, and shouted:

"Tom Bird, the assassin, stands before you!" And he looked around in triumph upon the assembled men, but never glanced at the one from whom he had removed the disguise.

"Why, that's not Tom Bird," said Charlie, the policeman.

Startled at this assertion, Gonzales turned, and with a look of surprise discovered that the man from whom he had torn the wig and beard was not Tom, but a perfect stranger to him.

"I have been tricked!" he muttered; and added, "What game is this?"

"Why, this,"—replied our friend Gus, imitating the assumed dialect of Carlos—"This is dot leedle game of bluff, and *that*" (pointing at the man recently disguised to represent Tom) "is a heavy 'blind' which you can't 'see,' as we hold a 'straight flush.'"

"Damnation!" hissed Gonzales.

Gus jumped upon the table and shouted, "Correct with a 'K,'" and breaking into a dance, he asked, "How are you, *half-Spanish*?"

Carlos left the place in great anger, and with a look of baffled revenge. The officers searched the house, but could find nothing of Tom.

He had made good his time, and placed a good distance between himself and pursuers.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM AND MINNIE—GAME OF "BLUFF" RESUMED—TWO "PAIR"—THE ALTERED TELEGRAM—A VILLAIN FOILED—PIER 27 NORTH RIVER—THE LAST CARD TRUMPED—TOM EN ROUTE TO CUBA.

TOM, who had now changed his disguise, we find at the house of his late employer. In his despair he knew not where to go; but actuated by a desire to see Minnie once again, he entered his former home, and was by her concealed in a large closet, or store-room, with a window in it, looking upon the yards in the rear of the house.

Miss Dallas, all wrapped in grief as she was, still had courage and presence of mind enough to assist her lover.

The dead jeweller lay in his coffin, in the room below, and the house of mourning had yet to be the scene of stirring events.

Tom had barely succeeded in hiding himself when Minnie was surprised at beholding a very unwelcome visitor—no less than Carlos Gonzales.

"I beg pardon," said he, "for intruding upon Miss Dallas in this her hour of deep affliction, but I come as a friend, who would extend the sympathy of such, and offer you his services."

At this moment, Tom, who had not heard anyone enter, and supposed Minnie to be alone, opened the door of the closet, and to his great surprise beheld the Spaniard.

"This," cried Carlos, "is an unexpected pleasure;" and he drew a pair of pistols as he spoke, pointing them at Tom. "Ha, ha!" he laughed; "the little game of 'bluff' reaches its conclusion. You will acknowledge I hold a good hand this time, for see, I have a fine 'pair' now," he said, referring to the pistols which he held.

In the meantime Minnie, quick as thought, seized a pair of revolvers hanging upon the wall, and as she did so, Gus Dobson entered, heard the remark of Gonzales, and taking in the whole situation at a glance, produced two six-shooters, and shouted:

"Two pair; beats your hand all hollow, mister man!"

Gonzales, completely surrounded, taken by surprise, and utterly crest-fallen, dropped his pistols upon the floor, and felt anything but comfortable.

Tom seized upon this opportunity to make good his escape. He entered the closet, threw up the window-sash, and found but little difficulty in reaching the grape-vine arbor in the yard below. Once upon the ground he breathed more freely, and lost no time in leaving the place. It was well for him that he left as he did, for a moment afterward a detective, accom-

panied by two policemen, entered the room which he had just quitted. Gonzales, upon beholding the new arrivals, regained his bravado manner; and having in a few hurried words given the officers to understand that the accused murderer of the jeweller had just leaped through the open window, he sprang forward, calling upon them to follow.

Their pursuit, however, proved fruitless; and, returning, Minnie had the satisfaction of knowing that Tom had escaped.

It is useless and by no means pleasant for us to dwell upon the great grief of Minnie, as her father's corpse was carried from the house, a day or two after the above events.

The Cuba-bound vessel in which Tom was to have taken passage, for some reason, was delayed, and the funeral of Mr. Dallas had taken place before the captain of the "Polly Ann" could positively state when he would be prepared to sail.

The time had now come for immediate action, on the part of Tom and his friends, if they wished to assist him to leave the country.

From pier 27, on a dark and disagreeable night, the staunch little schooner was taken in tow, and in an hour or so after was making good time toward her destination.

The man on board, whom we see standing aft, and who looks every inch a sailor, is our friend Bird.

Now to go back to Minnie. On the same day the "Polly Ann" set sail, Miss Dallas had gone to a friend's house not far from her own home, and before she had walked two blocks she observed Carlos Gonzales following her at a short distance. At least, her agitated state of mind caused her to fancy that such might be the case, and she determined to watch the Spaniard closely.

Arriving at the house of her friend, she rang the bell, and was admitted. As she entered she looked around and saw Carlos standing just across the street. Once in the house she explained matters to the lady upon whom she had called, and left through a back door leading into the yard, and thence through a gate, and found herself in a small back street. She then turned several corners and came again upon the main street. There stood Gonzales with his eyes fixed upon the house into which he had seen her enter. Going into a store opposite, she made a purchase of some trifle, and sat herself upon a chair in such a manner as to enable her to observe every motion of the villain across the way. For nearly two hours he remained stationed in front of the house, and Minnie was still watching him, when he was joined by Dan Rhoady. This worthy evidently communicated something of a startling nature to his accomplice, for the latter almost immediately left, and walked hurriedly toward Broadway.

Rhoady now stationed himself before the residence of Minnie's friend. Miss Dallas, suspecting that the sudden departure of the Spaniard could mean no good, concluded to follow him at all hazards.

She soon neared him, having never once taken her eyes from him since he left his post. Gonzales, having reached the lower part of Broadway, entered a branch office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Minnie let fall her heavy veil, and followed him.

In an excited manner he rushed up to a desk, or counter, at which sat the operator, a very calm young man, who with everybody and everything around him in a state of to-be-hurried-through business, yet retained a perfect command of his senses; asked and answered questions in a manner sufficient to drive anxious message senders to desperation.

Carlos hastily scribbled off a message, which when completed he read aloud, and as follows:

To GEO. W. MATSELL,
Superintendent of Police.

Bird, the escaped murderer, has taken passage on a Cuba-bound vessel, which sails this night. He is disguised as a common sailor. Send officers to Pier 27, North river, if you would secure him. Don't delay!

Signed. CARLOS GONZALES,
Residence. Metropolitan Hotel,
New York city.

"Send this message *at once*, young man!" said Carlos. "Thirty-six words."

"Fifty-seven cents," replied the telegraph operator.

The clerk then carelessly threw the message on the counter, and pocketed the money. Gonzales left the office, without having seen Minnie, who managed to get behind him at every turn he made.

Miss Dallas now went up to the counter, and wrote a message to be sent she neither knew nor cared where. Finding that the clerk paid no attention to her, she took up the telegram which the Spaniard had written, and proceeded to make a *slight* change in the place indicated as the point from which the "Polly Ann" would start.

It now read pier 27, *East* river, instead of *North* river.

With a feeling of great relief Minnie stepped into the street, and said:

"Thank God, I have foiled that villain, and placed the officers upon the wrong track."

All in vain did Carlos, concealed behind some hogsheads on the wharf, await the policemen, whom he surely expected would arrive in time to arrest Tom. Darkness came on, and he heard the crew making their preparations to leave the dock, and still no word, nor sound, from those in whom he looked for his only chance of securing Bird. He felt that if Tom Bird was executed for the murder of Mr. Dallas, he would be safe.

While he was awaiting the officers at pier 27 North river, they were searching every vessel within half a mile of pier 27 *East* river, and, of course, did not find the object of their search.

And so the last card Carlos Gonzales ever played in America was "tricked," and by a woman.

CHAPTER VII.

MINNIE, DISGUISED AS A YOUTH, ARRIVES AT HAVANA—THE RECOGNITION—JOINING THE SPANIARDS—JUAN, THE PAGE—THE FACE OF THE MURDERED MAN.

THE reader must bear in mind that the many events, crowded into the six preceding chapters, all occurred within a very short space of time.

About a week after the occurrences related in the previous chapter, Minnie Dallas sold the house in which she had lived for so many years, and assuming the disguise of a youth—in which she looked very pretty, indeed—left New York on board a vessel bound for Havana. After a stormy and perilous passage she at last reached that city.

Minnie spoke Spanish almost equal to a native, and by them was mistaken for one of their nativity.

She was now at great loss to ascertain in what part of Cuba she would be likely to find her lover.

Leaving the "Hotel Santa Isabel" early one morning, she strolled along the Plaza de Armas, and was pleased at the many beauties of Havana which everywhere met her view. Reaching the "Hotel Telegrafo" she found herself in the vicinity of the military parade known as the "Campo de Marte," on Amistad street, and in a part of the city which is most convenient to the Paseo, very best cafés, and the theatre called Tacon. Not far off was situated the beautiful Parque Isabel (Isabel Park), which is not enclosed by railings, and consequently looks as if it belonged there, and had not been placed there, as many of the parks in our cities appear to have been.

Walking along leisurely she at length came to a café kept by a Frenchman, and called the "Restaurant Francais," situated at No. 72 Cuba street, between Obispo and Obrapia streets. This café is a great resort for young foreign merchants, who have their club-tables there.

As she approached, she was startled at beholding no less a personage than Carlos Gonzales, who came from the saloon arm in arm with a Spanish gentleman. Minnie came very near fainting on the spot, but summoned all her strength of mind, and succeeded in turning her face from the men, as they came toward her.

The Spaniards were conversing in their own language, and Miss Dallas heard Carlos say:

"Yes; his name was Bird, and he is no doubt somewhere upon our island at this moment. You see, things got a little too hot for me in the United States, owing to some love scrapes of mine."

If he had said that his scrapes were of any other kind Minnie might have believed him for once.

"Well, as I remarked," continued Gonzales, addressing his companion, "I left the country about the same time that this young murderer did. I have since learned the name of the vessel in which he sailed; it was called the 'Polly Ann,' and doubtless rode the seas under false colors, carrying men, arms and ammunition—instead of a legitimate cargo—and these were beyond question delivered to the Cuban rebels some two or three days since. In a very short time I shall lead my company of *volunteers* into their midst, and wipe the scoundrels out. My only hope is that I may meet the American, and should I, he will not escape hanging again."

"These Cuban cowards are now mostly in the vicinity of Puerto Principe, but our volunteers will soon drive them from the island, or make short work of every living soul. They will not fight," said his companion.

"They are sure, to be sure, but they have held out well for several years. The time has now come, as you say, to make short work of them, before the United States Government either steps in and recognizes their belligerency, or boldly interferes," replied Carlos.

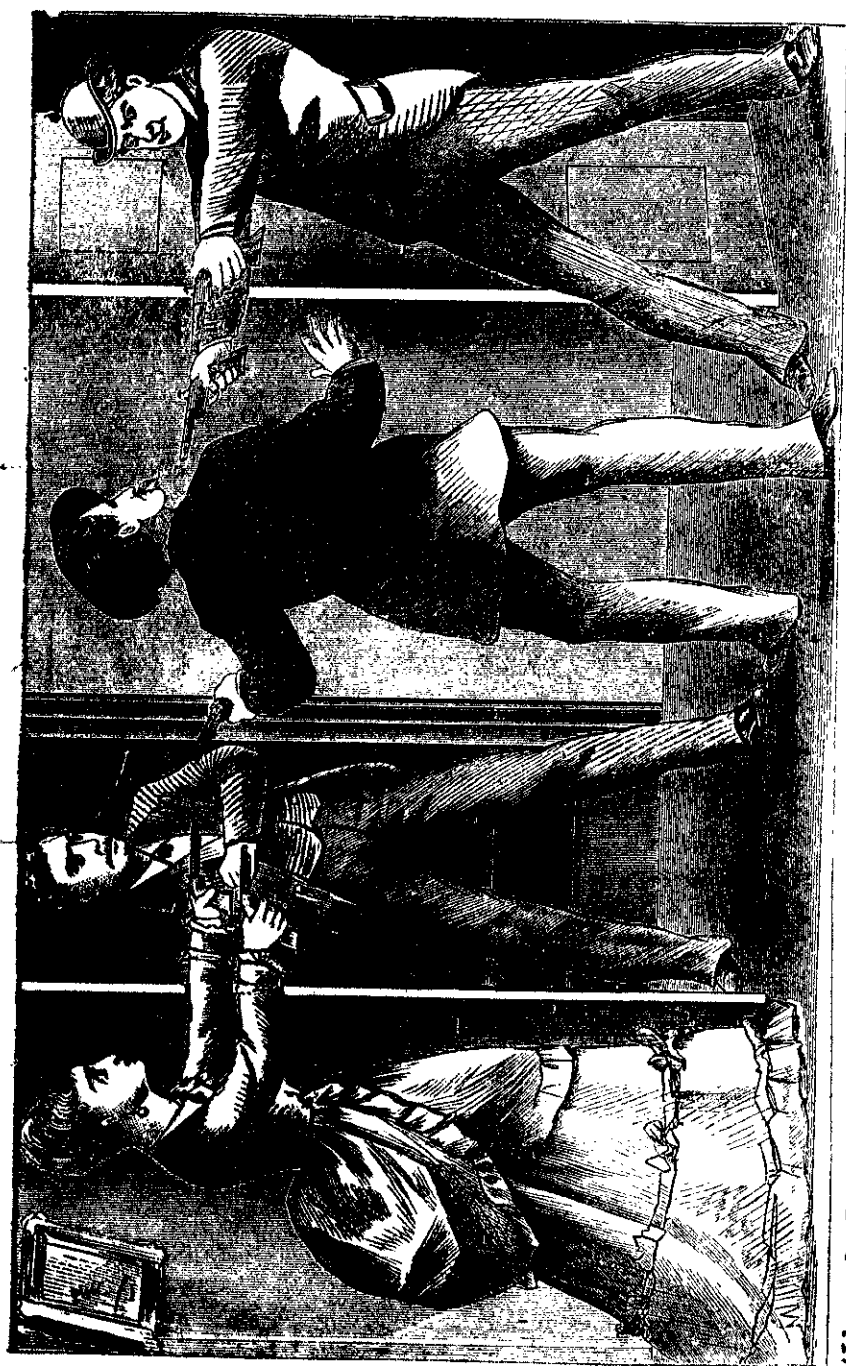
Minnie became interested in this conversation, and determined that she would follow them and hear further.

The Spanish gentleman now said, in a blustering manner:

"We do not care *medio scencilla* (five cents) for what the people or Government of the United States may do. Havana is the strongest fortified city in the world, and all the iron-clads in the American navy could not long maintain a siege. The Americans fear to resent our insults, or those given by any other nation, and their President sits concealed in tobacco smoke, fearing to assert the dignity of his country."

"My friend," said Gonzales, "you have greatly mistaken the character of General Grant and the nature of the American people. The President is a man who knows not the meaning of the word 'fear.' He has, assisted by the learned statesmen around him, succeeded in seeing and reaching the light of peace through the many clouds of war which from time to time have threatened to burst upon his country. This was accomplished by arbitration, backed by a strong determination that *all* countries must pay for damage done to the property of Americans. The people of the United States are mostly wrapped in thoughts of business enterprizes, and not with those of war. They can submit to a *few* indignities, but once awakened from their dream of dollars and cents to a full realization of the outrages committed by another nation, their revenge would be sweeping and terrible. I know them well. 'First in peace, last in war,' is their motto. 'Let us have peace, and let us *keep* peace,' is their President's motto; and I can imagine no greater calamity to my country than a war with the re-united States of America."

"You speak strangely, señor, when I remember that *you* are a Spaniard!" said the man, angrily.



"I have a fine pair now," said Gonzales. Minnie seized a pair of Revolvers, and Gus Dobson produced two six-shooters, shouting: "Two pair beats your hand all hollow!"
 "Ich habe jetzt ein hübsches Paar," sagte Gonzales. Minnie ergriff ein Paar Revolver und Gus Dobson zog zwei Sechsfingerge aufzufand. Zwei Paar;
 Sie besitzen fünf Scher stellen Gath.

"No; you must not mistake me. I neither love nor fear the American people; but I fully appreciate their vast resources, their courage, and know well that where education is so widely diffused, the enemy is no common one. They are wealthy in resources beyond all computation. Look you at the prolonged struggle between North and South, and think well of what I have said, that a war with us would prove ruinous to our country, and could lead to but one result—the accession of Cuba by the United States."

Thus did they converse as they walked, and Minnie heard every word they uttered. When the Spanish gent mentioned the fact of the Cuban patriots being near Puerto Principe, it was a piece of information accidentally gained by her, and exactly what she most sought for, but feared to ask, in Havana, where she might be overheard and watched by one of the GUARDIA CIVIL; a body of men who are scattered, in small detachments, throughout the island of Cuba, mostly as watchmen, police and spies.

Next day Miss Dallas had the rather doubtful satisfaction of seeing a regiment of Spanish volunteers (those cruel, blood-thirsty villains who delight in massacre of the conquered foe, and helpless women and children) on parade.

In Havana there is a battalion of "mountain" artillery, in which everything is on horse-back—caissons, carriages, and cannon—all strapped on the backs of horses.

And just here a few words may be *apropos* on the *esprit du corps*, and general character of the Spanish army in Cuba.

The Captain-General is the superior military chief of the island, and Commander-in-Chief of its armies; while next to him in rank is the second chief, who has the rank of brigadier-general, and pay of ten thousand dollars per annum, and who is also a sub-inspector of infantry and cavalry. The corps of artillery and engineers have special sub-inspectors, with the title of *mariscales de campo*.

The fortresses of the island, in which are nearly always the prisons and barracks of the troops, have their own governors or commanders, with special staffs.

The army consists generally of twenty-five or thirty-thousand men, with its proportion of infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers and marines. The organization, as regards company formation, is about the same as with us, there being about two thousand men in a regiment, consisting of two battalions, each one thousand strong, divided into eight companies. Each regiment has a colonel and lieutenant-colonel, a drum-major and six contract musicians. The battalion has a first and second commander, an adjutant (lieutenant), an ensign, a chaplain, a surgeon, a chief bugler, and a master armorer. These regiments are all known by names, not numbers, such as "The Kings," "The Queens," "Isabel II. of Naples," "of Spain," etc.

She walked upon Plaza de Armas during the greater part of that morning, and endeavored to think what would be her best plan to reach the Cuban patriots, with whom she believed Tom to be. That there was little

fear of being recognized in her excellent disguise by Gonzales, she felt quite secure. The wig of short, dark curls, and the costume of a Spanish youth, which she wore, were well calculated to deceive anyone as to her sex and who she was.

Her woman's modesty rebelled against discovering herself to Tom in that dress, and she concluded never to do so. She wished—oh, so much, to be near him, to see his manly face once again, and hear that musical voice of his, which now, in his absence, she remembered so well.

Her resolution was soon formed—she would join the Cubans, in what capacity she stopped not to consider; and endeavor to be ever near her lover, to ward off threatening danger, and, if necessary, act as nurse, should he be wounded in one of the many skirmishes, then of every day occurrence.

Gonzales had said that he was in command of a company of Spanish volunteers, who would soon start for the seat of war. Why not endeavor to obtain a position with *him*? That would afford her an excellent opportunity of reaching Puerto Principe, and once there she could quit the service of the Spaniard, and make her way to the encampment of the so-called *rebels*.

Over and over, in her mind, did she turn the propriety of such a step, and the more she thought upon it, she became convinced that it would indeed be her very best plan.

About two or three o'clock upon the afternoon of that day, as she sat upon one of the handsome benches in the Parque Isabel, she saw Carlos walking alone, not far off. Calling all her courage and presence of mind to her aid, she approached him.

Her manners were those of a bashful youth, and sat well upon her.

"I beg your pardon, señor," she said, "but I have learned that you are to command a company of volunteers."

"Quite right, my boy, and what then?" he asked;

"Why, señor, I am alone in the world; have neither parents nor relatives. I am ambitious to participate, at least in an humble way, in our noble cause, and wish that you would take me with you."

"What in the world could *you* do, my fiery young friend?"

"I could act as your servant, groom—anything—please take me, sir!"

"Where are you from, my boy?"

"From the city of Madrid," she answered.

"Well, well, come to my quarters, near the Royal and Imperial Factory of La Honradez, at six this evening, and I'll see what I can do for you," he made answer; and she thanked him, and took her departure.

Two days after, a regiment of Spanish volunteers left the city of Havana, and with them went our heroine.

For more than a week they were quartered at Puerto Principe, when one morning the news reached the city that the patriots were nearing the place, with victory everywhere crowning their battles, and that they were becoming every day more bold, putting to flight in every direction the Spaniards that stubbornly contested their path.

Warlike preparations were seen on every side, and at last the regiment

of volunteers marched from the city to meet, and as they fully believed, put to rout the Cubans who dared to face them in battle.

Minnie could almost hear the beating of her heart, as they neared the scene of action, after a weary march of many miles. She feared not for herself, however, but only for that dear one who might even then be so near his death. "God grant, that he be not there," she prayed, and the agony of the thought well nigh broke down her fortitude.

"You had better retire to the rear, Juan," said Gonzales, speaking to Minnie, as he noticed the pallid face of the supposed youth at his side.

"No, no," she said; "'tis not fear, señor, but a dread that my brother, who is a traitor to his country, may be in the ranks of these rebels whom we are about to meet."

"Why, you said, when I saw you at Havana, that you had no relatives. How is this?" asked Gonzales, abruptly, and with something like suspicion gleaming in his eyes.

Minnie was for an instant confused, but recovering her self-possession, she said:

"True, I did so inform you, señor. For two years I have endeavored to forget that he was my brother, but now I cannot help fearing that he may be with this band of Cubans."

"Very well, my boy, you may remain 'to the front' if you wish," said Gonzales.

Before long the Spaniards and Cubans met in battle.

Carlos fought well, nor showed he a single sign of fear, and he urged his men to follow him as he sprang into the thickest of the fray.

In the Cuban ranks, all undisciplined as they were, the men soon broke, and were about to retreat in great disorder, when an old man, with sandy whiskers, mixed with grey, ran to the front and shouted:

"Cuba Libre! At them my brave fellows. Cut down the Spanish *picaro* (thief)."

"Cuba Libre!" shouted the patriots, and with a rush they returned, and faced their foes.

Gonzales now fought like a madman. Three men he had killed, and his disabled enemies lay all about him, when at length he pushed his way toward the Cuban leader, and engaged him in combat, singly.

These two were practised swordsmen, and as neither lacked courage, it made fair to be a lengthened contest, when suddenly the man of sandy complexion slipped, and Carlos stood over him instantly, and was about to run him through the body, when his sword fell as if dashed from his hand by some unseen power. His eyes seemed about to start from their sockets, and his whole face showed a sudden fear, and with a yell of agony he threw himself upon the ground and lay there, for a time, motionless.

Minnie, at this moment, ran toward him, and her woman's sympathy caused her to forget the man's character, beside whom she now knelt. She besought him to look up, and inquired if he were wounded.

"Wounded?" asked he vacantly. "Yes; the dead man stood before me, and the bullet from his carbine struck me to the heart." He spoke wildly.

"Yes, yes," he continued. "I see him now. He stands before me yet, and, with his sword of flaming fire, threatens to kill me."

"Of whom do you speak? I see no one," said Minnie.

"Of whom? Why of the old jeweller, Mr. Dallas, he that I murdered. His spirit pursues me, go where I will. He has followed me even here," and it was now very evident that the Spaniard was out of his mind. Miss Dallas was startled at his confession, even though he uttered it when the fever was upon him, for she fully believed now that Gonzales was her father's murderer. She had never suspected such a thing before, although she had associated him in her mind as the instigator of the dark deed, and accomplice of the assassin.

With horror and loathing she turned from him.

While these thoughts were passing through Minnie's mind, the battle raged with renewed fury, and it was not long before the Spanish ranks wavered, and at length the volunteers fled in every direction.

Carlos had risen from the ground and joined his companions, though he did not appear to notice anything around him, and he retreated with his company, which had been badly worsted. They returned to Puerto Principe minus many a soldier who had that day started with great hopes of defeating the "cowardly rebels."

For several days Gonzales lay in a critical state, but his senses returned to him on the fifth day; and about this time another *sortie* was about to take place against the Cubans, and Carlos again joined his company.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUS DOBSON IN CUBA—HE "SEES THE ELEPHANT"—MINNIE JOINS THE PATRIOTS—THE LOVERS MEET.

WE are somewhat surprised at beholding one morning, in Puerto Principe, a young American whom we have often seen before, but never expected to find him in Cuba.

Yes, it must be he! Look at that walk, that knowing smile, as he struts before a stalwart *Cosa de Cuba* who is carrying his trunk, and you will immediately recognize Gus Dobson, Esquire.

He had taken a sudden fancy to visit the "Queen of the Antilles," and succeeded in inducing his most excellent father to fork over the "rex pecuniare," as he termed it. That he would astonish the natives he had no doubt, and already he pictured to himself an immense sign bearing these

words: AUGUSTUS DOBSON, ESQ., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. SPANIARDS "BILKED" IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

It must be confessed that his notions of how to play the part of a professional gentleman, and conduct a business, were very limited.

Gus had really left New York with the intention of joining his friend Tom; but arriving at Puerto Principe, and becoming acquainted with several of the Cuban belles, he became infatuated, and forgot the object of his coming. He before long witnessed the grand ceremony of the *Piñata*, from which the ball takes its name.

This ceremony consists in having pendant from the ceiling a form of ribands and flowers, the ribands numbered and hanging from the flowers, the rights to pull which are drawn, like prizes in a lottery. Of these ribands, one is fastened to a beautiful crown of flowers, which, when the riband to which it is attached is pulled, falls into the hands of the lucky person, who has then the privilege of crowning any lady he may deem worthy of the honor, "Queen of the Ball," to whom every one is obliged to yield obedience, homage, and admiration.

There is also the same opportunity afforded to the ladies to crown a king.

The whole ceremony is pretty, and creates much merriment and amusement.

Gus had grown perfectly infatuated with the people, and everything around him.

In the streets, at midnight, lights blaze in such profusion that it seems more than day; music and dancing are everywhere; songs, deviltry, and mirth take complete possession of the place; while people of all ages, sexes, and colors are mixed up together, in what seems inextricable confusion, intent upon having a good time in the open air, while their masters and betters are doing the same thing under cover.

This is a carnival sight indeed, and only to be seen in a tropical climate.

Young Dobson next goes to the theatre, where the fun only commences after midnight. He now sees a new phase of life in the form of a *mascara*, or ball of the lower class, known as the *Cuñia*, where people of all colors and both sexes go who are not required to show certificates of character other than a golden dollar, which is taken at the door.

Here they go through *all* the figures of the *danza oriolla*, most of which are entirely unknown to its more refined female admirers.

Gus, in this crowd, concluded that it would be good policy to keep his hand upon his pocket-book, and not tread on any one's toes, as he felt that he was scarcely prepared to "hit out" more quickly than steel flashes in the hands of these *canaille*; for they have an unpleasant way of using the knife, *que no es bueno para la salud* (which is not good for the health).

We will leave young Dobson in bed with an awful headache, after his night's *debauch*, and return to Minnie.

She learned that a grand *sortie* had been planned, and that the patriots were to be taken by surprise and massacred in their camp, as they slept.

Four battalions of Spanish volunteers were to march at the same time from the city, but in different directions, to surround at an appointed time the Cuban encampment.

Minnie now determined to lose no time in joining the patriots, and cautiously she left the city, and soon was far upon her road.

All day long she walked, nor stopped to rest, until night, when she lay down, and being very fatigued, she soon fell into a sound sleep.

The sun had been up a full hour, when she awoke and resumed her journey.

Towards noon she neared her destination, and had not proceeded much further when a man sprang from the bushes, and cried:

"Stop, señor! Where go you?"

"Cuba Libre! I am a friend to the cause, and wish to join the patriots," she answered.

"You must accompany me, boy," he said, rather roughly.

They had walked about half a mile when he turned from the road and entered a thicket, bidding her follow. How far they went she knew not, when suddenly the sight of many men stretched upon the ground met her view.

Her companion was halted by a sentry, to whom he gave the countersign in a whisper, and they were allowed to pass.

A tall, powerful man, of about sixty years of age, and who was recognized by Minnie as he of the sandy beard who had fought so well, now arose and came towards them.

The man who had conducted Minnie hither repeated what she had told him, and the chief asked:

"Whence come you, fair youth?"

She hesitated, and said:

"From Puerto Principe now, but recently I arrived at Havana, having come from the United States to that city. I have never seen Cuba before, and never have been in any part of Spain."

"I see, you are the child of Cubans, but was born in America. Am I right in my hasty guess?"

She again hesitated; but fearing the truth might lead to the discovery of her sex, should she meet Tom here, she answered:

"You are right, señor."

"I am an American," he said; "can you speak good English?"

Minnie answered in the affirmative, and they were soon engaged in a spirited conversation in that language.

"Here, I am called Jose Garcia, but what may be my true name and history I choose not to divulge, at present," he said; "and let me advise you never to speak of or address a Cuban as a *Spaniard*, for you can give them no greater offence. And now I will give you some idea as to the

character of this insurrection. The 'Diario de la Marina,' the Spanish official organ, first asserted that the rebellious feeling was not the sentiment of the people of the island.

"Within six months after that article was written, there was flung to the breeze, in the island of Cuba, the flag of liberty. By whom? By some of the most intelligent, the richest, and most influential men of the island; while as soon as the insurrection got thoroughly under way, people of every grade flocked to the camps, and nearly every physician left Puerto Principe to join our ranks.

"Although the insurrection has continued now over five years, the participants in which are mostly either very poorly armed or entirely unarmed, except with a short knife or sabre; though there have been used in Cuba over one hundred and fifty thousand regular Spanish troops and at least seventy thousand volunteers, all of them splendidly armed and equipped, and with strong forts to back them, *the rebellion has not been put down yet*; and the patriots are not discouraged yet. Give us arms, ammunition, and some clothing, and we will hold our own for years to come. Time has shown that if there are some who are false to their country, there are many others who are yet ready and willing to die in behalf of our Cuba Libre.

"As it is the province of the American to foster free governments and unlimited liberties for all the peoples in every quarter of the globe, let us then hope that the Cubans may soon be made happy and peaceful, either through the intervention of the United States Government, or annexation. At least we have *earned* a right to have our belligerency properly recognized. And now, my young friend, we shall consider you as a patriot. A noble fellow, named Bird, joined us about a week or so ago, and has done some courageous fighting since, in our lines."

"Mr. Garcia, I have some news to communicate to you, and it may be of great service toward guarding against an unexpected attack by the Spanish volunteers," said Minnie; and she thereupon related all she had overheard at the Spanish head-quarters at Puerto Principe, of their plans to surprise the patriots.

As she finished her narration, a young man joined the group which meantime had gathered around her.

Looking up she beheld Tom Bird. How her heart beat, and how her little body trembled, as with downcast eyes she endeavored to turn away, it is not necessary for us to relate. It required all her courage to meet the glance of his eyes, now.

"This is a little Spanish-American who wishes to join us," said Jose Garcia, speaking to Tom, and referring to Minnie.

"Does he speak English?" asked Bird.

"Yes, very plainly, indeed," answered Jose.

Tom walked up to the supposed youth, and said: "Young sir, I shall be happy to make your acquaintance."



Miss Minnie Dallas, as she appeared in her Boy's Disguise, while in Cuba.
(From a Photograph by P. Merne, Havana.)

Miss Minnie Dallas, wie sie in ihrer Anabentracht während ihres Aufenthalts in Cuba ausah.
(Nach einer Photographie von P. Merne, Havanna.)

Minnie blushed deeply, but managed to meet his kind advance with a bow.

"You have been in America?"

"Oh yes. I lived in New York city, some three years, and know the place well. It is a very pretty country, but I love Cuba," said Minnie, now fully in command of her feelings, and actions. Her disguise, she felt sure, was a good one; and that he, of all others, should not recognize her in it, tested and proved it to be so.

"So you love Cuba?" asked Tom.

"Yes. Queen of the Antilles! Beautiful queen she is, with the sapphire and emerald waters of the gulf, sparkling 'neath the glories of a tropic sun, washing her stony feet in angry spray; or, where her golden shores stretch out, rippling in gentle waves upon the sandy levee, as though murmuring in low but passionate tones the love notes of the South. Cuba! the land of the cocoa and the palm—of the golden banana and the luscious orange—well may the hearts of thy sons and the dark, lustrous eyes of thy maidens glow and glisten with pride at the praises of thy sunny isle, and the struggling heroes which thou, fair Cuba, hast given birth to."

Minnie's kind heart, and the deep feeling which she threw into each word as she uttered it, caused her hearers to shout in wild enthusiasm:

"Cuba Libre! Cuba Libre!"

And our heroine had thus early established herself as a general favorite.

"We must guard against a surprise from the volunteers. Their cruelty, and blood-chilling atrocity is beyond belief. Should they succeed in defeating and capturing our devoted band, not one of us would live to tell the tale."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SURPRISE—BATTLE BETWEEN THE PATRIOTS AND SPANISH VOLUNTEERS—MINNIE'S HEROISM—"VIVA, LITTLE CUBA."

NIGHT came on, and all was quiet in the Cuban camp. No noise could be heard save alone the steady tramp of the sentinel. The moon looked down upon a scene of great beauty. So charming was the weather, that it would seem Providence had prepared it for those sleeping men, who lay stretched upon the bare ground; the sky above their only covering. One young patriot was smiling in his dreams, and in them he doubtless saw the majestic forests and mountains, the poetic fields and valleys of his country. The *ceiba* (cottonwood) trees were everywhere visible, and their matchless beauty spread its dreamy influence round the scene.

"Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo waves her feathery screen,
And her fax shade the matchless *ceiba* throws;

"Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
Save where the rosy streaks of eve give way
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day;

"Yet tell me not my native shores are bleak;
That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave;
For native pines, and *Manhood dare not speak*,
And nature's glories brighten round the slave."

The moon's flood of light shone on the rolling hills and hedges of the beautiful *Piña Raton*, and the vision thus presented was a display of nature at its best.

O that such a place and such a scene should be marred by deeds of violence, the spilling of human blood; and the stillness be broken by the moaning of the wounded, the last cry of the dying, and the curses of battling men.

Tom Bird was restless in his sleep, and soon awoke. He was startled at perceiving the figure of a man who was creeping toward him. He instantly reached for his revolver, and awaited the further approach of the party, who observing that he was seen, placed his finger to his lips in a cautionary manner. As he came nearer, Tom discovered that he was one of the patriots, and not an enemy, as he had at first supposed.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"*Cuidado! cuidado!* (take care)" whispered the Cuban. "The volunteers are not far from us. They have stolen up on a forced march, and will be upon us almost instantly. I crawled along in the shade of the hedges, that I might not be seen by any who may be in advance of the main body."

Tom thought a little and ordered the Cuban to awake as many of his companions as he could reach, and he would do the same.

Quickly, but quietly every man was awakened. The patriots then crawled toward the *Piña Raton* hedges, which form about the only fence used in Cuba. Behind these they concealed themselves, and lay in ambush to await the cautiously approaching foe. The order was communicated, in a whisper, that no one should fire until that word was given by José García.

Nearly half an hour elapsed and still the enemy did not appear. Some of the men commenced to whisper their doubts as to the truth of their companion's report, when suddenly a light noise attracted the leader's attention, and he pointed in the direction whence came the sound.

All eyes were immediately turned toward that point, and they saw two

Spanish volunteers emerge from the bushes, who examined the red, clayey road minutely.

Seemingly fully satisfied with their examination, they retraced their steps.

Among the patriots every heart beat loud and fast; and anxiety was pictured in every face, where also could be seen a fixed look of determination to die where they were rather than fly from the Spaniards.

Presently the open space of ground before them became filled with armed men, and the fiendish faces of the Spanish volunteers chilled the watching patriots, who could see no hope for mercy *there*.

Line after line formed, and the Cubans began to fear that all opportunity of fighting against numbers commensurate with their own would be impossible.

Five to one of the patriots the volunteers stood arrayed. They knew not that the Cubans were so near them, though their knowledge extended to the fact that those they sought in battle could not be far off. A complete surprise they fully calculated upon, and with cautious, quiet step they advanced.

A prayer for help, to Him above, went out from the men behind the hedges, and as if in answer, came the words from their chief.

"Fire! And may God have mercy on their souls!" The smoke from the rifles had cleared away, and the effects of the volley could now be seen. Many a blood-thirsty Spaniard had measured his length under *that* fire, and many an upturned face lay beneath the rays of the moon.

Themselves taken completely by surprise, the Spaniards fled in dismay, but one who was evidently their leader succeeded in encouraging the men to return, and in the meantime the Cubans, losing no time, had reloaded their guns. Once more the volunteers were subjected to a scathing fire, and their numbers were greatly diminished, but they did not turn back this time. Leaping the fences, to a man, they stood face to face with the heretofore concealed foe, and now the struggle for supremacy was hand to hand, foot to foot; the moon reflecting the bright steel as it flashed through the light and entered the heart of the fallen enemy.

Dreadful to look upon, this scene of carnage, and yet all entrancing to the vision; exciting to the brain. The Spaniards still outnumbered their courageous antagonists, at least three to one; but despite their sudden and desperate charge, the volunteers could not rout the Cubans.

Patriot after patriot fell before them, but their places were vacant but an instant, for those behind filled in, and despaired not of victory, even against their more numerous foe.

The clash of cold steel rang upon the night air, but froze not the blood of one vein of Tom Bird, nor of old Jose Garcia, who, side by side, fought to the very centre of the enemy's ranks, and thinned them as they went.

During the loudest noise of the battle, midst the terrible cries of the wounded and dying, the glad shout of the victor, Tom heard a well-known

voice, the possessor of which he then and there desired most to meet—'twas that of Carlos Gonzales!

At length they met, and recognized each other upon the instant.

"Coward and assassin, we meet at last! Just heaven, I thank thee!" cried Tom.

"Look to yourself, Tom Bird, I am no coward!" shouted Carlos.

"Liar! Did you not attempt to kill me upon that night when I found you in the store?"

"No! I but defended myself against one who would have dragged me to prison," answered Gonzales.

"Murderer of John Dallas and leader of a massacring horde, I defy you!" shouted Tom, above the din of battle.

The dark face of the Spaniard became pale with fear and then livid with rage. Fear of the face of the murdered man, which he once fancied he had seen; and enraged at the epithet which Bird had applied to him.

Gonzales struck at Tom furiously, but the sabre blow was well parried by him, and quick as thought the point of Bird's sword was at the breast of the Spaniard.

At this moment one of the volunteers, seeing how matters stood, ran to the assistance of his leader, and Tom now found himself confronted by two men, instead of one.

Bravely and well did our hero fight to the last, but the combat was unequal, and he fell, dangerously wounded.

Gonzales' sword point was at his breast in a moment, but ere he could strike home the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the sword-arm of the Spaniard dropped powerless to his side. 'Twas Minnie who had fired the shot that saved her lover's life, and, turning, Carlos saw her with the gun still pointed at him.

The Cubans were now near unto victory, and the courage displayed by the youthful patriot, as they supposed Minnie, nerved them to renewed efforts; and the Spaniards fell all about them, or beat a hasty retreat, and the cry of "Cuba Libre" was heard on every side as the victors followed their retreating foe.

Minnie now knelt beside Tom, and as the blood flowed from his wounds, stopped it with her handkerchief.

The patriots returning from their pursuit, gathered around the young couple and shouted:

"Viva, 'Little Cuba!'" and the air rang with the glad shout.

It was in this manner that Minnie gained her *sobriquet* of "Little Cuba," and it may be well to explain, in this connection, that the Cubans generally travel under some unique, expressive or easily remembered name. Thus men and stores are given peculiar names. In Havana or the other Cuban cities no one mentions the man's name when searching for his place of business, but asks the direction of "The Nymphs," "The Looking Glass," "The Green Cross," etc.

Jose Garcia spoke highly of Minnie's courage, and added :

"Young man, you have proven yourself worthy of our confidence. I heard the Spanish leader curse you as a deserter and *spy*, but the latter term should not annoy you, for 'a spy in a just cause deserves the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.'"

A dead calm followed the battle's storm, and the men who had escaped injury commenced to turn their attention to the wounded.

It was a sad scene to look upon, and we shall drop the curtain ere our heart bleeds at the sight.

CHAPTER X.

GUS RELATES HIS ADVENTURES.

NEARLY exhausted, the patriots feared to take any great amount of rest, for they knew not at what moment the volunteers might return. The morning came and found the greater part of the Cubans ready to meet the enemy at a moment's notice.

About ten o'clock one of the sentinels stationed at an outpost brought in a prisoner, whom he had captured while in the attempt to pass him.

The brigand of ancient time could never have conceived the gorgeous costume of this prisoner, and he certainly presented a most ridiculous figure—ludicrous in the extreme.

"What seek you here?" asked Garcia, sternly.

"Why, I aint seeing worth a cent," said the well known voice of Gus Dobson, Esquire.

"What, Gus Dobson. Well this is a surprise," said Bird, who, lying under a tree at no great distance off, had heard the voice of his old friend.

"Correct, with a 'K,'" answered Gus. "You sec, I got fearfully drunk at Puerto Principe, night before last, after 'doing' the ball there, and I couldn't sleep any, so I rushed out of the house, and found a fellow who consented to drive me, in a miserable tumble-down, dislocated, and beautifully ruined, half-Spanish sulky; with a 'thinkative,' don't-get-up-and-get horse; for all of which accommodation the midnight marauder romancingly charged me *Una Onza*—and that means seventeen dollars. Well, this 'cuss' laid me out for a flat, and done me brown on four sides. He promised to let me down at the headquarters of the Cuban patriots, instead of which he left me in a poetical swamp, saying: '*Mucho* mud, *mucho* creek, *mucho* bad, señor. Not *mucho* far you go!'

"And then I got out, and commenced to pedestrate under difficulties, '*mucho*,' but first inquired of my private coachman, how long it would take me to reach the camp. '*Dios sabe*' (God knows), said he; and not knowing exactly what he meant by that, I took it as a conundrum and gave it up.



It was a critical moment; Gonzales was about to stab the Cuban Patriot, when the Spirit of the murdered Man appeared before him.
Es war ein kritischer Augenblick; Gonzales wollte eben den cubanischen Patrioten erstechen, als er den Geist des Ermordeten erblickte.

Well, after walking through any quantity of 'mucho mud,' I found something like a decent road, and hadn't been on it long before some kind friend put a dose of shot in my rear. I didn't stop to thank him, however, but *got!* That wasn't *all* I got, neither; for during that terrible day I suffered the agony of being mistaken first for a Cuban, and acted as a Spanish target; then some straggling patriot takes me for a Spaniard, and practises on me accordingly. My appearance must be against me, for I have been taken for everything, from a filibuster down to a whole Fenian army."

"Where did you come across your outlandish costume?" asked Garcia.

"Why that's what I wore at the masquerade."

"What's the meaning of that large key you have sewed on the front of your hat?"

"That, sir, means the 'key to the Antilles.' It will soon be in the possession of Uncle Sam."

"Congress grant it may," said Tom.

"Congress don't GRANT worth a cent, and, besides, has gone *fish-ing*," remarked Gus.

"So you wish to join us?" asked Jose.

"Correct, with a 'K,' I *do*, and am now ready to take the position of General, or any other responsible 'posish' you may tender me."

"Your ambition is somewhat rank," observed the Cuban leader.

"If you mean that as a joke, it's an awful ker-ranky one," said Gus.

"Well, never mind, my friend, you may become one of us, and earn your rank and glory afterward."

"I'll be a regular morning-glory, in less than twenty-four hours;" and as Dobson spoke he went up to Tom, inquired as to the extent of injury, and was soon engaged in a spirited conversation with him.

The sight of his young friend and former business associate did Tom's heart good, and for the time he forgot his wound. He inquired particularly about Minnie, but Gus could tell him nothing further than the fact of the sale of the old homestead, and Minnie's disappearance. From a friend of hers, he had learned that she had gone to live with a relative in Ohio, but exactly where he did not ascertain.

Presently Gus was introduced to the supposed Cuban youth, whereupon he asked:

"You're not going to let a pretty boy like this stand up to be fired at by the volunteers, are you? Why 'twould frighten him to death, anyway."

Jose Garcia now came forward and said, rather sternly:

"Young man, if you show but half the courage of this boy, you will have gained a place in our affection. In the battle we have just passed through, none were braver than our 'Little Cuba'—as we have named him—and none kinder to the wounded afterward. Why, he has given his wine and food to his less fortunate companions, who were stricken down in the fray."

And being overheard by the patriots, they gave cheer upon cheer for "Little Cuba."

"Little Cuba is a 'masher,' aint he?" asked Gus.

"Yes, and a slasher too. He saved my life," said Tom.

"Well, look here, Tom; are we going to have war with the Spanish volunteers?"

"I fear that this island will yet be the scene of much blood-letting. As things look now, war is inevitable; and should it come, I am much mistaken if the home government—at Madrid—do not come to the assistance of its loyal subjects in Cuba. I am inclined to the belief that the insurrectionary factions in Spain will unite, in case the United States become involved in a war with the volunteers here," said Tom; and as he finished speaking a surgeon came up and advised him to avoid a conversation on such an exciting topic, as in his case it was almost suicidal, he needing all the rest and quiet possible to obtain under the circumstances.

Gus Dobson, of the restless disposition, could not remain long in one place; and so, at the risk of being again mistaken for a "whole Fenian army," he sallied forth in search of more adventure—and he found it.

The close of the day saw not the return of this youth, and his friends in the camp became alarmed for his safety; when he suddenly appeared before them.

And, my! what a sight he presented! The clothes half-torn from his body; blood streaming from his nose; face scratched to such an extent that it resembled a railroad map, and altogether he might have been mistaken for an Indian in his war paint.

"What's the matter, Gus?" asked Tom.

"Hold up until I breathe a little, and I'll tell you. Well, now, this is what's the matter. After leaving the camp I strolled along in a careless manner, showing to anyone that might have been looking at me that I wasn't to be frightened at any trifles. Well, I'd walked about two miles or so, when to my surprise I beheld a beautiful pony, saddled, and tied to a tree. I looked all around but could see no one, so I concluded that I'd better 'grapple' that horse. I did so. I mounted him, and taking the reins gracefully in my hand, I turned him gently; whereupon he turned me off his back. I lay upon the ground, and we eyed each other—the horse and I—and he didn't seem angry at me for leaving his back so suddenly. Well, I mounted him again, and now commenced a performance I little looked for. I was doing an involuntary bareback act, and the horse liked it; for he never stopped to rest, but jumped, kicked, leaped hedges, and it was hoop-la or nothing. I was afraid to let go the reins, and held on for dear life. Where that horse *would* stop I hadn't the slightest idea; and now I commenced to feel some conscientious scruples about taking that animal. It was mean in me, I said; and if the owner would only come now and ask for him, I'd give him up like an honest man should. My feelings of deep-seated honesty were every moment becoming greater, and at

last I wouldn't have hesitated not only to return the horse, but make his owner a present of two or three hundred dollars. It was a regular game of bounce, and the horse played well. I don't know whether I kept correct time in the saddle, but I do know that I was running the scale very rapidly and high, to the misery-begotten tune of Bumpy Bump. At last this fiery, untamed steed struck a minor key, and finding myself flat upon the ground, I was sharp enough this time to remain there.

"When I felt some one hit me a swinging blow across the nose, and scratched me all over the face. It's the owner of ye gentle beast, said I to myself, and remembering that I had no particular regard for the animal, I concluded to wipe out his owner. So I shut my eyes and hammered away for about ten minutes. Mercy on me! How that fellow in the bush does fight, says I; and what a fearful scratcher he is. Presently I came to the conclusion that there must be several men, and I accordingly fought with renewed vigor, but was continually getting the worst of it; for the harder I hit the harder they let fly, and things were becoming terrible indeed. Blood 'meandered' from my pepper-box profusely; my eyes were in an unhealthy condition, and many bruises upon my face and neck added not to my general tranquillity of mind. Enough! I cried; and falling back, I opened my eyes to take one look at my merciless foes, when, to my astonishment, I saw no one—except that darn horse. Well, I commenced to search the bushes, and then made a startling discovery. I had been *fighting the bushes*. They were of a peculiar kind, the branches being exceedingly elastic, and when you push them they fly back as quick as thought.

"Now, I felt cleaned out, and rather cheap to think I'd been belting away at those darn sticky bushes, and I wept. These were not tears of joy, for remorse haunted me to my soul's innermost spot, and I *spotted*.

"It was not long before I concluded to navigate in the direction of the camp, and whilst *en route*, darned if I didn't run across the owner of that horse—at least I believed he was.

"This Spanish rooster had a sweet-scented mug, over which was spread a *much* Roman nose, about the size of—well, the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and perhaps resembling that historical structure, for its general appearance was beaming with a healthful glow of three-cent whiskey.

"The castilious Castilian glaring upon me, and over his face was a cast-steel smile playing upon features of a castile soapy mould.

"Well, as I before remarked, he glared at me; whereupon I *glared* at him, but he didn't *melt*, and I *s'melt* trouble. Thinks I, here, old boy, you've got to *wade* in, or be *weighed* for a dead man; so I did *wade* in, beautifully.

"The Spaniard fought me after the manner of a bull-fighter. Every time I struck at him, he'd jump aside, strike out right and left, and then retiring, would hold up his red-scarf to lure me on, fascinate and bewilder me.

"I was playing the bull, and didn't enjoy the little farce, as much as one

might suppose I would; for I was badly up in my 'part,' and got *stuck* in many *parts* of my body in this by no means enjoyable *participation*. In fact I didn't care a *particle* about being made a *participle*—to speak in a 'butchered-grammatically' manner.

"Things were now growing complicatedly serious, when, discarding all given laws of scientific boxing, I went for him huge, and bi-sectionally mangled him. He then *spread* muchly, and I turned shudderingly from my deed of large darkness. I think that I *sped* him to that *other* bourne whence no railroad traveller e'er returneth. His heart I felt, and found that it *pulsated* not. It didn't beat worth a cent. The machinery of his mahoganized anatomy had run down, and olive oil, united with much benzine, would never grease it up again. Having thus narrated my adventures, perhaps you will now allow me to retire and take about three cents' worth of the 'arms of Morpheus.'"

And so saying, Gus walked a short distance off, and lying down was soon fast asleep.

Hours slipped by rapidly enough in the camp of the Patriots.

Tom's wound was not very painful now, and he sat near "Little Cuba" (as we must now call Minnie) conversing pleasantly. He was deeply interested in the supposed youth by his side, for brave men love nothing better than an exhibition of true courage, and this had he seen the boy display. Brave men admire and acknowledge bravery even when shown by an enemy, and Tom resolved that he would ever remain a true and fast friend of "Little Cuba."

Minnie resolved that she would never reveal herself to Tom in the costume she wore, for he might, as she said, despise and turn from her, did he but know that she had thus disguised herself, defying the world's opinion, and risking the scorn of her sex, for an act so bold; and one which he might never excuse, even in her, who had in this manner followed her lover to Cuba.

The Patriots now felt quite at ease; fearing no return of the enemy for several days. Some of the men were playing cards and others were amusing themselves in various ways.

"Little Cuba" had presently arisen and gone from the camp, whither, no one knew.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PATRIOTS SURPRISED—THE JOSE GARCIA BAND PRISONERS—YELLOW FEVER SCARE—AN ESCAPE FROM ONE DEATH TO MEET, PERHAPS, ANOTHER—DAN RHOADY TURNS UP, AND IS TURNED DOWN—TOM DYING WITH THE FEVER—"LITTLE CUBA" WILL NOT DESERT YOU."

"THAT was a bad defeat, Captain."

"It was indeed, General."

The speakers were Carlos Gonzales, and the Spanish General, Burriel, the latter of whom was yet to figure in the history of cruel bloodshed, and acts of cowardly massacre, such as the world of demoniac imagination had previously never conceived.

"I have taken extra precaution to surprise the rebels, this time, and the god of war must indeed frown upon us if we be not successful. Against their leader, Jose Garcia, I have special cause for hatred. If we succeed, he shall be executed at once. Come, let us catch up to the main body, we are at least half a mile behind."

"What could have possessed our volunteers that they should retreat in confusion, when the battle was ours?" asked Gonzales.

"I'll tell you," answered General Burriel. "It's the sight of that boy whom they call 'Little Cuba,' who, by the way, was a protégé of yours, I believe. A nice little viper, truly, for you to nurse. He wields a strange influence, under which our volunteers are powerless to act, and they fly in all directions at sight of him. The boy has great courage, for he faced our whole line, and waving the rebel banner shouted his cursed 'Cuba Libre!' to the confusion of the soldiers, who turned and fled. By the Pope! I must get hold of the young rascal, and flay him alive."

Gonzales smiled and showed those white teeth again. "It is to 'Little Cuba' that I owe this gun-shot wound; and rest assured, General, I'll repay the debt," and Carlos pointed, as he spoke, to his left arm, which was in a sling.

As the General had intimated, they were about half a mile behind the main body, which was slowly and cautiously advancing upon the Cuban encampment.

The Spaniards had barely been an instant lost to sight, when a man came from behind a large tree; and now this is a great surprise to us, and will be to the reader if you listen to what this man is saying to himself.

"Ah, me bird of fine feather, I'm on yer track now; yer little think that Dan Rhoady is in Cuba, and so near to yer. Yer 'up stakes' and out, didn't yer. I done yer dirty work, and yer 'bilked' me at last; for yer left me to stand the brunt of the 'biz,' whilst you vamoosed with all the 'swag.'

"I'll have yer life for it, I said I would, and hang me if I don't. Yer thought to put the seas 'betwune' us, would make yer safe. I couldn't take a passage, but I *could* work my way, on a vessel, before the mast, and that's what I *did* do; and, Spanish, yer had better say yer prayers, for I'll 'hood the hawk' like a thousan' o' bricks."

And as he spoke, Dan started in pursuit of his former accomplice in crime; the more elegant, but blacker villain of the two.

About an hour after the events above recorded, the Cubans were completely taken by surprise, and found not time, none of them, to lay hand upon a weapon of defence, before they were exposed to certain death if they resisted, for the volunteers were upon the rocks all about them, and they were surrounded, hemmed in on every side, and prisoners, without a single shot having been fired.

"Rebels, you are at my mercy. Surrender, all; else I will order my soldiers to fire upon you," shouted General Burriel, standing on the rocks above.

"Men!" said Jose Garcia, the Cuban leader, "it is useless to offer resistance. Sir," he added, turning to General Burriel, "there is my sword."

Burriel took the sword, and dashing it upon the ground, said, "You are but a rebel, and the formality of accepting a sword from such is beneath my dignity. Soldiers, seize and bind that man."

They bound Garcia, and two soldiers guarded him closely.

"Tom Bird, your plume is plucked," said Gonzales, sneeringly.

"Carlos Gonzales, you can well afford to taunt me now, surrounded as you are by your blood-hounds," replied Tom, and his eye never fell before the glance of rage which the Spaniard bestowed upon him.

"Seize and bind him," shouted Carlos, and in a moment Bird was securely bound.

"And now where is your 'Little Cuba?'" asked Gonzales.

"God grant that the boy be at a safe distance," said Garcia.

"Do you hear the question of my officer, where is 'Little Cuba?'" yelled the Spanish General.

"Here! Señors," and looking up they beheld Minnie, on the rocks, high above them.

"Fire upon him!" commanded Burriel, excitedly; and his soldiers did so, but hurriedly.

"They have killed him," cried old Jose, as the supposed youth fell, but he shouted with joy, and tears ran down his bronzed cheeks, as he saw "Little Cuba" rise after the smoke had cleared away, and heard Minnie's voice ring out the words "Cuba Libre!" "Cuba Libre!" and in a moment she had disappeared.

"Curse the young rascal, he bears a charmed life," said the General, now furious.

"It would indeed seem so," answered Carlos.



Minnie Dallas (or "Little Cuba," as they called her, in her Boy's Disguise), saw her Lover's Danger, seized a Rifle, fired, and saved his Life.
Minnie Dallas (oder "Kleine Cuba," wie sie in ihrer Knaben-Verkleidung genannt wurde), sah ihres Geliebten in Gefahr, feuerte und rettete sein Leben.

"Long live our 'Little Cuba!'" shouted the Patriots, who, prisoners as they were, could not resist the glad feeling which possessed them, nor feared to give expression to it.

The Spanish General now ordered Garcia and Bird to be brought before him, and then addressed them thus:

"As leaders of this band of rebels you shall be executed at once. Jose Garcia, otherwise Philip Verne, it's a long standing account that I now wish to settle with you. I have a brother's death to avenge. You well remember the circumstances connected with that brother's death."

"Yes," answered Verne, whom we have heretofore known as Garcia. "I do remember the circumstances, and would to God I could not."

"Tis a late hour to summon the cancer of remorse, but I hope it will eat into your very heart, until you drop dead before me; for *dead* ye shall be within the hour," hissed Burriel.

"Villain, I fear you not. If it be the will of Him on high that I die by the hands of you and your cutthroats here, I humbly bow to that will. The remorse, so you are pleased to term it, is not for the death of the scoundrel, your brother. No! It is sorrow for the passing away of one of earth's angels, a fair maiden whom I loved, and because I would not stand by and see a Spanish *roué* deceive and seduce her, I sent a bullet through his coward's heart, and so by my hand died one whom you may well own as a brother, for no two could be more alike."

"Blindfold the wretch, and end his babbling talk," cried Burriel, furiously.

Garcia's eyes were blindfolded, and the soldiers drew up in line, preparatory to the execution of the Cuban leader.

"Soldiers! Ready! Take aim! Fire!" commanded the General, and as the smoke from the volley cleared away, the dead body of Jose Garcia was seen, stretched upon the ground, and riddled with bullets.

So died Philip Verne, one of the truest, noblest men the world could boast of.

He had been a wealthy planter. A man of wealth, the whim possessed him to purchase a plantation—some two years previous to events herein recorded—and the name of Verne, the New York millionaire, was known throughout the island of Cuba. He had killed the brother of Burriel, as explained by him previous to his execution. The influence of the General was brought to bear against the avenger of a woman's wrongs, and Verne fled from the city, and took refuge among the Patriots as a leader of whom none surpassed him in courage or ability to plan and direct.

"The work is well commenced. Now for the *other*," said Gonzales.

"I am an American," said Bird.

"Were you America's President, it would not save you," said Burriel.

They were making preparation to hang Tom.

"As you are an American, we will give you an American execution, and the first tree shall be your gallows," and Gonzales smiled as he spoke.

At this moment the soldiers who had followed Minnie returned, and one whispered to his general, who started and said to Carlos:

"We must make quick work of this fellow. I have just received intelligence that the people in the villages round about are dying by hundreds with the YELLOW FEVER!"

"See!" shouted Gonzales, pointing to Bird, "the fever is in *him* now. I dread the contagion. We must fly!"

"General Burriel, beware how you add to your many deeds of cruelty. The civilized world shudders at your merciless and blood-thirsty acts, and justice swift and terrible will yet be meted out to you," said Tom.

"I dare not face the dreadful fever," cried Burriel. "See!" he added, excitedly. "Some of the soldiers have taken it, and are sinking in their tracks. Their comrades fly, leaving them to die. Come! We must away at once!"

As he spoke he hurriedly quitted the place, followed by such of his soldiers as were free of the disease.

"What weakness is this?" cried Tom. "My limbs refuse to support me," and even as he uttered the words he sank upon the ground completely exhausted.

"It's the yellow fever, Tom Bird, and I leave you to battle 'gainst it as best you may," and Carlos fairly hissed the words.

"Water! water! Give me water! I am dying with thirst," cried poor Tom, imploringly.

"If I had molten lead I'd give it ye to drink," said Gonzales. "Farewell, Tom Bird, you have a mighty enemy to conquer now, and your life will soon be at an end. Ha! ha!" he laughed. "I'm glad of it, and thankfully do I resign my work to my friend, the foe you are now struggling with."

As he spoke he started to go, but ran against an old acquaintance of his who was evidently in search of him.

"Hold up, Spanish!" said the man.

"What! Dan Rhoady!"

"Yes, Dan Rhoady. I've come for yer life, and I'm goin' to have it!"

"Stand aside, man! Know you not that the very air we breathe is full of pestilence? The yellow fever is all about us. Fly if you would escape it," shouted Gonzales.

"Yer might escape the 'yaller Jack,' but yer can't 'jump' me! Say your prayers, Spanish, if you know how, for yer time has come!" cried Dan, and he seized the Spaniard.

They struggled, and Carlos would have fared but poorly, were it not that his hand was quick and practised, and Dan Rhoady soon fell bleeding to the ground.

"You've killed me, Spanish. I'm darned sorry it wasn't the other way," groaned Dan, and rolled over on his back, and struggled with death after the manner of all melo-dramatic villains.

"Fool! You've crossed my path for the last time," shouted the Spaniard, as he sprang across the body of Rhoady and disappeared.

When the fever scare commenced, the Cubans took advantage of it, and made their escape. Gus Dobson did not remain *far* behind.

Tom was now the only human being left that appeared to have any life.

"Alone! Deserted by all, dying with this terrible fever, and no one to help me," moaned our hero.

"Yes, there is some one to help you, for I will. With the assistance of kind heaven, I will assist and remain with you."

It was Minnie who spoke. Like an angel she seemed, as appearing upon the rocks above, she ran toward Tom and gave him drink. She knelt beside him, and fearing nothing, took his head upon her lap, and gave him water from the little spring close at hand.

"I will tell him all now. Tom, do you not know me? It is Minnie Dallas who speaks to you."

"The water is trickling from the rocks, and yet I cannot reach it," said Tom, who was in the height of the fever.

"Alas! he is unconscious to all around him," cried Minnie, and the tears fell despite her. "I, too, am growing weak. Can this be the fever? Oh Father, spare *my* life that I may save *his*. My head grows dizzy. I am faint. Just heaven, aid me! Strange visions appear before me. Queen of the Antilles, driven from thy throne, I once more behold thee seated on it, and over thy head shines the bright star of hope."

Minnie fell back helpless; the fever strong upon her. Bright visions floated before her eyes, which were now fully controlled by a fevered imagination.

She saw the Goddess of Liberty, and kneeling before her was fair Cuba, in supplication bending. Over them riding through rolling clouds of war, his charger dashing wildly on, was General Phil Sheridan. In large golden letters, standing out in bold relief, and circled by wreaths of beautiful flowers, in very glory shining, were these words:

And Sheridan not *many* miles away!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE RECOVERY AND RE-CAPTURE—THE VILLAINS TRIUMPH—"I'LL DO THE SHOOTING"
—SOME THRILLING EVENTS—MORE SURPRISES AND STARTLING DENOUEMENT.

HAPPILY, Tom had but a slight attack of the fever, and was soon in a fair way for recovery. The same may be said of Minnie, who was not long in regaining her health.

Who nursed them, do you suppose? Why, Gus Dobson, of course. He had taken advantage of the fever scare to make good his escape with the Patriots. But it was not the contagion that he feared; he only wished to put a good distance between himself and the Spaniards. After a little thought on his part he determined to return, and look after his friends, whom he found in the position we left them at the conclusion of the last chapter.

Minnie was not as sick as Tom, and when Dobson arrived, though weak she had regained her senses. She concluded that it were best to inform Gus as to her real character, and she delicately did so.

He was surprised to behold in "Little Cuba" the daughter of the murdered jeweller, but did not allow his surprise to prevent him from making immediate preparation to "doctor" his patients.

"I'll soon have you correct with a 'K,'" he said. "All I want is water, and there's plenty of that about this neighborhood. There's nothing like it for fever, and the open air is an assistant such as few sick people have the benefit of. It's an exploded theory that fever patients should not be allowed cold water to drink, and fresh air to breathe. It belongs to the dark ages of blurred reason, and is a decided and *foggily* old foggy idea."

"Mr. Dobson, *please* keep my secret," Minnie said.

"Correct with a 'K,' I certainly shall."

"Don't even mention it to Tom—I mean Mr. Bird—should he recover."

"I shall keep your secret like a double waisted corner-stone, with a copper lining over its contents."

A few days had come and gone, and our friends were getting along finely, when they met another blow, and the scale of disappointment was heavy with the weight of more sorrow and more trouble.

Gonzales could not rest easy until he had returned to see his victims dead or dying; so he, in company with several others, who had had the fever and did not fear it, went back to the place where he had left the Americans.

During the execution the spectators kept very quiet. Some of the volunteers made their jokes and laughed; but the prevailing feeling among the crowd of spectators was that of fear of the consequences of the cruel deed.

THE BURIAL.

After the execution there appeared five wagons dragged by mules, and upon these wagons the corpses were thrown like so many bags of corn. Captain Fry was lying in one of these carts lowermost; in another wagon five dead bodies were so laid that their heads were hanging over the back-board, swinging to and fro, while the blood was dropping to the ground. The broken skulls were only kept together by the skin of the head. The corpses were carted to a swampy place in the neighborhood, where a large hole was dug, into which the bodies were thrown, and then, by a covering of a little earth, they were hid from mortal view.

THE LAST OF THE VIRGINIUS.

THE following will serve as a retrospection, as it covers the whole of the *Virginius* case and is a concise account.

The *Virginius* question is finally settled, at least so far as the vessel herself is concerned, for she now lies in eight fathoms of water at Frying-pan Shoal, ten miles south of Cape Fear light, on the southern coast. Brought up a blockade-runner, her career has been an eventful one. Built on the Clyde some time about 1862 or 1863, for speed mainly, she began by running into our Southern ports during the war. When Mobile was captured, in 1864, she was lying in that harbor loaded with cotton, and was confiscated. She was then called the *Virgin*. After the close of the war she passed into the hands of parties, who used her to run into Cuba with supplies for the insurrectionists there, and her trips, up to the ever-memorable event that resulted in her capture, the end of October last, were both numerous and successful. About eighteen months ago, the Spanish navy about Cuba received orders to destroy the *Virginius* wherever and whenever she could be caught. As to the fate of the crew, nothing was said, though it was pretty well understood that Spanish regret would not be very loud if they went to the bottom. Six months after that order was issued, the *Virginius* was cornered up in the port of Aspinwall by the Spanish war steamer *Pizarro*, and held there three months. She might have been there yet had not General Hurlbut, who during several years of late has represented our Government in various South American Republics, visited Aspinwall in the way of his duty. Upon his arrival there the Colombian Governor officially communicated with him, reminding him that the United States was bound by treaty to protect the neutrality of the Colombian waters, and informing him of the state of affairs. The *Pizarro* had threatened to fire into the port

upon the boat, and in so doing must inevitably damage the town and jeopardize the lives of parties not concerned. General Hurlbut sent for the commander of the *Virginus* (the since murdered Captain Fry was not in charge of her then), who answered in person, bringing with him the ship's papers. These were all right and legally clear. They represented that the ship was owned in New York, whence she had sailed with a cargo of merchandise; that she had put in at several ports by the way, where she had been regularly cleared; her register was perfect; furthermore, she had aboard nothing whatever of a contraband nature. The United States steamer *Kansas*, coming into Aspinwall at this juncture, General Hurlbut instructed her commander to escort the *Virginus* out to sea and to sink the *Pizarro* if interference was attempted. The *Virginus* was accordingly taken out. Little of her was heard afterwards until the Tornado ran her down, and towed her into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. With the events that immediately followed, the whole world is familiar. General Ryan and three of the Cuban passengers were shot on the morning of November 4th, their execution being followed, on the 7th, by the shooting of Captain Fry and thirty-six of the crew, and another batch of twelve on the 10th. This made fifty-three in all who were executed. It is unnecessary to detail the international imbroglio which ensued. The *Virginus* was despatched to Havana, where she arrived on the afternoon of November 18th, with the Spanish colors at her masthead. The survivors of her crew and passengers, 102 in number, were delivered over to Captain Braine, of the *Juniata*, at Santiago, on the 18th of December, and arrived at New York on the 28th. The *Virginus* herself was towed out of the harbor of Havana on the 12th of December, and taken to Bahia Honda, where she was formally delivered over on the morning of the 16th, to the United States steamer *Despatch*, Captain Whiting commanding. She was then taken to the Tortugas, from which point she started for New York on the 19th in tow of the *Ossipee* and with a prize crew on board. Here the melancholy termination of her career began. Fair weather was experienced until Saturday, the following day, when a gale sprang up. Rough weather continued, and the *Virginus* signalled that she was leaking badly. Captain Walters, commander of the *Ossipee*, therefore determined to shape his course for Charleston, S. C., but as they got into smoother water the *Virginus* behaved better, and the water was kept out of her fire-room. On the morning of Christmas day, however, severe weather having continued, the *Virginus* was leaking as badly as ever, and the vessel put into Frying-pan shoals, about ten miles south of Cape Fear light, where smoother water could be obtained. Here the vessel came to anchor, Captain Walters hoping that the *Virginus* would ride out the gale. Before daylight next morning (Friday) Commander Woodrow signalled with lights that the *Virginus* was leaking rapidly, with fires out and pumps stopped, and that the crew wished to be taken off. Boats were lowered from the *Ossipee* at daylight, and by seven o'clock A. M. all on board the *Virginus* were transferred to the former vessel. As a heavy sea was running, the work of removing the crew was one of much danger and difficulty, and, therefore, no lives were risked in endeavoring to save their personal effects or any other property on the *Virginus*. The hawser of the *Virginus* was cut, and a buoy attached to mark her position, in case she sunk out of sight. The *Ossipee* remained at anchor during the day, and at a quarter past four o'clock P. M. the *Virginus*, which had been gradually settling, went to the bottom.