

**JACK HARKAWAY'S  
ADVENTURES IN AMERICA AND  
CUBA, BEING A CONTINUATION  
OF ADVENTURES AROUND THE  
WORLD**

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Jack Harkaway's adventures in America and Cuba, being a continuation of Adventures around the world by Bracebridge Hemyng

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**BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG**

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"I AM BEING ASSASSINATED!" YELLED MOER, FALLING.—ADVENT, IN AMER. AND CUBA.—*Frontispiece.*

# JACK HARKAWAY'S

## ADVENTURES

### IN AMERICA AND CUBA

BEING A CONTINUATION OF  
**ADVENTURES AROUND THE WORLD**

BY  
**BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG**

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# JACK HARKAWAY IN AMERICA AND CUBA.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE END OF THE SCENE.

It was after a kind of dreamy stupor had worn off, that our hero at length opened his eyes.

He felt stronger, and able to remember all that had occurred, but a raging thirst devoured him.

He would have given the world, if he had had it, for the smallest drink of water.

The first object on which his eye rested was the hapless negro, lying on the grass in a pool of crimson gore.

"The wretches have murdered poor Monday," he exclaimed, with a cry of horror.

"No, dey ain't, Massa Jack, not jess yet," replied the wounded man, faintly, as he opened his eyes, and looked up dimly at the sound of the well-known voice.

"But you are bleeding," said Jack, pityingly.

"Yes, him tink him am," was the reply; "him catch de bullet in him ribs somewheres; but never mind that. How you do yourself, Massa Jack?"

"I'm all right, if I could only untie my arms and feet," Jack replied!

"Tank God for dat?" fervently exclaimed Monday.

"This chile soon get you down."

The staunch Limbian made an effort to rise.

But the effort was in vain, and he sank down with a suppressed groan.

"It no good, Massa Jack; him got more dan him can carry dis time."

And with this faint attempt at a joke, he fell back again upon the greensward insensible.

Jack looked down upon his faithful friend with intense commiseration.

It was the only thing he could do.

"Poor Monday will die from loss of blood," he murmured, anxiously, "and I fastened up here like this. If I could only——"

He broke off suddenly, as a faint chirp caught his ear.

It was the poor monkey, who was just beginning to have a dim sort of consciousness that he was alive.

Presently he sat up and looked round him.

Then he rubbed his head with his paw.

After which he shook it—probably to be sure his brains were still inside.

Having done this, he threw several somersaults and flipflaps.

After which, having caught a flea, he seemed to be quite restored.

Our hero watched his coming to with much interest, and then he cried—

"Nero, old man, I am up here."

Nero looked up at the bough with a lively chirp, and grinned and nodded as though he was quite pleased to see his young master again.

"Come up, old fellow," continued Jack.

The monkey did not scamper away as he had done before, but instantly swung himself up to the branch on which our hero lay extended, and sat looking at him seriously.

"I'm in a fix, old boy," said Jack to his dumb companion, "and I want you to get me out of it."

As he spoke, he directed Nero's attention, as well as he could, to his bound arms.

The monkey seemed to understand him perfectly.

In an instant he was sitting astride his master, picking at the knots with all his might.

In less than a minute our hero felt the pressure removed from his arms.

Nero had untied the napkin, and was now flourishing it triumphantly in his paw.

Jack, having recovered the use of his hands, quickly took out his knife and severed the cords that bound his feet.

He was once more free.

"Now for poor Monday," he exclaimed, as he dropped from the branch.

His limbs were so stiff and cramped from the long continued pressure they had undergone that he could scarcely support himself.

It was with difficulty he could even reach his wounded friend.

But having done so, he knelt down and raised his head in his arms.

"Monday, Monday—dear old fellow! speak to me," entreated young Jack.

The negro slowly opened his eyes.

"Him can't say nothin', Massa Jack, now, but God bless you!" he gasped, faintly, and then closed his eyes again.

"What can I do for him?" thought our hero. "If I only had some water, or some rum."

Monday caught the word, and he murmured, almost audibly—

"Rum—lilly drop."

Alas! there was neither one nor the other, and Jack was almost fainting for a draught himself.

What was to be done?

They were some distance from home, our hero not in very good walking condition, Monday unable to walk at all, Nero—the only one who seemed quite himself—unable to take a message.

"Help must be got somehow," soliloquised Jack; "and yet, if I leave this poor fellow in this state, he'll bleed to death before I can get back, and that would be horrible."

As the only thing he could do, our hero endeavoured to staunch the blood that oozed from Monday's side with the napkin.

But it was soaked through and through in a few moments.

"I must chance it, and go for help," he exclaimed, desperately, as he rose to his feet. "Come on, Nero; we must be quick."

He took a few hasty steps, stopped, and returned.

"Shall I go or stay?" he asked himself, irresolutely, as he looked down at the unconscious form.

"If I go," he meditated, "it may save his life; if I stay, he's sure to die. My mind's made up: I'll go."

Our hero, having uttered these words, was about to depart when, to his surprise, Monday checked him.

"Don't go, Massa Jack," he said, faintly; "him hear de sound ob footsteps coming."

Jack started at these words, and look anxiously around.

If his enemies should be returning!

But he neither saw nor heard any thing.

"I think you are mistaken, old fellow," he said, kindly.

"No, him not, Massa Jack," returned Monday, confidently; "him know de steps."

The black's acute ear, as he lay on the ground, had detected sounds at a distance, which to our hero's less practised sense were perfectly inaudible.

"You say you know the steps," asked Jack, anxiously; "whose are they?"

"Dey Sunday's steps," replied the negro.

"Sunday? Hurrah!" cried our hero; "hurrah! Go and meet him, Nero."

He pointed as he spoke, and away started the monkey.

Monday proved to be perfectly right.

In less than two minutes the voice of the American was heard shouting—

"What you two got to, eh? No good hiding out ob de way; dis chile sure to find you, yah, yah!"

A few moments more, and Sunday, with Nero hopping along at his side, came in sight.

Young Jack uttered a cry of joy, and rushed forward to meet him.

"Well, Massa Jack, how de big spree getting on, eh?" asked Sunday, with a broad grin on his black face, as they reached each other.

"Big spree?"

"Him mean de big spree you and Monday goin to hab togeder. Am it ober yet?"

But the cheerful expression rapidly died out of his face as our hero replied, seriously—

"Yes; the 'big spree,' as you call it, is all over, and unless you move yourself quickly, it's very likely you'll be just in time to come in at the death."

"Death, massa," almost gasped Sunday. "Who going to die?"

"Come and see," replied young Jack, as he began to retrace his steps.