

**HIS CUBAN  
SWEETHEART,  
A NOVEL**

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His Cuban sweetheart, a novel by Richard Henry Savage & Mrs. Archibald Clavering Gunter

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**RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE & MRS. ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER**

**HIS CUBAN  
SWEETHEART,  
A NOVEL**



# His Cuban Sweetheart

A Novel

BY

COL. RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE

AUTHOR OF

("MY OFFICIAL WIFE," Etc.)

AND

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# CONTENTS.

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## BOOK I.

### THE BUCCANEER'S LEGACY.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—At Edgecliff on the Hudson, - -	5
“ II.—The Altar Treasure of Maracaibo, - -	18
“ III.—The Veiled Secret of the Leaden Casket, - - - - -	34
“ IV.—Felipe's Quest, - - - - -	51
“ V.—Wait Till We Hear From Nixon, - -	67

## BOOK II.

### IN THE GRASP OF THE SPANIARD.

CHAPTER VI.—“Pasado por las Armas,” - - -	79
“ VII.—The King of Emeralds, - - -	100
“ VIII.—The Vital Half, - - - - -	114
“ IX.—The Innocent Hand Breaks the Seal, - - - - -	133
“ X.—The Ball from the Hammerless Revolver, - - - - -	149
“ XI.—“Courage and Quinine !” - - -	160

## BOOK III.

## A MODERN FILIBUSTER.

CHAPTER XII.—Helpless in the Forest, - -	170
“ XIII.—The Ambush on the Aguan, - -	184
“ XIV.—The Missing Signal Fire, - -	198
“ XV.—“It is the Padre!” - -	216
“ XVI.—There is no Stain upon the Robe, - - - - -	233
“ XVII.—“The Law of the Buccaneers!”	243



# HIS CUBAN SWEETHEART.

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## BOOK I.

### THE BUCCANEER'S LEGACY.

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#### CHAPTER I.

AT EDGECLIFF ON THE HUDSON.

"Young man! Do you know where you are going?" demanded James Nixon, M.D., severely,—as he nailed his friend, Frank Lorimer, in front of the Hoffman House, on a pleasant August evening of the peaceful year of ninety—.

"Not quite so hard, Buster," remarked the victim singled out of the uptending drift of America's one promenade. "Let up and I'll answer. I suppose I must call you 'Doctor Jim' now!"

Still in the grasp of his classmate, whose "stroke" was not yet forgotten in the rapid eclipse of 'varsity heroes, Lorimer shook his tawny locks and laughed, as his captor gravely said: "There is but one human being now ornamenting this mundane sphere of football who is privileged to call me 'Doctor Jim,' and she is the very nicest girl in New York—bar none! But I will answer for you, as you stand recusant. You are going back to the Club to dine with me." Lorimer nodded.

"First there is a little ceremony!" remarked the returned traveler. So side by side they stood in a few moments, dividing their attention between the

deft manipulations of the "gentleman" who practiced at the bar—of the Hoffman—and those active o'ergrown frolic nymphs of Bougereau twitching around very roughly that patient satyr who is only one Adam among far too many Eves, and so pitifully outclassed.

"Your patients!" gayly cried Lorimer, as he struck the attitude of the Governor of North Carolina.

"Your clients!" merrily rejoined Doctor Jim—in the pose of the chief executive of South Carolina—of that ilk!

"*De mortuis nil nisi*," sadly remarked the son of Galen, as he gazed into the wreck of a Manhattan.

"*Les absens out toujours tort*," quietly replied Frank Lorimer. "But neither tort nor trespass—nay, nor breach of promise—even the festive divorce—naught cometh my way. If I ever figure conspicuously in legal circles, I fear I will have to furnish forth the wedding breakfast—with funeral baked meats of my own cooking."

"In other words," rejoined Doctor Jim, "we may admit that we have toiled all night, and taken nothing. Is this a fair return to Alma Mater for all her years of fostering care?"

Lorimer laughed heartily as they selected a couple of Brevas. "We might have done worse by old Yale," he gravely argued. "In the first place we have both just taken something. I have taken a trip around the world for these two weary years, to restore my nerves, broken down by much 'midnight oil!' And you? What have you taken? 'How stands the record of the dying year?' as the Devil somewhat pointedly queried of that very remarkable person, the Black Crook."

Doctor Jim Nixon, with an air of professional dignity, admitted taking a long furlough. A year of European gadding and a twelve months' cruise in the West Indies with his esteemed uncle, Surgeon Bradford, U. S. Navy, had filled up his time bill.

"And what may your harvest have been, my man of bones?" continued Lorimer, as they strolled over Madison Square to a quiet corner in the University Club.

"I have learned how to roll cigarettes a l'Espagnol, also the soft dialect of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the art of devouring alligator pears, conch soup and many weird Castilian dishes suitable in tone to the climate of your probable final domicile. But I can conscientiously swear that I am guiltless of human blood! No lost soul comes wailing to my door! I've learned a bit of the world, though. But—the law? Your chaste mistress?"

"I have been a law unto myself!" lightly answered Lorimer, "and I have expounded the law, 'Thou shalt not steal,' to the many cosmopolitan sharks nibbling at my juicy youthful greenness. I have also satisfied that vague yearning to go aimlessly abroad—which proves we are still a parvenu nation. I have been indifferent in England, mildly agnostic in France, flatly defiant in Germany, and passive among the madding Italian crowd. Perhaps I have at least learned the value of directness, for I came directly home like a good boy—from Liverpool—no stops on the way. I have seen about the whole thing and I have not 'practiced to deceive,' if I have not exactly knocked Webster, Choate, Kent and Story from their coigns of vantage."

As the two friends faced each other at table, they were a striking contrast. Frank Lorimer's twenty-four years showed the splendid development of a tawny-haired athlete. Blue-eyed, with a frank laughing face, his restrained garb of civilization covered the browned arms and sun-scorched back of a giant midship oar.

"Doctor Jim" in supple dark elegance of contour, disguised the spring-steel vitality of his perfect proportions. Clear, steady, dark-brown eyes, a firmly cleft chin, with mobile, sensitive lips, and a flush of restrained Celtic passion, he might have been taken easily for the pick of either of the three branches of the gifted Gauls.

The chance reunion of two leading members of the "Skull and Bones" set their hearts throbbing once more with the memories of their days of wine and wassail. Before the chums had reached the Omega of the menu, they had discussed many half forgotten college comrades, and genial old-time roving enemies.

"See here, Buster!" remarked Frank Lorimer