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Jack Curzon

288

*(Being a portion of the Records of the Managing Clerk of
Martin, Thompson & Co., English Merchants
doing business in Hong Kong, Manila,
Cebu and the Straits Settlements)*

A NOVEL

BY

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AUTHOR OF

“Mr. Barnes of New York,” “Bob Covington,”
“Billy Hamilton” etc., etc.



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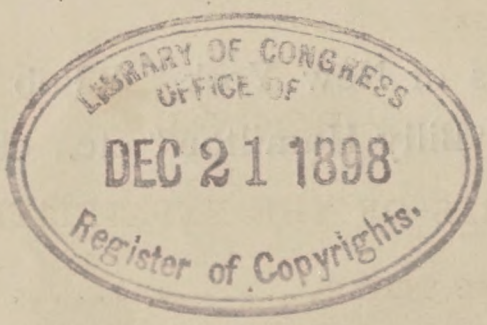
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JACK CURZON.

BOOK I.

MY CONTRACT WITH THE KATIPUNAN.

(Being a portion of the Records of the Managing Clerk of Martin, Thompson & Co., English Merchants doing business in Hong Kong, Manila, Cebu and the Straits Settlements.)

CHAPTER I.

“ YOU SABE, MANILA NO GOOD ! ”

HONG KONG is sizzling in a summer day of 1896. But Hong Kong always sizzles; not that the thermometer is so high, but the humidity is so tremendous.

“ By Jove, Jack, I’ve lived in the furnace air of upper Egypt, Dongola, and all that, don’t yer know,” mutters little Ponsomy of the postal service, “ but hang me, this is existing in ‘ biling ’ water. Next we will have ‘ biling ’ oil *à la Mikado* ! Why the deuce don’t those beastly punka-boys stir their lazy car-casses ? ”

But I, John Talboys Curzon, am too languid to answer this remark, and sit lazily listening to the creaking of the punka, dreamily looking out of the window of the English Club on the passing concourse of Wyndham Street and Queen’s Road, and wishing I was over at Kowlung on the other side of the harbor where the southwest monsoon blows upon the pretty white villas, and gives a little relief to the infernal sizzle of humanity in the British metropolis of south-eastern China.

The passers-by on the main thoroughfare of Hong Kong do not interest me greatly.

On this hot day even the coolies as they carry sedan chairs or run about with jinrikshas are languid; the semi-occasional Sikh policeman in his crimson turban, though born on the burning plains of Central India, seems not quite as alert in pursuit of Chinese malefactors as usual. The few Europeans in the Club are wildly calling for cooling drinks. The whole place seems like a boiling hell.

Semi-occasionally I glance out at the big clock in the stone tower or consult my watch, for I am awaiting the arrival of the Pacific Mail Steamship *City of Peking* from San Francisco, which has been indicated by the flags on top of the hill at the Signal Station, and know I will have a hot job of it in transferring Miss Maud Ysabel Gordon of Luzon from that boat to the *Esmeralda*, which will take her to her father's and sister's arms at Manila.

My connection with her family began in 1895; though up to this moment I have never yet seen the young lady I am to greet on the incoming steamer; my interest in Maud Ysabel arising from my relationship to Mazie Inez Gordon, her younger sister in Manila, I happening to be the fiancé of that young lady of infinite Eastern graces, beautiful Spanish eyes and Saxon lilies.

I can well remember when I announced my engagement in the English Club at Manila, the consternation of my chums and intimates.

"What, marry the daughter of 'Bully' Gordon? Hang it, Jack, your future father-in-law will make you walk the plank some fine night! In his early days they say 'Bully' was little better than a pirate," suggested young Johnson, the agent for the great hemp firm of Jones, Goring & Co., of Cebu and London.

"By all the Tagal dialects," little Simpson of the English Consulate cried, "this is the crowning piece of your bad luck, my poor fellow!"

Here his voice grew low, and he whispered in my ear this by no means complimentary remark: "Bully will never let you off. He is so anxious to get his daughter out of the clutches of the Church which he hates with the hate of a Puritan, though there is little of that save its rancor in his nature."

"*Mein Gott!* You are going to marry Fraülein

Mazie Gordon? *Donner und Blitzen!*" chuckled Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum, one of the big German merchants of Manila, whose hemp capacity and numerous German thalers have squeezed him into the English Club. Then taking me aside, he whispered to my astonishment, for up to this moment Herr Adolph had never taken very much interest in me: "Mein young man, let me give you warning. Mein friendt, Capitan Silas Salem Gordon is not looked on with kindly eyes by the Spanish officials. Look out dot you don't get into a grand government trouble. Remember der interests of your firm."

"I always do," I reply, "*I never smuggle.*" A remark that puts a scowl upon the fat face of Herr Adolph, and makes him rub uneasily together his plump hands already greasy with Manila humidity.

These warnings about "Bully" Gordon did not please me a little bit, as I thought of Mazie's sweet Filipina graces tempered by her father's Yankee blood into a darling mixture of Castilian archness and New England passion.

As to troubles, I am used to them since I was born. If any baby fell out of the cradle in the nursery, Jack Curzon was the baby. At school, if any boy threw a stone, Jack Curzon connected with the wrong end of its line of flight. In after life, in the first business venture of my career, for with my usual good fortune I was born the youngest of a large family, and had to step out and carve my own way with a small moiety from my mother's estate, I got the worst of it.

Taking the usual course of cadets of fair English families, I left my home to push my fortune. Investing my little capital in an Australian sheep-farm, which was smitten with the drought the year after I bought it, I found myself almost at my last sovereign. Drifting from Melbourne to China, I finally reached Hong Kong some eight years before, becoming the junior of the numerous clerks of Martin, Thompson & Co., engaged in the Sulu, Visaya, Luzon, Cebu, Penang and Straits Settlements trade. Then by the worst luck of all, at least, so my office companions thought, I was exiled to Manila to conquer the mysteries of the hemp and tobacco traffics.

But all lanes have their cross-roads, and in Manila,

having had fortunately full charge of the business, it grew under me, and I shortly afterwards was transferred and made the Hong Kong manager of the business of Martin, Thompson & Co.

But of all the lucky things that came to me in Manila in the year 1896, I bless God most for Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon of the Island of Luzon, as sweet a creature as ever that sun which brings to early maturity, flowers and women alike, shone upon.

In the course of business I had had the opportunity of doing a great favor to the father of the young lady, El Capitan Don Silas Salem Gordon.

This gentleman had been familiarly known and dreaded in the early "fifties" and "sixties" as "Bully" Gordon, and celebrated as the toughest American skipper who ever sailed a ship in Chinese waters. Having given his Yankee name a Spanish twist he was now addressed as Don Silas Salem Gordon, and had become a subject of Spain.

This had come about as follows. Being wrecked in 1867 on the north coast of Luzon, under circumstances that made the underwriters of his vessel very anxious to put their hands on him, Gordon after loss of his ship had remained in the great island of the Philippines and gone into the tobacco trade, where he did smuggling galore in conjunction with Spanish revenue officers on the north coast of the island. With the capital gained from this he had become a tobacco planter in the lovely province of Nueva Ecija.

To increase his estate, he had married in 1872 the great Spanish heiress of the neighborhood, Doña Luisa Areles, though probably the girl's charms had had something to do with it, for the mother of my fiancée must have been a Spanish beauty; though the mixture of the Caucasian of the Yankee sea-captain with the pure Castilian stream of the Iberian mother had produced a vivacious loveliness in Gordon's two daughters that comes only where the blood of two diverse races are discreetly mixed.

Don Silas being in Manila on business, had brought his youngest daughter of scarce sixteen with him. But women develop early in a Tropic land and I had promptly fallen in love with her.

Her elder sister, my sweetheart had told me, was in the United States, having been sent there to be educated, her father wishing to put more of the Yankee combativeness in her. "Bully" even remarking to me: "Mazie, will never be able to stand up against *procuradores*, *pica-pleitos* and other legal cormorants when I am dead. Her fortune will be a prey to them. But let Maud get a good Yankee training, and hang me, she will take care of her own and her sister's property. I'll risk Maudie against the *corregidor* and the Supreme Court of Manila combined, that is, if she can get the United States Consul to help her."

"Why don't you go to Daland, yourself, if you expect trouble with the Spanish officials?" I query.

"How can I after renouncing American citizenship," mutters the poor fellow, his face becoming anxious, for he knows he has cut himself off from American protection, having become a subject of Spain in order to hold his land on the island, and furthermore, being very well aware he is on the bad books of the Spanish government on account of a claim he has against certain officials for some very valuable tobacco lands to which he declares he has the *titulo real* from his dead wife, they refusing to admit his title, though the late Señora Gordon's family had had possession of the same for over a hundred years.

Two months before this day on which I am meditating in the Chinese metropolis, I had been called by urgent business from my sweetheart's arms in Manila to Hong Kong, and had left her with a strange anxiety in my heart, for Mazie's manner had become anxious also.

"It is not for myself, I fear, Señor Juan—no, I'll call you Jack," she whispered to me, "it is for that great man, my father. The *Corregidor* of Nueva Ecija hates him; the Bishop of Pampanga does not love him; Captain-General Blanco shrugs his shoulders when he hears his name mentioned. My father will fight so for his rights. He is like the noble *toro* in the bull-ring; he is equal to the bravest game-cock at the *Gallina de Tondo*. But there are too many of them against him. O *Dios de mi madre*, if my sister were but here! She was so strong in character. All the servants loved her for her fighting strength; not that they feared her,

for she was ever kind to them. Even Ata Tonga, the fierce Tagal on my father's estates, worshiped her and would have taken a beating kindly from her, because she was always just to him. Ata Tonga, he of the wondrous nose; he who can smell like a dog and has the devotion of a mastiff and the ferocity of a blood-hound, Ata Tonga said: 'When Senorita Maud cometh it is like the perfume of new-blown roses in the air. When I smell the *Corregidor*, it is the odor of the *daghong-palay*, the deadly snake of the rice fields. When my nostrils catch the stink of the German, it is like the oily, fetid, sickening pickle-flavor of the anaconda, who twines about, crushes, and then devours his prey.' *Caramba!*" laughs my naughty darling, whose profanity is of the most bewitching Spanish order, "How Ata Tonga used to hate our German friend."

"German! What German?" I whisper.

"Why, Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum, of course. Ata Tonga thought my father's old German comrade was a villain, though I do not believe Ata. Dear Senor Adolph has been so good to all of us, and of such assistance to *mi padre* in his troubles. When we were children, Adolph dandled me and my sister on his Teutonic knees."

"By the god-of-war," I snarl, "he loves you!"

"Ah no, jealous one," laughs the girl, tapping me with her fan in charming Filipina coquetry. "Not *me!* I've heard he loved my poor dead mother," says the girl with a little sigh, "though that can't be true either, for he adores my father. At all events, Herr Adolph always liked my sister best when we were children; petted her the most, and gave Ysabel the most *dulces* when he visited our tobacco plantation under old Montes de Baler, the grand peaks that rise high above the plains of the Pampanga, those great pampas where the wild buffalo herd; that wondrous land which reaches the mighty mountains among which the *Negritos*, the little savages, find refuge from the Spanish tax-gatherer."

"Still I do not like your German friend," I mutter savagely.

"Tra-la-la! Herr Ludenbaum has made you so wildly jealous, Senor Juan, that I must play the latest

dance music to soothe *mi caballero*." And my darling sits down at the grand piano in their beautiful villa just up the Pasig River, in the suburb of San Miguel, and dashes off for me the popular "Washington Post March" with the vivacity of a Rubenstein and the soft, pathetic, sensuous touch of a true music-loving *Filipina*.

"By George, that's one of Sousa's, the American composer's melodies!" I say, having heard Jimmie Bolton, who has just arrived from San Francisco, whistling the ditty at the Club.

"Yes, my sister has just sent me a lot of music from the United States. You know Maud graduates this year at that great girl's school where papa says they are taught to have confidence in themselves like men, not to be nice, demure, little convent girls, as I was. You know the place I mean; that great, great *Colegio de—de—*" and Mazie snaps her fingers castanet fashion, "*de—Vassar*. I have it now! Ysabel's letters are all about America. She writes about going to a ball, *madre mia*, without a duenna, given by the cadets at—at—at," Mazie again snaps her pretty fingers appealingly.

"At West Point," I interject.

"No! That is not the name."

"At Annapolis?" I suggest.

"*Santa Maria*, yes! Where they make *fighting* sailors," cries the girl delighted. "What a wonderful guesser you are, Juan." Then she flies on: "Maud writes that her Spanish manner was so effective. You know what I mean—a fan—the eyes—the—the lips."

"Oh, don't I!" I mutter rapturously.

"So effective that a young Japanese warrior studying there by the permission of the United States and by order of the Mikado, said he was proud of Ysabel as a product of the great islands of the Pacific. But then Maud didn't care so much for the Jap."

"Ah, there was another fellow," I mutter.

"*Santissima*, you have guessed it again!" Mazie's eyes grow big.

"It is a secret?"

"Yes. A young naval sailor *muchacho*, an Americano, *Filipo* Preble Marston, of the United States Navy—I know the name very well, Ysabel writes it so often—, said that he must and would be her first fa-

vorite, *caballero especial*, because his name was *Filipo*, and Senorita Maud Ysabel Gordon was a Filipina. From Maud's letters this Senor *Filipo* must be a wonderful man. He does not make love at a distance like Spaniards. He doesn't play the guitar beneath her window. He simply says: 'Surrender at once you little Spanish beauty, and I'll hoist the American flag upon you before you know you're captured!' *Diablo!* what did he mean by that?"

"About the same, I imagine," I reply, "as I did when I said to you: 'You dear little Spanish-American witch, you're the prettiest chick in the Philippines, and I——'"

"Oh yes, I remember what you said. You needn't tell me about that now. I blush every time I think of it," murmurs my sweetheart; then breaks out: "Oh, you don't know what wondrous letters my sister writes. She tells me of things I couldn't believe if I didn't see them here in miniature; of railroads a thousand miles long; that young ladies often wear boots instead of slippers—think of that! Isn't it bold? Besides Maud uses language sometimes I can't understand. She tells me that I must be a bang-up *Americano*, a *bully Yankee*. Does that come from the great name my papa has received in honor of his courage?"

To this I do not reply. I grimly think of the awful tales of shanghied sailors; of her father's performances with marlinspike and rope's end; of his desperate fights with revenue boats when opium smuggling, and one or two little Sulu episodes that were next door to piracy, but have been forgotten in the lapse of years, which have given my little tender sweetheart's Yankee father the cognomen of which she is so proud.

Therefore, I do not answer her, but turning the subject, suggest: "By-the-by, what does that Tagal of the wondrous nose think that you smell like, my sweet one?"

"Like orchids," laughs my darling.

"Why, orchids have no smell to speak of."

"Neither do I, I hope, to your obtuse organ," laughs my charmer. "But to Ata's delicate nostrils I have the perfume of orchids and smell like coriander seeds. At least he says so."

“And your father, does he smell like a musk-melon?” I jeer.

“*Santa Maria*, no! Ata says papa’s scent when he does not disguise it with rum, is like that of fresh killed cattle; he has so much savage blood flowing in his fighting veins. *Dios mio*, you shall not laugh!” she adds petulantly. “Don’t you know, you grinning Englishman, that there are whole tribes whose scent is as acute as that of sleuth-hounds; that they can track anything by its perfume; that they live in a different world from us; that they know their enemy is walking around the corner before he comes in sight. They even say they tell by scent when their sweethearts love them.”*

“Ah, then I hope that orchids and coriander seeds mean constancy,” I mutter.

“They do, *Dios mio*, they do!”

“And this wonderful creature, this Ata Tonga, who can tell by his nose what other men can’t discover with all their five senses, where is he?” I laugh. “I want to examine him about you, Mazie, to see if the perfume of orchids and coriander still remain with you.”

“Oh, Ata Tonga went away soon after my sister left for America. He had not the heart, he said, to remain when the perfume of the wild roses no longer came to his nostrils. Like his highly impressionable race, he loves or hates fiercely. He would have drooped, had he remained, he said, after the ship had taken away to the distant land the being who had her hand upon his heart. My father declared Ata’s education made him restless. He said we had been fools to send the

* This wonderful development of the organs of the sense of smell in certain tribes of Tagals has been noticed by all who have explored or traveled in the interior of the Island of Luzon, and has been commented on by them extensively.

Sir John Bowring in his work on the Philippine Islands in 1854, speaks of the very strong lines that run from the nose to the mouth in these tribes, whose nostrils have the power of expansion like those of a dog, and whose sense of smell is as acute. In the act of kissing, lovers contract their nostrils to determine if their sweethearts are true to them. By their sense of smell they can distinguish their masters and mistresses.

John Foreman in his travels in these islands, published in 1890, also comments upon this extraordinary development of this sense among the Tagals, though it does not extend to the whole community,—Ed.

wild boy who had come to us from the mountains to the Padre's school to have him taught to read and write. It would put the Devil into him. So Ata Tonga went away from us. I have not seen him for four years. Perhaps when Maud returns, her boy, as he calls himself, will find us again."

"Yes, perhaps he will sniff wild roses five hundred miles from here and track her to you. So Ata Tonga is an educated savage."

"Wonderfully so. Besides the accomplishments of reading and writing and some little arithmetic, he is musical like all Filipinos and plays the trombone beautifully," laughs Mazie.

"And to them adds the instincts of a savage," I suggest.

"Yes, Ata has the eye of a hawk, the nose of a hound," cries the girl, "the courage of a game cock and the faithfulness of a *Filipino* for his mistress that he loves."

"So you *Filipinas* are all faithful. You love once, you love forever," I say and take my sweetheart in my arms.

But to my astonishment she mutters: "Yes, faithful—faithful to death." Then, breaking from my sobs: "Though the *Cura* says——"

"Well; what does the *padre* say?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't agitate me!" The Señorita looks agitated and distressed; then dashes on: "Let me tell you of my sister. Ysabel writes me letters from America that give me spasms of delight. Some day you will take me there, Jack, after you—you have"——and she hides her head, which is now blushing red as the blossoms of the fire-tree.

"Married you?" I whisper.

"*Dios mio*, yes, Jack! All my life commences *after* you have—have married me," and for some unexplained reason Mazie commences to cry as if her lovely dark eyes were the fountains of perpetual beauty.

"Why are you weeping?" I gasp, astonished.

"Oh, I—I don't like to explain to you. Ask papa; he will tell you better than I, Jack, the awful news. Go away from me! You break my heart!" And to give the lie to this speech Mazie Inez throws her arms around my neck and kisses me with tropic passion,

and her lips smell not like coriander seed, but as roses dewy with love for me, the phlegmatic Englishman who adores this mixture of Spanish archness and American coquetry.

So I leave her alone, for our meetings have been on the American order; her father, thank God, having permitted an Anglo-Saxon freedom of intercourse with my betrothed. Of course there has been a duenna in the house, a sort of third or fourth cousin, Doña Valrigo, a Spanish lady of well developed cigarette habit, terrific age and most retiring manners; so retiring that she has never interfered with my tête-à-têtes with my fiancée. Perhaps we have been a scandal to the Spanish community, but I don't care, and even now as I sit in the Hong Kong Club, I see in my memory, Mazie's white arms coming from the soft *pina* gauzes of a Filipina robe, her little feet clothed with conventional silken hosiery of the European, but driven into the petite slippers of the Philippines called *chinelas*, her dark eyes beaming on me, the Saxon lilies of her cheeks covered with maiden blushes, the soft music of her voice ringing after me: "My Jack!" as I go from her to her father to ask: "What is the meaning of this? Mazie hints to me there is some obstacle to our coming wedding."

In answer to my question, old Gordon, who has been browned to Malay color by forty years in the hottest tropics, and wrinkled to infinity by unending contest with fellow-man, liquor, and fate, growls out in Yankee twang: "*Carrajo! Diablo!* I mean damn it! dash it! hang it! The infernal *padre* has put his accursed clerical nose into your marriage contract, my British lion."

"What has he done?" I falter.

"He has condemned you as a *hereje* to perpetual celibacy. Unless you become a member of the Church of the Philippines and carry image in the procession, Mazie and you will never fall foul of each other."

"But Mazie, will she stand it?" I ask uneasily.

"Blow it, that's your breaker ahead. Mazie is a good girl and believes in her religion, and thinks she should do the commands of the Church and all that kind of sanctimonious rot. As for me, I joined the Church when I became a Spanish subject. *Santo*

Dios! I mean hell and damnation! I had to," the Yankee sea-dog snarls, "to get my fist on the lands that belonged to me. And then after I had blessed myself with holy water, marched in procession at carnival time and by Cape Cod! done penance with burning candles, they have gone back on their contracts with me, and are trying to do me and my daughters out of an estate worth half a million *pesos*. But," here he snaps his Yankee jaws together with the click of a bear-trap, "by Paul Jones and Yankee Doodle, I, the *renegado*, the Yankee who can't look his flag in the face, have put a wrinkle on these Spanish cormorants that'll make them open their infernal pirate peepers!"

"What is it?" I whisper anxiously. "Perhaps I can aid you."

"No, by Columbia and the god of war, I don't need any aid in this matter!" mutters the sea-dog in savage sturdiness. "I've got 'em tighter than a shanghied sailor. But this is under hatches till I spring it on 'em; but as you're going to be in the family, for if I know the cut of your jib, Jack Curzon, you're not the man who's going to be stopped from grabbing hold of a pretty girl by priest or layman. *Santa Maria!* I mean, Blast my eyes! if I thought you would, damn me if I'd let you have her. So I'll tell you of my little joke upon the *Corregidor* of Nueva Ecija and the Supreme Court of Manila combined." Here his voice becomes very low as he whispers: "You know I sent my daughter, Maud Ysabel—I had to mix the poor child's name and make it half Spanish to please her mother—to the United States to be educated, for two tremendous reasons. First, Maud has got a bull-dog, fight-it-out yard-arm-to-yard-arm, spirit like mine, though it is veiled with a feminine softness and Yankee cuteness that makes her a *diablo* of a girl in a scrimmage. Even that blasted Tagal, Ata Tonga, the surliest brute I ever thrashed, worships and adores her; because she has spunk enough to thump the life out of him if he ever disobeyed her. Well, with that spirit added to an American education, Maud will make a pretty lively fight, not only for her own rights, but for those of your Poll."

"My Poll?"

“Yes, your gal, your Portsmouth Polly, the lass that will wait for you when you come home from a cruise to the club at night,” grins the sea-dog, “after you’re spliced to her.” Then he goes on, and his words now almost takes my breath away: “But I reckoned Maud must have the weapons to fight this accursed gang of *procuradores*, officials and *pica pleitos*, and how the devil should I arm her ag’inst ’em. Suddenly it struck me like a chain-shot, and when four years ago, I sent Ysabél to Yankee land, I gave her certain instructions, and Maud writes me she has fulfilled ’em. Here’s her letter! That doesn’t give it away, does it?”

And he hands me an epistle in pretty refined feminine hand, which reads:

DEAR PAPA,

I am returning to the Philippines soon after the graduation. As I am twenty-one now, I have followed your directions. Tell you all about it, and much *more*, when I arrive. I’ve a sensation for you and Mazie.

Give my love to my darling little sister, and say I shall bring lots of gowns for her, and kisses for you both.

Your devoted *Yankee* daughter,

MAUD YSABÉL GORDON.

As I gaze on this, Bully Gordon’s voice startles me, it has such a jeering Yankee twang in its gruff tones. He laughs: “If they overhaul my letters in the post-office, no Spanish official from that will guess that my daughter Maud Ysabél Gordon has, under my direction, taken out her papers while in America and become a *citizen of the United States*, and will now fight the damn Spaniards under Old Glory. Good as gold, ain’t it! *Caramba!* I mean damn it! let them dare put their hands on her! They may down me,” adds the ex-sea-captain, as I stare at him astounded at the sharpness of his idea, and delighted at the strength it will give his daughter in her fight for her own and my sweetheart’s rights, “they may garote me, and I can’t appeal to the American Consul because I’ve cut loose from the bird of freedom, but Maud under the American flag, I’ll risk her to smash the Captain-General. Miss Goddess of Liberty will be here in two or three months. Now what are you going to do,

Jackey? Are you going to become a member of the Church at Manila, or are you going to stick to your religion? By-the-by, under what clerical colors do you sail anyway?"

"None at all, I imagine," I answer, "though, of course, I was christened in the Church of England."

"Yes, I never guessed you were troubled with religion very strong," he laughs. "But what are you going to do about Mazie now the priests have tackled you? As her daddy it's my duty to ask."

"Marry her," I say promptly, "priest or no priest, Catholic or Protestant! Whatever she is, Mazie's the future Mrs. Jack Curzon!"

"Of course; I knew you'd do that. When?"

"The next time I return to Manila. I am called away for a month or two to Hong Kong. When I come back, if Mazie's the girl I think her, she'll marry me; though whether I become a member of her Church to ease her religious scruples, shall be my consideration during my trip to China."

"All right, heave ahead! In Hong Kong, you look out for my eldest daughter and get her transferred from the Pacific Mail boat to one of the steamers running here. Of course, Maud can handle herself, but like most gals, my darling likes to play the woman, give herself la-de-da, touch-me-and-I-faint feminine airs, though she could take the quarter-deck or head a boarding party in person. She's nautical from truck to kelson; always ran after the sea. It's the Cape Cod blood in her, and it's coming out strong in her over in Yankee land. I think even now she's spooney on a naval tar, one of the kind that boards a feminine craft and hoists a flag on her before the girl knows what he is doing, one Phil Marston. By Davy Jones, if he's like his dad, Captain Jim Marston of the United States Navy, who thirty years ago chased me for a month in the China seas because they said I had shanghied a couple of California roustabouts, he's a tough one, and he may land Maud Ysabél; but Lord, after he's spliced to Maud Ysabél, she'll make him walk the plank if he goes cruising after strange feminine flags! What do you say to that, my land-lubber!"

"Say to it," I laugh, "If Maud Ysabél is half like

her darling sister, Mazie Inez, no man could cruise after strange flags, when he's got her for his wife."

"You bet! No man with blood in his body could run away from Maud's Venus figurehead. Lord bless yer, she looks as pretty as an opium dream. All I've got to do is to close my peepers and see her figure like a Tahiti nymph, only with Spanish feet and Andalusian ankles; arms and shoulders hard as ivory and white as cocoanut kernel, and as pretty a pair of full rounded bows as ever run a man down and sank him in the sea of matrimony. But it ain't that I want to talk to you about." Here old Bully Gordon's face grows very serious, and his voice very low and cautious. "Young man, you don't guess what's going on in these islands, but I do; and if I know my sailing lights, and I think I do, there's going to be one of the most tarnation political typhoons blowing in a few months that ever struck the Dons. It will be mixed with bullets and cannon-balls, too. So in case you get a telegram telling you to hold Maudie at Hong Kong, for I know her well enough to log, if I get into trouble she will come to the boarding nettings also, you put her in the charge of the American Consul at that port. Anchor her there till further orders."

"Certainly!"

"Remember this as God is above you! If you get any wire from me, don't pay attention to its lingo, but hold the gal. They've a mighty 'cute official here who overhauls all telegrams. If I cable at all, you may know it's from a shipwrecked mariner on his beam ends upon a lee shore. Give me your flipper that you'll keep your word."

He wrings my hand as I mutter huskily: "But her sister?"

"Oh, Mazie won't get into trouble. She's of the kind that'll lay snug during a storm," he remarks.

Then, though Mazie clings to me and with many kisses renews her promises to be mine, I am compelled to tear myself away and board the steamer for Hong Kong.

All this, memory brings to me as I sit seven hundred miles from Manila, gazing at Wyndham Street and Queen's Road.

But my musings are suddenly broken in upon by the

sharp boom of steamer's gun disturbing the breathless, torrid, humid air. The *City of Peking* has arrived. I must go down to Pedlar's Wharf, take sampan and meet this dashing American Yankee Filipina, who is coming to fight the Spaniards under the flag of the United States for her property and her sister's.

Even as I, mopping my brow, rise languidly to do this, a letter is handed to me by one of the Club boys, who says: "Sahib, this was just left at the door by a coolie."

Carelessly I tear it open, and start astounded. For in characters that are a curious kind of half print, half script, I read:

Yow Sah! Manila no good!

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PACIFIC MAIL BOAT.

REMEMBERING Gordon's parting words, this paper gives me a shock. Can it be a warning? The hieroglyphics have apparently been written by a Chinese brush pen. The paper that bears them is that soft tissue of which tea wrappers are made, in use in every Chinese counting-room. Is this ambiguous communication intended for the benefit of myself or of the young lady I am about to despatch to the Philippines?

Recollecting her father's last impressive order to stop Maud on any kind of a cablegram from him whatsoever, I run out of the club, signal a 'riksha, and dragged by a sweating coolie, go down to the Praya to our main office. Here I find that no cable has come to me this day from anywhere.

To make doubly sure, I trot Mr. Coolie back, and at the general telegraph offices on Queen's Road, discover that no wire for me from Manila has arrived.

"You seem anxious, Mr. Curzon," remarks the delivery clerk, who knows me very well. "Are you afraid of trouble there?"

I answer his question by another. "Why do you ask, Mr. Jones?"

"Because," remarks Jones, "one or two commercial cables that have come over lately rather indicate they expect an insurgent outbreak or uprising in Luzon, and all of them have the appearance of being carefully censored. Besides, a cable to the Spanish Gov——" Jones claps his jaws together and seems frightened at what he has said, remembering that all telegrams are sacred.

This suggestion of the telegraph clerk increases my anxiety; but still leaves me in doubt what course I shall take. Jones, despite inquiries on my part, will say nothing more. I have only a few hours to transfer my charge from the *City of Peking* to the *Esmeralda*, which has been held for the former vessel's arrival since the morning, as the Pacific mail boat is somewhat behind her schedule time.

Without more definite information I feel unauthorized to keep the young lady from her father and her sister.

Suddenly I ask another question: "Any cables for Miss Maud Ysabél Gordon, on the *City of Peking*?"

"Yes, one," answers Jones, looking over his list. "Will you take it to Miss Gordon? Her steamer is just in."

"Certainly," I answer, and getting the envelope in my hand, think this will solve my problem.

But even as he hands it to me the clerk destroys my idea by astonishing me with this remark: "It came from San Francisco two days ago."

So, turning the matter over, as my 'riksha-boy trots me down to Pedlar's Wharf, I conclude I will tell the young lady everything, and let her be her own judge of the course she will take.

Notwithstanding the heat, the Praya is crowded with business men, some of the fat and lazy ones going about in palanquins borne by the omnipresent coolie. Coolies are groaning under chests of opium, boxes of tea and bales of hemp, marking time as they strain under their burdens with that unceasing tongue-click, which rhythms the movements of their straining muscles. Sedan chairs are carried by coolies; jinrikshas are rushed about by coolies—untiring coolies, who have no Sundays, no holidays, except when Chinese New Year's comes, with its three days of exciting fire-crackers and intoxicating samshoo. Upon the water front, boats are being lowered from the davits of its granite sea-wall. At Pedlar's Wharf, the general landing place for all comers except the P. & O. steamers, which have a dock further down the Praya, is a crowd of shore boats loaded with people who want to board the *Peking*, which is just now dropping anchor in the stream.

Elbowing my way into the perspiring crowd, I look about for a boatman. A moment after, as I leave the little wharf, I note Hong Kong looks rather pretty; for the sharp hills that rise above its houses are, for a wonder, green. The villas along Kennedy Road with their tropic gardens seem cooler than they really are. A little touch of the southwest monsoon has just caught a corner of the harbor and gives it sea breeze.

The straits are full of shipping from every quarter of the world, among which are dodging steam launches, a fleet of sampans and numerous junks. Quite a crowd of these launches, sampans and row-boats are about the *City of Peking*, whose black sides rise high above them. A throng of Chinese searchers after business, runners for hotels, solicitors for tailors, who'll make you a suit of clothes and guarantee good fit for "sixie dollar," or artists who'll paint your portrait or a picture of your ship for a couple of taels, are trying to fight their way up the long side-ladder; most of them Chinese bumboat women doing business for their lazy husbands, who lounge in their sampans.

A few minutes after, forcing my way through these, I find myself upon the white deck of the big ocean liner. Under its ample awnings, being conducted by the first officer, who is an acquaintance of mine, through quite a group of lady passengers in gauzy summer dresses, and gentlemen in pith helmets, straw hats, and light flannels and white ducks, every mother's son of them using a palm-leaf fan, I find myself presented to a young lady in whose personality I have a great curiosity.

I gaze astonished.

From Bully Gordon's description of his daughter, and Mazie's remarks about her sister, I had expected a girl of aggressive, smite-you-down, keep-your-distance-sir, Diana-style of beauty. But looking into my face are a pair of appealing, take-me-to-your-heart, American eyes of the brightest sapphire. These, shaded by the longest of brown lashes, droop in pretty diffidence as I make my bow. The softest kind of a feminine voice, the very timbre of which would mean passion if the two coral chiseled lips were speaking to a lover, say to me words of greeting, languidly but very pleasantly: "Ah, so glad. I expected you, dear Mr. Curzon. Papa wrote me you would take charge of me here. I am delighted you have come so promptly. You know," she adds, with a little suggestive, feminine, put-myself-in-your-hands kind of quiver, "a girl like me feels so alone in a strange land. Besides coolies are sometimes a little saucy when there is no gentleman to direct them. I was getting quite nervous, but at sight of you, I'm—I'm rather brave again.

Thank you so much." She extends cordially an exquisitely gloved and extremely graceful hand as I gaze at her astounded.

As to beauty, Señorita Maud practically exceeds her father's description. The Venus figurehead is there, made alluring by Hebe eyes. The prettily rounded bows look as if they might run down any man who had a heart in his bosom. The white shoulders and snowy arms as they gleam beneath the white muslin of her tropic gown, apparently made in the very best French fashion by a first class New York modiste, seem whiter than the whitest cocoanut kernel or vegetable ivory. I note the lithe figure of a Tahetian girl who plays all day in the surf. Following the curving beauties of her graceful pose, I catch sight of a charming little slipper and know she has a Spanish foot. But is this the Boadicea who'll head a boarding-party, fight on the quarter-deck, and down the Captain-General and Supreme Court of Manila, in her struggle for herself and her sister's rights? I fairly chuckle to myself as I think what a wondrous mistake the doting admiration of her father and her sister has made in this girl's character, whom they consider their family Joan of Arc.

"Oh, yes, she'd thump the life out of Ata Tonga the savage Tagal, wouldn't she?" I grin to myself; then almost sigh as I reflect that even Mazie herself with her pretty little Filipina manners would do better fighting for her fortune than this beautiful creation of Paris fashions and feminine airs, graces, and nerves.

Even as I think this, the girl has turned to a Chinese steward, and called, a trembling eagerness in her voice: "Quick, Wong! Please see if any telegrams have come on board for me."

"Yes, missie," answers the Chinese boy. "If 'em ain't come on board, me glowey after 'em!" and he gives her a look of most respectful adoration as he salams before her.

"That boy seems anxious to do your bidding," I remark.

"Oh, yes, *all* gentlemen do, I think," says Miss Maud archly, and favors me with the first Filipina movement I have seen in her, for she looks at me over her fan in a way that reminds me of my own dear Mazie.

“You needn't send the boy for your telegram. I thought of you when on shore,” I whisper. “Is this what you want?” and produce the cable from San Francisco.

“*Dios mio!*” cries the girl, “Thank you; thank you, Mr. Curzon!” And she tears open the envelope.

A moment later I get my first true idea of the mind and heart of Maud Ysabel Gordon. As she reads the short message her eyes blaze up into a kind of violet with Spanish fire. With impulsive movement she kisses the handwriting of the telegraph clerk, and with a deft use of fair fingers the blue envelope and its contents plunge beneath laces and gauzes to take resting place on as pretty a spot as ever gave sanctuary to a lover's missive.

“You—you must excuse me, Mr. Curzon,” she laughs, “I hadn't heard from Phil for twenty-five days. You—you know—Mazie must have told you. He is my—no, I hadn't yet written *that* to them.” And blush after blush fly over her exquisite features. A moment later she adds: “I have told you so much—listen to the rest of it. Of course, as my sister's fiancé, I feel you are brother-in-law to me now, Jack. This telegram is from—” here her voice becomes strident with hope, “from *Filipo*—I mean Phil Marston, my sailor betrothed. He is an Ensign in the United States Navy. He cables me that he is ordered to join the *Petrel* on this station. Ah, but I knew that must come. I went to see the Secretary of the Navy myself. I told him: ‘Great *Americano*, here is a poor naturalized Yankee girl, who is going to become body and soul a Yankee by marrying one of your bravest cadets, he who plunged overboard at Norfolk and saved two drowning men.’ My Phil bears a medal on his breast for that; that is, he would if he weren't so modest. He has it locked up in his kit I believe, though once for two kisses, he showed it to me. I said: ‘Shall this young man, Mr. Secretary, who is going to make me a true *Americana*, be compelled to spend all his meager salary in cables at two dollars and fifty cents a word. Put him in the China squadron.’

“Perhaps some day his ship may fly her flag in the Philippines, then it will not be even cables from Hong

Kong, but kisses in Manila." Here she blushes and laughs: "Oh, what must you think of me, Mr. Curzon? But I forgot myself; in the joy of knowing *mi caballero* is ordered here. That the same typhoon that blows the houses down in Manila will blow my kisses to him as his vessel fights the storm in the Yellow Sea. Then she takes my arm, looks into my face and whispers: "Am I as loving to my sweetheart as Mazie is to you, you great big Englishman?" Next looking at a young English lady, who is gazing astounded at her peculiar vivacious performance with me, she says: "Mrs. Royston, let me present Senor Jack Curzon to the lady who has so kindly chaperoned this voyage."

As I shake hands with a charming young matron who is coming out to join her husband Burton Royston of the P. & O. steamers, Miss Vivacious runs on: "This is not my lover. He is only my sister's fiancé. Had he been my own sailor boy, I would have given him a hundred kisses right in your face. *Santa Maria!* I am not afraid to show I adore a man, when I do."

"Oh, no, Maud," laughs her chaperone, "I knew this was not your fiancé. Everyone on the boat is very sure that young naval officer who bid you good-bye when the *City of Peking* left San Francisco, has your whole heart in his pocket."

"*Santos!* I am glad there is no doubt about him!" returns Maud. Then she whispers to me: "Phil is such an impulsive fellow and so—so jealous of me. He says I do too much work with my eyes and fan. *Dios mio*, the darling boy wanted to marry me before I left San Francisco, but I—I did not dare!" Her face, that is blushing, suddenly grows troubled, perchance at thought of the man she loves. A moment after, she says lightly: "Jack, isn't it about time to get me transferred? We must bid Mrs. Royston good-bye. I believe the *Esmeralda* leaves to-day."

"Yes, I am awfully sorry. You have only three or four hours in this port. I would have liked to have done the honors of the place to my dear sister," I answer, for the girl's manner has magnetized me.

With this, Maud makes her adieu to the lady who has put her ægis over her for the voyage and I escort her to the gangway finding she has magnetized every man-jack on the ship, passengers, officers and even

waiters and stewards. All have a farewell for her that shows she is the pet and pride of the *Pekin*.

At the gangway I am compelled to pause to get another view of my charge's character. The *Boston*, one of the new warships the United States has sent to the China station, is at anchor a mile or two down the roads. From her comes dashing a steam launch. Three or four athletic young fellows in naval uniform spring up the side-ladder, and I discover Senorita Maud Ysabél has captured the United States Navy.

The youngest officer, who is a little in advance of his companions, takes off his hat, and says: "Miss Gordon, don't you remember me; Charley Phelps? I danced with you at Annapolis two years ago."

"Why Phil's chum at the Academy!" cries the girl, enthusiastically.

"Yes, I had a letter from Marston telling me to look out for you, so I and some of my messmates came to see that everything was very right with you in Hong Kong. We would have been here before, but couldn't get leave as it was general inspection. Let me present Mr. Hawthorne."

"Ah! George Hawthorne, navigator of the *Boston*. I have a letter of introduction to you," says Maud, "from your wife. I met Alice in Annapolis. She was with Mrs. Captain Burnham."

"Thank you very much" says the officer, and seizes the note that Miss Gordon produces; then mutters "Alice is well, and the baby?"

"Oh, Farragut was looking grandly. He gave me two kisses for you."

"Quite right; where are they?" And the dashing lieutenant-commander strokes his mustache in an anticipatory manner, and looks very roguishly at the beautiful face that is so near to his.

"You will find them enclosed in the letter!" says Senorita Maud with the cutest kind of Yankee smile.

While his companions burst out laughing, Mr. Phelps presents Messrs. Boardman and Saville, remarking: "Two of the wardroom mess."

Greeting them very affably, Miss Gordon introduces me, remarking: "My future brother-in-law, Jack Curzon of Hong Kong."

“You have a sister? Any more like you in Manila?” asks Saville eagerly.

“Yes, but Jack’s got her.”

Then the conversation goes into naval news, and I find my charge is heart and soul a naval girl. She tells his brother officers of her fiancé being ordered to the *Petrel*, and remarks: “Mr. Chadwick of the *Monocacy* on this station also is, I believe, now a lieutenant-commander. Will that give any of you a step?”

“No,” they all answer, and one of them mutters; “Promotion! Barring war, twenty years from now I may be still a lieutenant,” then asks in serious tones: “How about the Dons in Cuba?”

“Oh, I believe there is a rebellion or revolution there or something of the kind,” replies the girl, and they all go into an Annapolis gossip as she tells them how Mrs. Rear-Admiral Dawson snubbed Mrs. Commodore Brown, and that Miss Sally Jenkins was the belle of the last graduation hop.

But after a minute or two of this, Maud suddenly says: “Jack, isn’t it about time we were moving? I am awfully sorry to leave you gentlemen, but the *Esmeralda* sails to-day.”

“Yes; I have only time to get you properly shipped,” I say, taking her hint.

And the naval gentlemen, taking her suggestion also, make their adieux, with many proffers of service to their chum’s sweetheart in this far distant land; one of them, Phelps, remarking rather laughingly: “Perhaps we may all be down in Manila to see you some fine day.”

A few moments after, having made arrangements for the transfer of her baggage, I hand my charge down the side-ladder, where she gives as pretty an exhibition of feminine timidity, little feet and graceful ankles as any lady who has ever descended from the high sides of the *Pekin*.

CHAPTER III.

“THIS MESSAGE TO MY SAILOR BOY !”

IN the boat Maud whispers to me, a new tone in her voice : “ You understand why I broke off that conversation ? Though the chat of the brother officers of my sweetheart is like breezes blowing to me from his country, I have a much more serious matter to discuss with you.”

“ About your sister and father ? ” I whisper.

“ Yes ; of the utmost secrecy.”

“ Very well,” I say. “ Supposing I give you a drive up the Kennedy Road. There is no place so convenient for a tête-a-tête between a young lady and gentleman as a carriage.”

Ashore, I engage, with some little difficulty, a barouche, and we drive away to the Kennedy Road in search of stray breezes, and finally succeed in finding a few.

During this, Señorita Maud Ysabel Gordon gives me three or four flashes of her character that make me sit aghast.

“ Papa wrote me that you knew why he sent me to be educated in great America,” she whispers.

“ Yes,” I answer. “ You have fulfilled his instructions ? ”

“ To the letter ; with the assistance of papa’s maiden sister, Miss Prudence Kimble Gordon who lives in Boston, and was delighted to welcome the daughter of her brother who had run away to sea on a whaler. Though I had more difficulty in the citizenship business than I had imagined. I had to take up a residence in Kansas where they allow women to vote. Even then the Federal judge hesitated about naturalizing me, as I was advised, considering the use I wanted to make of them, it was best to receive my papers from a United States Court.

“ But with my application seconded by a great woman, who is mayor of a town out there, I was made a Yankee ! ” laughs the girl. “ When the woman mayor,

who is also a lawyer, demanded in open court: 'Dare you deny the rights of citizenship to this female who comes from the far away East to claim a citizenship her effete and unpatriotic father trampled in the dust?' the judge dropped his colors. I have here," Maud puts her hand to her breast, "carefully secured, my papers of citizenship that show I am a Yankee girl." Her eyes blaze proudly with New England fire. "To clinch my political status, I have even voted in the town of Topeka, Kansas, and have a record of it certified by the election officers. Don't doubt me. I'll put it under the eyes of the captain-general; I'll flaunt it in the faces of the Supreme Court of Manila, and the thieving *Corregidor* of Nueva Ecija. Though, of course, I must tremble and be very bashful and maidenly nervous in the presence of these august individuals—until the proper time comes."

But your father thought to educate you for a fighter when he sent you to America. Something like the woman mayor of whom you spoke," I laugh.

"*Dios!* yes; *Padre* thinks everything must be done with rope's-end and marlinspike, as on the deck of his old vessel. Do you know, he ordered me to take boxing lessons and practise for the football team. But Dad doesn't know a girl's strongest grip; not by a jugfull," prates Maud. "So instead of going to Vassar, I took instruction at Miss Browne's most fashionable academy on Fifth Avenue, where they teach the graces of Cleopatra, not the muscular contentions of Hercules, for I have learned that my sex has a weapon that nearly always wins," she adds, looking wise as Sibyl.

"What's that?" I ask.

"*Santa Maria*, love! A woman can conquer any man who adores her. Cleopatra downed Anthony, who worshiped her. She couldn't thrash Augustus, who didn't."

"My God! you mean to play the Cleopatra of the islands?" I whisper, dismay in my tones.

"Not in the wicked way your horror suggests," laughs the young lady airily. "*Madre mia* what an insinuation upon Miss Browne's boarding school. Though it wouldn't surprise me," she adds contemplatively, "if I had a petite flirtation with *El Corregidor* who is eighty."

“What will Phil say to that?”

“What will Phil say?” The girl grows pale here. “Phil will sit down on me,” she says in Yankee slang. “But he need have no reason to sit down on me, for no one is loved as Phil is loved.”

“And how about old Adolph Max Ludenbaum, who used to dawdle you on his knees, and favored you with more *dulces* than he did Mazie?” I laugh; then choke astounded at the effect of the German’s name upon this girl, whom I supposed feared nothing.

The delicate face I am looking into grows sickly pale; the lovely form quivers till I can hear the rustling of the laces upon her soft skirts and jupe; and spasms of apprehension, remorse, fear, hate and loathing chase one another over the beautiful yet pallid features. Maud clenches her gloved fist, and mutters: “That hoary-headed Dutch plotter! that creature who by his arts has been my despair, my dis—” She cuts off the rest of this word by biting her lip till the blood comes; then suddenly asks me as I gaze astounded, a tremor of dismay in her voice: “Has Mazie told you of my childish flirtation,” she tries to laugh, “with Dutchy, eh?”

“Mazie told me only of Ludenbaum’s kindness to you when you were a little girl; his friendship for your father.”

“Friendship! *Caramba*, had I taken Ata Tonga’s warning, who always said he smelled the venom in him, I—oh, what nonsense. Why should childish prejudice take me so far in talking about poor old Dutchy?” she utters in a miserable attempt at levity. “Pooh, nonsense? Tell me about everything in the islands. From some of your remarks, I am afraid there is a chance of an outbreak there. Only please don’t mention Herr Ludenbaum’s name to me again Jack.”

“All right,” I assent.

But this giving me an opening, I tell Miss Gordon all about her father’s charge to me. Then, showing her the curious communication I have received this very day, I ask her whether she thinks she had not better remain in Hong Kong until further news comes from the islands.

She examines the document earnestly and on seeing

the writing, I think gives a slight start; but almost immediately answers me, decision in her tones: "No! If trouble is imminent, I must be there."

"Why?"

"Because my father and sister will need me." Here her look astounds me. Her blue eyes blaze in undaunted resolution; her face has grown from the countenance of a frightened girl to that of a Boadicea and Cleopatra combined. As I gaze on her, I know Gordon has not mistaken the courage of his daughter.

"You see," she goes on, "Papa is a foul weather sea-captain. He fights everything in sight. He'll throw himself against the cunning Spanish officials, and be worsted. Then perchance he'll dash himself against their cruel Spanish bayonets and be—" she gives a shiver, "but I'll—I'll keep foolish dad from that, please God!" she adds firmly.

"Then you insist upon going to Manila immediately?"

"Instantly! My cabins are already engaged, I understand. You must take me to the *Esmeralda* at once. You are to place me under the care of the captain, I believe, as you are unacquainted with any lady passenger, though I'll doubtless meet some señora who knows my family on any Manila steamboat." Then looking at her watch, she cries: "I dare not miss that boat; I will not miss that boat! Tell the man to drive back immediately!"

This I do, while Maud, a change coming over her demeanor, whispers archly: "Any pretty little love messages for Mazie?" adding confidentially: "I like you; I am glad my sister loves you; but if you don't make her a good husband——"

She looks at me, and I say faltering: "Yes, I'll never stay out late at the club."

"See that you don't!" she commands, and her eyes flash with a sister-in-law's Spanish fire.

A quarter of an hour after we are at the Praya.

At Pedlar's Wharf, there is the usual boats, discharging and embarking passengers, quite a number of the latter being bound for the *Esmeralda*. About the landing there is the usual conglomerate of a Hong Kong crowd, Chinese loiterers from some of the neighboring hong, a few Europeans saying adieux to

white-suited friends, en route for Manila, Cebu and Iloilo, runners after business, 'rikshas for hire, sedan chairs with coolie attachments, all this leavened by quite a number of Spaniards who are bidding *adios* to compatriots who are journeying Filipino-wards, likewise a number of Chinese merchants en route for the same place, the retail trade of these islands being chiefly in their Celestial hands.

As I conduct Señorita Gordon through them, apparently carried away by Eastern surroundings, she cries: "Home again!" and begins to prattle to me in that melange of Tagalog and Spanish peculiar to the Filipinos, her sweet voice making the dialect unusually musical.

Catching her soft accents, a man who is standing in the crowd suddenly looks interested. In appearance he is different to most of his surroundings. Though dressed as a European, he has the features of a savage; the high cheek bones and the dark round eyes peculiar to the inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago; a nose that would be aquiline in outline were it not for the nostrils distended to such an extent that they make lines in his face running even to his eyes.

For a moment this person casts his glance upon the beautiful young lady by my side, who, dressed in New York fashion, seems so entirely European and apart from the East, being in mighty contrast to Spanish dames, some of whom, this hot day, wear the light lace mantillas draped over their heads, and Mestiza ladies whose flowing white skirts and *pañuelos* of delicate *piña*, tell they are of the Philippines. As this man notes the dialect of my fashionable charge, he seems for one instant astonished and surprised. Then suddenly his nostrils seem to draw in the air about him, even as a pointer dog does when scenting partridges; over the features of savage sternness flies a smile that makes his sallow face blaze like the sun above him. His clean-cut lips open, showing teeth which are stained by the betel-nut.

I have left Maud and am hanging over the water engaging a boat. As I do so, I note this Eastern individual clothed in the duck suit of a traveling Englishman make hasty steps towards my charge, who has daintily drawn up her white skirts to keep them

from the motley crowd and the rising dust of a Hong Kong mob.

A moment later, the man apparently changes his mind, and if he had any intention of addressing Miss Gordon, relinquishes it, withdrawing behind a crowd of jabbering riksha-men.

Then I return to my charge, and she permits me to lead her down the steps to the boat, into which Señorita Maud puts her pretty little feet with all the dainty affectations of a lady of European fashion.

As we glide towards the *Esmeralda*, she prattles to me very much as any young lady of the Western world would do, assuming what I think may be an affected frivolity, and telling me of the presents she has brought for her father and her sister. "I've some stunning toilets for Mazie," she remarks. "In them she will turn your head, Mr. Jack Romeo."

"She has already done that," I laugh; then thoughts of Mazie coming to me, I murmur: "How I wish I were going to Manila too."

"You won't be long behind me, I hope," says the girl earnestly. "You let me tell Mazie it will not be long."

"No; not over two months."

"Ah, and then, the *wedding*! Of course, I'll be Mazie's bridesmaid!" cries Miss Maud, clapping her little gloved hands ecstatically. Then she gives me a rapture, by murmuring: "Between ourselves, Jackey, I've got the bride's dress in my trunk; all white satin and fluffy laces. Oh, Jack, Mazie'll look lovely in it! Though I expect the custom-house officials in Manila will ruin me to get it through their paws. But here we are at the *Esmeralda*. Help me up the side-ladder, *mi caballero*, and introduce me to Captain Tayler."

A moment later upon the steamer's deck, I place my charming charge under that genial officer's protection, who, looking upon the beauty that is entrusted to his hands, remarks: "Believe me, I appreciate the responsibility; though I presume, Señorita Gordon, you will find a few lady Filipina friends on board."

"*Santos*, yes! I have already seen one," laughs Maud, "though Señora Montanez doesn't recognize me in my *robe de Paris*." Then turning to me, she murmurs: "Won't you find my stateroom for me? You engaged it, Jack."

Two minutes after we inspect the cabin that will be the bower of this beauty for three days until her ship runs past the Island of Corregidor into Manila Bay.

Looking into this stateroom, Maud clasps her hands, and in Spanish manner screams: "*Dios mio*, what a lovely husband you will make, Jack! *Gracias! gracias!* My stateroom is filled with flowers galore, and I've fruit enough for half a dozen voyages, and here is a huge box of cigarettes—from you also?" she says, holding the article to me. "*Diantre!* you knew I was a Filipina with Filipina tastes."

"Do you smoke now," I laugh, "after four years in America?"

"I would! I adore it; but Phil doesn't like it in a young lady; he says he'll do the smoking for the family. So therefore, never again!" cries the girl; then laughs: "So you didn't send the cigarettes, Jack?"

"Not a *cigarrillo*."

"Haven't they a most alluring, smoke-me-quick odor? *Santissima*, what temptation they will be—to a Filipina so recently converted to Yankee propriety," she prattles lightly, "I'm afraid I'll have to indulge in a whiff or two *sub rosa*. Ata Tonga, my Tagal boy, would hardly believe his nose without I had a cigarette between my teeth." To this, she adds meditatively: "I suppose I must thank my naval friends for them."

A moment after, this creature of emotion suddenly cries: "*Madre dolorosa!* If they dare write to Phil that I smoke them!" and bites her lips nervously as the lilies of her cheeks turn into roses. With this she whispers, producing a little paper quite bashfully: "Send this telegram please, as soon as you touch the shore," handing it to me together with a twenty-pound note of the Bank of Hong Kong.

The despatch is addressed to: "Philip Preble Marston, Ensign, United States Navy, Mare Island, California."

"What's all this money for?" I ask. "Five pounds will pay for a cablegram."

"Not for this one," laughs Maud; then goes on in vivacious intensity: "Do you think I'd insult

my Phil with less than forty words. I'd send a hundred if I thought the *Padre* wouldn't kick at the bill. And now," she looks at me coquettishly, "my dear brother, I'll take a kiss, if you like, to give it to Mazie. You have done everything for me possible." She waves her hands about the apartment; then growing a little bashful, looks archly at me, and murmurs: "Phil won't be jealous if I take just one kiss to Mazie for you." With this she puts up her lips as sweet as her sister's, to which I give a brother's greeting.

"*Santa Maria*, you're a villain, Jack!" she laughs. "You gave me *two*."

"Yes—the last one was for yourself," I remark.

A second after I carelessly suggest: "I presume the jealous Phil knows he is to marry a citizeness, in her own right, of the United States."

"*Dios mio*, no! I had already voted," cries the girl with a blush, "when I permitted him the hope that I might wed him. I—I feared Phil, who is such a masterful fellow and who hates what he calls the new woman, would not approve of it. My duty to my father and sister compelled me to it, or I would have torn up my papers. But still I did not have the heart to tell him his future bride had *voted*. He might think it unfeminine. It is my one secret from my sweetheart," she mutters and seems ashamed. Then as if trying to drive this from her mind, Miss Vivacious utters a little plaintive feminine scream of dismay: "*Santos!* They have made an awful mistake. Run Jack, quick, and find the purser for me like a good fellow! Tell him to have the white canvas-covered valise, marked 'M. Y. G.' sent to my cabin. If they get it in the hold I may never see it till we reach Manila, and—*O madre mia!* I shall be a young lady without fresh dresses for three days; and there may be *caballeros* on board. One or two handsome ones, I think I saw. Hurry, Jack!"

Thus adjured, I spring up the companion-way in pursuit of the purser, and in little time find him to be a most obliging one. Together we pick out the precious and all important white valise, which is a Saratoga trunk at which the ship's officer looks glumly, and says: "I wonder if it will go through the door of her stateroom."

This takes a few moments, and I hurry to reassure the young-lady-in-search-of-her-dresses.

As I reach the companionway, a man brushes past me hurriedly, and passes along the deck to take a shore boat. Glancing after him carelessly, I notice it is the gentleman of Eastern appearance and English dress, who had seemed in the crowd at Pedlar's Wharf to be so impressed with Maud's Filipina dialect and European appearance.

I gaze after him languidly and would perhaps take little note of him, did not at this moment, Maud step to me from her cabin, an awful transformation in her face and bearing. She is no longer a being of graceful levity and feminine, fine lady airs. Her cheeks are pale as death. A strange intensity and wondrous anxiety is in her eyes, though these are as brave as Boadicea's when she marched to endure the Roman lictors' rods. Once or twice her noble features twitch with a kind of latent despair. I gaze at her astonished. Apparently some new emotion, more potent than any I have seen in her, is in her soul.

I note her eyes are blazing with a peculiar yet noble fire; then mutter to her with sudden inspiration: "What has that man said to you?"

"What man?" she gasps.

"The man just passing over the ship's side! The dark-eyed fellow with the great nose!"

"*Santissima*, you noticed it!" she mutters; then suddenly asks: "Did—did anyone else?"

"I hardly think so."

"*Dios mio*, you—you are sure?"

"Certainly!"

"A-a-ah!" This is a sigh of relief.

"What did that man tell you?"

"So much," answers the girl, a strange determination, yet peculiar calmness seeming to come into her voice, "that for your own sake and safety, I shall never tell you."

"Then this knowledge means danger to you?" I whisper anxiously.

"That must be my own risk!"

As she says this, the cry comes up "All ashore!"

It seems to strike her down. Her face grows ashen, her eyes affrighted, not for herself, I guess, but for the

man she loves; faltering womanhood apparently arises up and for one moment dominates the brave girl.

Looking round at the numerous Spaniards on the deck, emblematic of the Filipinos, she shudders: "I seem to be leaving my love behind me. The sound of that rising anchor is cutting me off from him!" Her lovely eyes fill with tears, and she commences to wring her hands and falter: "Philip—my Philip! I—I should have never—never promised myself to him. I should never have given the hope of happiness to my sailor boy. I—what has come to me to-day has brought back to me something I had almost forgotten. Suddenly the clean-cut coral lips whimper: "If I should never see him again, you—you will tell Phil that the last beat of my heart was for him. You will ask my dear boy to forgive me for having made him love me?" An exquisite pathos is in her liquid voice, a kind of dazed despair seems to fly in ripples of agony over her mobile face.

"Feeling like that, you shall not go!" I whisper.

"I must! What has come to me to-day makes it imperative. You do not know!" Suddenly she mutters: "Forget what I have said, except the message to my sailor boy in case—in case you never see me more." Her soft voice has grown strangely hoarse.

"Ah, you fear?"

"I fear *nothing*! But you do not know my danger and I do." And the exquisite beauty of her countenance seems to be made ethereal by some premonition of disaster which brings a new loveliness into her passionate eyes.

"You shall not go!" I whisper determinedly.

"Quick! The side ladder is being raised. You have little time!" she cries, and flies with light feet to the other side of the deck, where she is cut off from me by the crush of passengers.

I would pursue her, but the shout is "All ashore for the last time!"

If I am to go, I must do it now.

With a terrible anxiety in my heart, I beckon to her, but Maud waves me off, crying from a distance: "Captain Tayler says you must leave the ship at once, Jack!"

Then as I reluctantly descend the vessel's side, Maud comes to the rail, and looking over calls airily: "*Adios, mi caballero!* I'll tell Mazie what a good boy you were to me," and waves adieu with fluttering handkerchief.

Looking at her ethereal loveliness, in which there seems to me now a desperate kind of levity, for she is laughing till the tears roll down her cheeks at a Chinese dandy in a shore boat which has come up too late, I think: "Had I not been in love with Mazie Inez, Maud Ysabel is pretty enough, coquettish enough, charming enough and brave enough to have conquered me."

Then as my boat pulls away, and the great propeller of the *Esmeralda* begins to churn the water, the half despair in her elder sister's eyes makes me shudder as I think of my own dear girl in that troubled land to which Señorita Gordon goes so undauntedly to confront the Spanish rule, which is and has been always cruel and bloodthirsty, from the old Roman days when Hamilcar taught *Punica fides* to the Iberian, to these modern times of Valmaceda and Weyler, with medieval Alva, Pedro the Cruel and Jayme the Butcher thrown in.

CHAPTER IV.

"BROTHERS, I SMELL A STRANGER!"

THESE ideas throw me into gloomy meditation over what the man with Eastern face and English dress had said to Señorita Gordon. Maud would never have looked as she did unless she guessed something damnable was going to happen in the Philippines. Then like a flash comes into my mind that mysterious Chinese warning.

I am aroused from my feverish meditations by my boat jostling with another steam launch, which is apparently returning from the departing steamer.

"By Josh, Curzon, your boys are jim-dandies for steering!" comes to me from the other craft; then follow imprecations upon the coolie boatmen in unmistakable fluent heathen Mongolian jabber, the like of

which no European can imitate, no missionary get the twist of, study how he will the Chinese classics.

Looking at the other boat, I call: "Hello, Khy!" and gaze on the greatest Chinese dandy in Hong Kong, a young man of the brightest, slit, Oriental eyes, the most decided Mongolian features and the costume of a Fifth Avenue swell, with one or two Radcliff Highway and some Oriental embellishments thrown in. He is smoking languidly as he reclines under an awning in the stern sheets, and is Mr. Ah Khy, commonly known in Hong Kong as "Young China." In his desire to exhibit European fashion, he sports a Prince Albert coat, white vest, lavender trousers, white gaiters, patent-leather boots, red necktie and big watch-chain; crowning his adornment with a high stove-pipe hat even on this burning, sultry, roasting sizzling day.

"By Jupiter, Khy, you are elaborately arrayed!" I remark.

"You bet, I'm got up to beat the band! I was rushing it!" he answers in easy American slang. "I was going to make a call on a bang-up gal on the *Esmeralda*. I wanted her to know, by Josh, that if she was hazed at Vassar College I was put through at Yale. Her dad, old Gordon of the Philippines, has been getting his daughter educated modern, as my governor has had me." Here Mr. Khy bursts into voluble Chinese invective at the two boatmen, adding in English: "You dirty landlubbers, do you want to run my friend Curzon down?" Then he suggests in a horrible Western familiarity he has picked up in the United States. "Come into my boat, Jackey, I've got the primest bottle of cocktails with me, and hang it, the way your lubbers are steering, if we linger together, one of us is sure to be swamped."

Accepting his invitation, I jump into his boat, and seat myself beside the son of probably the richest Chinaman in Victoria, not even excepting Hing Kee the compradore who owns the Hong Kong Hotel and English Club House. A moment later I order my men to get out of the way and give us sea room and turning to Mr. Khy ask eagerly: "You know Señorita Gordon?"

"Know Maudie? Well I should ejaculate! My father was the head of the Manila branch of Hen Chick

& Co. when I was a kid, and shipped or smuggled most of Gordon's tobacco. I really think that my father's sending me to Yale, for my old gentleman is a progressive old Philistine, and guessed that if I was to stand up against the outside barbarians he'd have to make an outside barbarian of me, gave old Bully Gordon a hint of trotting his daughter after me a few years later. You've been doing the polite to her I imagine from a distant squint of the ship's deck. You had better luck than me. I slept too long after poker last night and the *Esmeralda* got under way before I could get on board. You are engaged to Maudie's sister, ain't you?" he asks, with imported Yankee curiosity.

To my answering nod, Khy remarks: "Thought so!" then asks rather eagerly: "Did you notice whether Maud had got a box of cigarettes?"

"Certainly; Miss Gordon had them in her cabin."

"Ah; then probably the governor will forgive my missing her," says the young fellow languidly as he offers me a cocktail, which by the mercy of God I refuse.

"I suppose Maudie is a howling beauty by this time," he babbles on, "As a kid she bid fair to beat anything in the push. I hope she's a success. My governor thinks that I'm a failure. He educated me Western so I could beat the Japs, Dutch and Yanks at trading, but hang it, it's only made me a fish out of water. Chopsticks and rice don't come natural to me," he says with a shudder. "By the bye, I've imported from San Francisco a Chinese-American cook who makes me think of Delmonico's. Will you come up and dine with me some day? I'm so damn lonely for English and European society," mutters the poor fellow dolefully.

While the Chinese-American has been chatting, I have been turning over in my mind the curious warning about Manila, and having concluded that Khy is about the best man in all Hong Kong to investigate my Mongolian puzzle, have been devoting my thoughts to enlisting him in the affair.

Suddenly an idea of the proper bribe flies into my brain. I suggest: "Khy, old fellow, how would you like me to assist you into English society?"

A spasm of Asiatic joy flies into the nondescript's face, "Holy Poker!" he cries, gripping my hand, "You'll do that for me, will you, Curzon? Great Scott, put me up at the English Club, won't you. You're one of the Governors, ain't you?"

I give a shudder.

"You can do it," he cries, "My father has a thundering big I. O. U. of Johnson's and another equally as expansive of Richards', and Johnny Pell of the P. & O. office owes me a thundering lot on the last Spring races, which he hasn't settled. They dassent go back on me. You can shove me in."

"Perhaps," I answer; knowing I am telling a lie as atrocious as Ananias' best.

"If you can do it, I'm your friend for life!" babbles the Celestial dandy. "Cracky! Wouldn't my governor feel proud if he saw me looking out of the windows of a place which he couldn't put his nose into. By the bye, will you have a stinker?" And Khy effusively passes me one of the finest cigars I have ever put my hands upon. This, providentially, I put in my pocket, reserving it for an after dinner bon bouche.

"Will you help me in this?" I ask suddenly, and put before his eyes the paper I have received bearing the words about Manila.

To my astonishment it seems to effect Khy much more than I had expected. He gazes at the writing and mutters: "Holy Moses!" then hands the paper back to me muttering: "I—I don't want to have anything to do with this."

"Your manner tells me you know something about it."

"Shouldn't wonder." Then he glances at me eagerly, though nervously, and asks: "Have I your support to get into English society? Will you try and put me up at the English Club?"

"Yes, by Jove!" I mutter desperately. "You get me to the bottom of this, and I am yours to command." Though as I say this I know the very mention of Khy's name will make me the scoff of my compatriots. I am inclined to think the constitution of the Club will bar him. Anyway, I know he'll be black-balled till his pigtail stands on end. So I don't feel

very much compromised about the matter, and with diplomatic candor proceed to give him hope.

"Your grip on that," cries Khy, and meeting my out-stretched hand, he again examines the paper carefully, and remarks contemplatively: "It looks like my governor's handwriting."

"What? This warning!" I gasp.

"Oh, yes. I also think the package of cigarettes sent on board to the young lady was an additional one," he whispers. "By Hookey, I was directed to suggest to Señorita Maud to smoke like blazes and get to the bottom of the box before she reached Manila."

"But why this peculiar underhand method of conveying warning to Gordon's daughter?" I mutter.

"Besides, of what is it a warning?"

"Hanged if I know," answers Khy lazily. "But you can bet my governor does."

"Then why didn't he say it openly?"

"Ah, you don't know Hen Chick," he laughs. "My old man's a regular Machiavelli, he is. Besides he is in Manila now; went there after giving me directions about those cigarettes for Gordon's daughter, which he did with knees smiting together with the thought of Spanish officials jumping on him, which they'll do like 'rough-on-rats' if they catch him monkeying with any of their little games."

"Ah, your father does this from love of Gordon and his daughter."

"No," laughs Khy, "my father never loved old Don Silas well enough to prevent his swindling him at any chance he could get in tobacco or hemp. As to his daughter, what does my old man care for a child who used to pull his pigtail every chance she got." Then the young Chinaman astounds me, for he says contemplatively: "No, I think the only thing that would make my governor *dare* to do something he fears will offend Spanish officials is his undying commercial hatred of old Adolph Ludenbaum, the Manila merchant."

"How does that affect Gordon or his daughter?"

"Hanged if I know! But in some way I think my father has dropped upon the fact that old Ludenbaum has some scheme of his own in connection with that family, and you can bet by the Seven Dragons, if old

Hen Chick can balk Adolph's little game, Hen Chick will do it quick as fire crackers."

"Why does your father hate old Ludenbaum?" I ask astounded.

"Ah, that's a corker! That's one of the finest commercial anecdotes I can tell you!" and Khy laughs till the tears roll down his face. "Any man who can get ahead of my governor in commerce from smuggling opium to discounting bills-of-lading on tea cargoes, is what at Yale they call a jim-dandy. But Ludenbaum did it and did it good! It was something like six years ago, about the time my pigtail was commencing to attract attention at Yale," says the young man, looking ruefully at the long and elegantly dressed queue that he wears coiled around his head and concealed under his Broadway stovepipe.

Then he goes on in an easy conversational way: "You know Chinese laws, commercial and otherwise, are rather different to those of you Outside Barbarians. Well Ludenbaum took advantage of the Chinese law to best my father in a most outrageous way. We Celestials are run on the patriarchal system. You don't notice it much here in Hong Kong, but get into the interior of China and it will be poked under your nose at every whack of the Mandarins' bamboo-men. Under this system, so long as his father lives, a son never becomes of age. My daddy would think no more of whaling me than he would if I were an inch high. Furthermore younger brothers are subservient to elder brothers. That is, if a father owes money he can't pay, his sons have got to pay it for him, and are legally responsible for the debt. Furthermore, if an elder brother busts in commerce or gambling, the younger brother is legally responsible for his elder brother's financial deficiencies.* It is a lovely law. Under it, how would

* This Chinese law which seems extraordinary to Western Barbarians is in force in a great part of that empire. The author has known it even carried out in San Francisco among the various Chinese companies. One young Chinaman of his acquaintance threatened to commit suicide because his savings had been taken to pay the debts of his brother who had failed in the grocery business in Oakland, California, the Chinese companies enforcing the law of old China among their various members. He has also known in China a son arrested and put into jail and compelled to pay fraudulent demands on his dead father's estate, which could not be disproved

you, Mr. Curzon, like to have an elder brother gambling in Argentines and Africans in the London stock exchange, or taking fliers in Wall Street in such fluctuating insecurities as Tobacco Trust and Sugar. You would feel infernally secure in your own property and possessions, wouldn't you? But such is the Confucian idea; and though it may be very fine for the heads of families, and may add to the credit and financial responsibility of an elder brother who is a plunger and has a rich younger brother who is a sober, saving, business man, still it comes rather hard at times upon the juveniles of the family. Now my father had an elder brother, Hang Khy, the most infernal speculator and gambler in opium, tea and other fluctuating commodities in all southern China; and by the holy poker, Hang Khy busted up; failed for a big amount, chiefly, thank Josh, to Europeans. But Ludenbaum unfortunately, was one of my uncle's creditors. He bought up all the other European claims against Hang Khy, consolidated them, and turned them over to Wah Yuen of Hop Kee & Co. of Canton. So one fine day when my father was making a little visit up the river at Canton, by the living jingo, if Wah Yuen didn't have him arrested, clapped into the Chinese jail for debt, and put through such a course of sprouts by the jailor who threatened to bamboo him to death, that he had to settle, on the Chinese basis, his brother's debts; not in full, I think, for there was never seen such kicking against the Confucian edicts and patriarchal system in China before, as my father set up in that Canton jail. But still Hen Chick had to pay a good many thousand taels to get free of the matter, and if ever there is one man who hates another, my father Hen Chick hates Adolph Max Ludenbaum with a diabolical compound commercial hatred. Some day, if I know my paternal, he'll get even, with the accent on the *even*. But here we are at the float; don't forget about the Club."

Here I seize upon him and say: "Don't you neglect to discover what you can of this matter."

"All light!" Khy can't get over the English R,

on account of the demise of the man against whom the claims were made. This actually happened upon his return to his native land, to Lee Wong, one of the leading merchants of San Francisco, who personally told the author of its occurrence.—ED.

notwithstanding Yale. "If I drop onto it, I'll send my card up to you after dinner at the English Club. That will add to my pull with any of the members who happen to see it," says Khy, warily.

"Very well then. Time is important," I mutter.

"Quite light. This very evening if I can get the pointer for you," answers the Chinese dandy, and marches away, hopefully whistling: "On the Bowery."

I stroll up to the Club—but heat and perhaps anxiety have destroyed my appetite, and fortunately I postpone dinner—no food passing my lips, a thing that perchance saves my life. I have just about made up my mind to take something light when the following is brought in to me by one of the Club servants:

Mr. Ah Khy,

Ex-Yale College.

Answering it, I find myself in the presence of this gentleman, who is now in most elaborate European evening dress. He holds in his hands a crush opera hat, which he bangs in and out with great ostentation and noise; a pair of yellow kid gloves being stuck into it, Parisian fashion; an immaculate handkerchief liberally perfumed, making its appearance just above the lapel of his low-cut white vest.

Gazing at it, I know it is about the handsomest dress suit in Hong Kong; and the gentleman it adorns, catching my eye, says pleasantly: "Yes, Bell of Fifth Avenue, New York, made this. He does all my clothes."

"What have you discovered about this?" I whisper, and hold the warning message to him.

"So much I am weak in the knees!" Ah Khy looks at me in Chinese nervousness.

"You think it means danger to Miss Gordon in Luzon?"

"Heaps! So much I am afraid to do anything about it myself. It might get my dad executed in Manila."

"Therefore you're afraid to act in Hong Kong?" I remark sarcastically.

"Light you are!" mutters Khy, warily.

"Well tell me about it. Whisper it in my ear if you're nervous," I say impatiently.

"I am afraid to whisper it in your ear. I know my governor hates old Ludenbaum with a commercial hate, but commercial vindictiveness doesn't embrace the danger of military execution; I may go to Manila myself some day, and—oh, hang it, dash it, I'm scared! I guess lack of sand was the reason they didn't put me on the Yale football team after all," he says with a sigh.

"So you won't tell me. Your chances of my vote and influence to get into the English Club are becoming gradually less, Mr. Khy," I remark.

"I dassent for ten English Clubs, a Japanese war club and an Australian boomerang thrown in. But for Josh's sake, don't be angry with me. Here's what I'll do. I dassent tell you, but I'll take you to where, if you've sand enough to go, you'll find out for yourself. But to-morrow," whispers the Chinaman in my ear, "your *pals* who have been playing pool with you in there," he points to the billiard room, "may be your *pal* bearers. Excuse the joke; it is one I heard at a variety show in the New York Tenderloin."

"Damn your jokes!" I growl. "Does this blood-curdling mystery affect the girl I am about to marry?"

"It even affects your chances of marrying her."

"I'll go with you!" I answer determinedly.

"Very well; but I must change your rig. Come with me," whispers Khy.

A few minutes after I am following him through the half-lighted Tai-ping-shan. This is, as usual, full of paper lanterns, red and gilt signs, filthiness and burning Josh-sticks. My appearance produces no particular comment, as plenty of Europeans are trotting through the Chinese quarter at this early hour of the evening, which is as boilingly sultry as the day has been.

Two minutes after I follow Mr. Khy into a thoroughly Chinese house.

"These, you know, are not my real quarters," he says deprecatingly. "I simply do this to please my paternal. Hen Chick thinks it will hurt our Chinese trade if I cut away from Orientalism. Got a wife here up-stairs," he adds laughingly, "but she doesn't count for much. There's another one up in Canton. My old man believes my having a few scattered about will add to the prestige of the family. Now I'll try and take some of the English out of you."

This he does with Chinese deftness, chattering to me all the while in a way that is by no means reassuring. "You go on your own risk, you know, old chappy," he falters, and I can feel his hand which is painting dark eyebrows upon me, shake. "Don't blame me, if they do you!"

"Who'll do me?" I ask, impressed by his manner.

Then the whole affair comes out!

"Oh, the secret society."

"The secret society of what?"

"Of the Filipinos."

"Oh, the one the Spaniards jeer at as Free Masons," I scoff. "The fellows who have the crazy idea they can drive out Spain and set up a republic in the Philippines."

"By the yellow dragon, you needn't laugh," whispers the Chinaman. "They have their headquarters in Hong Kong. They have branches in Yokohama and Manila, Iloilo and Cebu, as well as agents in Madrid, New York and San Francisco. The band so permeates the islands the Governor-General knows he is in as much danger as if he lived on the Yellow River. It's the one that's cemented by the brotherhood of blood, with as many initiation mysteries as a Yale secret society."

"How do you know this?"

"I don't know all of this, but you will know a good deal of it by to-morrow morning, if you live. All I know is that I can put you where you will find out. My father owns the building in which part of the gang hold their meetings."

"Your father dares rent them the building?"

"Oh, the old man is between the Emperor and the Mandarin. If he gives away the Filipino society, if they ever get rule in Manila, they'll do him. If he

doesn't give them away, the Spanish government may knock him out," mutters Khy.

"But how does this affect Señorita Gordon?"

"Only this! I am certain that my father's warning sent to you to prevent Maudie's sailing, and the box of cigarettes he directed me to place in her cabin means somehow or other that old Gordon must be connected with this society."

"Impossible!" I mutter. "Old Gordon has too level a head to get mixed up with something that may cost him his life. He may fight the Spanish officials in court, but——"

"Then some one of his family is connected," interjects Khy. "I can't tell you how. No one knows the workings of this powerful league, but be sure it has something to do with that. Now if you have interest enough in the matter to discover what may destroy your sweetheart's family and perhaps bust your nuptial knot, come with me."

"Heave ahead, and make me look like your Josh, for that's about the face you're putting on me," I retort.

An hour after this, two Chinamen slip onto the street, one extremely awkward in the padded shoes of a Celestial, and whose face flushes with shame as a drunken English sailor salutes him with a degrading kick as he tumbles against him, a kick he doesn't dare to resent, though this Chinaman mutters a British "Damn you!" and clenches his fist John Bull fashion.

So dodging along the dirtiest of Chinese alleys of the filthiest part of the Chinese quarter, we come to a low house, two stories in height. Khy who has explained the matter to me, makes entry by some keys of his own, muttering tremblingly: "This is the place we rented to 'em. Judging by their former actions we're about an hour ahead of 'em. Now you'll discover if you don't funk."

"Go on," I say, and stumble up an unlighted stairway, where Khy, leading me into a room which is dark, lifts up the lid of a great chest which seems to have held tea from its odor and says: "If you've got sand enough to get in and lie there; if you come out alive, you'll come out with the knowledge what the Filipinos mean to do, and how it affects old

Gordon and his daughters. You may come out dead. If so, there'll be a row about it, but it won't trouble you."

Following his guiding hand, I stumble into the large tea chest, Khy with Chinese subtlety placing several pieces of wood under the lid which prevents the trunk closing tight. This gives me the necessary air and also permits me, as I discover afterwards, to obtain a glimpse of portions of the room.

"Now, you've a 'locky load' before you," mutters my mentor, whose agitation adds to his trouble with his R's : to this he adds : "There's no wonder you English conquer, you've got grit," and gliding away in the darkness, leaves me, prey to a thousand conflicting emotions, the most vivid of which is that I am a cursed up-and-down all-night fool.

Twice I think I hear a faint rustle ; once I feel what I imagine is a dagger driven into my back, but it is only a predatory rat which has taken a slight nip of me. The heat in my confined quarters is tremendous. It seems to me I remain boiling for months in this infernal, stifling tea chest.

As I think of my helplessness, half a dozen times I wish I were some Western cowboy who always carries a pistol.

I have just about made up my mind to get out of the trunk, sneak downstairs and bolt ; when suddenly I hear the noise of coming steps, not the footfalls of sleepy Mongolians, but those of quick, nervous, energetic, athletic men.

A moment after, a faint glow comes to my eyes through the clinks under the lid of the tea chest.

I gaze out. As well as I can discover, three men, one dressed as a Mestizo, another as a European and the third as a Chinaman, but all smoking cigarettes, have lighted a lamp, and are seated at a small Chinese table with various papers and documents before them. One of them says : "Our comrade is late ; and tonight is important, as after this we do not meet till our knives touch each other in the heart of Captain-General Ramon Blanco y Arenas."

Another answers : "He'll be here. You know that there is none of the brotherhood who can be trusted more profoundly than Señor Tonga. Some woman on

the *Esmeralda* attracted his attention to-day ; some woman whom, I think, he loves."

"*Carrajo*, love is dangerous ! Love has defeated a Filipino insurrection against the infernal Spanish a hundred years ago. You have heard, my comrade, the story of the woman who betrayed to the priest that her lover was to assassinate the Captain-General. May not the same ill fate come to us ?"

"*Diablo!* There's only one woman I fear in all this business, the wife of Pedro Roxas. She's a devotee ; she goes to confessional each week," says the other in Filipino lingo.

As I listen to these words, I cogitate grimly: "What would Blanco give to hear this?" I have grown strangely confidant. The room seems quite a large one. As I look about, I see a number of tea chests in remote corners, and the one that conceals me is the most out of the way of the lot. I even debate if I could not make things easy for my sweetheart's family with the Spanish officials in the Philippines by letting this plot out to Don Ramon Blanco.

A moment after, I hear a coming step.

I catch a glimpse of a man as he enters ; five feet seven in height ; of lithe form and peculiar face ; high cheek bones ; a nose of extraordinary expression and power, its nostrils dilating and contracting with every breath ; lines running up each cheek to the eyes black as coal ; a wondrous nose, aquiline yet dilated. He gives me an awful start. I recognize him as the man whose words had stricken Maud upon the *Esmeralda*.

As he comes in, one of the others rising and giving him a peculiar hand-grip, says : "Welcome, brother ! This is our last meeting here !"

"Yes," he answers. "It is *adios* till we clasp hands on the *Luneta* after we have put our knives into——"

Suddenly the speaker stops his jaws. I see his nostrils dilating. He glides to the door and locks it. Then his words freeze me with fear and make my blood run cold as ice even on this burning night. My hair stands on end ; not the false pigtail Khy has attached to me, but my real hair. For this man as he has secured the door, drawing in his breath two or three times with wondrous sniffs, has made this as-

tounding yet awful declaration : "Brothers, I SMELL A STRANGER !"

But the others, who are not gifted with his damnable power, seem hardly to credit him.

One of them cries : "No man who loves his life would dare——"

Another, a little half Spanish creature, jeers : "Nonsense ! Ata Tonga, you believe too much in your nose."

"*Santo Dios !* Did you ever know it to fail me !" And going to him, Ata takes a sniff of him ; takes a sniff of the other, and then of the third. A moment after he says impressibly : "There is a fourth ; I smell a fourth !"

"What smell ?" And his companions spring up, now apparently convinced.

"The odor of some beef-eating race ; English perchance. Certainly not Chinese or Oriental."

"Where is he ?"

I know I am gone !

For the brute commences to follow the scent like a hound about the room, muttering : "It is stronger ! It is stronger ! It is stronger !" With a sudden movement he throws up the lid of the tea chest and I see over me a long Malay kris, gleaming in the soft lamp-light of the room.

"He is here ; the spy of the Captain-General ; and here he stays !" snarls my executioner.

But by sudden inspiration, even as the knife is descending upon me, I scream : "Ata Tonga ! For the love of Señorita Gordon——."

"Ata Tonga ! You know me ?" and he staggers back surprised.

"Yes, I saw you to-day as I placed your mistress on the *Esmeralda*."

"*Santos !* It is the voice of the Englishman who assisted my beloved lady from one steamer to the other !"

In a second I am pulled out of the tea chest by an athletic grip, and stand staring like a Chinese fool into the faces of four human beings who look upon me with a distrust and hate I hope never to see again on the faces of men who have knives in their hands. One of them growls : "The silent tongue is always the safest. Englishman disguised as Chinaman, your life has ended !"

But I, inspired, whisper: "Down with your hand, Ata Tonga! How will you dare face your mistress if you slay one who would save her from her enemies!"

Looking at me, the educated savage takes a mighty sniff and astonishes me by muttering: "YOU SMELL TRUE! Brothers, there is still the odor of wild roses on his lips. My lady must have kissed him. This man must be our friend!"

And I, relieved from the fear of sudden death and blessing God that I have sullied my lips with neither food nor drink nor cigar since Maud's sweet lips gave sister's greeting unto mine, stammer out: "By the shades of Vidocq, what a detective you would make!"

CHAPTER V.

ATA TONGA.

At my words, this astounding being bursts into a low hoarse chuckle of barbaric laughter; but a moment later takes two or three sniffs, and apparently following some odor to the door, remarks: "A Chinaman was here a little time ago. He probably secreted you." Then he adds impressively: "Señor Curzon—you see I know your name—to save your life you must tell us how you came here, why you are here, and then become one of us, cementing your oath even with the compact of mingled blood."*

"Join your gang—that has assassination under way—if I understood the words that came to me a few moments ago!" I reply indignantly. "You don't know me. I'm an Englishman, and do my killing above board."

"It is because we have assassination under consideration and because you have discovered it, that you must join us; otherwise——!" He waves his hand with a significant barbaric gesture.

"Hang it, you're not going to let those devils murder me?" I mutter, as I see the other three begin to

* For particulars regarding this peculiar admission to the Society of United Filipinos, see Appendix.—ED.

eye me as hawks do their prey, and their hands again raise the cruel gleaming Malay crises.

“Each one of these has been poisoned to make sure work in the enterprise before us,” remarks the educated savage, “so you can judge, Señor, that a very slight wound will be sufficient, though as a matter of mercy, I shall direct them to strike you in the heart.”

Seeing the nasty, wavy, spiral blades upraised, and knowing from these conspirators' faces that if I would live I must speak like lightning, I hastily cry: “I'll join you! Give me the required oath!”

Then cursing myself for being a fool and getting myself into such a scrape, I go through with these conspirators a ceremony, impressive, barbarous. With their mystic knife they make the indelible mark of the *Katipunan* upon my left forearm and the Blood-Brotherhood begins. With our mingled life blood from our punctured arms and legs, I sign an oath making me a member of the *Katipunan*, that great society which racked for eighteen months the Filipinos with war, bloodshed and torture; the war of the enslaved against a barbarous government; the torture of hapless women and children by Spanish despots; the torments in revenge of Spanish priests and soldiers; the bloodshed alike of both the innocent and guilty.

“This document and the sign upon your forearm will insure, Señor Curzon, your fidelity to us,” remarks Ata Tonga, his manner becoming more affable. “Let me present to you as brothers, Gorgio Posas, Antonio Ramona and Lee Hang Pauh, if ever you receive this grip and this salutation, you may know a brother greets you!” And he instructs me in the peculiar signs, signals and tokens of the United League of the Filipinos. “But I warn you,” he goes on impressively, “if it becomes known to the Governor-General at Manila that you are a brother of *El Katipunan* your life will be worth in Spanish hands about as much as mine, which would be very little. Will you amuse yourself with a cigar while I confer with our brothers.” He offers me a very good weed, remarking: “You are perfectly worthy of our confidence now, though I don't suppose you would like to join in our discussion, as we four gentlemen are appointed to assassinate Captain-General Blanco. You need not start and look surprised. I am

perfectly confident you appreciate the oath you have taken. Besides it would mean your almost immediate assassination, should you ever divulge any secret vital to our order."

Whereupon leaving me, puffing his cigar, in a state of amazed coma, he goes into some private conversation with my brethren, who shortly after wish me "*Adios*" very kindly and depart.

Then drawing a chair up to me, and lighting a cigar, Ata Tonga says to me, a decisive ring in his tones: "Now in regard to my lady, *Señorita Maud*?" There is a kind of loving reverence in his voice. "From your hasty words, I judge you came here, *Señor Curzon*, with some ultimate view of discovering something that would aid her. You can have perfect confidence in me, not only as one who adores the breeze that blows her perfume to me, but as the Head of your section of our brotherhood. Of course," he looks round the room, "this is not the meeting-place of the main *Junta* at Hong Kong, only the rendezvous of a certain portion of us who have a fixed work to do, and as such foolishly thought, in an out-of-the-way quarter, with no special guard upon it, the place would not be conspicuous." To this he adds smilingly: "You brought a Chinaman with you who showed you this place of meeting. Under other circumstances, I would have compelled you on your oath of brotherhood to tell me who he is, but having taken sniff of the fellow and having registered his odor, I can recognize him on the most crowded street in Hong Kong."

"Impossible!" I ejaculate.

"Perfectly simple! For he is an anomaly among his race. This Chinaman has become a beef-eater like you English."

Remembering Khy's statement as to his *Delmonico* cook, I answer this with an unconcealed grin and a muttered: "My God, what a boon you would be to Scotland Yard!"

"Yes, I have been told that before; this instinct, that has come to me from my savage tribe has been but slightly diminished by the enervation of what you call civilization," he replies. Then he laughs: "I see by your face and learn by your words that my nose has made no mistake in my Chinaman!—Now!" and his

manner becomes very serious, "as you are an Englishman and have their peculiar ideas of never peaching on a confederate, I shall only ask from you this question: Will you state to me on your honor as a member of the United Filipino Society, whose brand is upon your arm, whose oath you have taken in your blood, in my blood, in the blood of three others of our brothers, that this Chinaman knows nothing more than that this room is our meeting-place?—I ask that for his safety as well as yours!"

For one moment I think the matter over, then promptly answer: "He knows nothing more. In fact he is afraid to learn anything more."

"Very well, that saves his life," says Ata Tonga, as he smokes his cigar contemplatively. "Now what do you wish to learn with regard to Señor Gordon and his family?"

To this I reply, very much impressed by this civilized savage's manner: "I wish to know what hidden danger hangs over my affianced, Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon."

Ata's answer is reassuring. "None!" he says, "except what will come to her through the misfortunes of her family."

"You mean old Gordon and the young lady who left here to-day?"

"Yes; the dangers before them arise mostly from our projected insurrection."

"Ah! old Gordon is a member of this Society?"

"No; he is too cautious. But his daughter is."

"Great Heaven!" I cry, "that beautiful girl!"

"Yes! You know what Spanish mercy is."

"How under Hades did she become a member?"

"Through the agency of a man she thought her father's friend, her friend; Herr Adolph Ludenbaum, who hopes through her fears to obtain some hold upon her—for what accursed purpose I do not know."

"How, under Heaven, was she persuaded?"

"My dear lady was only a child at the time," mutters the devoted Tagal. "She loved liberty, *Cambunian* bless her for it.* At that time, six years ago, there was little thought of insurrection in the Filipinos.

* *Cambunian* is the god of certain tribes of Mountain Tagals who have been unconverted.—ED.

The Society* was then more for peaceable resistance to the Spanish tax gatherer than for open rebellion. Now it has become a great, far-reaching power that will make war upon Spain and drive her from our islands. With Señorita Ysabel's impulsive nature, and her brave heart, my lady, child of nature that she was, some time before she went to the United States, when scarcely over fourteen years of age, became a member of our order. To this she was artfully incited by the German whose stink is like the anaconda."

"She has the indelible brand upon her arm?"

"No," smiles Ata Tonga—though she was a child in years, my dear mistress was vain of her beauty—it was placed upon her leg."

"But you who love her, why did not you prevent this child placing herself in a position that may make her the victim of a vindictive government who believes in exterminating all rebels?" I ask, indignation in my voice.

But Ata Tonga's eyes flash with greater rage than mine. "Because," he snarls, "I never knew! I was not even a member of the society in those days. It was only after Señorita Ysabel had taken the breath of the wild roses with her across the sea that I became sick at heart on the great plantation under the mountains of Caraballo de Baler, where I had been tutored by monks to read and write.

"Journeying from there I came across the sea to Hong Kong, hoping to follow the being who has my life blood at her service.

"In Hong Kong for my livelihood I was compelled to become a 'riksha boy. Sweating under the burdens of a coolie, I caught the fever, and when recovered was too weak to do the work of a pony. But by the pleasant act of a kind Englishman I was given light employment in the custom-house handling packages of tea. One day I chanced to scent in a case through the pervading perfume of the tea leaf that of the poppy which you call opium. I told my master, and he made a great seizure of the smuggled drug.

"Receiving a large amount for his astuteness, the British official, more just than most men, gave me a goodly

* For details of this extraordinary society, see Appendix.—ED.

portion of it ; and suggested to me that I could perhaps make a fortune by detecting opium in the varidus packages the Chinese, with their cunning smuggling arts, concealed so deftly. But it seemed to me a poor business, devoting a great faculty merely to make a government rich. In my simple way, I could live for a long time upon the money in my hand. I did so, and by study increased the knowledge given me by the priests. Nature had made me a savage, but I made myself an *educated* one. I said : “ I’ll raise myself to where my mistress can look upon me and say : ‘ This gentleman ’ not ‘ this coolie ’ ‘ is my servitor ! ’ With knowledge came the love of liberty and the desire to obtain it, not for myself alone, but for the millions of my fellow Filipinos, whose pay to the tax gatherer is half the sweat of their brow each year ; who when they are short in their *corveé*, as punishment for not having money enough for their tyrants, are drafted into the Spanish armies and sent to Mindanao to fight the intrepid Moros, and die like dogs in the swamps and jungles of that sultry island.

“ Soon I found others who thought like me, and became known to the Society of the United Filipinos, of which you are now an affiliated brother. Englishman, you need not be ashamed of your comrades. There are some great men among them. Luna, the artist, the two Roxas, the richest Mestizos in the Filipinos ; Dr. José Rizal, the savant of the Institute at Manila, who invented the mystic rights of the Katipunan and its Blood-Brotherhood, who drafted the constitution of our Filipino League, Emilio Aguinaldo, Sandigo and Atachio. You see I am candid to you as I should be to a brother of our order. On my initiation into the Katipunan, I for a time became its secretary. Imagine my astonishment when in its records I found the name of my dear mistress, who cannot aid us—at least, I think not—but who can become its victim and its martyr. Help me to save her ! ”

“ I will ! ” I answer. “ Because in aiding her I save her sister from a great sorrow ; perchance from destruction with her. ”

“ *Diablo !* your hand on that. You smell true ! ” he cries impulsively. And as our fingers clasp something tells me Ata’s heart is true also.

“That is a great sense I have,” laughs the Tagal, of telling other men’s minds with a breath of my nostrils. Still had your lips been sullied to-day, Señor Curzon, with the odor of cigar, the stink of ardent spirits or the flavor of the strong curry you Englishmen enjoy in this hot land, I might have missed the perfume of roses from you and not known my mistress had guaranteed you by the touch of her rosebud lips. But the atmosphere of this secluded room is stifling with every window closed and barred,” he says rising. “Come with me to my quarters. I live like a European. Not being a Chinaman I can even sleep at the great Hong Kong Hotel. At my room I’ll give you full details.”

So we go out together, and I walk along the streets by the side of this being who, dressed almost as a gentleman of fashion, has the marvelous sense of his own savage tribe. “To you this must be a strange world,” I whisper, “a world not only of sight but of scent.”

“*Diablo*,” he laughs, “it would be a curious world to me, if I were to lose my nose. I should feel as helpless as you would if you lost your eyes.”

We have just reached the intersection of Wyndham Street and Queen’s Road. Gazing over the granite clock tower, I see the open windows of the English Club. “What does your nose tell you they are doing in there?” I ask.

“Drinking,” he laughs.

“Pshaw, I could have guessed that myself,” I say.

“Yes, but can you guess what is in that closed palanquin coming down the hill?”

“How can I tell in semi-darkness and the curtains very carefully drawn.”

“Well, then, there is a Chinese woman of the town behind those closed draperies.”

“The devil you say!”

“That was not difficult. The odor of the red pigment with which these poor creatures always paint their cheeks, disclosed her to me. Stay, there is a faint breeze blowing up Wyndham Street from the water. You can’t see down it, can you?” he questions.

“Of course not, the corner of the Hong Kong Hotel prevents me.”

"Well, I'll tell you what's coming up it. Watch the people as they pass, and say if I am right."

"Very well," I answer eagerly.

"First," and my savage takes a sniff or two of the air, "there is a German; I think a mate or captain of some foreign vessel; for to me not only comes the odor of sourkraut but it is mingled with imported schnapps."

"Pooh, I can smell the sourkraut myself," I laugh.

"Ah, yes, but after the German sea-captain is walking a Chinaman carrying a large parrot and a small monkey. Tell me if I am right."

"By heavens, yes!" I murmur.

"Behind him is a Malay, probably from the more southern islands, as he smells of sandal wood."

"Yes," I say, peeking around.

"And here," Ata Tonga suddenly sniffs the air viciously, and whispers in my ear; "comes the Chinaman who lives on meat; the man who guided you to our rooms."

Looking down the street I start astounded at the wondrous instinct of this educated savage. For nearly twenty yards away I see Mr. Ah Khy, re-arrayed now in his dress suit, with monocle jabbed in his Mongolian eye, sauntering up the street, and twirling his cane with the airs of a Broadway or Piccadilly lounge.

The passing Chinese dandy gives me a startled gasp as he sees me in company with this wondrous creature and—*alive*.

A moment later I give a gasp also. The Tagal's eyes have a strange apprehension in them. He says to me after Ah Khy has moved on: "That Chinaman is the son of old Hen Chick of Manila. Was your meeting him brought about in any way by Señorita Gordon. It is important that I know for the safety of my lady."

Seeing that Ata Tonga means what he says, I whisper to him: "Come to my rooms where I can get off these miserable Chinese garments, and I'll tell you everything about the affair."

"I am at your service."

Together we walk to my apartments, some little distance below the Botanical Gardens, from which

drifts to us the faint music of the band of one of the garrison regiments, that is playing its last airs for the evening.

Here, praise the Lord, there is a little breeze. I throw off my Chinese garments ; take a hurried tub ; get into civilized togs once more, and sitting down by Ata Tonga relate to him the whole history of the day, and show him the curious warning ; adding to this what Khy has told me about his father's connection with it.

As he listens, the eyes of the Tagal grow strangely luminous. He whispers to me : "We have but little time to lose. My mistress, Señorita Ysabel, is in the midst of some plot ; some intrigue of Ludenbaum's, the German anaconda ; some plot to entangle her and her family. I can't tell you what ; but be sure it has the subtlety of a Judge of the accursed Supreme Court of Manila, the most infamous tribunal upon this earth.*

"What makes you think that?"

"The warning given by Hen Chick is to prevent my lady's going to where the Spanish have authority. He hates Ludenbaum with all his Chinese soul. I have caught that musty odor that Chinamen give out when enraged, whenever the anaconda-smelling German has been in Hen Chick's presence. He perhaps guesses what her danger is, but is apparently afraid to disclose it. You must go to Manila at once."

"I——"

"Yes ! Leave by the next steamer ! I shall probably be there not much later, but can't go your easy way. My passport will not be viséed by the Spanish Consul," grins the conspirator.

"You are sure that haste is as important as that !"

"Possibly ! still——" Ata Tonga thinks deeply for a moment ; then mutters : "perhaps not, for our insurrection does not come before the fifteenth of September. That's the time appointed, when our crises will be sharpened. Inform me if any new information comes to you. I will communicate with you if I receive any news of my dear lady. But be assured," he says, as he salams before me, "that there is some hidden danger

* For details of this so-called tribunal of Justice see Appendix.—
ED.

to my beloved mistress which perhaps involves her sister, the girl you love."

"With even a suspicion of that," I burst out, "how could you let Maud in her youth, beauty and courage leave this afternoon? You spoke to her."

Here the poor fellow commences to wring his hands and moans, his eyes growing haggard: "It was I who *ordered* her to go. I was instructed by the Katipunan to command our sister to be in Manila on a certain day. It was an awful blow to my lady. In the free land of America, so far away from the conspiracies of rebels against despots, the poor child had almost forgotten she was bound by the Katipunan oath; that her signature written in her own fair blood was upon the scroll of Spain's foes and Spain's victims."

"You commanded her to go?" I muttered astounded.

"Yes; by orders from our highest council. And let me tell you my new brother of the Filipino League, their commands must be obeyed. Señor Curzon, I warn you if you receive any orders from the secret *junta*, take heed that you fulfil them; otherwise your life is not worth as much as a game-cock's in a *gallina*." Then a new idea coming into the mind of this creature of subtle instinct, he smites his hands together and shudders: "Perhaps that infamous old German may have some secret connection, some underhand influence, with some one high up in the councils of our Society. That's my lady's great danger. By the Katipunan he may place Señorita Ysabel in a position where she must affront the power of Spain; by his influence with Spanish officials, especially the Corregidor of Nueva Ecija, old Ludenbaum can make sure of my darling lady's being the victim of cruel military punishment, unless she does his bidding."

"But what does Ludenbaum want Maud to do?" I ask earnestly.

"That I can't tell. Sometimes my nose has suggested the fat old rascal loves her, but his stink is so strong of anaconda, my sense in such a delicate point is confused.

"If he does," goes on the Tagal, the wild light of a Malay in his burning eyes, "it is the love that destroys,

and by the Burning Island of the Lake of the Taal my kris will be in his heart. But," he breaks into a short laugh, "I am becoming as excited as if I were still a savage, Señor Curzon. Remember I am found at the Hong Kong Hotel. Communicate with me only if absolutely necessary. Together we will save my adored lady, whose breath is as wild roses. In that we are brothers!" And the Tagal rubs my nose with his in proof of fellowship, and leaving me, strides down the hill; while I, looking after him, notice his step is that low, gliding, springy motion peculiar to some tribes of savages and beasts of prey who hunt their game by night.

Then with a kind of a jeering laugh, I remark: "By Jove! what would Phil Marston of the Navy say to all this?" and turn into my burning bed to try and get a little sleep.

The next morning, however, a cablegram from Manila marked "delayed in transmission" comes to me at my office, where I am performing my mercantile labors in a very perfunctory kind of manner.

It reads:

"Use your own judgment.—GORDON."

Any telegram from him means to keep his daughter in Hong Kong. It has been delayed by the infernal Spanish censor, and I have permitted the brave girl to journey to Spanish danger.

In less than an hour after this I succeeded in inducing Martin, Thompson & Co. to think it is necessary for their interests and on strictly mercantile grounds, that I should be in Manila; certain cables from the Philippines telling of political unrest making my employers agree with me.

A little later in the day I obtain a few words with my Tagal fellow of the *Katipunan*, show him the cable, and explain its hidden significance.

"What danger do you think Gordon fears for his daughter?" I ask eagerly.

The answer of this subtle savage astounds me. "You have told me," he says, "that my honored lady has placed herself under the protection of that great republic whose power is far from here, but which, my reading tells me, Spain both fears and hates, because it is near to her in other portions of the world."

“Yes,” I answer.

“Then if the Spanish officials know this, it is some plot to take away the shield she has seized for the protection of her father’s and sister’s possessions. You know the tobacco lands up at Nueva Ecija are very valuable. The political suspicions of the authorities make them nervously tyrannical, and it is so easy to accuse—so difficult to disprove—a person’s being a member of a secret society, to which no one dares admit he belongs. Even to be an innocent Free Mason means absolute destruction at present in the Philippine Islands.* No accusation is too extraordinary to be made against a Filipino accused of *being* an *insurrecto*. If you would aid her, go at once!” commands the savage. “Ata Tonga will not be long after you.”

Fortunately I find “going at once” is not difficult. I discover a freight boat that leaves this very afternoon for Manila. Upon her I take passage. To my delight I discover the English tramp steamer is a speedy one, and her charter commands despatch.

Therefore after running through the *Boca Chica* into the bay, and dropping anchor off *La Muy Noble Ciudad of Manila*, I find myself only forty-eight hours after the time the *Esmeralda* has delivered Señorita Maud Ysabel Gordon into the land where she may be made the victim of Spanish officials.

* The Spanish officials in the Philippines called the Society of United Filipinos, Free Masons, as this order has been condemned by the Catholic Church. The names Free Mason and secret conspirator against the Spanish Government in Luzon were considered synonymous.—*Appleton’s Day Book*, 1896.

“It has been related by those who know, that the honor of wife or the virtue of daughter of the unlucky Filipino is held at the disposal of Fraile on demand. Resistance to such a demand means certain denouncement of the victim to the civil power as a ‘Free Mason,’ or a ‘sympathizer of *insurrectoes*.’ The civil officials know much better than to question any charge of this kind emanating from such a source, and the unlucky man vanishes forever from his family. What goes on in Philippine prisons without trial in the way of torture, thirst, starvation, misery, mutilation and murder, has been of late a common enough theme.”—*Singapore Free Press*, August 2, 1898.

BOOK II.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EXPATRIATED AMERICAN.

CHAPTER VI.

A FILIPINO TIFFIN.

It is beyond mid-day when we come to our moorings at the anchorage, off the breakwater at the mouth of the Pasig. It is the rainy season : but not raining. The soft southwest monsoon is blowing lazily, making scarce a ripple on the sunlit water of the great Manila Bay, whose boundary mountains, the Sierra Marvieses, are visible towards the west.

To the north are lands so low they are scarce visible, through which the Rio Grande de Pampanga flows by many mouths into the bay. But to the east, not much over a mile away, lies Manila, cut into two parts by the Pasig. To the south of the river is *La muy noble ciudad*, the Old Town, ecclesiastic, military, mediæval, and despotic, its ancient batteries fringed with frowning guns, many of them planted a couple of centuries ago to overawe Malay and Sulu pirates, who didn't hesitate in the brave days of old, to raid the shipping of the bay, despite the curses of the Captain-General, anathemas of the Archbishop and cannon of its capital.

Above the old Fort of Santiago floats the flag of Spain, indicative always of a colony struggling against the oppression of the Spanish official, in haste to loot a fortune, and the Spanish tax-gatherer, relentless in his greed.

Beyond this is the great cathedral, with its two steeples, one standing, the other in ruins from the great earthquake of some thirty years before.

To the north of the Pasig, in contrast to the Old Town, whose narrow streets are filled with a population more intensely Spanish than Spain itself, is the modern Manila, that commercial emporium, which ships the immense produce of these islands to the utmost ends of the earth, the Binondo and its surrounding suburbs, Tondo, Trozo, Santa Cruz and more aristocratic San Miguel, the busy hives of enterprising foreign merchants, ingenuous Tagal artisans, crafty Chinese traders, and tireless sweating coolies.

All this is back-grounded by tropic nature, green in this, the rainy season, unto the very city's walls; paddy fields, plantations of bamboos and bananas, groves of cocoanuts and other tropic fruit, mingled with flowers of wondrous hues growing everywhere. Back of all this, the two great mountains, Malfonso and Mateo, sink into low foot-hills that, more verdant than the higher peaks, melt into a sea of green, the plain around Manila, drained, yet irrigated by the placid Pasig River and its numerous tributaries.

Surrounding this is the whole great Island of Luzon with its fringe of volcanic mountains upon the western coast, and its three grand volcanoes, Alba, Taal and Mayon; its wondrous plants, flowers and tropic forests; its curious races of mankind, the little Negritos, they of agile toes that do the work of other people's hands, inhabiting the wild mountains of the north safe from the Spanish tax-gatherer, the subtle Tagals, many of whom have thrown away the virtues of the savage for the vices of the civilized, and come into this town of Manila to be its skilled workmen and artisans of facile fingers in weaving piña webs and molding gold and silver, also the Mestizos they of mixed race, who are neither European nor Chinese nor Tagalog nor Aetas, but a melange of blood and intellect as varied as the voices of the Tower of Babel. Though whate'er their former creeds have been, Buddha or Vishnu or Mohammed, or worshipers of that mysterious being that strikes them down by lightning thunderbolts that they call Cambunian, they all, men and women, girls and boys, carry candles and march

in religious *festins* and cross themselves and go to confession and salam to their *padres*, as members of the Church of Rome ; all these hating Spain, yet bowing to the flag that floats over the Citadel of Santiago. In short, the whole Island of Luzon ; in places unexplored, for there are many mountain chasms swept by rapid waterfalls and many numerous tropic forests whose matted tendrils forbid entrance save to wild beasts, and lots of jungle swamps that are but the haunt of reptiles, and other places where the foot of man seems to walk *too* near his God as he treads foothills trembling to the unceasing eruptions of the great volcanic mountain Mayon, or as he touches the waters of the Lake Bombon made tepid by molten lava from the fiery islet called the Mount of Taal.

Yet even as I look upon it, all tropical romance is destroyed by the foreground of the modern commerce of Manila ; vessels are casting anchor, ships are going to sea, a coasting steamer is coming to her quay on the Pasig from Catbalogan, Cebu, and other Southern islets ; a Spanish warship, the *Don Juan de Austria*, is just sending off its steam launch full of young officers whose joyous faces show they have got shore leave ; crafts are moving everywhere, those of lighter draft into the busy quays of the Pasig to discharge their cargoes, larger vessels being unloaded by lighters and *bancas* managed by swarming crews of vigorous never tiring coolies, not eight-hour men, but sixteen-hour fellows, sweating but uncomplaining.

Yet this scene means nothing more to me than, "Here is the town that holds one sister whom I am, God willing, to marry, another sister whom I am, by the blessing of God, to save—save from *what* ?"

Who knows ?

Am I in time ?

That I'll find out on shore.

Apparently something political or military is taking place even now. I think I see the gleam of arms of a regiment crossing the Puente de España over the Pasig.

This military matter is brought most rapidly home to me by little Tommy Simpson of the British Consul's office who is out in a steam launch to visit our skipper on some routine official duty.

Answering his hail and invitation, and very anxious

not only to know how the young lady for whose welfare I have come has fared, but likewise to have a kiss of my own beautiful sweetheart, I spring into the boat, and under its stern awning consternation comes upon me.

“You have heard the news?” whispers Simpson.

“What news?”

“Why, that Blanco has headed off the Filipino Society in a way that makes their hair stand on end.”

“What the deuce do you mean?” I mutter.

“Well, they had intended as far as I can find out to massacre the Spaniards and capture the citadel over there,” he waves his hand towards the Old Town, “before Spain could, embarrassed as she is by the war in Mindanao, get enough troops here to put them down. But their secret was revealed by the wife of Pedro Roxas, their most prominent leader who aspired to become emperor of the new nation. Roxas’ wife being a devotee disclosed it at confessional to a priest, and the priest naturally revealed it to the Captain-General. Of course Roxas’ wife said nothing to her husband fearing that he would murder her. Captain-General Blanco said nothing also, but quietly brought troops from Mindanao and hurried a few reinforcements from Spain also. Whereupon, feeling strong enough, Blanco has arrested Roxas, his cousin F. L. Roxas, likewise the American, Thomas L. Collins, who had an old claim against the government for destroying his business and confiscating his property in 1874, and any quantity of other people of whom the government wanted to be rid. The plan of the insurgents had been, as I understand it, to murder Captain-General Blanco on September 15th, and seize the town and citadel on the day of his funeral. But the old Spanish fox was ahead of them as usual, and soon——”

“Was B—Bully Gordon among the ar—arrested?” There is a little shake in my voice.

“Blow me if I know. This has all happened in a devil of a hurry, in the last twelve hours, and the town is full of rumors. Of course, as a British official I don’t mix myself prominently in these matters, but you’ll doubtless hear more about it up at the Club.”

“What’s Blanco going to do with the insurgents?” I ask, a little gasp in my throat.

*It looks as if we are fixed here
ever been known to reveal the secrets
of the confessional under any*

“What does a Spanish court-martial always do with insurgents?” remarks the young Briton. “Though I believe the Captain-General, ammunition being a little short, intends to banish most of ’em to the Caroline Islands or some other place where they will conveniently die by fever or pestilence.”

“Are you sure of your information?” I falter.

“Oh, certain. Look at the troops around the custom house. You can see something’s going on. Blanco’s making it warm for the Katipunan. By Jove, this news seems to have upset you, Curzon, old boy. You look quite seedy,” remarks the young man as our boat runs up to the quay on the Pasig.

“Yes, I’ve not got over my—my sea sickness! I’m—I’m rather top heavy yet,” I contrive to return. For looking at the frowning bastions and walls of old Manila on the bank of the river, and the patrolling Spanish troops with their light uniforms, bronzed faces and glittering Mauser rifles, an attack of shivering, ague seems to strike me as I remember that *I, too am now a Katipunan!*

As I step up the granite steps to the custom house and struggle through Tagal boys anxious to handle my baggage or call a *carromata* or get an order for my washing, immediate evidence of military alertness comes to me. The Spanish officials about the quay, lounging upon their cane rocking-chairs, smoke their cigarettes in an impressive, savage, vindictive kind of way, I think.

Though I am well known and my passport is viséed by the Spanish Consul at Hong Kong, I find it very closely scrutinized.

Consequently after getting through the official rigmarole necessary to my advent on shore, I find it is nearly five o’clock and *siestas* are about over. So, ordering my luggage sent to the uptown house of the English Club, I spring into a *carromata* and direct the driver to take me to the villa of Señor Silas Gordon in the San Miguel suburb. The promise of an additional *real* makes the Jehu whip his two, thick-hided, whalebone ponies into their best gait.

The city streets, as I pass through them, give no evidence of the political volcano whose fires are just beginning to burst forth. There is the same crowd of

pony-drawn carriages on the Puente de España. The Escolta's shops and cafés are just as brilliant as when I left them. The old women selling betel-nuts, cigars and *chow* are as noisy; the crowd of greasy coolies drawing carts is as active and as numerous; the Chinese jabber their pigeon patois as continuously; the Mestizos, ladies and gentlemen, seem as vivaciously merry as if some hundred of their kindred were not even now in the dungeons of the citadel, or being marched in captivity through the streets of their capital to meet vindictive military justice. The Spanish office holders are as suavely gracious, and smoke their cigarettes as unconcernedly as if Blanco had not struck his blow.

"The sure proof of a despotic government," I meditate, "the relatives of those who are *incomunicado* fear to show concern at their fate. Their oppressors do not wish, by their demeanor, to give to a suppressed emeute the dignity of an insurrection."

Leaving the business part of the city, I soon find myself 'mid the bungalows of the suburbs, speeding under the green of the feathery bamboo and beneath rows of great *arbols de fuego*, whose masses of flaming red blossoms look, under the sunlight, like the burning leaves of the fire-tree of Wolfstram.

In some twenty minutes I am driven into the courtyard of Gordon's magnificent villa, and spring out amid surrounding banana and orange trees, my mind intent upon my charming sweetheart, from whose kisses I have been divorced for four weary months.

I emit a sigh of relief as I find the place looks natural, inhabited and unconfiscated—with a vengeance. From the music up-stairs, a fête is evidently in progress. One or two carriages of Spanish officials and rich Mestizos, some *carrromatas* of English clerks drawn by sturdy Philippine ponies, encumber the courtyard. I note from the liveries that one or two high officials must be present, and grimly comment to myself upon the unwonted popularity of old Don Silas with Spanish dignitaries.

A Tagal boy with wondrous promptitude answers my fourth summons, and says: "The ladies are receiving."

Two seconds after, I run up the big stairway to the

second story of Bully Gordon's villa, for like all Filipinos, the family live upon the floor above, the lower one being used for stables, house-servants, coolies, etc. Here in the magnificent *ciada* or hall, which is a mass of Japanese decoration ; Satsuma vases, Cloisonné wares and Damio's swords being tinted by the soft light of the *concha* windows, I find Zima, a Negrita, the maid of my sweetheart, who, of course, knows me very well.

Fortunately the big hall is unoccupied, though the noise coming from the large reception-room at the right indicates it is crowded. Into Zima's hand I press a big round silver dollar, and hurriedly ask : "How are the ladies and their father?"

To this she answers : "All happy ; all joyous. Señorita Ysabel come like a *festin*."

"Very well," I whisper. "Just get word to Mazie that I am here alone in the hall."

"Ay, *por Dios*, I understand, Don Juan," and the eyes of Zima, who is black as a jet statuette, only four feet six inches in height, flash like two electric carbons.

In a second she has glided from me, and the next moment I give a sigh of relief and joy ; two rounded arms are thrown about my neck, and secluded by a Japanese screen I receive the sweetest of kisses from my betrothed ; for though the duenna, Señora Valrigo, has followed her charge, on seeing me she has given a kindly bow and retired, abstractedly rolling up and lighting one of her omnipresent cigarettes.

"*Santos*, you're the unexpected, Jack!" my sweetheart whispers. "Maud when she arrived drove me to despair by saying you had no thought of leaving Hong Kong for a long month. What has brought you to me so suddenly?" There is a tinge of anxiety in Mazie's face.

"You!" I whisper.

The anxiety changes to joy. "*Dios*," whispers the girl, "how glad you will make us all."

"Everybody's well?" I ask eagerly.

"Oh, yes, papa seemed a little shocked by Maud's sudden return ; the joy of meeting her was so great. You see Ysabel has changed so."

"How?"

“She went away a simple Filipina ; she comes back a lady of the great world and—*such* a flirt. When she drove on the *Luneta* last afternoon two Spanish generals and ten colonels doffed their caps to her. She has as many admirers as if she were a countess from Madrid ; such airs, such graces, I am in the shadow. But I can beat her in music,” laughs my sweetheart. “*Santissima*, there’s nothing like us Filipinos for music. Even Maud admits that the artillery band on the *Luneta* plays a little better than Señor Seidl’s orchestra. And I know she is right, for our Filipino boys put their souls as well as their bodies into Verdi and Donizetti and Wagner. Have you ever heard our grand artist of the artillery band on the bass-drum? Who can whack pig-skins into pathos like he? Tears fly into my eyes at his every thump in Chopin’s funeral march or the Death of Siegfried. But *Dios mio*, Jack, how can I talk to you when you kiss me so much. Step into the salon. Maud is astounding a number of our friends who have come to be fascinated by the foreign airs my sister has imported.”

“Ah, she has a concourse?”

“Well, yes. Old Don Rafaél Lozado, Corregidor of Nueva Ecija is here. He has come to Manila. Papa isn’t pleased at that. Also *Padre* de Laviga ; likewise two or three young Englishmen, and Maud’s old friend, Herr Adolph Ludenbaum. She is playing the queen amongst them,” says Mazie proudly. “Come in. You shall have *bunuelos*, tea, chocolate, dulces and, of course, cigarettes and *cigarros*.”

I am eager to see my fair charge of Hong Kong, and rather anxious to put eyes upon *Padre* de Laviga, who I believe is Mazie’s confessor, and whom she sometimes calls the *Cura* ; likewise to see the Corregidor of Nueva Ecija, who, I have heard mentioned, is equal rascal to any Spanish official in the Philippines.

Therefore, following Mazie I step into a typical Filipino gathering, mixed with the hidalgos and military exquisites from the Old Town of Manila which represents Spanish supremacy.

The concha windows of the big reception room are thrown open and blinds drawn up. The breeze from the Pasig comes floating in through palms and sweet smelling flowers into an apartment whose wooden

floor is as hard as iron, glistening as ivory and slippery as glass. Light cane seats, chiefly rocking chairs, and bamboo tables are mixed with hardwood cabinets and covered with Eastern ornaments and lots of plants; an image of the Virgin Mary and pictures of various saints and martyrs decorate the high walls; though these are leavened by a portfolio of magnificent photographs, mostly of streets of New York City, these the elder sister has apparently brought with her from America as I have never seen them in the room before.

Two or three musical instruments are thrown carelessly about on chairs and couches, a violin, a guitar, a banjo; a grand piano stands in a corner of the room, a harp in another.

Backgrounded by this last romantic instrument and a palm tree, Señorita Maud garbed in some summer dress from American modiste, from which her white arms and shoulders gleam like ivory, is playing the fine lady *à l'Américaine* and doing the grand fan act *à la Filipina* for the benefit of a gentleman to whom I am introduced as Don Rafaél Lozado, the Corregidor of Nueva Ecija. As I greet him, I note his age is sixty. He has the airs of a senile Don César, the beard of a Duke of Alva, and the heart, I imagine, of Sancho the Cruel; though this is covered up by a suit of immaculate white drill, cut tropic fashion, garnished with patent-leather boots and a flaming Solferino necktie.

This gentleman on our entrance, leaves the Señorita Maud and turns his attention to my affianced, seating himself placidly beside her and indulging in a *bunuelo* and chocolate as he smokes his cigarette and gazes upon my darling who is looking like a bird of Paradise in a frock of imported muslin with some feather effects that her sister has brought to her from New York.

The others of the company I note are the general run of Manila society, rich Mestizos of the upper class, struggling European clerks who squander all their salaries in living like princes at the English Club, old Ludenbaum who, in what is considered the worst of taste in the Philippines, smokes a meerschaum pipe, and the ecclesiastic who is the confessor of my sweetheart, a man I am prepared to hate, for I think he stands in the way of my happiness; though I am

agreeably astonished in his appearance. For though austere clerical, garbed in his church vestments, *Padre* José de Laviga has a face that seems to me soft and kindly; his eyes anyway are that, albeit at times they light up with the fire of monasticism.

I have scarce made my bow when *Señorita* Maud, extending her hand American fashion, whispers: "Welcome to Manila," then laughs uneasily: "Is hemp going up that you, *Señor* Jack, have come so hurriedly here to buy a cargo or two?"

"Yes," I reply carelessly. "In Hong Kong we think your troubles may make a short crop."

"*Dios!* never talk politics to a lady," laughs the girl and taps me with her fan. Then assuming a lightness, to which her eyes once or twice give the lie, she picks up the banjo, and cries: "Inspect this novel instrument I brought from America. You like coon-songs, I am told, at the English Club, Mr. Bob Partridge, and you, I believe, adore them on the mandolin, *Señors* Antonio Florez and Roderigo Cabalo. Listen to this! You have never heard this one before. It came out just as I left New York." And she commences to sing, accompanying herself very prettily on the banjo, "Louisiana Lou."

While the bulk of the company gather about *Señorita* Maud and go into raptures over her song, I drift into a conversation with the ecclesiastic who asks me the current news at Hong Kong, and if any late advices have come from Cuba, and also, this last I think with perhaps greater interest, if my stay in Manila will be a long one.

This I parry with: "Who can tell the exigencies of commerce?"

While this conversation is running along, my eyes have not left my darling sweetheart, who, dressed in European style, looks as pretty as a canary bird, though I think Mazie was even more beautiful in the light *pina* garments she used to wear when I first knew her. Gazing on this, I notice that Don Rafaél, the old Spanish official seems equally interested, and in a way I don't like. For his eyes light up in a proprietary, Don Juan way, as he inspects the vivacious loveliness of my affianced who is asking him about her old home under the great Montes de Baler, and ques-

tioning him if old Señora Goozeman still insists upon her husband sitting upon the duck eggs and helping the ducks incubate them ; if Pedro, the hunter, kills as many wild buffalo and deer as he used to ; if the big snake in the swamp that used to frighten everybody has come to an untimely ending ; is Carranglan up in the mountains as wild as when she was a little girl ; how the village band of Jaen is progressing ; has Zumy succeeded in making a new trombone out of kerosene cans ? is Ponto yet married to Tema ? and all the other local gossip of a typical Filipino village.

But this is broken in upon by a strange exhibition of Mestizo musical ability and mercurial temperament. Señorita Maud has just finished her song to the bravas of the surrounding men, Herr Ludenbaum being the most uproarious of the lot, when young Señor Cabalo of Imus, whose sugar-cane has made him rich, cries out suddenly : "The banjo ! Pha ! It is an easy thing ; I can play it at sight. Permit me !"

Bowing before the young lady he takes the instrument from her hands, and receiving two or three hints as to the register and tuning of the instrument, he cries out : "Behold me !" and without more ado goes about the room playing the banjo with as much ease as if he had been born on a Louisiana plantation or was a member of Christy's minstrels ; then breaking into "Il Bacio" he dances round the room singing the air and thumbing the strings and kicking his little patent-leathers over the furniture like a can-can artist.

"They're a curious race," mutters Jim Barton, one of the only four Americans in town, the representative of Perham & Co. of Boston in my ear. "Here are two girls who are laughing and chatting with us, and God knows what may happen to their father now this trouble has broken out, and there is that ape Cabalo dancing about the room when his uncle was put *incomunicado* to-day in the citadel. Hang me, if I can make them out !"

"Yes," I reply grimly, "they dance just as lightly in their villages at the foot of blazing Mayon, which never cease trembling, and where they are always in danger of being burnt alive. They're a curious crowd."

Evidences of this come to me even more strongly, for they all get so very merry and melodious that I

think I am in a conservatory of music. One young fellow goes to playing the harp ; another picks up the guitar, and a third proves himself a *maestro* of the violin.

Mazie, anxious, I think, to get away from the attentions of Don Rafaél, throws herself upon the piano stool, and attacks that instrument, and Maud makes a pretty picture with the harp. Then after a moment young Cabalo cries, striking his banjo *à la* musical director : "Now all together ! Li Hung Chang march ! *Presto ! Forte !*"

And they all break out with tremendous impressment into that most popular Chinese melody of the Philippines, and go marching about like an opera bouffe chorus, young Señor Cortez improvising a triangle from two Japanese wire ornaments, and Señor Alphonso del Monte producing gong and drum effects from a couple of pieces of Chinese armor that he grinds together, and his fist with which he pounds a heavy table. A boy of sixteen of languid air and girlish face, little Pablo Runildo, with childish carelessness and artistic eye breaks off all the growing flowers in the room and tosses them over the fantastic crowd with tropic grace.

So they all get merrier and merrier until finally young Cabalo, who, despite his uncle's jeopardy seems to be the most light-hearted and light-headed of the lot, sends them all into an ecstasy of laughter by playing a violin solo, holding the instrument like a 'cello and thumping out an accompaniment on the piano with his nose, which he uses in a vivacious comic way that would make the fortune of a French musical clown.

But soon, like children wearying of their sport, the young men go to smoking cigarettes again very placidly, and finally the whole concourse of them take their leave, the *caballeros* whispering to their young hostesses about coming festivities ; that there is to be an opera in the winter, and many balls. Thus they go off to their homes in this city as if there was no political volcano whose outbreak might destroy them ; dear, fascinating, brave, merry, little Filipinos : a race with man's muscle, but woman's nature, brave as women ; impulsive as women ; vindictive as woman ; fickle as women ; who love like women, hate like women, and

fight like men; who are sometimes fierce as devils and at others tender as nursery rhymes.

The drifting out of these children of passion is soon followed by the older and more sedate members of the company. Don Rafaél hints he has some business with the Captain-General, and smoking a cigarette goes upon his way, though I note he lingers over Mazie's little hand, and, curse him, gives it two romantic yet tremulous kisses. The *Padre*, blessing the young ladies, takes his departure contemplatively waving his cane and smoking his cigar.

Old Ludenbaum would probably remain did I not suggest to him that the steamer on which I came has brought some mail for him from Hong Hong. He has a German's devotion to business, but seems loathe to leave the beautiful young lady who has come from New York, fondling her hand till she pulls it away, and murmuring with friend-of-the-family familiarity: "I haven't seen you much, Maud, but you remember der old times. Ah, mein little fraulein hasn't forgotten Papa Ludenbaum?"

Apparently Maud has not forgotten Papa Ludenbaum; for her face is as pale as a lily as she mutters: "Oh, no, I remember."

"But don't be afraid, little Gretchen, Don Rafaél and I will take care of you," mutters this gentleman, and with this ambiguous remark, takes his way to his offices on the Plaza de Cervantes.

Respecting the convenances of Spanish life, I would probably take my leave with him, did not Señorita Maud even as I offer her my hand, seize it appealingly in her delicate fingers and press it in a way that indicates she wants another word with me.

Perchance noting this, Mazie looks a little piqued, but says half laughingly: "I know you hurried to Manila to see Maud, Señor Jack. You were not coming for a month. You beheld her, and *diantre*, you are here by the next steamer! Maud has added to her Filipina graces the cultivation of another and more foreign talent; a little of the flirt, eh? Ah, she o'er-shadows me."

"Not in my eyes," I mutter, and give the dear girl a couple of kisses behind the Japanese screen. "Still I want to see her for a moment."

“*Cierto*, in that case, Señor Jack, you shall have her ear. You already have her eyes,” says Mazie pouting, for her sister is looking at me in an eager anxious way. With this she leaves me a little astounded, for my sweetheart has a tear in her eye.

But I have scarce time to think of this before Señorita Ysabel is at my side. I look about and note we are alone. Señora Valrigo is fanning herself languidly on the balcony. “Only a few words,” whispers the girl, a ripple of anxiety running over her mobile face. “Do me this favor. Contrive this evening to step into Hen Chick’s place of business on the Rosario—you can find it easily—and just tell that dear old Chinaman that Señorita Maud Ysabel Gordon has smoked the last of his cigarettes. Be careful—the *last* of his cigarettes!”

“What do you mean?”

“That I shall not tell you,” she whispers. “But, Señor Curzon, go back to Hong Kong.”

“Never, without her!” I am looking at her sister who is tapping her fair hand with her fan impatiently, as she watches us from a distant sofa.

“I think it will be now impossible for you to take Mazie with you,” Maud says, and gives a little shudder. “The infamous Corregidor has come down from Nueva Ecija.”

“Be assured I shall never leave her. What the devil has the Corregidor to do with my sweetheart? What does old Adolph Ludenbaum mean by asking you, if you remember?”

Here a spasm of agony flies into Maud’s eyes; though she says bravely: “That also I shall not tell you for your safety, for that’s what it means. Leave us for your own welfare, Señor Englishman. We are a doomed family. But don’t fail to give my message.”

“Nonsense,” I whisper. “You’re not doomed. Mazie has a lover who will save her. So have you.”

“Oh, my God, don’t talk of him, my far-away sailor boy!” mutters the girl, with a kind of dry sob in her voice. Turning from me she wrings her hands, and runs back through the hallway, while I, certainly impressed, though, thank God not crushed by her prophecy of doom, stroll out into the garden to take my way to the English Club to pick up what other news I can gather of Blanco and the Society de Filipinos.

But in the courtyard I am not made more easy by the words of the father of the family. Almost at the entrance under a big fire-tree I meet old Don Silas. He has just returned from the town and apparently, has been drinking, as his eyes are blood-shot, and his voice a little thick. He glares at me savagely, and says: "So you didn't keep my one lamb out of the fire, eh, my Englishman?" then implores: "Why in the name of God didn't you hold her in Hong Kong when you got my cablegram?"

"Your cablegram came too late—one day too late."

"Ah, detained by the damned infernal censor, by Heaven!" mutters the old sea-captain. "By old Ironsides! It will be yard-arm to yard-arm this time. I knew it ever since that infernal scoundrel Don Rafaél came down. He knew this cursed Filipino rumpus was going to take place. This is the Spanish officials' grand chance to do up any one against whom they have a grudge. They arrested old Tommy Collins, the American, last night because he had a claim against them for the destruction of his property and business in 1874; and you mark me, before this political trouble is over, though I never heard of the damn society until a few weeks ago, I will be arrested and done to death as a Katipunan. Oh, they are going to make it warm for that brood here now. You'd better get out and leave a drowning man whom twenty life preservers wouldn't save."

With this unpleasant suggestion he leaves me.

And I stagger down the street under its arches of fire-trees with my brain as much ablaze as any flaming blossom as I remember with a sinking soul that *I, too, am a Katipunan!*

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAR OF TORTURERS AGAINST DEMONS.

My mind isn't made more placid by seeing march past me a detachment of Spanish infantry escorting a cart in which two bound and manacled prisoners are lying. "Probably some of my brothers of the Filipino

Society," I shudder, and think of the Katipunan Sign upon my arm.

But I have got pretty well over shuddering when I step into the English Club and find myself surrounded by old friends. As I half recline in one of the long cane chairs, a flopping punka cooling me off, in the familiar reading-room and look out over the placid waters of the Pasig * that flows languidly past our broad veranda, gazing lazily at a raft of cocoanuts that is floating down from Laguna de Bayo, I stiffen my nerves with a stingah and listen to the gossip about me with a tolerably regular pulse, though the news I hear isn't of a reassuring nature.

"By Jove, Curzon, we've been having it lively in the last twenty-four hours; martial law, pickets in every suburb, patrols and sentries as regular as meals. Don Ramon Blanco has his eyes open," remarks Harry Poston of Bellington & Co. of Singapore, Tokio and Nagasaki.

"Yaas; they—ah—say that they are going to raise the—ah—drawbridges to the Old Town every night; something the Dons haven't done since 1852. Read up in Philippine history on my way out, don't yer know, me boys," drawls young Sammy Burlop who has been sent from London with his accent, to sow his wild commercial oats as far away from his father's bank in Bishopsgate as possible.

"Hang it! Some one says the city lights are to be put out at twelve o'clock every bl-blessed night. It'll be bl-blooming inconvenient to me," stammers old Portman, who never goes home drunk before 2 A. M., though he commences to imbibe very early every day.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if passes or something of that kind were demanded," adds little Simpson, who has just seated himself beside me. "Affairs are getting mighty serious."

Here another little piece of gossip comes to me. Harold Burton of Jarvis & Co. of Hong Kong, Canton, and Cebu comes in and laughs: "By Jove, after all it wasn't Roxas' wife betrayed the Filipinos."

"No!—who? I ask."

"Why it was a sister of one of the printers

* The English Club has since removed to Ermita.—ED.

of the Rebel proclamation ; she blabbed it to old Gil, the *padre* of the Tondo and he made a clean breast of it to Blanco. So we can believe in conjugal fidelity once more," laughs the Englishman.

These remarks reminding me of the urgency of Maud's errand, I rise up, step down to the river and taking a *banca* for coolness, am rowed down the Pasig, inspecting its pretty reaches, to make my landing at the Puente de España.

Elbowing my way through a crowd of Mestizos and Tagals, who, from the crowing of one or two roosters they carry, are apparently bound for a cock-fight in the Tondo, I soon am treading the Rosario, which, like the Tai-ping-shan of Hong Kong, is Chinese in character.

A little inquiry takes me to the main store of Hen Chick & Co., the old gentleman owning almost a dozen bazars upon this avenue of Oriental trade.

Upon my entry I find it like the usual Chinese *hong*, on one side samples of merchandise in limited quantities, a counter on the other, at which sits the inevitable Mongolian book-keeper with his abacus or counting frame, upon whose wires with his long, nailed finger he is abstractly moving the clicking buttons to and fro. Two or three Chinamen are seated at one side on a teakwood bench, jabbering in their Celestial language. The whole place has of course, the usual odor of opium, burnt punk, dried cats, etc.

I am already prepared with my story, and ask to see Hen Chick, mentioning a cargo of tea in which I think he is interested.

To my dismay the Chinese accountant stops his unending clicking of his buttons and giving me an almond-eyed smile, says placidly in pigeon English : " Hen Chick, him go away."

"Where?"

"Lis morning, to Hong Kong. Him take um steamer. Him son, Ah Khy ; him belly ill."

"Ah Khy!" I gasp astounded.

"Yes, letter from Hong Kong come. Ah Khy him belly, belly ill," jabbars the Chinaman. "You sabé Ah Khy?"

"Yes, I sabé Ah Khy," I stammer.

And I *do* sabé Ah Khy ; for knowing that young Chinaman is in excellent health, I quickly divine that

Hen Chick actuated by Chinese prudence has left Manila for the safer atmosphere of Hong Kong

But this is no place to discuss the matter. A moment's reflection tells me that Senorita Maud has lost whatever aid, benefit or advice she expected from my carrying this information to the Chinese merchant, and should know at once about this.

So with a muttered remark about writing to Hen Chick as to the tea, and taking the precaution to obtain his Hong Kong address in case I shall need it for other purposes, I step out upon the Rosario, and walking along it, soon find myself on the Escolta, brilliantly lighted with electric lamps, though three or four years before it had been much dimmer under the illumination of kerosene.

Here catching a *carromata* I am rapidly driven to San Miguel, and entering Senor Gordon's house with the informality of an intimate, find the two young ladies alone, both now making very pretty samples of Filipina beauty.

Apparently not expecting general company, they are robed in the fashion of their native island. Gauzy white—shall I say it? Yes, I will!—chemisettes display in a kind of exquisite abandon the beauty lines of their charming figures. *Pañuelos* of the finest *piña* web, looking in their varying colors almost like rainbows, are draped about their white necks making dainty little points at their backs. Drawn over the dimpled shoulders of the girls these are pinned by jeweled brooches upon their rounded busts. The sleeves of their chemisettes coming out from under these, reaching scarce to their elbows, show two pair of admirably molded snowy arms, and four as pretty little hands as ever were squeezed by ardent suitor. Maud's brown locks are banded about her brows and stabbed into place by a long jeweled pin she has apparently brought from New York. Mazie's, however, gathered about her head Filipina fashion, are held there by a little jeweled comb, except one wavy curl that falls coquettishly just upon her little ear that is pink as a Visaya shell. Flowing skirts of white *piña* cloth drape their graceful forms from their lithe waists down to their little feet that peep out from the gauzy fabrics, poked into the coquettish slippers that they call *chinelas*; though, at variance with the

general fashion of the island which decrees the pretty little bare toes should be *en evidence*, the young ladies wear light, gleaming, silken stockings.

"*Dios mio!* I am so glad you came, Jack," cries Mazie running to me. "I know you always like me best *à la Filipina*," and child of nature that she is, she gives a graceful pirouette.

"Yes, but you're hardly up to the mark."

"Pooh! these costumes are as fine as any on the island. This *piña* cloth cost several bales of tobacco."

"Ah, yes, but still not up to true Filipina form," I say laughingly. "You wear stockings."

"*Cielo!* of course we do. You don't suppose Maud, after bringing four dozen pairs from New York and paying duty on them, wouldn't let people see them. *Aqui!* what do you think of mine?" and the child of nature gives me a glimpse of an ankle that sets my heart beating.

"Ay, Ay! I see by your face you think I look very well. And now that I have given dear old Valrigo a bunuelo, a chocolate and fifty cigarettes, she is going to be good and retired the whole evening. We will have a quiet, soft, lover's night of it, eh *mi querido*?"

But we don't have a quiet soft lover's night of it.

While I am being welcomed by my fiancée, her sister has stepped towards me, a question in her face. Maud knows I have come to tell her something, and asks hurriedly: "You have a message for me, Senor Curzon?"

"Yes," I answer; then turning to Mazie say: "Just give me a word or two with your sister my dear."

"Ah, you have a *secret*?" My affianced's eyes blaze up in a rather haughty manner.

"Well not much of a one; but something I want to say to Señorita Maud's ears; it will only take one moment."

"*Dios*, if it is *such* a secret I'll turn my back!" cries my darling, and pouting divinely she marches to the other end of the room and commences to pound a delicate waltz out of the piano in a way that I must know jars upon her artistic instincts, while I hold hurried conference with Senorita Gordon.

"You delivered my message?" asks the girl eagerly.

"No."

"*Madre de Dios!*" Her lips are white.

"Yes, I am sorry to tell you Hen Chick, the Chinaman, left for Hong Kong this morning."

As I speak an expression of startled concern flies over the girl's face. "Ah, Hen Chick feared that his evidence might be called for by the Supreme Court of Manila. He—tell me all about it."

And I give her the details.

"*Caspita!*" she says sneeringly, "it is so easy to frighten a Chinese merchant." Then she mutters; "But he is wise; you should also go away."

"Not till I take your sister with me. Not till I take you to your sailor boy."

"Oh, *madre de mi alma*, don't talk of him to me now!" she begs; then astounds me by muttering: "Sometimes I think I should tear his picture up." She points to the framed photograph of a handsome face and stalwart figure in the naval uniform of the United States, which stands upon a nearby cabinet; next horrifies me by shuddering: "I had no right to take his love. Holy Virgin, if my gallant Phil were but a dream. Oh, if I could make him forget me. If—oh no, not that. I couldn't lose his love and live!" then whispers hoarsely to me: "Look on his face well, so that you may know whom to tell of a sweetheart whose soul has gone down in despair."

"You fear something immediately?" I ask with white lips, for her manner frightens me.

"Oh, no, not immediately." Her tones have grown calmer. "The demise of our family will be like a case of jungle fever, with its fluctuating symptoms. You will see it run its course, but I think it will be fatal."

I would ask her to be more explicit, but she waves me away and says half laughingly: "*Buenas noches*; don't fail to see us on the *Luneta* to-morrow. We want lots of beaux to bow to our carriage. Mazie will be there. Now run and kiss your sweetheart, *caballero*. You may not get so many more of them as you think." This last uncanny suggestion is a sigh.

A moment later I am by the side of Mazie, and find that Maud's prophecy is unfortunately true. I don't

get so many kisses as I think. My piquant darling has stopped thumping the dickens out of the piano, and taken to doing something she knows that I detest: that is, smoking a dainty little cigarette. Her manner seems different to what it has been to me. Her glance is haughty; her coral lips, through which she puffs the smoke in graceful rings, curl in defiance.

"Mazie," I say, reproachfully, "you know I don't approve the cigarette habit in women."

"*Dios mio*," she laughs, "why do all you Europeans hate to see my sex enjoy what you love so much? You selfish creatures, are you afraid if we smoke as diligently as you, it will raise the price of cigars? *Diantre*, they're cheap enough here!" she sneers.

"Mazie," I say in my sternest manner, "if you do not immediately put that cigarette away, I shall not kiss you."

This had always before brought my sweetheart to terms. I expect to see the *cigarello* fly out of the open window; but it goes into her little mouth.

She takes another puff, then sneers: "It is perhaps well that you don't. That will save me another sin to confess to the *padre*."

"You do not mean," I whisper, astounded, "that you tell your father confessor every time I kiss you?"

"I used not to; that would have taken too long—in those happy days," she says contemplatively, and tears gather in her eyes. "But still it has been told me that kissing a gentleman is a sin in the eyes of the Church."

"Not the man you love; not the man you are to marry!"

"Oh, I have been told that I am *not* to marry you until you become what I am afraid you never will be."

"Oh," I reply glumly, "is that your reason for smoking a cigarette?"

"No, I love it."

"Then you do not wish me to kiss you?"

"No, there are other young ladies now in Manila, who do not smoke cigarettes, who say they have given up the awful habit; who have learnt their proprieties as well as their airs and graces in a foreign land."

With this indignant speech, my darling bursts out crying as if her heart would break. When a fellow is

on fire with love and his affianced is sobbing on his shoulder, and the duenna is smoking out on the veranda, what generally takes place.

I look around. Maud has left the apartment, I kiss Mazie to good humor, and she becomes my dear little affectionate darling as of yore.

Then I go away and stroll meditatively under the palms and bamboos towards the English Club, for somehow or other a faint suspicion that my little sweetheart is becoming jealous has drifted into my mind. But I throw this away, muttering: "Good God, jealous of her sister, because we have a political secret together, Mazie knowing that Maud is devoted to that handsome young fellow of the cabinet picture! It's impossible!"

But I don't know the curiosities of a woman's heart when she is a child of the tropics as much as I will a little later.

So things run along for a few days, I finding that the interests of my firm take a good deal of my time, commerce always being disturbed by insurrection. The rest of it I devote to Mazie, but all the while am making my arrangements very quietly to remove her and her sister from the island, if I can get their father sober enough to consent—for the ex-sea-captain, apparently impressed with coming evil, is drinking to drown his sorrow like a fish.

Till on the evening of the thirtieth day of August, as usual, I am taking my way from the house of Don Silas towards the English Club, meditating upon my course of procedure. If Mazie will marry me, my commercial income is sufficient to support my affianced in comfort and ease in Hong Kong. I will offer a home to her sister so that in case their father's property is confiscated and they lose everything in these Spanish islands, Maud will be free from danger and able to wed the young American naval officer. I know the girl loves him better than anything else in the world, and I feel that no false pride will make her hesitate to take the happiness of her life.

But even as I cogitate, a sudden check comes to my plans.

I mutter: "Good Lord, what's that?" For the sharp crackle of Mauser rifles comes in volleys floating

on the still night air from the direction of one of the outlying suburbs of Manila.

I stand and listen for a moment; the noise is repeated, then kept up continuously, the fusilade growing heavier. I hear the rattle of tram-cars on the street parallel to mine, and see a whole procession of them, loaded down with Spanish infantry, driven as fast as the horses can be whipped.

I make hurriedly to the English Club which is the center of news for me. A battery of artillery at full gallop flies past me, and I see the little Spanish gunboat, the only one they have in the river for work above the bridges, come steaming up the Pasig under full head of steam, her men apparently at her guns.

As I step into the Club, old Mandeville runs in before me, crying: "Boys, we have got to fight also! The rebels are trying to rush this town!"

"Why the deuce should *we* fight?" remarks little Sammy Burlop, though he springs up with the rest of the company at these words. "It is only a row between—ah—Blanco and the Spaniards and those fellows, Aguinaldo, Santallano and their crowd."

"Why should we fight?" cries Mandeville, who is a veteran of the East Indies, and as a boy has seen the Sepoy mutiny in India. "Why shouldn't we fight? First for our own lives; next for the honor of the poor women and children here. You don't know what Eastern fanatics are when they get steam on. I do. My God, I remember Meerut, Cawnpoor, and Lucknow. How'll they know English or Germans from Spaniards in the dark? What'll they care anyhow—"

Into the group, breaks Jim Burrage shouting: "My Heavens! they've put out all the electric lights in the town."

"They're attacking the electric power house. Darkness; that's the first thing the rebs want!" cries Mandeville.

But a moment after, little Simpson of the English Consulate comes in and says: "The lights spring up blazing again. By George, the electrician may have run away, but Blanco is holding the dynamos."

All this time the rattle of small arms is growing heavier, and now is punctuated by the sound of rapid-fire guns and one or two field pieces.

But Mandeville's suggestion is followed. Then and there, we form "the Foreign Company" that does yeoman service for three days in defending Manila against the first rush of the insurgents; English, Germans, French, and one or two Americans; every foreigner who can carry a gun—except Don Silas Salem Gordon, who sits drinking his whisky in a gloomily savage manner and getting drunker and drunker.

I go to him and beg him to give me a private word in my room at the English Club. "You have got to shoulder a gun with us!" I say. "Curse it, old man, don't you see that your hanging off marks you as a sympathizer with Aguinaldo and his crew. Don't you think it will be noted by your enemies, the Spanish officials?"

"What the devil's the difference if it does!" stammers the ex-sea-captain. "They've marked me for a pigeon to be plucked and eaten long ago; ever since I got those great tobacco lands. They're only waiting till the rebs give 'em quiet, to rob me of 'em. Why the devil should I help them crush out the Filipinos, to be made their victim afterwards. They can't do more than kill me, can they?"

"They can confiscate your property and leave your daughters penniless."

"Yes; that would be kind o' hard for the fellows marrying 'em," says the old man savagely; then goes jeeringly on: "But Maud will look after that. Maud, the *Americano*. I've read her citizenship papers."

"But they may not do any good. Look at Collins, American born, what's the American Consul done for him?" I suggest.

"Nothen'; but perhaps he'll get a move on him in time if they don't butcher Collins first. The American Government, I am afraid, don't want to rub Spain the wrong way; scared the Spaniards 'll lick 'em for fooling around Cuba, eh? They weren't that kind of Yanks when I was reared in Mass'chusetts. The race must have sizzled out since I left Cape Cod, forty year ago." And Gordon goes into an invective that a great many Americans were using at that time over an Administration which apparently didn't care much for American rights in any part of the world. A disease

prevailing in the government circles of the United States that, I believe, they now call in Yankee land "mugwumpism" and "professors' mania"—effete brain troubles that come upon the senile and unpatriotic and make them think their country always *wrong* and the other country always *right*; a malady that—thank God!—has not as yet broken out in Britain.

Then the poor old wretch sobs in a kind of drunken pathos: "But what right have I to pitch into the American eagle; I who di—divorced m—m—myself from the bird of freedom for a lot of damned Spanish lands of which those sons of guns are a-going to rob me;" and weeps maudlin tears, calling himself a traitor to his native land; then horrifies me by whispering: "Hang it, you've got my answer! By Heaven, if it wasn't for my darters I'd bare my breast and fight for the Filipinos. Blow my eyes, the people here have got wrongs enough to make 'em raid this hole and kill every living critter in it!"

"What? With your daughters in this town; these crazy Malay savages!" I gasp.

"No, no; I don't know what I am saying—and yet—oh, don't talk to me, I'm drunk!" And the skipper closes the unpleasant interview in a way that makes me know that even if he wanted to march in our ranks, Bully Gordon would require two or three days of soda water and abstinence before he could do duty.

Therefore with a sigh I leave him and march out with the "Foreign Company" to do the best I can against my brothers of the Filipino Society, I, who have their brand upon my arm; I, who have registered my oath in my own blood and that of Ata Tonga in Hong Kong.

And it is no play fighting these wiry little devils, who, I think, don't know what fear is—the most of them.

But the Captain-General has too heavy a hand for them at present. Reinforcements are brought from Cebu and Iloilo by gunboats and at the end of three days' heavy fighting Don Ramon Blanco who all through this affair proves himself a master of the art of war, succeeds in expelling Aguinaldo, Andrios, Santallano and their followers from the outskirts of the

city. The fighting rolls back into the country, and Manila becomes outwardly quiet again—but what a quiet! The quiet made by the wholesale arrests, confiscations and executions of bloodthirsty martial law.

This drifts along for three months, the artillery band playing every other afternoon on the *Luneta* its softest melodies, while on the other days, in that great oval, unfortunate Mestizo suspects are stood up to receive the fire of an infantry platoon in military execution. For now the Spanish officials are hunting rebel sympathizers, and many who had hesitated to fight, die by the bullets of the firing party; Dr. Rizal, the savant of the Manila University, who fled to Spain, being arrested at Barcelona, brought back, tried by court-martial, taken out of his bride's arms, and shot on the *Luneta*.

In December Blanco is thought too mild and moderate, and tenders his resignation. Polavieja, the commander of the Sixth Army Corps, succeeds him, and worse follows after bad. Three or four hundred of Manila's citizens are exiled to the Carolines. Fernando Roxas with eighty-three other exiles are shot down by their guards on Mariana Island to which they have been banished.

And all this time outside the city in the surrounding provinces is going on a combat of demons against torturers. The Spaniards recalling the methods of Torquemada in their prisons, extort confessions from captured rebels by thumb-screws, dripping water and nails driven through the hands and feet of shuddering men and sobbing women.* Upon the fields of battle there is disemboweling, ham-stringing and butchery of the wounded after the fight is over.

But the gentlemen of Spain have forgotten they are reckoning with Orientals who can give them points in the torture business, experts as they are. Aguinaldo, Santallano and their rebels, in reprisal, do work that makes the Spanish office holders shudder; officers are tied to trees and tortured, and the wives and daughters

* The correspondence of the American newspapers, describing the Filipino Conference called by Aguinaldo in September 1898 states that quite a number of those present bear upon their bodies the scars of Spanish torture—See also Singapore Free Press August 28 1892.—ED.

of many a Hidalgo are scourged, outraged and taken to grace Negrito huts. Likewise the insurgents do great work on friars and priests, of which there were a plenty in the Philippines, one Tagal chief going into the wholesale business and tying up to trees one hundred screaming Dominican monks. Then to the padres' clothes saturated with inflammable oils, torches are applied, and straightway a burning forest is echoing with Spanish shrieks and prayers and Latin *Pater Nosters* more fervid than Churchmen ever set up before in chapel or cathedral.

So these horrors run along, executions taking place in the Plaza Major and on the Luneta to inspire the populace of Manila with sickening terror; one morning thirty lowly Filipino victims, Tagal boys, Negrito youths, gathered up in the suburbs of Tondo, Trozo and Santa Cruz; the next day thirteen merchants, native government officials, lawyers, doctors and professional men taken from the aristocratic villas and bungalows of San Miguel or the business marts of Binondo, are shot dead amid the screams of their families.

During this time the twelve thousand rebels at Cavité, some fourteen miles to the south, have become thirty thousand under Aguinaldo; Santallano, the rebel chief of the North, and Esebro, the ex-village school-master, have, together, some ten thousand. And now to the astonishment and dismay of the Spanish, these insurgents who had fought them during three long and bloody months with the bolas, knives of the country, bamboo spears and bows and arrows, some of them poisoned like those of the Negritos, and cannon crudely molded from the bells of looted monasteries and consumed churches, or made of iron water-pipes wrapped round with wire: like bombards of the Middle Ages, suddenly as if by magic become equipped with modern arms, repeating rifles, rapid-fire cannon and cartridges as deadly as their foes'; and the battles become more bloody and the combat more to the death even than before.

And the question Polavieja and his astounded generals now ask is: "FROM WHERE DID THESE WEAPONS COME?"

CHAPTER VIII.

EL CORREGIDOR.

ABOUT this time Santallano the rebel chief of the north, capturing San Isidro, the war gets altogether too close to Nueva Ecija for its Corregidor to return to that province, where they are burning monasteries and slaughtering priests. So that official spends his time in Manila, a great deal of it at the house of Don Silas, who mutters in his drunken way: "By the boatswain's mate, the enemy is getting to love me, Senor Jackie."

But I fear the enemy is getting to love my sweetheart. For Don Rafaél's sixty years seem to grow light upon him, and his eyes become bright and sparkling as he gazes on Mazie's pretty face and graceful figure in a way that makes me, when I think of it at night, tear the mosquito nettings of my bed and fire that long narrow pillow the Filipinos call jeeringly the "embracer" to the other end of my chamber.

For all this time my suit to Mazie, is growing, from a lover's standpoint, worse and worse. I am compelled to consult with her sister on the plan that we have formed for the family safety; for her father is drunk continuously, not the staggering reeling debauch, but what is called in Western America, I believe, loaded—loaded to the brim; and somehow these interviews seem to make my darling tearful, though at times her eyes blaze through the drops like stars shining through a rainbow.

For some unknown reason Mazie seems to think her sister, with her imported manners, has found greater favor in my eyes than she, the astute Machiavellian old Spaniard Don Rafaél Lozado by his senile hints and chuckles adding to a jealousy that apparently will not down, though the girl, I believe, tries to conquer it; and perchance would, did not the very exigencies of the case compel me at times to a few secret words with her elder sister, for I have hinted to Maud my plans of removing Mazie and her to Hong Kong.

This idea she has at first rejected, stating it will surely be her father's ruin—but latterly has grown more reconciled to it, I think, on account of the familiar attitude the German assumes to her.

Though Herr Ludenbaum is very busy now—so busy that I sometimes wonder what the devil he is driving at—he spends most of his spare time, in the villa of his friend, the ex-American sea-captain, taking as it were a fatherly interest in Senorita Maud Ysabel, whose eyes seem to light up with a despairing flame as she looks upon this gentleman who will not be denied in his rôle of papa, and sits in her salon, quite often jeering in a ghoulish manner at the horrors that have come upon this unhappy city, apparently trying to impress the girl with fear at the vengeance the Spaniards are taking upon insurgents both active or suspected.

“Mein leedle fraulein,” he says one day pathetically, “weep for poor papa whose heart is broken. Papa Ludenbaum was driving on the Luneta to-day, and Oh, *mein Himmel* vot sights he saw! Dot fine man, dot man of great brain, dot gigantic intellect, dot Doctor Rizal, taken from his weeping bride's arms, she had only been married to him dis morning, and shot like a bow-wow right through his mind. *Donnerwetter!* der sargeant wid his gun gave him his coup de grace, and blew Rizal's intellect all out of him. I have been to der bride, I mean der vidder, to sympathize wid her, but she will not be made reconciled. *Mein Gott!* If dot Rizal vidder doesn't stop shrieking out at the tyranny of our good Captain-General, if she doesn't keep her mouth to herself a leetle more closed, there's no telling what kind of a stopper der beneficent Polavieja may put upon it. I have heard tales vot takes place in der dungeons ober der,” he winks towards the citadel, “dot would make your curly hair stand on end like porcupines.

“Dey had a round hundred of de rebels in an underground place ober der and dey couldn't get wind enough and in one night most all of dem vas choked to dying.

“Vhen I tinks of dot, *mein fraulein*, I tinks of your good father, mein poor friendt, Herr Captain Gordon, what is running his head against der Spanish law about

dose tobacco lands. Summertimes I fear what may happen to him and to you, my poor Gretchen, if you don't restrain dose savage exclamations, dose stampings of der foots, vot you summertimes makes when I tells you of der tortures and executions. Summerday you vill cry out: 'Save me, Papa!' und den poor old Ludenbaum vill have to run to his good friendt, der Corregidor, to keep your pretty leedle foots out of der shambles. But be not afraid, Don Rafaél and I vill do it, sure as a *chow*-shop smells of garlic."

This and other speeches of a similar nature wherein Ludenbaum relates unctuously of a Spanish general ordering his rebel prisoners shot in the legs so they couldn't run away, and could be butchered comfortably and easily after the battle; or when he tells of Rios setting fire to the woods of Santa Maria and burning two hundred surrounded insurgents in that fiery jungle, Señorita Maud receives with a kind of forced, stoical indifference, though at times under his blood-curdling words, which are emphasized with grotesque and hideous gestures and great rolling of his big eyes, her delicate face grows very white, and the graceful figure shudders from head to heel, not with fear for herself, but with sympathy for the victims.

As for Mazie, the poor little girl trembles and shrinks from the room whenever Papa Ludenbaum begins his pleasant war-time recitals.

It is after one of these Ludenbaum interviews that I discover Señorita Maud is ready to accept my proposition and leave Manila for Hong Kong.

During this troublous time I have been hindered in my arrangements to leave the island by my firm in Hong Kong. Business has been disarranged by the insurrection, and Martin, Thompson & Co. do not wish me to depart until I can leave their affairs in proper order. This, however, I have pretty well completed, and now make my proposal to Maud, asking her to induce Mazie to give up her Church scruples and wed me, heretic as I am. "Then I can take my bride to Hong Kong, and offer to you, my dear sister, an asylum until the gallant young American is ready to claim you."

"And my father?" whispers the girl. "What of

him? If his daughters fly from Manila, they will think it evidence that he intends to fly also, and that will seal his fate in the present suspicious state of the Spanish officials. You know every vessel sailing from Manila is closely searched for suspects; that no one can leave here without the permit of the military authorities."

"Certainly," I reply, "but it will be easy to get the necessary permission for you and your sister."

"Are you sure of that?" mutters Señorita Ysabel, and glances uneasily at Mazie, who is at the other end of the apartment glaring at us savagely, though pretending to be entertained by the Corregidor as he bends over her with Don Quixote affability.

"Yes, I think they dare not refuse passport to two girls," I whisper.

"And then my father?"

"In some way," I reply, "we must smuggle him out."

"How?"

"Well, Thompson & Co. have ships leaving here," I whisper, "and I think his escape can be arranged with one of our skippers. Have I your permission to try, if your father will consent? Think of the gallant young fellow who is awaiting you, perhaps even now at Hong Kong."

"Yes, Phil has just joined the Asiatic Squadron. I have his letter," whispers the girl, longing joy flying over her mobile face. "Yes, for his sake I consent. *Dios mio!* What does it matter if we are robbed of our lands and our inheritance if we have happiness. *Presto!* make the arrangements, dear Jack."

"Now, had we not better tell Mazie?" I whisper, the joy of anticipation in my voice.

"No, not yet. She talks too much to the *cura*," dissents Maud, a tinge of fear in her voice.

"I doubt if you are right," I mutter. "You judge her too much——"

"By what I was, before in the United States I came in contact with people of reflection; people who looked before they leaped. Mazie is like I was when I left here, she is a creature whose heart and passions are her springs of action, not her mind. As for me, now, I think first and act afterwards; unless *Dios mio*, I am

very much excited," says this young lady of Spanish blood and Yankee intellect. "But Mazie is fireworks all the time, especially when she thinks of you."

"That is the reason I wish to tell her."

"Well, Jack, of course, if you think best, but by Bunker Hill, let us test her first. You have hinted to our dear Mazie that you wish to take her to Hong Kong, haven't you? I know you have. No man could look at her beauty and graces and charms of manner and—and feel my sister's dear noble heart beating against his, and not tell her that."

"Yes, I probably have said something to that effect."

"Then you have made a mistake. We will see that soon, I fear. Evil may come of it. She tells the Corregidor too much."

"What? Trusts that old villain?" I mutter.

"Ah, the old villain is a complimentary old villain. Mazie believes everybody good like herself. Being disingenuousness embodied, Mazie's tongue speaks what her mind thinks. Wait anyway until we have every arrangement made, so that if she does give hint of our going, it will be too late for our enemies to act."

"Perhaps you are right," I assent. So we make no confidant of my affianced, in which, I sometimes think we made a fearful mistake.

However, I go away quite cheerily, and arrive at my office to receive a surprise. I have hardly taken seat at my desk, when a languid-looking Mongolian gentleman enters sheepishly, and I spring up and cry: "By Jove, Ah Khy!"

"Yes, Jack," says that young Chinaman, who is faultlessly dressed in white Manila drill, and has his monocle stuck in his eye, "By Josh, I'm here!" and he removes and brushes carefully one of Knox's most glossy Broadway stovepipe hats, a tile that makes him cock-o'-the-walk in Manila headgear.

"What the devil sent you to this land of fighting?" I ask.

"Hen Chick, my father!" mutters the dandy ruefully. "My governor raised the devil with me when he returned to Hong Kong, because the warning didn't hold the Señorita Gordon." This last is a whisper. "So," whimpers Ah Khy, "my governor took Chinese methods, talked about bamboozing me, and all that

Confucius rot. He said I wasn't a success as a Western barbarian, and now he'd try and make me an average hard-working Chinese merchant, and by the Seven Devils! he has sent me to Manila to do it. Hang it, I'm afraid here. Li Chow fled to Singapore yesterday; Ah Sam and Lee Yek both sneaked to Nagasaki on the Japanese steamer. They know it isn't healthy here! But my father says by the Seven Dragons! business must be attended to, so I'm with you, my la-di-da! For the Lord's sake, tell me how to walk cautiously." Then he looks at me astounded and mutters: "Holy Poker! You are as brave as a High-binder, you are!"

"Why?" I ask.

"By Josh! because you know and I know, I saw you that night walking with that head devil of those conspirators in Hong Kong. So you must have captured the Katipunan secrets." To this, with infernal Mongolian cunning, he adds: "Under these circumstances, I fear they must have made you one of them to let you live."

"Rats and rubbish!" I cry savagely, though probably there is a little tremble in my voice, so many of my brother members of the Society have had sudden and violent deaths within the last few months. Then I say to him sternly: "You have some message from your father to the Senorita Gordon?"

Here Khy's Chinese knees begin to knock together. He murmurs: "Yes, but I dassn't tell it to her."

"Tell it to me," I mutter.

"Well, my father says for Miss Maud to get out. That's all. He says by the Dynasty of Chow, the tyrant, to get out. He says, tell her the Chinese proverb: 'If you're frightened of the shadow of the man coming behind, don't let him overtake you.' She'll understand that, if she's as bright as a woman as she was as a kid." This is given me in Khy's lowest voice in a recess of my private office.

"Very well," I say, "you can depend upon my telling it; but as you love your own life, no babbling about Katipunan secrets. Spain doesn't care much for Chinese protests. They'd have you in the Fort over there in no time. As for me, I am an Englishman!" And with a Johnny Bull's faith in the power of his country's protection, I placidly gaze at the

Chinaman as he mutters assent to my commands, and strolls off trying to light with trembling fingers a cigarette.

“By the Lord,” I mutter, “Ah Khy isn’t brave!” But I do not know the Chinese character. Ah Khy isn’t brave, till he’s cornered. Then, beware the rat at bay!

Hen Chick’s message suggests to me I must take immediate action in the matter of the departure of the young ladies, so the next morning I apply at the proper office for the necessary permits for *Senoritas* Maud and Mazie Gordon to leave Spanish territory; and to me comes an awful shock.

“Yesterday, *Senor*,” says the colonel in charge, an urbane, suave individual, with long drooping mustachios, “I should have been pleased to comply with your request, which, however, I do not see is countersigned by the father of the young ladies, who have been the charm of Manila society; but to-day the Supreme Court of Luzon has re-opened the case of Don Silas Salem Gordon in the question of *titulo real* of the tobacco estate called Santa Domingo, and sent it back to the judge in the Province of Nueva Ecija for retrial, issuing also an order that his daughters, Maud Ysabel and Mazie Inez, be compelled to attend that court as soon as it can be opened in order to give their evidence in the case. Of course, as witnesses under such order, the young ladies will not be permitted to leave the island until the case is tried and their testimony taken.”

“Witnesses! Compelled to remain here until the case is adjudged! When will that be?”

“*Quien sabé?*” murmurs the official. “God only knows. The law is slow. The case will not be tried until the rebellion is finished, because no judge could hold court at present in that distracted province. I think the young ladies will have to remain here and give their light to our society until at least the summer, possibly the winter, perchance a year or two longer. Who can tell? We are in the hands of Providence. But you have my best wishes, *Senor Curzon*. I am told you look upon one of the young ladies with the eyes of love. *Adios, mi amigo, courage!*” And the colonel offering me a cigar and shaking me by the

hand, adds: "We always like to stand well in the eyes of your great country. Remember me to your Consul, Senor Walker, when you see him."

I stagger out from the Spanish bureau aghast, appalled.

After a hurried mental review of the situation, I think I'll wait until evening and turn the matter over in my mind before delivering this crushing news to Senorita Maud.

So it is almost nine o'clock and quite dark when my carromata rattles into the empty courtyard of Don Silas's bungalow.

Dismissing the driver I stand under the palms, bamboos and bananas of Bully Gordon's pretty garden and cry: "*Oy bata!*" several times.

At my sixth summons a form glides out from the shrubbery and taps me on the shoulder. As I turn, the never to be forgotten hand-grip of the Katipunan gives my nervous system an electric concussion.

"Don Silas's servants are all watching a cock-fight in the stables, but Senor Curzon, the ladies are upstairs, and I think will receive you," is whispered in my ear.

"My God!" I gasp, "Ata Tonga!"

"Yes, my brother in blood. I smelled you as you alighted," he returns; then even in the gloom his eyes seem to light up with Oriental passion, and he mutters: "Cambunian bless you, Englishman, you are here as I am, to save my beloved lady," and seizing me in his athletic arms, gives me the greeting of his tribe, rubbing his great nose up against mine, and muttering: "*Santos*, you always smell true."

"You are here?" There is interrogation in my voice.

"To do all that the spirits will permit to save her whose breath is like roses," and he waves his hand towards the upper story. "If not to save her, and her strait is dire," here his barbaric voice grows intense and awful, "at least to avenge."

"On whom?" I mutter.

"*Dios*, have you no eyes! *Caramba!* have you no nose? Can't you see that Dutchman who smells of the anaconda? Can't you see that Corregidor whose odor is that of the poison snake of the rice swamps?"

"Ah! You have seen them here?"

"All this day, I have been Ata Tonga, the Tagal boy, who runs errands and is once more kicked about the house of Bully Silas. I am no longer the being of education. I am simply 'Ata,' the boy to hold your horse when you call me, and as such I must not speak to you longer here. Two nights from now, Thursday, at the Gallina de Tondo, a tremendous cock-fight," the savage's eyes blaze, "Don't fail to wager on the *lubuyo*, the wild cock. He has defeated everything in Bulacan. I brought him here with me."

"Ah, you come from the insurgent lines?" I whisper.

"*Carrajo!* don't speak of it. Knowledge is great; but silence is golden. Remember Thursday evening; in the crowd I'll give you the signal. *Adios.* Till then forget me, brother." He walks up the steps and opens the front door into the *caida*, and salaming calls in announcement: "Senor—Senor—! Your pardon Hildago—your name; I have forgotten."

I grin at at the diplomacy of my brother Katipun-an, and remark blandly: "*Curzon.*"

"Ah, Senor Curzon, the foreign gentleman, would like to bow before you, my mistress."

This is interrupted by a growl from Bully Gordon, who comes striding out of the salon apparently in a very bad humor. He cries: "Shut your mouth, Ata! Step into the parlor and tell the ladies Jack Curzon is here!" then breaks out at me: "Have you heard the cursed news, Jackie! *Santos y demonios!* I mean hell and the devil! Do you know what they've done? The infernal Supreme Court of Manila have reopened a claim settled six years ago, the old claim. *Por Dios!* I mean by the Lord Almighty! They've sent it all back to Nueva Ecija to be tried. But that isn't the worst, my jolly joker." And Bully Gordon, whom this news seems to have made half sober, goes to whispering to me: "You were hinting about getting the girls out of this infernal hole. You've got about as much chance to do it now as a fellow triced up at the gangway has against the bos'n's mate and his cat o' nine tails. By Davy Jones's bones, they have commanded the attendance of my daughters as witnesses at that trial. You and your courting are on a lee shore, my land lubber."

“But why have they *commanded* the attendance of your daughters?” I ask him.

“*Diablo*, don't you know? Can't you tell. *Caramba!* I mean, hang it! dash it! blow it! They want them as well as my tobacco lands this time. Oh, you poor noodle, haven't you got any head-lights in your bows? Don't you see 'em playing around my daughters like sharks about a man overboard? Aren't Maud and Mazie beautiful enough to make men give their souls for 'em? *Carrajo!* that damned old villain Don Rafaél!” he grinds his teeth together.

“But Maud is an American citizen,” I whisper.

“Bah, does that help Collins?” mutters the ex-sea-captain. “Besides, Mazie isn't. She is a Spanish subject. Ah, that made you wince. That shocked you from keel to kelson, didn't it?” he growls, as I clench my fists in impotent rage. “Still Maud's paper of citizenship may make them hesitate if it's sprung on them kind o' sudden in court. But in Nueva Ecija, a hundred miles away from the American Consul, through swamps, morasses and wild country, if they know Maud's got the documents, take the word of a sea lawyer for it, they'll destroy them or get to windward of her some way. You see how cunning they are, sending it to Nueva Ecija. Oh, we Spaniards are great at the-dagger-in-the-back business,” he sneers at himself and his adopted country. “Put that in your pipe, my hearty, and smoke it. As for me,” he snaps his fingers defiantly, “wait till they get this rebellion quieted a bit, then you'll see they'll blow me out of the water. Come and have some whisky. No man ever accused me of giving four water grog in this house. It's the only life preserver left a sinking mariner going down in a Filipino typhoon,” and he rolls out a *caramba!* a *carrajo!* and one “God have mercy on us!” in a voice that sends a shudder through me.

I refuse Bully's hospitality. I have now no appetite for food or drink, though I remember with a start that I have been so concerned at the news that I have forgotten my dinner.

“Ah, yes, you want to consult with Maud,” goes on the sea-captain gloomily. “Quite right, she's got the brains; but brains won't win in this fight. Only cold lead will bring those fellows down.” Then lift-

ing his voice, he calls out: "*Aqui*, Mazie, here's your mash, Jack Curzon!" And my sweetheart, running out from the reception-room, gives me a kiss.

But even as she does so, she shudders in my arms, for Gordon looking out upon the stairway of the house, jeers: "Here's your other mash, El Corregidor also. Run and entertain him, while Don Jackie steps into the parlor and talks into your sister's ear."

"Talks *what*?" whispers my affianced, a wounded look coming into her eyes.

"Oh, things you are too young to understand, Birdie," chuckles the sea-captain.

"I am not too young to understand *some* things," mutters the girl significantly; then turns towards Don Rafaél, who is already bowing before her, and murmuring: "You have heard the judgment of the Supreme Court. When you come to Nueva Ecija you will find that its Corregidor will do grand things for your happiness." He bows before her again, and kisses her hand in his affected Spanish style, while I gloomily step into the salon and find myself face to face with Señorita Maud.

The girl looks exquisitely beautiful, her delicious face aglow, her eyes sparkling not with resignation, nor despair, but with combat. She is like the goddess of battle prepared to fight not only for lands and money but for—perchance even her own glorious self.

Stepping to me she says, her voice strident with resolve: "You see what comes of Mazie's pretty tongue, Señor Jack. *Dios mio*, our Spanish masters have guessed our plan and will not permit us butterflies to escape from their net;" then adds with white lips words that frighten me: "Still perchance it is better that we stay here. Mazie and I are now my poor father's only safeguard."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I can't—for the very shame of it—tell you what I mean," she whispers. Her eyes droop before my gaze, her graceful figure quivering under her piña gauzes as she turns away her blushing face and hides it in her hands. "It is too horrible!" she mutters. "There are two awful men who hold our fate in their hands; *the daughters are hostage for the father*. Don't you understand now?" She turns,

and brushing the wavy locks from her forehead, looks straight at me, and her eyes blaze with despairing shame and modesty. "*Ay de mi,*" she sighs, "there is nothing now but to fight them with their own despicable weapons."

"What weapons?"

"A woman's only weapons, where men have neither gallantry nor chivalry! From now on, *diantre*, I use their own ignoble passions to give me victory." Then as I gaze upon her, a kind of horror glueing my tongue to my mouth, she murmurs: "I am battling not only for my own happiness, not only for my father's life, but for your happiness also, Señor Englishman."

"How? My God! how?"

"Why, are you blind. *Madre de Dios*, my English stoic, know that the instant you marry Mazie Gordon, it is the signal for her father's ruin."

"Explain!" My lips are as white as hers.

"I mean, El Corregidor of Nueva Ecija." She emphasizes the hideous suggestion of her speech by a glance into the *caida* where the Don Quixote figure of the Spanish official is still bending over my beautiful affianced.

The tropic moonlight comes in through the concha windows and lights Mazie's head, giving it to my eyes the beauty of an angel, as into my ear Maud whispers: "Your darling looks like a saint. We must watch over and protect my innocent sister with her trusting heart."

My hand clasps that of Señorita Maud's, whose pretty fingers answer mine, as she murmurs: "They will never let her marry you until——."

"Until what?" I gasp, the devil coming into my soul.

"You stolid Englishmen can never guess conundrums. Tra-la-la-la, don't be inquisitive, *mi caballero.*" Maud breaks into a laugh; then brushing away the tears from her bright eyes, murmurs: "I—I am becoming hysterical. I wonder if it is because my old Tagal boy, Ata Tonga, has come back and looked at me with eyes of worship, and whispered in my ear——"

"What?"

"Oh, that I can't tell you. That, I—*Dios mio*, let's have a pleasant night? Here comes Herr Ludenbaum,

mein leedle pupa," and she commences to imitate the German's Teuton dialect with great archness and success, as I hear the genial Prussian's voice in the courtyard crying: "*Mein Himmel!* Is dot you, Ata *mein Knabe*. So you have come back to our leedle fraulein. Hold my ponies. *Donner und Blitzen!* It looks like ole times now. Don't you vas remembering. Don't you envy Papa Ludenbaum, who is going up to kiss der Señorita's pretty leedle marble hand."

On hearing this, the Señorita gives a derisive little laugh, drops upon the piano stool, and commences to play and sing, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ra," in a wildly extravagant, yet curiously excited manner.

"Aha, Papa's favorite tune," cries Ludenbaum, putting his head into the parlor, and he joins in the ditty, dancing with uncouth steps; then Mazie, child of nature, running in, commences to flip her pretty feet about also, and the old Corregidor comes shuffling after her with rather stiff steps. So they all go dancing about and singing that popular melody, while I, stolid Englishman, look at these children of nature, and think: "Oh, idiot Filipinos, singing when you should be sighing; dancing upon the rocking of the earthquake."

But after a wild romp, Maud suddenly springs from the piano, and cries: "Let's all go to the opera! Music's got into my head. To-night they sing 'Fra Diavolo.' I adore Auber; Ludenbaum, you like music; Don Rafaél, so do you. Mazie—a night at the opera, my darling—look your prettiest."

"It will take too long," I mutter gloomily, "for you ladies to dress."

"*Santos!* Behold *me!*" And Maud throws off her piña gauzy scarf, which is draped over her bodice, and steps forth in full European evening dress, her ivory shoulders gleaming under the soft light of the room like a fairy's.

"Mazie, you have on your best foreign bib and tucker also!" she cries. "Off with your *pañuelo* and show how pretty you look!"

El Corregidor would assist her, but I brush his senile arm away. With eager hands I remove the gauzy drapery, and my own sweetheart with dimpled shoulders, white as snow, stands beside her sister.

“Don Rafaél, you have influence with the director; precede us, and get the best box in the house. We should be admired,” laughs the elder girl.

“I am always at the order of beauty,” murmurs the Corregidor. “I shall have the pleasure of assisting you from your carriage when you arrive at El Zorilla, Doña Yzabél.” And the old Spanish Hidalgo after elaborate bows, trips down the stairs and calls his coachman.

Curious enough, their duenna Doña Valrigo wanders in about this in full old-fashioned Spanish evening dress—though, as usual, she is smoking a cigarette.

“You—you have some reason for—for the opera?” I whisper significantly in Maud’s ear.

“Possible!” she half laughs in a low voice. “They say one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Manila loves music.” There is a strange hint in her tones. Then she calls: “Herr Adolph, if you are to take me to my carriage, come here, but keep your stupid feet out of my laces. Jack, make your peace with Mazie. The foolish child is pouting because we’ve been whispering together. *En avant!*”

And humming the Li Hung Chang March, Señorita Maud trips down the steps to her carriage her eyes blazing like the stars of the Southern Cross in the heaven above her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPERA AT EL TEATRO ZORILLA.

THE girls seem in great spirits as the ponies prance along with our over-crowded carriage, for Spanish etiquette compels the young ladies to take their duenna with them. As usual Señora Valrigo says nothing, but smokes continuously. She has a cigarette between her gums even as we drive under the lights at the entrance of the Zorilla.

As Herr Adolph and I spring from the carriage to assist the ladies, we are joined by Don Rafaél, who comes striding out between the two native firemen who stand at the entrance of the edifice ready to turn

their hose on anything that catches fire, and announces :
“ *Gracias à Dios*, I have obtained for you a box nearly as conspicuous as if you were the daughters of the Captain-General.”

“ *Cielo*, I hope we will do you honor ! ” laughs Señorita Maud, who is apparently in an excitedly nervous mood, as she places her delicate white glove upon the dark sleeve of this Spanish gentleman, who conducts her into the foyer, while Mazie slips her little hand into my arm, I permitting Herr Ludenbaum to do the honors to the duenna, which he does with a very bad German grace, snarling once or twice to himself, and muttering a disgusted : “ *Mein Gott!* ” as the old Spanish lady pauses in the entrance to reluctantly throw away her cigarette.

A minute after we are all in an open box separated by light railings from the rest of the single line of *loges* that make up the box-row of the Teatro Zorilla, and I, gazing over the auditorium, think it is a pretty sight ; the whole place being gracefully circular in form, a huge segment of it cut off to make the stage. In front of us are the orchestra stalls, in which lounge a goodly portion of the *jeunesse d'orée* of Manila, a tinge of barbarism in the gentlemen's evening costumes, the younger ladies generally pretty, the older ones passé before their time, but all exquisitely robed, the warm climate permitting frocks of lightest gauzes, laces and muslin de soie, from which peep out many dazzling white arms and shoulders that seem all the whiter from the contrasting copper-sheened and bronzed beauties of their Mestiza neighbors. For in no place, this world over, is the cast of color so lightly regarded in social life as in the Philippines ; priests at country inns sitting down with Chinese pedlars and Spanish officers taking their dinners alongside of Tagal head-men, and Mestizo planters, *ad libitum*.

In proof of this, seated near some Spanish lieutenants, I see Ah Khy in accurate evening costume, Bell & Co.'s, of Fifth Avenue, dress suit, making a fine showing and his single eyeglass doing good work for this Americanized Celestial dandy, who would stroke his mustache, if he had one, in imitation of the Spanish officers, as he gazes about languidly over the ladies in the boxes. His eye catching mine, he smiles ; and then as it rests

upon the exquisite loveliness of Maud and Mazie growing knowing. Still I note the wonder in his face at their enjoying the opera so debonairly under the circumstances, for Maud seems the embodiment of light-hearted merriment, though once or twice a little quiver of her arms indicates the nervous tension that is wracking her soul.

Between the audience and the stage, is fiddling an orchestra that would do credit to any theater on earth, native-born Filipinos, who in a careless though artistic abandon of shirts not tucked into their trousers, play their music *con amore* with an accent, rhythm and passion, and at times, a fury that would probably delight Auber himself. It certainly does the Italian conductor, who has a genial smile on his face, as with waving baton he gives the *tempo* to the March of the Carboniers, the dashing finale of the first act floating out over the audience.

Behind us are the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the capital, tier upon tier of them, growing more tag-rag-and-bobtail as they reach the upper levels. For every Filipino loves music—perchance more dearly than his stomach, though every man of them is provided with *chow* and betel-nuts to soothe the long waits between acts, and every one of them has a pair of willing hands and a shrill voice to give his plaudits which are loud and long, as the performance from a musical standpoint is generally a good one, though I can't help grinning at the ballet. Filipina girls every one of them, with their bronzed skins well-floured to give them European flesh tints, and their graceful limbs in pinkest tights and stockings, and their feet, accustomed only to *chinelas*, cramped into high-heeled French slippers and bottines, which would produce an awkwardness of movement had not the poor girls been rehearsed *ad libitum* this very day in wearing the unusual foot-gear.

Mixed with the gilded youths of the Philippines are a number of Spanish officers, civil and military, quite a little contingent of them being from the fleet, one or two white-headed veterans wearing decorations received for campaigns in Andalusia against the Carlists, and Cuba in the Ten Years' War, and in Mindanao against the Morros, which combat has only slackened slightly since the rebellion in Luzon. These

are mostly officers of the garrison of Manila, the bulk of the troops being still engaged at Cavité against the Insurgents under Aguinaldo, and in Bulacan and Pampangas against Santallano and the ex-village-schoolmaster Ensebro, now known by the more high sounding title of General Dimalerga, who though worsted at Santa Maria, is still making a guerilla combat of it.

This gives the whole place a military and official appearance, for a good many of the civil dignitaries of Manila are present, professors of the University, judges of the courts, under-secretaries of the Captain General's private office and customs department.

Among these, I note, especially, Don Amadeo de Torres, chiefly because he looks so often towards our box, and once or twice smiles and waves his hand to El Corregidor, who gazes out upon the audience over the white shoulders of the two lovely girls in front of him.

As the prima donna, an Italian *Diva*, is very pretty, and makes a great hit, as the tenor is fair, as Beppo is giving a new comic deviltry to his rôle, and as the chorus and ballet are well up to the average, the orchestra magnificent, and everybody loves music, the whole place is in a good humor, even stern-looking General Rios, who has just come from the field of battle, smiling and humming to himself the pretty waltz song of Zerlina who has an exquisite figure and displays it most liberally in the celebrated disrobing scene.

This portion of the performance appeals to our German companion in a way that makes him roll his eyes about and shriek "Brava! Bravissima!" though as his gaze leaves the stage I note his eyes roll more as they light upon and linger over the beautiful arms, shoulders and bust of Señorita Maud who sits just in front of him and whose beauty has drawn upon her the *entr'acte* attention of the house.

So the performance runs along, everybody apparently very happy, and the pretty little Filipina flower girls who come down the aisles robed in their *jusis*, do a great business in selling flowers between the acts, Don Rafaél buying a lot of the fairest blossoms and tossing them upon the ladies of our box in his extravagant Spanish fashion.

All this time I, sitting at the rear notice a peculiar

change in the bearing of Señorita Ysabel. Before this, in public, the girl had seemed to rather shrink from the attention that her beauty always attracted. Now on the contrary she sits in the full blaze of the lamps overhead, and lets them halo her loveliness; her exquisitely modeled shoulders and arms, and rounded bosom gleaming white as snow and glistening as ivory under the lights of the auditorium; her glance running over the audience as if seeking someone. Finally it seems to me, she has found him. She taps lightly with her fan, for it is now between the acts, El Corregidor, and murmurs: "That is Don Amadeo de Torres, is it not, the gentleman to whom you just bowed? Ah, he is coming to see you; an old friend of yours? Wave him to the box, I grant you permission."

"Yes, he is Don Amadeo. He is a very old comrade of mine," replies Don Rafaél. So a moment after, this gentleman, who is one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Manila enters the *loge*, and bows before the two pretty sisters.

"You have not honored the opera before, Doña Ysabel," remarks the gentleman of the law, as he bends before her, his eyes coldly critical, as if they were inspecting one of the decisions of some under judge.

"No, we have only been once, to hear 'Lucia,'" says the girl. "Papa hasn't been well."

"Oh, yes, I know, old Don Silas. His name comes up before us in the court quite frequently," mutters the official, his glance growing a little more precise and sterner, "but we forgive him the trouble he has caused us, because of the beauties he has presented to Manila society."

With this, the judge, who has a soft voice and grand black eyes like those of a Spanish student, who though he adores books also adores the devil, unbends his almost official punctilio and enters into a light conversation with both the girls, for Señorita Mazie has murmured to him, a little blushing from behind her fan: "Don't you think La Amati, the prima donna, is rather free in her stage manners?"

"*Dios mio*, it is quite natural," laughs the gentleman of the ermine. "If she played her rôle coldly, who would believe she was an Italian soubrette. Be-

sides how would Beppo and Giacomo do their imitation in the last act of her disrobing, singing: 'Ah, what a pretty little figure!' did not La Diva give the two good-humored villains a glimpse of her charms, my innocent young lady."

"Yes," remarks Maud, biting her lips and growing a little red in the face. "All stage villains, I believe, love ladies. I wonder if they are equally susceptible in real life?" There is a little sneer on her face, as she gazes meditatively towards Herr Adolph and the Corregidor. Then her eyes flame as they glance into the face of the gentleman, whom she knows has been one of the court who signed the order commanding her and her sister's attendance at Nueva Ecija, a location that will place them far away from outside aid.

"Oho, you must not judge everybody by the stage scoundrel, Fraulein Maud, otherwise what would become of poor Papa Ludenbaum," grins the German.

"Still I can imagine no greater temptation for an ardent villain than the eyes of beauty," interjects the judge. Though his tone is guarded, his orbs for one moment lose their icy luster and glow like fire. I can see by his glance that by the eyes of beauty he means Maud's eyes.

Apparently the girl guesses this also; her delicate fingers clutch themselves upon the ivory sticks of her lace fan and her face grows red.

"Is it a blush of modesty or the flush of triumph? Perhaps it is both," I cogitate.

Just here the curtain falls upon the second act, and several *caballeros* enter the box to do homage to the beauties of its young ladies. Among them I carelessly note Don Miguel Robles, Colonel of the *Carabineros Rurales*, a body of native troops recruited from the Indians, and at present doing duty as home guards in the Binondo and surrounding suburbs. For the Spanish garrison has been greatly weakened to make their field force effective. Robles is an officer of handsome presence, adored by his men, and popular with the ladies.

I rather smile as I see him enter the lists for Maud's glances against the potent judge who has a kind of Julius Cæsar appearance, his eyes being coolly commanding, his forehead high, his nose of pronounced Roman power and form.

But just here, remembering that I have had no dinner, I take advantage of the *entr'acte* and getting away from the heated auditorium, step across the street to sit down in a cool little café opposite the theater, and indulge in a hurried cup of tea, a bunuelo and a cigar.

While here, a few snatches of conversation coming to me from a couple of neighboring Spanish officers, turn my mind upon the judge with a start.

“*Caramba!* Did you see Don Amadeo this evening?” laughs a lieutenant. “The Julius Cæsar of the law-books has got ahead of the Don César of the army.”

“*Cierto!*” answers a grizzled captain, who is his companion. “But this is quite unusual. Don Amadeo is said to be the most *difficile* gallant in Manila. He is ice, till he is fire. He is cold as Julius Cæsar till a Cleopatra seduces him. Then like Cæsar he makes short work of her enemies. You know I have been in garrison in these islands for many years. It is now ten of them since the judge became a widower, and but twice has he been susceptible to the ‘bribe-of-Paris,’ and then it required a very Helen of Troy to mesh him. One, the beautiful Dona de Guzman, won her case even against the whole power of the order of Augustins after he came upon the bench. But she was more lovely than a hashish dream, and had a very complacent husband. The other, Señora Mirande, the prettiest woman in Ermita, but nineteen, with the form of a Venus, the graces of a Psyche, the wit of Ninon de L’Enclos, the morals of a Pompadour, had her claim allowed even against the Spanish Government. But that was only *after* she had smiled as sweetly on him as Eve did to Adam. Then, *Diablo* how His Honor smashed the witnesses against her. Contempt of court, perjury, malfeasance in office ruined them.”

“*Por Dios!* Then it is better to be a judge for the love of ladies than to be a soldier,” growls the lieutenant.

“Yes, we get the smashes of the bolo and the impact of the bullets; they get the arms of beauty and the impact of silver dollars,” mutters the captain.

“Lieutenant Conti, if you are born over again, throw down the sword, pick up the pen, and become the lawyer not the soldier. Even the dashing Robles’ sword is an impotent weapon against the judge’s quill.

But the curtain will be going up, and I wouldn't miss the opening music of the Hermitage for even another whiff of a cigarette." With this the two officers hurry out.

I would stride off to the Theater after them, to take another look at the judge in whom I have inquired a sudden interest, did not Ah Khy stroll languidly into the café.

"By Hookie, Jack," he laughs seating himself at my table, "do you know I adore Manila. None of the infernal race distinction of Hong Kong. If I had dared to walk into the stalls of the Theater Royal on the Queen's Road when they give a performance 'by command,' which is generally a bad one, I would doubtless have had my head knocked off for my insolence. Even in Yankee land, Chinamen have more rights than in Hong Kong, where, despite my New York dress suit and European bearing, I have been asked infernally impudent questions by the damned Sikh policemen when I have strolled the streets a little late at night, and yet they wonder at our populace in Peking throwing mud at Europeans. But here—have another cigar,—I feel, by Bunker Hill, at least a human being. Exquisitely pretty girl, that Senorita Maud, though she always was a promising kid," he mutters. "Tell you what I'm going to do. My father's been infernally liberal with me since I came down here. I'm going in for that prima donna; she's a beaut. In that take-off-her-clothes scene she was a corker. Reminded me of what I saw as a Yale rounder at Koster & Bial's."

What the deuce Koster & Bial's is, I can't guess. Before I have time to question him, he breaks out again: "Say, do you know anything more about old Ludenbaum?" this last in a whisper. "What makes the old Dutch duffer so infernally busy when there is so little business going on. You don't keep your eyes peeled. You hate him, you fear him, and yet you let him alone. My father hates him like a Mandarin does a Yellow-jacket, but he keeps his eye on him ready to smash him. You English go through the world and don't see what is poked under your nose; you don't even see the game little Miss Maud is up to. I dropped on to it half an hour ago. Big suit of her dad's in the Supreme Court, eh?—The iciest justice on the bench

is unbending, eh? She's deeper than you or I. Look out for her little sister also, the one you spoons on. She gave you one or two curious glances when you leaned too closely over Maud's glossy shoulders. Jealous little beggar, Mazie always was. Hit me in the eye with a cocoanut when she was a kid because I wouldn't let her pull my tail and cry 'Ding! dong! Bell!' like the verger in the cathedral."

At this I laugh so heartily that Khy rises in a huff and mutters as he walks off that he won't tell a duffer like me a point that'll make my eyes blink.

But I have enough points this night to make my eyes blink and my heart heavy. I walk over to the Zorilla, and getting to our box again, find to my concern that Maud is still playing her game with the Spanish judge.

This gentleman, who is not over forty-five, has by this time favored her dazzling loveliness with one or two sparks of fire from his cold judicial eyes. Perchance his passions are inflamed, perhaps his heart interested by the delicate touch-me-not badinage of the girl, who is treating him in an American-off-hand manner which entirely astounds him.

It is a new sensation to the judge of the Supreme Court of Manila to be told he is "a wicked old boy," and have his fingers rapped smartly yet coquettishly with a fan, when under the shadow of the box rail he has attempted to take possession of the pretty little gloved hand. He has also been very much astonished when he has begged the privilege of paying his respects to the young lady at her villa, to be introduced to the duenna by Miss Maud and told with a roguish glance that Doña Valrigo will always be at home to him after siesta.

"And you?" murmurs the judge of the all-powerful court, who now is apparently pleading at the bench of beauty—his eyes being entreating.

"I?" says the señorita archly, "I will probably be preparing for my drive. "But still, it won't do you any harm to try, you can take pot luck with the rest of the boys."

"*Santos*, take pot luck with the rest of the boys?" ejaculates Don Amadeo, whom Maud's translation of the American idiom seems to mystify—"That means?"

“If you come early and stay late you may have a chance to kiss my hand when you say adieu. I’m popular with the *caballeros!*” laughs the young lady lightly.

This kind of badinage, to which he is utterly unaccustomed, seems to astound yet fascinate Don Amadeo. He forgets about the music. The prima donna on the stage ceases to attract his eyes, though she has as pretty ankles as were ever flipped over the footlights in Manila. He forgets even the impassioned music of that great last act, where to the tolling of the hermitage bell, the brigand chief is lured to his destruction; those strains so full of a man’s death that they carry tears in every melody of the voice and each chord of the orchestra.

Some of these get into the girl’s mind, for as the last strains of the orchestra die out with a wail, as Don Amadeo bows before her, Miss Maud gives him an awful shudder; and as he tenders his arm, mutters an affrighted: “No, no!”

But, seeing El Corregidor offering effusively to cloak Mazie, she says in light though forced voice to his again suggested call: “You can try; that is the best invitation I ever give anybody, Don Amadeo,” and favors him with a glance over her shoulder that makes the face of the judge which is cold as ice upon the top of a volcano till the eruption comes, blaze red as the lava of Mayon.

Noting this, Ludenbaum snarls under his breath to El Corregidor: “*Donnerwetter*, you have brought a new complication upon us, mein friendt.”

To this I hear Don Rafaél whisper: “Courage, *hombre bravo!*” though apparently his mind is perplexed at this new situation that is opening to him.

As for Señorita Maud, she chats quite excitedly as we drive home from the opera, but one of the questions her vivacious tongue asks, rather astounds me. “This Don Amadeo is a big-wig of the law and very rich, is he not?” she murmurs contemplatively.

“Rich? *Donner und blitzen!*” breaks in the German, “He has been a judge of the Supreme Court of Manila for ten years; that should be your answer, mein fraulein. Rich? Don Amadeo is rich as a Cræsus and avariciously greedy as a hog!”

“Aha,” laughs the girl merrily. “Then Don Amadeo must be financially very fat.” There is a little ring in her voice that makes me glance at Miss Maud, but in the semi-darkness of the carriage I can only see a pair of bright eyes. Just at this time Mazie breaks out: “What are you patting your foot so viciously on mine all this time for, Maud? My toes have feelings.”

Though I break out laughing at this, even Mazie’s light voice doesn’t make me very cheerful, and after we leave the young ladies and their duenna at the Gordon bungalow I stroll away to the English Club to put down four or five pegs in a distracted manner as I lie under the flapping punkah, and fear for the happiness of dashing young Phil Marston of the U. S. Navy.

A moment later I mutter: “Pish! If a man can’t trust Maud Ysabel Gordon then he’d better bag his demned head.”

Then I think of Mazie, and with that stride up to my room and have another awful night with mosquitoes and the “embracer.”

CHAPTER X.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE LUNETA.

BUT commerce has no respect for love, passion and anxiety. I am compelled to be in my office in the Plaza de Cervantes early the next day, to get a cargo of hemp cleared in time for my afternoon siesta, something in which everybody in Manila indulges, even the condemned in his cell, even the executioner on the day he twists the neck of the condemned with the garote.

The siesta finished, I take a carriage and crossing the Puente de España drive to the sea breezes of the Luneta, thinking to forget my difficulties in the superb music of the artillery band.

It is six in the afternoon. In that great oval driveway shaded by its tropical trees, the fashion of Manila takes its afternoon outing.

Grouped with a lot of Mestizo dandies, haughty officers of the local garrison, officials of the Spanish

civil service, and a sprinkling of everybody masculine in Manila, I, seated in a comfortable chair, through the haze of a cigar look at the passing show. Then getting restless I march about inspecting the showy panorama, where every one comes to kill a tropic afternoon. I even note Ah Khy stroll out of one of the little wine shops at the turn of the promenade, a languid smile on his Mongolian face, his high hat polished to perfection. He has a big cheroot in his mouth, but takes it out as he passes me to whisper: "I've an eye-opener for you, Jack! See you to-morrow!"

Spanish ladies of black eyes, raven hair and pearly complexions, natural and artificial, gowned in the light robes of the tropics—these very prettiest of afternoon costumes that permit glimpses of white arms and dazzling shoulders, and whose floating jupes of fleecy gauzes give enchanting hints of petite slippers and silken hosiery that adorn Andalusian feet and the ankles of Seville—reclining languidly in their low victorias glide past me.

Mestiza doñas, some of them of great fortune and tropical luxuriance of form, lolling on the easy cushions of their equipages, often accompanied by pretty children, dark-eyed boys and girls, hold my gaze in one continuous stream.

Among the handsome turnouts, one rolls past me bearing the two beautiful sisters. Beside their coachmen, in place of their usual footman, in high glossy hat and immaculate duck livery, rides Ata Tonga as solemnly dignified as any flunkey in the crowd.

Catching Maud's bright glance and Mazie's loving eyes, as their spirited ponies prance on, I mutter: Can it be true that disaster hovers over these creatures who seem too delicate for even the hand of Heaven to fall upon them, in anything save caress?

Spanish officers doff their caps to them deferentially; Colonel Robles, magnificently mounted, bends to his saddle bow. Don Amadeo, driving in judicial state, removes the hat that covers his scholarly head. Whenever their carriage stops, gallant *caballeros* gather about it. The young ladies' laughing words are answered by the ardent glances of the gilded youth of Manila.

But though the throng is laughing, chatting and

loving with the vivacity of the tropics, the music of the band soft as that of a fairy dream, the breezes cool and refreshing as they play among the feathery palm trees, and the slow ripple of the surf coming into the great bay from the China Sea is soothing as a cradle lullaby, I know that to the south only some fifteen miles away, Spanish cannon are being fired at rebels, and at Bulacan, not much further to the north, the fighting and butchery is going grimly on; and that here by order of the infamous Supreme Court are these two hapless ones, kept helpless to the intrigues of their enemies, while their father Don Silas is drinking himself to death in his despair at the fate he thinks is coming to his family.

Still, as I look musingly on, I note one brave daughter is making her fight for the safety of her fire-side in a manner that frightens me; for after his first round in the course, Don Amadeo has stepped from his carriage near me, and stands waiting for Señorita Maud's low victoria as it circles round the great oval some half mile in extent. The music seems to have got into his Spanish eyes and given a romantic sensuous glow to them.

It is some amorous Italian love song of Verdi, something with passion in it, something with death in it, the music of that great last act of *Un Ballo en Maschero*, when the Duke is murdered while the dance is going on. This seems to get into Don Amadeo's head. His eyes lose their coldness, and give out flashes of fire, as the carriage of Don Silas's daughters comes opposite the band, its speed being checked, for nearly everyone here drives slowly, as if to linger as close to this divine music as possible. Taking advantage of his opportunity, the judge steps out, and, bowing over the little hand extended to him, whispers words too low for the placid duenna to catch, though they make Señorita Gordon's face flame with a flush that adds a rosy brightness to her loveliness. Then the Spanish Julius Cæsar of the law removes his hat, bows again, and steps back into the throng to speak to General Aguirre, who is standing looking impatiently on, as if anxious to get to his bloody work once more in Batangas.

Somehow—I can't help it—I think of the gallant young officer, wearing the uniform of the United States,

who is pacing his quarter-deck up north in China waters. I step to the carriage, and after greeting my charming Mazie, whisper lightly in her sister's ear a scrap of warning: "Beware of playing with the fire!"

At my words, Maud's blush grows deeper, and her eyes droop as if she were ashamed.

Then dismay comes to me. Mazie, in her quick, impulsive, way, leans over her sister and whispers: "What did you say to Ysabel that makes her ashamed to look me in the face?"

"That's our little secret," I laugh uneasily.

"It's always secrets now!" My affianced straightens herself in the carriage, and her charming retroussé nose goes haughtily into the air. As the victoria moves off, she says, in parting warning, though her eyes are full of tears: "Some day, Señor Jack, I may have a secret from you."

During this the Tagal, seated on the box in front, betrays neither by motion of his head nor body that he has any interest in the interview.

But after I have gone away from the Luneta breezes, I spend a by no means comfortable evening trying to play whist at the Club, and revoking once or twice to the rage of my partner; also attempting pool with almost equally unhappy results to myself and my pocket.

The next morning, however, Ata Tonga strides into my office, and states loudly to my clerks he has a message to deliver me from Don Silas. Then I, guessing there must be something more for him to say to me, close the door after him.

In my private office he breaks out upon me in this manner: "Senor Curzon, remember the Tagal proverb: 'what a woman sees, she believes.' Now I know, and you know, what you whisper to Señorita Maud are not words of love, but words of wisdom, caution and warning. But Señorita Mazie fears they are what the beauty of my loved mistress might call to the lips of any young man. Therefore say and do as little as possible to give your affianced the pangs of jealousy—"

"Take Mazie into our confidence?" I whisper. "You know her child-like nature. You know what we tell her might, with her innocent confidence, some day become the property of our enemies."

“No, I can't counsel that, but beware how you excite her jealousy. She has within her veins Spanish blood. I knew her mother, gentle and loving; but after her coming, Don Silas had to walk a different line, amid the huts of pretty Mestiza girls. Even that old sea-bully——”

“And what has made you tell me this?”

“My nose!” says the savage grimly.

“Oh yes, your infallible nose. What has it suggested to you?” I say jeeringly, for his warning has made me irritable.

“This! When Señorita Mazie looks on you alone, her perfume is that of orchids. She smells like corianders, which tells me her love for you is true. But yesterday when you whispered to my loved lady, Señorita Mazie's perfume came to me as musk, which means distrust, jealousy, sometimes even hate.”

“How the devil do you know women's varying passions from their scents?” I snarl.

“*Basta!* that is simple. All animals have glands, so likewise men and women. Even your languid, inert nostrils, were you in the presence of a peccary or wild boar, would tell you he was enraged by the foetid odor coming from the glands within his neck. To my delicate sense, when a woman loves, the glands in her neck, as she lifts her lips to her adored, give out a perfume that would be naught to your nostrils, but is apparent to mine. So likewise when rage inflames her, other glands cast out their odors, and I know that rage possesses her.”

“By Jove,” I laugh jeeringly, “Ata, my man, a French cocoquot, with her half hundred extracts de Lubin and Pinaud, her *Bouquet de Jockey Club*, her Pachouly and Essence of White Violets, for her kerchief and lingerie, would keep your nose guessing as to the true state of her passions, even more than she does the first favorite of her thousand amours.”

“It is only a word of warning, Señor, but I think a wise one,” returns the savage with dignity. “Hold as little private converse with the sister of your affianced as is possible under our cruel circumstances. Still, one of our reasons for secrecy may be destroyed to-morrow—and for that reason don't fail to meet me at the Gallina de Tondo to-night.”

As he whispers this he turns towards the door.

"What do you want to do with me at your infernal cock-fight?" I ask curiously.

"That you shall learn when there," replies the Tagal. "You English never believe what you do not feel or see yourselves. You know you are true, therefore your sweetheart should never doubt you. You have a dormant, worthless nose, therefore there is no perfume on this earth. If you were blind, there would be no color. Were you deaf, sound would have left this world."

"Hang it!" I mutter, "I've got a pretty decent nose anyway."

"Pha! A nose that doesn't tell you,"—Ata steps to my desk and sniffs rapidly over my correspondence—"that everyone of your private letters is inspected by Antonio, your half-caste shipping clerk, who probably has a commission from the Corregidor of Nueva Ecija. He was once in his employ. I smelled the fellow as I came in. *Adios*, Señor, may you escape earthquakes." And the Tagal strides from my office as I gaze astounded after him.

Fortunately my correspondence has been all mercantile, so I don't fear Antonio's discoveries, though it gives me a hint to be careful in all things, and increases my suspicion of Don Rafaél's interest in my lovely fiancée.

With this I turn to my commercial work, but owing to the ineffably indifferent laziness of Spanish custom-house officials, I am unable to get my bills of lading approved during the morning business hours. For everybody works almost from sunrise in Manila to about nine o'clock in the morning. Then, compelled by the heat of the day, not only the merchant, but his clerks and attachés lounge about and sleep until perhaps four in the afternoon, when they take the reins of commerce or society once more in their hands, and the city becomes very lively and active, the Escolta shops being brilliantly lighted, and cafés doing a fine business, betel pedlars and *chow* dealers and cigarette vendors becoming lively upon the Puente de España, and all through the main thoroughfares of busy Binondo, until late in the evening.

So I return to my office about five o'clock in the

afternoon to finish up the cargo of hemp. I have about completed the bills of lading for this, when the Chinese dandy puts his head into my private office and says: "The clerks told me you were disengaged, Curzon; so I thought I'd step in and tell you of my success with the prima donna."

"Ah, La Amati smiled on you?"

"Great! She's already accepted from me a magnificent bracelet of Sulu pearls; though Alvira—that's her pretty name—doesn't know who sent 'em. They were anonymous. I have, however, written that I'll wear a single eye-glass the next evening at the opera when she plays Lucia, a bunch of orange blossoms in my buttonhole, and will occupy the third seat from the aisle, the second row. I don't think she'll be able to miss me, especially as I have also informed her that I'll wear on my wrist a mate to her bracelet, and that she can make her set complete by removing it her with own pretty fingers. I have her billet-doux in reply. How is that for high!" He tosses me a little scented note that reads as follows:

"ADORED THOUGH UNKNOWN SEIGNIOR:

When I sang last evening I knew that *you* were listening to me. Perchance that gave me the triumph which came to me. Was that magnificent wreath of orchids and orange blossoms, the one containing the diamond solitaire, also from you, or have you a rival? I hope you have many. *Grand Dio* I love to be popular.

Yours forever, with a kiss for each pearl.

ALVIRA.

P. S.—Generous cavalier; there is also a necklace to complete the set, as well as a bracelet. I saw it at Zimpany's on the Escolta yesterday."

"Do you know who sent the diamond ring?" I say laughing.

"I have a pointer on that," replies the Chinaman gloomily.

"Who?"

"Colonel Don Miguel Robles!"

"How do you know that?"

"Well, we have half a dozen bazars on the Rosario and Escolta; one sells jewelry. Lal Foll, the Parsee who runs it for my governor, told me with tears in his eyes that the savage-eyed Colonel honored us by purchasing a similar diamond of us yesterday *on credit*.

Of course, we shall never dare press the collection of the bill. So I fear I'm kind of running opposition to myself," mutters Khy ruefully. "Besides," he falters, "that bloody Robles would think no more of splitting me than he would of eating his dinner;" then bursts out savagely: "I had hoped that old scoundrel Don Amadeo, who had his eyes on Alvira for the first two acts, might bust up Robles, but when the judge saw—you know whom—the girl that's playing the deep little game, nothing else suited him in the theater. He's a chap like our Chinese emperor who looks over a hundred beauties before he picks his mash, but when he does, she's gone! You'd better warn Señorita Maud that a volcano like that fish-eyed judge of the Supreme Court is apt to swallow up little damsels who trip along his crater. Nice simile that, eh? But in Yale we've got a better one: 'Don't monkey with the buzz-saw.'"

"How will your father like your expensive amour?" I suggest savagely, for the fellow's remarks about Maud are so wise they irritate me.

"Oh, I guess the governor won't kick, if I do his business all right."

"Yes, capturing prima donnas was the errand for which he sent you to Manila," I jeer. Then my voice growing serious I ask, inspiration in my tones: "On what business *did* your governor send you here?"

"That's the reason I dropped in to see you," remarks Ah Khy languidly. "You can help me. Suppose we hunt in couples, old chappie."

"Hunt in couples?"

"Yes, my old man thinks," the Chinaman's voice has grown very low and very cautious, "Ludenbaum has something to do with Aguinaldo and his crowd. By punk-sticks! I don't know how he discovered it, but Hen Chick drops on nearly everything. Holy poker! how he hates Ludenbaum. Now, if I can catch Herr Adolph doing the conspiracy act with members of the Katipunan and give him away to the Captain-General, things will be made very lively for Papa's vendetta. By the Lord, the German Consul'll have to hustle to get 'Ludy' off with his life! Do you take me, pal? You fear Ludenbaum means some deviltry to the girls. Supposing we hunt him down

together—amateur detective business and all that kind of thing—catch him if possible, then BIFF! report him to Polavieja—and *Bang! Bang! BANG!* firing party!”

To this I answer in Khy's own slang: “Not by Josh!”

Rising from my chair, and pitying the loneliness of this Americanized Chinaman, I suggest: “Come out with me over to the French café and have dinner with me.”

“Yes, let me pay for it,” he says eagerly. Then this lonely declassé, whose education prevents his caring for Chinese society, and whose nationality bars his enjoying European, mutters pathetically: “It's so demned seldom I have a fellow to chat with at meals.”

So I escort Ah Khy to dinner and at the French café on the Escolta we make a very pleasant hour of it over cutlets of *Curbina* fish from Laguna de Bayo, a duck from the Pasig, perchance of human incubation, an olla of chicken, garlic, and vegetables, also we have ices and coffee, a bottle of French claret, and some very fine *cigarros Ilegitimo* that equal the finest Havanas. Though the place is thronged with a jabbering crowd—cigar smoke being thick enough to cut—we, under the bustle and clatter of the place and somewhat apart from the rest of the throng, we are as much in private as people can be in such place.

Over his wine Khy again broaches in cautious whispers a subject that seems to be uppermost in his thoughts. “Why can't you chip in with me, Jack?” he pleads. “If we can down him, you'll get ‘Ludy’ in the soup and I'll make a regular ‘straight and place’ winning with my dad. Keep your eye on ‘Ludy’. Business is slow here, but Dutchy seems to have something on his mind. I know he meets with some kind of shady Mestizos.”

“What makes you think that?” I ask eagerly.

“Well, I've seen him. Last night at the opera, while you were at the café opposite, Ludenbaum was in a *tienda* next door where he bought a cigar and said two words to the fellow selling *chow* behind the counter. Besides, why has the Dutchman gone twice this week to the *Teatro de Tondo*? He can't understand their infernal native Tagalog lingo; at least not enough of it to permit him to enjoy the performance. If it had

been to a cock-fight, something that appeals to any man's sporting blood, there might have been some sense in it. The trouble with you English is that you never see anything except what hits you in the optic. We Chinese have much wider eyes."

"So you have!" I remark, gazing at Ah Khy's almond slits, and remembering that he had had them very open on that never-to-be-forgotten night in Hong Kong.

But a moment's reflection tells me that Ah Khy is by no means a safe partner in anything that may bring us under the suspicion of the Spanish Government; captured, he will be very apt to make a clean breast of everything,—even to his suspicions that I have been compelled to join the Katipunan.

Therefore when he says: "What do you say to my proposition, old fellow?" I look at him wisely and quote his own proverb to him: "Don't monkey with the buzz saw!" Then with my lips very close to his Mongolian ear, I go on with a few words that make Ah Khy squirm uneasily upon his chair: "Don't you mix up with this insurgent business in any form! Trying to push Ludenbaum into the claws of Spanish justice may get you too near to them. Polavieja would make mighty short work of a Celestial. They shot a Chinaman, Ah Kow, on the Plaza Major yesterday."

"Yes I—I heard of it." Under my ominous suggestion the Chinaman grows pale, wiggles in his chair, mutters: "Then you won't help me?" and rising, wanders to the door.

A moment later he comes back to me and pleads: "If you would do it, I think we could nail 'Ludy' to-night. I've got a line on him——"

"Of what do you suspect him? Out with it;" I whisper commandingly.

He waits till the clatter of dishes and conversation about us is highest.

Then the Chinaman's breath just fans my cheek: "ARMS!"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Rubbish! He dassent do it!" I break out.

"Then you won't help me?"

"Not a bit!" I say sternly. "Good-bye, I've got lots of business myself to attend to this evening."

And Ah Khy going timidly away, I sit reflectively smoking my cigar, though I have still a little time ; for the Chinaman's conversation has reminded me of my appointment with my brother Katipunan, Ata the Tagal, at the Gallina de Tondo.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COCK-FIGHT IN THE TONDO.

TURNING my steps northward, I march along in the gathering gloom of evening till the tile and iron-roofed masonry of the business quarter merges gradually into the bamboo huts, thatched with nipa palms, of the native classes, the filth of the unkempt streets gradually increasing. As I cross the canal or creek which separates the Tondo from the Binondo, its waters are so full of decaying vegetable matter and the refuse of an unsewered city, that they make me hold my nose. Finally, however, getting further into the Tondo, the odors are not so virulent, and, even as I walk, I think with ordinary cleanliness Manila would be a healthy city.

Two minutes after, the Babel jabber from a crowd of Mestizos, Tagals, Negritos, Chinese, Malays and the crowing of numerous chanticleers tells me I am near the *Gallina de Tondo*.

From the shouts, cries and yells in Spanish, Tagalog and Chinese that come from the interior of the building, apparently an exciting, interesting, bloody and savage combat of chickens is going on. But the jabber outside suggests that this one is nothing in excitement and interest to an approaching one. A combat—so I gather from remarks in pidgin Spanish—between a celebrated *talisain* or white and black spotted chicken, the pride of the Trozo, the suburb in which he has been reared, is to be pitted against an unknown, a dark horse, as it were, in racing parlance, a *lubuyo* or wild cock caught somewhere in Pampangas and lately brought into the town. The prowess of this latter bird, an outside contingent of Tagalogs are backing with every silver dollar or copper *centavo* they can

raise, though the fame of the local bird, the Trozo *talisain* is such that they receive odds from its supporters.

A strident voice whispers in my ear: "Hi, Senor Inglesis, put your money on the *lubuyo*."

Elbow to elbow with me is a Tagal, his white shirt flopping over his scant breeches, which scarce descend to his bare, agile feet. The next instant the signal of the Katipunan tells me it is Ata Tonga. "Watch me; our business afterwards. At present, Señor, bet on the *lubuyo*. Go in and see the combat; have a good time. It will be a glorious fight." The semi-savage's eyes light up with the flame of the sport he loves.

To give motive for my presence in this crowd, I wager a couple of *pesos* on the *lubuyo*, pay my admission and push my way in to see the Gallina de Tondo in full blast. Its lower floor all around the pit is crowded with a mixture of Tagals, Negritos, Mestizos, with a few Morros from Mindanao thrown in, and some Sulus who wear turbans, from the lower portions of the archipelago, these mixed up with quite a contingent of Spanish soldiers of the line, and local troops, chiefly *Carabineros* all of whom, I notice, are of Indian blood, together with a few officers who cannot resist this sport and some dozen English and Germans who like the excitement of a good main as well as any Filipino.

These are all chattering and jabbering in as many lingos, dialects and mixed languages as were ever heard together upon this earth. Parsee mingles with pidgin-English and pidgin-German; Chinese is spoken with a Spanish twang; the sharp ting of the Malay is heard mixed with the curses of an English sailor; Tartar gutturals crush the soft limpid language of old Castile; harsh Japanese conquers the soft Hindostanee. All these are mixed by varying accents, extraordinary rhythms, peculiar pronunciations and barbarous phrasings, until their varying clatter runs into a kind of maddening Babel symphony that would make the author of Volapük cry: "I am outdone!"

Quite a crowd of women in the upper tier of circus-like seats, mostly of the lower classes, betel-nut sellers, cigar venders, *chow* distributors from the *tiendas* of Binondo, likewise some pretty Mestiza girls from the

big cigar factories of the Compañía General and Fabrica Insular, and half a dozen smaller establishments, seem to be as excited as the male portion of the gathering.

At present they are all venting their rage on an unfortunate *puti* or white rooster, who has fled from his competitor after the latter is wounded and struck to the earth. This is considered the most ignominious action of which a game cock can be guilty. His irate owner and backer has seized the unfortunate bird, held him up to the execrations of the crowd, plucked his feathers out of him, and is now hanging him up outside the entrance as a warning to all roosters of faint heart. Those who have bet their money on the recreant bird, even as he hangs dead in his ignominy, go out and curse him in Spanish, Tagalog and all the mixed tongues that flow from their constantly opening mouths.

Over all this hangs a veil of thick tobacco smoke, varied in flavor, from the finest *cigarros Incomparables* to the miserable weeds sold at three dollars a thousand, which occupy the mouths of some sailors from the Spanish Navy, or the democratic cigarettes at ten for a cent that are held between the betel-stained teeth of the cigar-making young ladies, who stamp their bare feet upon the boards and smack their hands together and cry: "*Maldito puti!*" at the unfortunate, faint-hearted bird of this arena of gladiatorial chanticleers.

But a hush is now coming upon the assemblage. Some combat a little more exciting than the ordinary, some duel to the death between roosters of highest breed, bloodiest minds and most undaunted courage, the matadores of cock-fighting, the *retiaríi* and *secutores* of this Filipino colosseum.

Peering into the pit, I can see, through a few interfering bowl-shaped wicker Chinese hats, that the two birds which have created the betting and the discussion outside, are being produced.

A Mestizo of mixed Chinese and Spanish blood, one of the leading men of his district, by an Eton-jacket that he wears over his untucked shirt, and a high chimney pot hat upon his greasy hair, does the honors for the *talisain*, the white and black spotted cock of the Trozo. This bird, which the crowd call "*El Daga*" is

greeted with a salvo of applause, his victories having made him famous in Manila.

Then Ata Tonga brings in under his arm most carefully a magnificent *lubuyo*, a wild cock grown in the mountains, of slimmer build, more agile presence, and more noble bearing than the other, though the *talisain* is a wiry, bull-terrier-looking bird, who seems as if he could give a good account of himself,

Two minutes after the two cocks are at it, spurs, beaks and wings; and I, looking on, notice this fight contains as much strategy and as varying tactics as a dog-worry in Whitechapel or a prize fight at the Pelican Club. The tactics of the two birds seem to be different, the black and white cock standing more on the defensive, though when he comes back at the *lubuyo* and flies into the air to strike his sharp steel spurs through his adversary's head, his movements are rapid as streaks of light. Still he is not so quick as the bird who has plumed himself and battled with rival cocks for his harem in the higher sierras of the Philippines, who has fought snakes to save his life, who, perchance, has dodged poisoned arrows from Negrito hunters until he has fallen into the trap of the cunning Tagal and lost his liberty but not his undaunted courage.

In the first round honors are nearly easy. The *lubuyo* has one or two slight wounds upon it, but the *talisain* shows a deep cut right across his breast, from which blood flows so fast the bird must be losing strength; its feathers of black and white having become a sodden purple.

How the sport of seeing blood flow excites mankind. How easy it is to make us savages. Carried away by the enthusiasm about me, I wager a couple more silver dollars upon the bird of the hills.

Perchance this makes me watch the tactics of Ata Tonga, who is handling the *lubuyo*. Suddenly in the midst of the second round, I see the savage throw his nose into the air like a pointer dog and turn his eyes about him—away from the combat. Following the Tagal's glance I see diagonally across the pit, to my astonishment, Herr Ludenbaum laughing and talking with one or two foreign clerks.

Twice the savage's glance goes towards the German.

Once he takes his eyes so long off the fight he handicaps the bird he manages, for the chimney-pot hatted backer of the *talisain* by a deft movement rearranges one of the steel spurs of the black and white. This is observed by a Chinese boy standing near me, who shrieks out anathemas upon the handler of *El Daga* though he is choked to silence by an athletic Indian who has doubtless wagered money on the black and white.

I glance eagerly to catch what has made the savage forgetful of his bird. A Mestizo of mixed Spanish and Tagal blood, has just passed behind Ludenbaum and is leaning over his shoulder as if intent upon the combat. Apparently excited by the varying fortunes of the battle, these two whisper to each other.

But as I gaze upon them, a howl like that of the varying tongues of Hades goes up about me. Involuntarily I glance at the birds doing battle for their lives, the wild cock has received a desperate wound and sunk upon the earth apparently disabled. The backers of the *talisain* are shrieking in the mixed dialects of the Tower of Babel. The Trozo champion is strutting about and crowing in triumph over his victim. His clarion note of victory destroys him. Revived by the cry of battle, with a light flutter of his broad wings, with one last expiring effort the dying cock of the hills has flown into the air and his sharp lancet spur of burnished steel has flashed under the lamp lights of the Gallina, and, in that flash, been driven straight through the head of his strutting conqueror.

Then pandemonium breaks forth. Those who had thought they had won, who, for one blissful moment had felt the money in their pockets, now know that betel-nut will be scarce with them, and cigars will be diminished, and even some of them may go hungry during many coming days. They jabber in the vivacious rage of the East; while with shrieks of triumph the Tagal contingent gather up the stakes and go about chinking the silver dollars in their pockets, thoughtless in the joy of winning, of the bird who to give them triumph lies dead beside his rival on the sands of the Gallina de Tondo.

I have just cashed my own wagers when I feel the hand grip I have learned to know and shiver at, and

Ata's voice whispers : "Come, the German is leaving ; come ! Keep a little distance from me so as not to be noticed."

So I slouch out of the dimly-lighted entrance and find myself once more in the dirty street. The crowd has not diminished. Lots of combats are yet to take place. Two more crowing roosters surrounded by their friends, owners and backers are being carried into the arena.

To me the Tagal whispers : "Hurry ! In this crowd his scent will be confused. Ludenbaum must not leave my sight until he has drawn apart from the throng. Keep at a distance behind me. He might notice you and scarcely me."

With this Ata steps quickly after the German, who is perhaps some fifty yards in front of him. Glancing up the street I see Ludenbaum is followed by the Mestizo to whom he had spoken at the cock-fight, who is a few paces in his rear. I, heeding the Tagal's warning, simply keep within sight of Ata Tonga.

The steps of Herr Adolph are leading him towards Binondo, the main business portion of Manila, the route he naturally would take, he occupying a cottage in the suburb of Santa Cruz.

We have passed away from the crowd in front of the Gallina and now encounter only the ordinary passers-by of the evening. All the time I keep a very smart eye upon the Tagal's shirt that is fluttering ahead of me, for this once missed, any other light shirt in the gloom would look the same, and half the Filipinos wear them.

So I step on for some three hundred yards, when I note the Tagal stop, Coming to him cautiously, I find him carelessly waiting for me.

"You have missed them ?" I mutter.

"Not at all," he replies. "*Dios mio !* I could now follow the German any time up to morning. They have turned here into a side street. The scent of the anaconda is strong in his footsteps, though covered by the odor of the Mestizo who is stepping close after him."

"Now, what do you suspect ?" I ask eagerly. "What do you intend to do ? How does this affect the family of Bully Gordon ?"

“Were it for my old master’s sake, that brutal ex-sea-captain,” says the educated savage, turning around upon me, and apparently being by no means in a hurry, “I would let Herr Adolph do his work upon my former tyrant. The German hates Don Silas. So do I! Many an undeserved lash and blow has the brutal Yankee sea-dog given Ata Tonga, the wild boy, upon his big plantation. We tagals always avenge!” The savage’s eyes gleam in the dim light.

“But his daughters?” I suggest almost entreatingly.

“His daughters! A-a-ah!” Love and reverence make the aquiline features of the Tagal grow tender as a girl’s. His eyes become soft and fill with tears as he murmurs: “Señorita Maud, my lady of the gentle hand, whose breath is of the wild roses, she whom I adore.” Then, his voice becomes hoarse yet strident, as he mutters: “This Ludenbaum means no good to her. Through the daughters, perchance, he would strike the father! Not while Ata Tonga breathes. Taking my life in my hands, I have come into the stronghold of my enemies on very important business to our cause,” he whispers in my ear. “Still I can devote enough of my time to my dear mistress to destroy the German plotter before he does her damage.”

“What do you mean? Murder him!” I whisper with my lips growing parched and dry at the idea.

“*Diablo!* No! Make him harmless as a blinded buffalo.”

“In what way?”

By the arts of the civilized. By obtaining a commercial hold upon him. I suspect this German is engaged in smuggling large quantities of dutiable merchandise into this town of Manila. Of this to-night I hope with your aid to obtain proof. Then I turn him over to you Englishmen. As a brother-merchant you can easily betray the smuggler to the Spanish custom-house officials, and you know what mercy they have to detected contrabandists. They will financially destroy him; ruin him; drive him out of the islands; take his sting from him. In aiding Captain Gordon, I am probably saving his daughters, though that infamous Corregidor, he who smells like the poisonous snake of the rice swamps, is in Manila also. What is he doing here? But one enemy at a time.

Brother, to-night will you come with me to destroy—to make harmless Herr Adolph Ludenbaum?”

My hand answers his.

“Then follow me, and mark me, when I hold my finger for silence, you must be still as a stalking panther! Have you any arms?”

“No! It’s forbidden by the martial law proclaimed here.”

“Then take this.” He presses a revolver into my hands. “Don’t use it unless it means your life. A single shot and the Provost guard would be upon us.”

With this my mentor turns into a side street and walks along rapidly until getting out of the few lights of the main thoroughfare. On coming into the gloom of night, he suddenly astounds me by dropping upon his hands and knees and going with a wondrous gait like that of a walking monkey, his nose close to the ground, traveling so rapidly that I have to take good long English pedestrian strides to keep near him.

This lasts for some fifteen minutes. To my astonishment I find we have gradually circled round the suburb of Tondo, first going east, then passing to the north of the Gallina, and are now returning westward towards the shore of the bay.

Our direction seems to please the Tagal, who stops, and when I overtake him, whispers to me: “’Tis as I thought. We must not let Ludenbaum get too far ahead of us. Yet he must not put his eyes upon us now,” and goes along more cautiously.

“You are sure you are on his track?”

“Certain as a bloodhound tracing a negro. Sure as a spider following a strand of his web,” and the savage glides on.

Some minutes after we pass into the smaller streets, with straggling population. Here and there only are nipa huts inhabited by fishermen and coolies, when suddenly turning to the left, this man of wondrous nose crosses a lane, and comes to a little hedge of wild orange bushes. Here he pauses astounded, and mutters: “Curious, Ludenbaum has taken so many precautions. He must have even jumped over this hedge.” With this, agile as a cat, Ata springs lightly over the matted foliage and whispers to me: “Come!”

I follow him, but with so much difficulty that I

wonder how the German with his more cumbrous bulk and fat paunch ever contrived to struggle over. "You are sure he crossed here?" I ask under my breath.

"His scent is on the other side. The odor of the anaconda comes strongly," whispers the Tagal, "but quiet now!"

So, I follow him cautiously along a little path to a hut of nipa palms, at the door of which, under a big cocoanut tree, sits smoking a Chinese fisherman, who rises in the polite way of his nation.

"What are your wishes, Señors? Do you want fresh fish? I shall haul my nets at daybreak," he says, rolling another cigarette.

At this greeting the Tagal, like a hound off the scent, seems astounded, and I, stepping forward, remark that we thought we saw a snake coming into the grounds, and pursued it.

"By the sun, I'm glad you didn't catch it," cries the fisherman. "He is my pet house snake, a young anaconda I bought but two weeks ago. He has cleaned my house out of rats."

Whereupon remembering that nearly every house of palm leaf construction and thatched roofs have their rat snakes in Manila,* the only thing which keeps down the big rodents from the adjacent rice swamps, and remembering with a kind of shiver that there were two above my head when I lived in a summer house at Paco which used to keep me awake at night with their writhings and twistings as they captured and feasted on the vermin, and then went torpid for two or three days after each great meal, I burst out into a laugh.

I can't help my merriment, though my companion of the wondrous nose seems to be disgusted with his mistake.

"In that case we will let your anaconda live," I remark. "I feared it might be one of the rice snakes, whose bite is death."

* Nearly all the older bungalows in Manila possess what are called house snakes, huge reptiles generally about twelve or fourteen feet long. These live on the rats. The only way to get rid of rats seems to be to buy snakes, and this is simple enough, for you often see the natives hawking them around in town, the boas curled up around bamboo poles to which their heads are tied.—*Joseph Earl Stevens' Yesterdays in the Philippines.*

“Ah *Malditos daghong-palays!*” mutters the Chinaman, “one of my little children died from them, but Pepé my gentle anaconda, is more harmless than a cat and twice as effective.”

So we pass away into the road again, Ata Tonga cursing in strange Malay oaths and muttering: “Fool of fools that I was. I should have noted that the scent of the snake went through the orange hedge, not over it. But no more mistakes! Trust me; don’t laugh at me!” All the time he is circling the lane like a foxhound beating cover.

“Ah, I have it!” he whispers. “The snake crossed Ludenbaum’s path here. Here go his steps and here is the smell of the Mestizo. Come on, we have lost important time. Speed means everything.”

He fairly runs along the scent, as we follow a narrow lane which here crosses by a bamboo bridge a creek running in from the Bay of Manila, the sound of whose waves we can hear at a little distance. Then turning up a weed-grown, jungle-covered pathway towards the right, Ata puts his finger on his lips.

I coming to him, he presses me down beside him, and points to a light that issues faintly from a large thatched shed or warehouse through the chinks in its palm thatching. Crouching on my hands and knees I follow after him, making as little noise as possible, though too much to please the savage, who looks at me warningly; for his lithe steps and facile hands give no danger signal from breaking twig or crumpling leaf or misplaced pebble. So I creep with the gliding Tagal to the old storehouse, and through a rent in a broken palm leaf in its decaying wall, look in upon a man I have grown to regard as my enemy.

The shed is a large one and apparently used for the storage of hemp and tobacco, bales of these being piled everywhere about. In one corner nearest to the little rent in the withered palm leaves, which permits our eyes to gaze on the interior of the dwelling, is a railed off portion apparently for some shipping clerk to give receipts for goods delivered or to receive the same for merchandise taken away by teamsters and coolies. Within this railing, scarce over arm’s length from us, are a small bamboo table and two broken down cane stools. Upon the table is a kerosene lamp

burning rather brightly, its flame undisturbed by gust of wind, for the night is very still.

Seated on these stools, opposite each other, are Ludenbaum and the Mestizo who had looked over his shoulder at the cock-fight.

Their manner is nervous ; at times I see the German's hands quiver. He even starts at the buzzing of a mosquito, and there are many.

Their words are low and cautious, but we are so close, we hear them. "These!" whispers the German, with a wave of his hand that seems to tremble as he makes the gesture.

"Here?" says the Mestizo, a glare of joy in his expressive face. "*Gracias à Dios*, here?"

"Yes. These are the rifles with which to arm——" But Adolph checks himself, his voice seeming to choke him.

"The ones we contracted for you to deliver us in the suburbs of Manila?" mutters the Mestizo pointedly.

"*Verflucht!* Yes!"

"The Spaniards don't suspect?"

"No ; *donnerwetter*, I am sure of that. Do you think I would dare be here if I thought Polavieja guessed? The arms were brought here very cautiously at night by the boats of the——never mind what boats."

"Pha," laughs the Mestizo, "I know. Then he jeers : "Why do you Germans wish us to defeat the Spaniards? Is it that after we gain independence, *you* may gain us? These islands are fair ; are rich! Shall we in destroying our Spanish masters only make way for German tyrants? If I thought that——" and the man puts his hand upon a long murderous *bohie* knife.

"*Mein Gott*, it is not dat!" mutters Adolph nervously. "We only want a few privileges of trade from you. That is all. I have been promised a monopoly of hemp in Manila by Aguinaldo. That is enough for me, a German merchant."

"Now, with regard to the other arms?" says the Mestizo insurgent speaking hastily.

"Yes, the ones I privately for the German Trading Company delivered to your chief Santallano on Subig Bay, one hundred cases of small arms and ammunition, two rapid-fire guns ; another cargo by the *Alucia* steamer

as per arrangement, which I landed on the southern coast near Batangas, which rifles and ammunition and three field-pieces Aguinaldo now has. For these you have been instructed to receipt to me."

"Yes, those were my orders when I came here."

"Then sign these receipts. I have written them out carefully. It is necessary for The German Trading Company."

"If found upon you in your handwriting?" grins the Mestizo.

"*Donnerwetter*, dare I trust a clerk to make 'em for me?" growls the Prussian.

"Bearing my name—these are your death," whispers the Insurgent agent. "You dare take these?"

"I dare take anything to save two hundred thousand thalers, which The German Trading Company will not pay me until I show them the receipts," says Ludenbaum; then adds hurriedly: "Sign!" and produces from his pocket a stylographic pen.

Reading the papers over rapidly but carefully the Mestizo writes his name upon them; then as he puts the receipts on the table asks again excitedly: "All these packages contain arms?" and waves his hand about the place.

"No, only the hundred bundles piled on this side." The German walks to the left of the store shed and puts his hands on the bales of hemp and tobacco. "These—these are the arms which your men can get here; forty rifles in each, one hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun in each bale. You understand?"

"*Caramba*, let me be sure!" The rebel springs to the side of the German, hastily rips open a bale of hemp, and discovering the long barrels of rifles and the cases of cartridges, breaks out joyously and excitedly: "God be praised. Here in this town! Now we can confound the Spaniards!"

"You will use them here? For what?" asks Adolph in startled curiosity.

"That's my business! You have delivered them, *Caspita*, that's yours."

And by the pale light of the lamp I see the Filipino patriot's face illuminated with a great and mighty joy; then gazing at the face of Ata Tonga I note in his also a kind of wonder, but a kind of ecstasy.

Then suddenly all becomes dark. A gust of wind apparently has blown out the lamp.

I think it very curious; there is no breeze outside, but the lamp has certainly gone out.

“Ah, we will light it again. This vile kerosene imported under contract with the Spanish Government is half water,” I can hear the German muttering, as he scratches some matches upon the walls and after a minute relights the lamp.

“Now, Herr Filipino, these papers, and then good-bye!” He turns towards the table, but suddenly mutters: “The receipts! Have you put them in your pocket?”

“Did I not leave them on the table?”

“No, they are not here.”

“Ah, then they must have been blown on the floor. Have you not them with you? Surely you placed them in your pocket-book. *Dios mio*, you must have placed them in your pocket-book,” remarks the Insurgent envoy as the two place the lamp upon the floor and search hurriedly and anxiously.

A moment after he cries: “*Santa Maria*, you must have them with you, German.”

“No, no! *Mein Gott*, they are not here! Look in your pocket.”

“I have not them with me.”

“Where are they?”

“Did you not hear a rustling?”

“Oh yes, I thought it was some cursed house snake after rats.”

“*Dios mio*, they are gone! If the Spaniards get us—both of us——”

“*Ein tausend Tempels!* Some Spanish spy!”

“*Dios mio*, an *espia* of Polavieja’s!”

By the dim light of the lamp I can see their faces are deathly and they both shudder, the patriot and the man of commerce.

“*Herr Gott Himmel Donnerwetter!*” shudders the German. “We must be away from here before we are lost.”

And the two, throwing open the door, hurry with trembling steps out into the night air and disappear in the gloom like fleeing phantoms.

Ten seconds after we stand where the German and the Rebel envoy had stood!

And I, seeing by the still burning lamp Ata's face, whisper merrily: "Thank God! This gives us a grand hold upon the German. I can crush him as I would a fly."

But he, gazing at me, mutters: "*Grand Dios!* I can't save my beloved mistress! This gives me no hold upon him."

"Why not?"

"Think of my country."

"Think of Maud Gordon!"

"Think of my brothers in arms! Englishman, remember them!" whispers the Tagal, his voice pathetic with patriotism, his eyes blazing with the joy of hope. "When we first began this war against the Spaniards, I wept for my brothers who fought with bolas and spears and even bows and arrows against repeating rifles! With iron water-pipes wound with wire we made puny guns to answer the steel rapid-fire cannon of our tyrants. Then to me suddenly and to all of us came *outside aid*. We didn't ask why. We had no money! The estates of the richest of us had been confiscated; still to us came arms, *good* arms, long range rifles, bullets that kill, cannon that made us equal, sometimes superior to our enemies. We didn't ask what good angel of an outside nation did this for us! All we knew was that God had placed in our hands arms with which to slay our butchers! Now I know why these four thousand guns are here. *These are to arm the Pasig River boatmen!* I came into the city to arrange their grand uprising together with the *Carabineros Rurales*, Tagals every man, all of whom carry Spanish guns. By *Cambunian*, I'll not strike down their effort to be free! Not even to destroy the German, not even for the sake of my darling mistress."

"Then I'll do it for you!" I answer, my voice hoarse with triumph.

"Not on your oath, not on your life, brother Kati-punan!" commands the patriot savage sternly. "No word of this until these guns have opened on the Spaniards in the streets of Binondo, in the Plaza Major of the Old Town, until the flag of the Flipinos floats over the Citadel of Santiago!" His voice is hot with passion; his eyes are great with love of country. Then after a moment he goes on, forcing himself to

calmness: "Besides, I couldn't sacrifice the German without betraying one whom I have never met before, but whom I now know as Atachio, a brother patriot. No, no, the German's safe from me at present."

"Then what you are going to do with those receipts your agile hand and cunning glide stole when you blew out the lamp, Ata?" I ask eagerly.

The savage gazes at me astounded. "I have not taken those receipts," he falters. "I thought your hand seized them."

"By Heaven, no!"

"Then *Madre de Dios*, who has stolen them? *A-a-a-h!*" The savage is drawing the air into his mighty nostrils in great gulps. He has given a faint cry. "There has been another here!" he whispers, and dilates his nose again. "A Chinaman! *Carrajo*, it is the smell of the Americanized dandy who concealed you that night in Hong Kong, the beef eater!"

"Ah Khy!" I gasp, and sink astounded upon a bale of tobacco in which half a hundred rifles clink as I flounder over them.

CHAPTER XII.

HERR LUDENBAUM TAKES BREAKFAST ON THE ANCONA.

"*Maldito!* This Chinese spy must never escape to give his news of concealed arms, and deliver those documents to the Spanish. He has had no chance to leave the building. Englishman, remember your blood-brotherhood-oath of the Katipunán, and guard the door!" whispers the Tagal, and his voice has death in it.

"If Ah Khy once goes to blabbing to the Spaniards, there's no telling where he'll stop." As this passes through my mind I spring to the entrance and bar with my revolver all exit from the warehouse, then watch, mid the half discernible piles of leaf tobacco and great bales of hemp stacked tier upon tier about the gloomy shed, a ferret chasing a fleeing rat.

The sensitive nose of the Tagal takes up the scent of the lurking Chinaman, and follows it around long passages between the bales of produce into a remote

hiding-place, from which the pursued escapes, his little gasps of fear dying away in the darkness. Then I can hear the light tread of the savage sure in the darkness as a bloodhound and remorseless as fate, tracking the snake-like glides of the despairing Khy, till I, in very pity, call: "Surrender, you fool, and save your life!"

Perchance the great knife of the Tagal is getting too near him, perhaps the Chinaman feels safety can come only from me; for suddenly out he darts from the piles of merchandise, and throws himself at my feet, gasping in piteous voice: "Save me, Jack! Keep that bloody Tagal thug from laying me out!"

Over him is standing the Filipino, his eyes blazing with the love of country, upon whose altar he will make sacrifice; for he is snarling: "Spy of the Spaniard, thy time has come!"

But I, springing between them, seize his hand and say: "Not yet! Listen to me, Ata Tonga. Let us see if we can't permit this harmless fellow to live."

"An *espia*, harmless? Impossible!"

"He is no spy of the Spaniards. This is merely a matter of private revenge; about the same that brought us here to-night," I whisper.

"*Santo Domingo*, impossible!"

"True as that you scented him that night in Hong Kong." With this I give the Tagal in few words Ah Khy's connection with me, his father's hatred of the German and his motives for pursuing Ludenbaum here.

"True, it is hard to butcher a bellowing calf," mutters the Malay, for the plaintive Khy has punctuated my narrative with many moans and several writhings. "But now for this man to destroy the German would be to destroy the cause of my country. I dare not let him go!"

"You must!"

"Well, then, I will give him one chance for his life."

"That is?" I whisper.

"He shall become a Katipunán!" mutters the conspirator grimly.

"No, no, by the Gods of my fathers!" screams the Chinaman, in hideous terror, "don't make me that!"

The Spaniards slay all with that mark upon them. A court-martial convicts on that and shoots quick as greased lightning."

"Would you die here or live until the court-martial catches you?" whispers the Tagal menacingly.

"I'll—I'll take the chances of their catching me. Holy poker, keep your knife away!" whines the Chinaman, for the Filipino's blade is now at his jugular.

"Then the three receipts you stole!"

"Of course! But, oh jimminy! my governor will never forgive me for surrendering them. They would have smashed the German."

"*Diablo*, do you want to die or live?"

"Here are the receipts," shivers Khy.

"And now the oath. Señor Curzon, your veins I want as well as mine. The blood brotherhood demands it."

Compelled to stand as brother to this savage who gave me life under almost similar circumstances, I go through with him in the dim light of the lamp the hideous ceremony of making the shuddering Khy a Katipunan. With the mystic knife covered with symbols, Ata Tonga inoculates him with the blood of the Filipino Society upon his left elbow. Then gives him words of warning: "Now one of us, you can never be true to any other. If the Spaniards discover, you are dead. If you betray us, you are dead likewise. Forget your oath," he launches upon him the great Tinguanian curse, "may you die while you sleep!"*

"By Josh!" mutters Khy, whom this anathema doesn't seem to affect half as much as the knife, blinking his eyes at me, "Jack, you jumped into the same boat that night in Hong Kong, eh?"

"Yes, look out that you don't capsize it. The water here is full of sharks," I whisper warningly.

"I catch on, firing party, Luneta in early morning, exciting execution—oh my God!" shivers the Chinaman, and sinks upon his knees in kind of despairing fear.

* This is the great Tinguanian curse. It means: May you get no glory from your death. Sir John Bowring's notes of the Philippines, 1854.—ED.

“Here is what will add to your terrors!” laughs the Tagal grimly. “Brother Khy, guard Ludenbaum’s receipts for arms!” He forces the papers into the shuddering Chinaman’s hand. “You’ll never dare blab of these to the Spaniards while this war lasts. But if our revolution fail, destroy the German with the record of his treachery to Spain! Our sign upon your arm will keep your lips well closed till then. Now, Brothers, let us leave here; the light may attract attention. We must not risk the safety of these weapons which are for a sacred purpose.”

As Ata Tonga extinguishes the lamp, I step out of the shed, Khy following close behind me and the Tagal making the last of our party.

Then we return separately through the streets of the Tondo into the busy parts of Manila, going each by himself, as an English merchant with a native would create comment, and were the two accompanied by a Chinese of the lowest order, even greater curiosity would come. For Khy has dogged the German’s footsteps garbed as a carrying coolie of the poorest class, even bearing over his dirty shoulders a long bamboo pole to which are attached wicker baskets containing fruit and fish to give him the appearance of a Chinese peddler. These he has left just inside the compound by the side of the lane, and when he returns there replaces them upon his shoulders with a groan, for to carry aught but the heaviest load would bring suspicion on any Chinese coolie.

As we separate the Malay whispers to me: “Where can I meet you?”

I can’t tell him at the English Club, so I whisper: “At my private office, Plaza de Cervantes. I’ll await you there in half an hour.”

“Thanks, Brother, be prompt, for I have much to do before the morning, and must speak to you words which bear on the safety this day of my beloved mistress.”

His tones impress me.

So I tramp alone through the Tondo, and fortunately catching a carromata in one of the outlying streets of Binondo, my evening’s adventures having fatigued me, I find myself standing under the sign of Martin, Thompson & Co. some few moments in advance of the Tagal,

who comes along with that gliding savage tread that no exertion seems to affect.

Two minutes after Ata Tonga bars and locks the doors of my front counting-room, then secures those of my private office, and after snuffing about suspiciously, remarks: "Señor, we are alone." Then with the blinds drawn down, though it is a burning night, for fear of words slipping through the open casements to the streets below, my fellow conspirator and I confront each other, and he astounds me with his revealing.

"My words, Brother, shall be open to you; my mind, also my heart," he says shortly. "When I came into this town under a special mission to arouse and perfect an organization of the Pasig boatmen, and likewise the *Carabineros Rurales*, who revolt to-day?"

"To-day?" I gasp.

"Yes; it is already midnight, and now the twenty-sixth of February! To-day they rise! Those arms you saw were for the Pasig boatmen, but the weapons were not my part of the affair. I've a meeting with Atachio in the morning, and then he will arrange that detail with me. Atachio handled the German whom I thought was a smuggler of merchandise, but who, God be praised, was a smuggler of arms for my brave fellows. Still this impresses me with the powerful influence the accursed Ludenbaum must have with my Society; *for he has armed them!* It is, I now guess, at his covert suggestion, that I was compelled to give Señorita Maud her orders to come at once to Manila on her arrival in Hong Kong. I have now other directions for her *which I shall not deliver.*"

"You will break your oath of the Katipunan?"

"For her sake, yes!"

"You will forfeit your life if they discover."

"*Dios mio, cierto!* but it will be to save *hers*. For my country's sake this German I must spare for the moment, but my own life is still, as it will ever be, at the command of my lady whose breath is of the wild roses. Señor Englishman, will you be equally true to her?"

"Yes!" I whisper.

"Then my orders from the Katipunan were to charge Señorita Maud that she should in some way contrive

that Colonel Robles, a most energetic officer, the commander of the *Carabineros*, should be at her house at six o'clock this evening."

"How was she to do it?"

"Robles is among others a worshiper at the shrine of her great beauty. No man looks more longingly upon her loveliness as she drives on the *Luneta* than this same Robles."

"Yes, I have seen it!"

"*Caspita*; Señorita Maud is a bright enough candle to draw a swarm of butterflies. My poor lady is trying to get some influence among the Spaniards to save her father. It's a futile hope, but it's a woman's. This Robles, I believe, adores her. A little note asking him to call will be enough to take him from his barracks to her bright eyes. The town is quiet, only routine guard duty being done."

"Aha! So that he will not be present when his troops rise in mutiny?"

"*Diablo*, yes! His men love him so much they hate to shoot him down. This is the way we shall do it. At five in the afternoon the gathering of the *Carabineros* as they come in from outpost duty. They are all armed, with long shooting Spanish rifles. At six they are called together for parade. It's the usual order. On the words "*Compania alerta!*" each company kills its captain and lieutenants and such non-commissioned officers as are not with them in their uprising. With that they march to the river, where the Pasig boatmen, who have by this time received their arms, led by me, join them. Then fire and blood comes over this town. On the instant we rush the bridge to old Manila, and fight the Spanish garrison weakened by the immense drafts of troops sent to their generals in the field. By an unexpected blow we hope to take the Citadel of Santiago! Now if at the very moment his regiment revolts Señorita Maud lures a Spanish Colonel from his post of duty; should we fail, what a hold the knowledge of her action will give this German over her."

"But you will not deliver the Katipunán order?" I mutter.

"Still some other may," whispers the Tagal. "To destroy this chance, do you, after making show of

business here this day, drive about five this afternoon to the villa of Don Silas, and watch over Señorita Maud. See that no communication comes to her. Prevent her from going out. If necessary, you can assert that my dear mistress, in this day of fighting and turmoil, knew naught of what led up to it." Then he asks me quickly: "You are sure you can trust the Chinaman?"

"As certain, now that he is branded with the Filipino mark, as I can you. Even more, for Khy would never take the chances you do," I remark; then ask eagerly, for this conspiracy is getting in my veins: "And how about Robles?"

"I will take care of the Spanish Colonel!"

"You are sure of that?"

"*Cierto!*" mutters the Tagal. "To-night you see me master of Manila, or you see me no more. Tell my lady, Ata Tonga kisses her hand." And the patriot savage leaves me, with information in my head for which I have no doubt the governor of this city would give almost his existence.

It is growing towards morning. I worry the night out on a cane settee in my private office, though little sleep comes to me. As soon as the town is stirring I step over to the French restaurant and find that a cup of coffee stimulates my system and braces my nerves. The mercantile houses are just getting opened and the clerks going to work.

About this time it occurs to me that I'll see how our German friend has endured the terrors of last night. A casual call at Ludenbaum's office in search of information as to the freight charges of a vessel the Prussian merchant is despatching to the Sulu Islands, reveals to me almost immediately that Ludenbaum has taken refuge on a German warship that is now lying off the breakwater.

"Our esteemed Herr Adolph," his blond book-keeper remarks to me, "was invited to breakfast on the *Ancona* by the ward-room officers."

"Ah, then I'll see him in the evening," I suggest, "when he comes on shore."

"That will be impossible! Herr Curzon, my principal told me he would probably spend a few days with his friends of the warship. They make a little cruise to Cebu and Samar."

“So, then he won't be back to bless us for a week,” I remark jocularly.

“No; perhaps not for ten days.”

“Well, I hope he'll have a pleasant trip,” I say grimly, and stepping out cogitate: “Bolted! in terror of those stolen receipts. By George, Ludy knew if they once got into Spanish hands, a court-martial, despite the German Consul, might make mighty short work of him.” Then I wonder if the Filipino patriot who signed them has been equally frightened and fled from the town. This may be the ruin of Ata Tonga's uprising of the *Carabineros* and Pasig boatmen.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MUTINY OF THE CARABINEROS.

BUT this reflection reminds me of my promise to my brother Katipunan. I go back to Martin, Thompson & Co.'s, and—shall I confess it—my hand trembles slightly as I sign the various documents submitted to me by my juniors.—I think of the awful things that may take place in this town to-day. Getting through with this as quickly as possible, I now want to give my confreres warning, so that they may be out of the way when bullets are flying. This must be done without disclosing that I anticipate an emeute.

“Have we the *Ajax* cleared?” I ask.

“Yes, sir, she sails for Singapore by noon,” answers Budlong, my chief clerk.

“Well then I rather think we have finished business for the day, gentlemen. You can all get out and enjoy yourselves till to-morrow morning,” I return.

As I step into a carromata that is waiting for me, I am pleased to see that my hint is being taken, and young Budlong and Charlie Stoors, my under clerks, as well as the Chinese porters and even that cursed prying Antonio, are all going on their various ways rejoicing.

Then driving out to my room at the English Club, I, worn out with the night's work, contrive to sleep—but leave orders I am to be called promptly at 4 P. M.

So at about five, I stroll over to the pretty Villa of Don Silas.

As I walk the streets two or three things come to my expectant eyes that are probably not observed by Spanish officials. The Pasig River is almost deserted, scarce a boat upon it above the bridges. Crowds of banca handlers and lighter men are traveling on foot or by tram-cars into the interior of Binondo. To my searching glance the faces of the rank and file of a detachment of the *Carabineros* which pass me marching from the fortifications towards their barracks have an eager though determined look upon them. Their officers, who in their careless Spanish way are walking with cigarettes in their mouths, are chatting gaily, their steps as light as the refreshing evening breeze.

As I reach the entrance of Bully Gordon's bungalow, I look at my watch. It is now half-past five. In half an hour, according to Ata Tonga's schedule, the tragedy at the barracks of the *Carabineros Rurales* will begin.

I turn into the grounds that are separated by a high iron fence from the wide avenue that is here made cool by the shade of fire-trees, and find—I am just in time!

Señorita Maud, looking in her white dress like a superb swan, comes gliding through the bananas and bamboos towards the iron gates that permit access to the street.

"Aha, Señor Jack!" she says, extending her hand to me. "You—you have come to—to dinner?"

Her manner, despite her cordiality, seems embarrassed.

"And you guessed my visit, so you haven't driven to the *Luneta*?" I query, attempting a little laugh.

"Yes, I was just stepping to our front gate to ask another *caballero* to partake of our hospitality."

"Whom?"

"Colonel Don Miguel Robles of the *Carabineros*. He is riding this way with his staff from outpost duty. I saw the dashing fellow from my window. But why do you look so curiously at me?" For at her words the laugh has left my face.

"Rather a—a defiance of Manila convenances," I mutter.

"Oh, Papa shall ask Don Miguel, not me. Besides we have other company present, Don Rafaél the Cor-

regidor is up-stairs listening to Mazie's voice," remarks the girl; then cries: "Quick! Let me go, so I can call Papa; I have scarcely time. I think I hear the clatter of their horses' hoofs."

"I beg you not to invite Colonel Don Robles to your house this day."

"Why not?" says the Señorita haughtily, for I have seen a resolve in her face that makes me lay my hand upon her arm.

"You have instructions——" I mutter.

"Whose instructions? Not yours, *mi caballero!*" she breaks in; then half begs: "Don't stop me! *Santissima!* What a tyrannical husband you will be to Mazie!" and stamps her pretty foot defiantly and calls: "Papa, come out and ask Colonel Don Miguel to stay to dinner."

But my hand is upon her dainty rebellious mouth. The next second she shudders from me, her face pale as death, and gasps: "*Dios mio!* what do you know of THIS?"

For in my desperation I have suddenly given to her white hand the dread signal of the Katipunan.

"Enough to prevent your doing something that will perhaps give you death!"

"Who—who told you?" Her eyes have a kind of agonized astonishment in them.

"Ata Tonga."

"Aha!"

"He warned me to come here to keep you from doing this thing that may destroy you. What devil has given you such instructions?"

"They came to me with the proper sign upon them. See! The signal you should know." The girl holds out to me a little letter which has the peculiar secret emblem of all communications from the leaders of the Filipino society.

"Who sent this?"

"Some head of the order of course."

"Now, what do you know about this affair?" I whisper sternly.

"Enough to be sure that I am keeping that handsome, dashing Colonel Robles from his death!" answers the señorita. "Enough to know I am giving the insurgents another chance this day in Manila! Enough to

know that if they triumph I need fear Spanish officials no more, neither I, nor my father, nor my sister." Then she breaks out at me, a little scream of rage in her soft voice: "*Dios mio*, you have stopped my hand from doing this thing!"

She has slipped past me and is about to run out to the gate to wave her handkerchief, for the clatter of hastily ridden horses has flown past us on the dusty road. Prevented by the luxuriance of the tropic shrubbery, I have not seen them, but I know Colonel Don Miguel Robles is now well past us on his way to the barracks of the *Carabineros*, where his troops will mutiny within fifteen minutes.

"You can't call him back," I mutter grimly as she returns from her attempt. "Whatever his fate, Colonel Don Miguel Robles has gone to it!" To this I add hastily: "Quick! Let me destroy that letter which in Spanish hands would be fatal to you!" and seize the fluttering paper from her grasp.

Here a sweet but angry voice strikes us both with dismay. My dear little Mazie looking like a cool wood-pigeon in softest light blue gauzes, perchance hearing my tones in the garden, has run out and is gazing upon us with indignant eyes.

"My sister, my—my affianced!" she stammers unbelievably; then whispers indignantly: "Maud, why are you forever trying to break my heart? Why did you sneak here to meet the man of my love to give him a treacherous love note?"

"No, no, Mazie," cries her sister; then goes on sternly: "Don't dare to misjudge either Jack or me. We are striving to protect, to guard you!"

"To protect, to guard *me*?" Then you can let me see that letter. Jack, give it to me! You can trust it to my eyes if you are innocent."

As I look on them, I see the wondrous contrast in the character of these two sisters, both beautiful, both good, both charming, in mind, in body; but one noble in that self-reliance travel and a modern education brings; the other softer, perchance more clinging, perhaps even more lovable, yet her mind still immature and childlike under the influence of a medieval schooling and the restrictions that the ethics of Spanish social life always place upon a woman.

Mazie's eyes, big with entreaty, gaze on me, then on her sister in a kind of indescribable half-trusting, half-doubting pathos.

Answering this, Maud speaks quickly and with noble resolution: "You must show her that letter, Jack. Don't you see it is breaking our dear one's heart. No matter at what cost to me, let her read that note, I command you!"

"No, no," whispers Mazie impulsively. "Maud, if you say my Jack is true, I must believe you, dear. *O Dios de mi madre!*" she wails, "to think you both false would break my heart a thousand times." Her eyes are full of unshed tears.

"Show her the letter!" reiterates Maud imperiously.

"Do you know what this means to you?" I whisper, for I fear that Mazie's unguarded lips may some day let slip a secret that will be fatal to the brave girl standing before me.

"Yes, yes, I command you!" cries the elder maiden in generous self sacrifice.

So I, unfolding the bit of paper, am about to give the life of her sister unto Mazie's eyes, into Mazie's hands; when of a sudden I pause, and Maud starts, her face growing pale.

For unto us comes the suave voice of El Corregidor, saying: "*Aha*, a billet-doux; for *which* sister, Señor Jack?" There is a little crafty insinuation in his tones, for which I could strangle him, for it makes Mazie's face twitch in anguish.

The official's sharp eyes have suspicion in them as they glance at the little paper. I know he has heard a portion of the interview and now dare not keep the letter for fear this crafty gentleman may in some way put his unscrupulous hands upon it.

Besides Mazie must never see this *now*. The Corregidor would surely lure her sister's secret from my affianced's childlike lips.

With the quick instinct that sometimes comes to man in the tight places of this world I answer half laughingly: "This is for nobody's eyes but mine!" Then drawing out a cigar, I illuminate it; and smoking it lazily, between puffs, I light the letter, and watch ascending in smoke and flame the missive that might under the eyes of a vengeful court-martial take the breath

of life from out of the fair frame of the beautiful girl, who has given a little start and placed her hand upon her heart.

Tears are in my eyes, though not from the cigar smoke. I feel as if I am burning up the trust of Mazie, for as I look upon her, my sweetheart gives a little frightened birdlike gasping "O-oh," and puts her hands upon her fluttering bosom. Then she murmurs, her eyes growing frightened: "Even though Maud told you to show it me! *Dios mio*, you dared not let me read! Was it a trick, Maud; was it a trick?"

"A—ah, little secret, eh?" grins the Corregidor. "There are many secrets now in this town—some of them hideous," and gives a soft yet jeering laugh; while the two sisters gaze upon each other, one's lips half parted as if she wished, despite the fear of death, to whisper the truth and take the pang out of her loved one's soul; the other with eyes blazing from the fire of her heart that now I think for the first time really doubts her sister's frankness and her affianced's love.

Suddenly one of the hideous secrets of this town is disclosed to us.

To the turmoil of our beating hearts comes something that makes us start and gaze about.

It is the quick rattle of Mausers rising into the evening air. Then over this sounds sharply one quick signal gun from the Santiago fort; then another; then the church bells ring, peal on peal! next the cathedral of Old Manila gives out its clanging warning as small-arm volleys and dropping rifle shots come in those horrid crashes that say man's life blood is flowing with every salvo.

"*Santissima*, they are fighting in the town!" cries Mazie and goes to telling her beads and crossing herself.

Maud probably guesses what it means, and I know certainly. It is the mutiny of the *Carabineros Rurales*. For now volley follows volley in quick succession, and the rattle of small arms becomes continuous. Then the bells sound again more wildly and two more guns come booming from the Santiago fort, as the servants, both men and women, from the lower story of the house, run into the garden screaming, and Don Silas flies out upon the upper balcony, in shirt sleeve dis-

habille, his evening cocktail in his hand, and shouts in excited joviality: "*Por Dios!* I mean, by the Eternal! The Dons are cutting each other's throats again, eh, Jackie, my boy?"

Then as we listen—in some few minutes the sound of fighting gradually rolls away, and grows more distant, apparently traveling to the north through Tondo towards Malabon.

"*Diantre!* I must go into the town to learn what deviltry is going on," says Don Rafaél excitedly, and orders his trembling coachman to bring out his victoria.

"Please not yet," murmurs Maud. "It may be an outbreak. The Filipinos would scarcely spare——"

"The Corregidor of Nueva Ecija," grins that official. "Yet the town was quiet. What made you guess it was an emeute, my pretty young lady?" There is suspicion in the gentleman's suave voice.

"There was an outbreak before," replies Señorita Maud, "there might be one again."

"*Cielo*, that is so! I'll remain here a little longer if charming Señorita Inez," the Corregidor generally uses the Spanish names of the girls, "will favor me with a glance of her bright eyes."

"*Dios mio*, will I not," cries Mazie in savage, yet piquant vivacity; then gives me a look of such reproach that I would step towards her, but she jeers archly: "Perhaps *we* will have a letter between us, eh, Don Rafaél?" and flits up the stairway followed by the Spaniard.

So Maud and I stand in the shrubbery of the garden gazing at each other. Though the noise of the main fight has died away, a rattle of small-arms is coming up the street, and the servants have fled into the house for safety from stray bullets.

"You should never have destroyed that letter," cries the girl despairingly. "My God, my sister doubts me!"

"Yes, but if that cursed Don Rafaél had put his eyes upon it, it would certainly have meant your military punishment, perhaps your death," I answer grimly—then add slowly: "for the Spaniards are winning."

"What makes you think so?"

“Don't you hear how the firing has died away and yet none of it ever reached Old Manila, which they intended to take by a coup de main.”

I step through the shrubbery and looking down the road, remark: “Even now a detached company of *Carabineros* are flying.”

“Merciful Heaven! Pursued by the Spanish troops,” whispers Maud at my elbow.

“Yes!” I mutter; then suddenly cry: “Down for your life!” and pull the girl under the hedge, for the volleys are coming thick, and the bullets are singing in the air about us. Then I draw her deeper into the shrubbery and force her to lie down in a very jungle of great matted bamboo stems, for these Mauser slugs make little of going through a tree trunk; though such is the indomitable curiosity of women, Maud would walk out into the road and see the fighting.

While doing this I get enough glimpses of the combat to know some company of the mutinied *Carabineros*, that have been cut off from the bulk of their fellows, are now fighting their way out, the few that are left of them. Soon the turmoil and rattle turn into a side street and drift to the northeast towards Sampaloc. All this time I see no Pasig boatmen nor Tondo rabble, armed or unarmed.

Suddenly my heart stands still. Some of the bullets must have struck the house.

With a muttered “My God, Mazie!” I run up the stairs.

But I am met at the front entrance by my darling, who comes tripping onto the veranda, and drawing a cigarette from her coral lips, puffs out a fairy wreath of smoke, and strikes my heart by jeering: “Ay, ay, just thought of my danger, Señor Jack. I hope you took good care of Maud. Even now she seems to be wandering in a kind of aimless joy about that bamboo thicket. Did she utter little screams and cling to your protecting arm as the bullets whistled?”

“And you, Mazie,” I say anxiously and tenderly, “you didn't fear?”

“No, no, don't dare to touch my hand!” She pulls her little fingers from my grasp. “Fear? I—the bullets? Pooh, there are other things that sting

worse than Mauser pellets. Fear—this evening? *Santa Maria*, why should I care to live. *Diablo*, don't dare to follow me, Señor! Don Rafaél is old, but at least he is too polite to burn up a billet-doux, and say to his affianced: 'It is my little secret!' Oh *cielo*, I thought I heard you swear."

For I am muttering anathemas under my breath.

Then suddenly Mazie gives a little wounded cry.

"*Dios*, Maud is beckoning you. Go, *caballero*! My sister's foreign airs and graces need your attention. She seems to have brought a stock of fine lady nerves from Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia, which is it?"

"By Heaven, Mazie, you shall listen to me! shall believe me!"

"I'll believe you, Señor, when you show me that letter."

"Hang it, how can I do that?"

"You should have thought of that before you burned it. *Buenas noches*, Señor." And Mazie, putting up a stern little hand to prevent my following her, trips into the house, her retroussé nose in the air, and whistling between puffs of her cigarette, a new and abominable tune that Maud has brought with her from America, entitled: "You can't play in my yard."

With this, smothering one or two execrations, I walk down the stairs again and say quite savagely to the beautiful creature in the bamboo thicket: "Señorita Maud, you had better go into the house; your sister I think, is hysterical. All danger has passed."

But she mutters: "Hush!" and stands listening; then whispers: "It is a groan; some one wounded in that banana grove!" With woman's eagerness to minister to suffering she picks up her gauzy skirts and dashes through the feathery grasses followed by me.

In the center of the thicket she pauses as if struck by a bullet. Her face grows pale as death. She gasps: "O *Dios*, he has crawled to die at my feet!" and sinks upon her knees beside a man garbed as a Pasig boatman, whose forehead is bloody, whose right arm is helpless.

"My beloved lady," comes to us in a voice that makes me start, "pardon me for shocking you—your tender heart. But—but it was the only place I could drag myself to, after I was shot down in the street

fight ; and I didn't wish to give those Spanish devils the pleasure of butchering me."

Then, for her soft hand is ministering to him, and she is muttering : "Ata, my Tagal boy, my faithful one," the savage whispers : "Don't touch me, dear mistress. My blood upon your garments might betray you to those who never spare, even women."

But what woman thinks of her safety when suffering man is before her.

With a quick swish Maud drapes up her outer jupe and tears great bandages of soft white muslin from one of her under petticoats, while I hurriedly examine the wounded man, who seems for a moment dazed.

But even as I do so, he half staggers to his feet and jeers : "It is nothing : *Dios mio!* No Spaniard could kill me. A glancing wound about my head ; my skull is thick ; my arm perforated but not broken, also a little loss of blood."

"You will live ! Ata, you will live !" whispers the girl joyously.

"*Diablo!* To slay a good many Castilas," says the undaunted creature. "I think the bullet that struck my head knocked the senses out of me for a few minutes, that's all.—*Adios*, dear lady."

But Señorita Maud cries : "Keep him here, Jack !" for the Tagal would struggle off into the shrubbery. "Wait for me !" she commands and glides cautiously to the house, while I bind up the rebel's wounds.

A moment after Maud is beside us again, saying : "No one saw me. Here are spirits to revive and water to refresh him."

So we pour down some whisky into the wounded man's throat, which gives him strength, and bathe his head with water, which takes the fever from it.

"Now to save you !" says the girl, her eyes aflame.

"No, no, mistress whose perfume is of wild roses, you have too much peril upon your fair head for a rebel in arms to bring more to it."

"That shall be my office, Señorita Maud !" I whisper. "I'll save you, Ata, my boy !"

"God bless you, Jack !" cries the girl, giving me a grateful glance.

"*Gracias Señor Ingles!*" says the savage contentedly. Then he staggers up and after a moment's

thought murmurs: "If you could contrive to have a boat for me at that lone cocoanut tree off that little point on the river bank. Once in the rice swamps and bamboo jungles across the Pasig, Ata Tonga will be as safe as an eagle on the mountain."

"I'll have one there in half an hour," I answer. "It will be so dark then, the Spaniards can't see us."

"You are doing this for me?" whispers Maud.

"No, for a brave man, for a patriot. That is who I am doing it for," I mutter, and stride hurriedly off to the English Club.

The streets are now quiet as they always are after an outbreak. The timid have not yet left their hiding-places.

Some few minutes later in the Club grounds, I wander down to the bank of the Pasig smoking a cigar in affected nonchalance. I doubt if any of the Club boys note my hand trembles very slightly.

Here as good luck will have it, I see young Budlong pulling his skiff down the river. My under clerk has been taking advantage of his holiday and made a picnic of it, for there remain one or two unopened bottles of beer in the stern sheets, together with a flask of brandy and the remnants of a pretty generous lunch.

"Here, Jim," I cry to my subordinate, "aren't you tired of rowing? I'd like a try on the river, myself."

"Tired of rowing?" snarls Budlong. "Blow me, I've been hid under a mud bank all day dodging Mauser bullets. What's the row with the Spanish?" he asks excitedly.

"Oh, I think there's been some uprising or mutiny of the troops, from the gossip in the Club," I reply. "Just jump out and make yourself lazy while I take a little exercise." Then I call: "Here, boy, a *stingah* for Mr. Budlong.

And Budlong, stepping out and preparing to make himself very comfortable in one of those low cane seats that are so pleasant under the punkahs, I jump into the skiff and scull up the river.

It is now fortunately growing very dark. In some ten minutes I am at the single cocoanut tree pointed out by the Tagal.

Here I rest on my oars. A moment later I am cautiously signaled from a clump of jungle on the

bank. Answering this, a light step and the vibration of the boat, it being too dusky to see much, tell me that some one has boarded it.

The next second a hand reaches mine and gives me, in the gloom, the signal of the Katipunan.

"Now which way?" I mutter, as I push out silently but rapidly from the shore. "I know the river pretty well."

"Any way so long as I get across! One place in the rice swamps is as good for me as another."

"Very well," I whisper as I row, "strengthen yourself, Ata, my man, with the provisions. You probably have not eaten?"

"*Santa Maria*, not a morsel since last night! and I had forgotten all about my belly," returns the Tagal, devouring ravenously the remains of Budlong's lunch and quaffing down the two bottles of beer in a jiffy.

"You'd better take the brandy with you," I suggest.

"*Gracias, Senor*," and Ata deposits Budlong's ornamental flask in the breast of his yellow shirt.

Then as I row across the river I get from him the details of the unfortunate revolt.

"You failed I can see," I whisper.

"*Diablo*, yes! Through the trick of that accursed Chinese!"

"What? Ah Khy!"

"*Cierto!* May he be trod over as he sleeps: * Atachio of course, thought the Chinaman a Spanish spy; so unknown to me, within the hour that we left that storehouse, our Katipunan leader had the arms removed, then fled from the town. Therefore, I, this day, when I had gathered my Pasig boatmen, found, *Maldito!* no weapons for them. Then the fire-eating Robles coming up, part of his men would not desert the Spanish Colonel, and defended him against the *Carabineros* mutineers. So most of them who had

* This is regarded by the Tagals as a fearful insult. It is about equivalent in force to the Arabs' "May dogs defile the tomb of your father!"

One of their most interesting superstitions is the belief that the soul of a man leaves his body during sleep and goes forth on some mysterious errand of its own. This idea was doubtless borrowed from the Buddhists, and one can offer no greater insult to a Tagal than to step over him while he lies asleep, which, according to his idea is getting between his body and his absent soul.—ED.

rebelled fought their way out through Tondo to Bulacan unless they were cut off, for I heard a tremendous battle up there towards the north after they had left."

Here suddenly Ata pauses and mutters: "Hush! I smell a gun-boat!"

"Smell it?" I gasp.

"Yes—the smoke! They are burning Nagasaki coal. It contains a little arsenic—the garlic odor always reminds me of an appetizing *punchero*."

A few moments after I hear the clank of machinery and believe the Tagal's nose. So I sit very quiet, not daring to use my sculls, while the Spanish launch, armed with a rapid-fire gun, churns past us up the river.

Fortunately in the darkness her men don't see us, and she goes swashing up stream nearly colliding with a cocoanut raft or banca coming from Laguna, I can't make out which in the gloom, though the swearing on the patrol boat is masterly.

Some few minutes afterwards, we make landing near a low rice swamp upon the opposite side of the Pasig.

Here the Tagal rises, and kissing my hand, says: "May Cambunian give you all good gifts; even the love of the beautiful girl who is yours."

But I answer this with a kind of groan, and he goes on: "Some day, in other times, I may repay. *Adios*, my brother," giving me a Tagal salute.

"You are surely safe?" I ask anxiously.

"Yes, I have my bolo; I have my pistol; I have your flask of aguardiente to give me strength. In the rice swamps and the bamboo jungle, what Spaniard will follow Ata Tonga!" and he disappears into the darkness making no rustle even in the matted foliage, and going as nearly as I can judge, in the direction of Paco.

I row slowly and cautiously back to the English Club. Here I turn the skiff over to young Budlong, remarking: "Thanks awfully! I took the liberty of finishing up your lunch, and drinking your beer, old fellow."

"Yes, but how about that brandy flask?" returns my clerk, inspecting the stern sheets.

"Why hang it," I mutter, "I'm afraid I must have somehow knocked it overboard."

"Oh, you did!" cries Budlong ruefully. "By gum,

I borrowed that flask from young Sam Burlop. He'll make an awful row about it. Dash it, old man, you should be more careful with a fellow's goods and chattels."

And Sammy Burlop does make an awful row about it. Happening to overhear this, he comes rushing down to the boat, and cries: "Hang it! dash it! my God, that flask was an heirloom in our family. It was genuine Hall-mark-Sterling silver. It wouldn't surprise me if William the Conqueror had given it to us. By the Lord Mayor of London, I had our crest engraved upon it! My God, what shall I do? My mother kissed it when she placed it in my hands."

"Do?" I growl savagely, "buy another one like it on the Escolta, where you bought that one, or rather, I'll buy it for you," and turn glumly towards the veranda of the Club, while Budlong sculls his skiff down to town.

Taking post in the reading-room, I sit and listen to my chums and cronies telling what they know of the outbreak of the *Carabineros* which convulsed Manila for a day or two.

All this is interspersed by little Burlop breaking in every now and again with sighs and mutterings. "My God, it was an heirloom! That flask had been in the family for generations and generations. William the Conqueror gave it to my great-grandfather for a deed of 'daring do.'" Little Sammy is getting drunk now. "That flask—you know that brandy flask, the one I gave you a drink out of yesterday, Cortwright!" he screams; and getting maudlin, keeps this thing up, for he is a persistent little sinner, until young Simpson of the English Consulate coming in with a very serious face, growls out at him: "By Heaven! groaning over a brandy flask when to-morrow morning ninety men are to be shot on the Luneta."

And we gathering about him, he goes on in explanation: "Have you not heard? The mutineers would have got clean away, but, unfortunately for them, they were met by a lot of troops returning from Malabon, and after a sharp fight the rebels were dispersed and ninety odd of them captured. Poor devils, they will be shot at daybreak."

And I, at sunrise on the morrow, glancing over the faces of the dying men as they are drawn up to meet the firing parties, see not the face of Ata Tonga, and know that he has surely escaped, for on that day the Spanish executed every rebel captured in that outbreak of the *Carabineros*.

BOOK III.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

“DID YOU GET THAT PACKAGE THROUGH THE CUSTOM HOUSE?”

RETURNING moodily from this horror, I can't eliminate the cruel scene from my head or my eyes, the whole morning. But in the afternoon, I think I'll see how Khy, my brother Katipunan, has fared during the outbreak.

To my inquiries at the main bazar of Hen Chick & Co. on the Rosario, the Mongolian bookkeeper, stopping for a moment his ceaseless clicking of the buttons of his *abacus*, remarks excitedly; “Ah Khy! You sabé Ah Khy! Him *belly* sick.”

“Very sick?” I say. “He was well the day before yesterday.”

“Ah, but him *belly*, BELLY sick now. The firing of the guns yesterday make Ah Khy shiver as if him had a cold-back. You sabé cold-back?”

“Yes, I sabé cold-back,” I answer; and as I walk out I sabé exactly the kind of cold-back my co-conspirator had. I imagine visions of that firing party on the Luneta this morning didn't add to his comfort.

But in the next few days Khy apparently recovers sufficiently to stroll the streets and air his dandy suits of white duck and single eyeglass on the Escolta, Luneta and Calzada San Sebastian, though he seems to keep away from me. As he passes me in the streets he shivers at me in a kind of dazed funk, and edges nervously from his brother member of the dread Katipunan, whose brand upon the arm Spain salutes with death.

In the meantime my German friend, Herr Luden-

baum, being of sterner mould, has apparently satisfied himself that whether his receipts for arms blew away, or were destroyed, or whatever happened to them, there is not much danger of their now rising up against him in Manila.

So the German warship *Ancona*, having made her cruise among the southern islands of the archipelago, anchoring again in the bay, Herr Adolph comes ashore, takes his place at his business house on the Plaza de Cervantes, resuming at the same time his father-like attentions to the beautiful young lady on the Calzada San Miguel. Of this, however, I don't see quite so much as formerly, the English Club having moved to the Ermita, south of the old city, to get nearer sea breezes, and compelling me to travel farther to the villa which holds my divinity.

During this time, the conflict drifts away from Manila. The town grows quiet again ; that deathly calm produced by martial law, where men don't say much for fear of their words bringing them to a military justice which seems a Siva in its lust for blood. Yet all this while, the social gaiety of Manila—God knows, nothing but famine will stop Spanish mirth—goes on ; the band plays on the Luneta as sweetly ; the ponies prance as spiritedly ; the *caballeros* doff their hats as gallantly, though the rebellion still rages like wildfire in the outside districts.

The cool season drifts into the hot, the hot into the wet. During this interval, Polavieja is replaced as Captain-General by Primo de Rivera. This warrior brings with him from Spain six thousand fresh troops, and, better than the soldiers, a lot of money raised by a loan guaranteed by the customs. For, though Cavité has been recaptured by aid of the fleet, the insurgents are still in arms at Imus, and in scattered bands all over the country impress themselves upon the Spaniards with blood, fire and torture.

And all this time the nasty complication about the Katipunan note, on the day of the outbreak of the *Carabineros*, affects disastrously my suit to Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon. Though Maud has patched up a truce for me, and Mazie has said sighingly : “ Of course, I must believe ! ” still her manner to me is different, her lips don't love mine as they used to.

This kind of conduct from my affianced drives me to a savage, surly, bull-dog determination to marry her at once. That shall dispel any doubts Miss Mazie may have of my love, likewise of her sister's supreme indifference to me. Though of this the beautiful Señorita Maud about this time gives ample proof, by permitting the intense devotion of another.

With concern for the young American officer absent in North China waters, I note that his affianced enters into a flirtation bordering upon the dangerous with the dashing and amorous widower of the Supreme Court of Manila, Judge Don Amadeo de Torres, whose liveries are frequently seen in the garden before the house on the Calzada San Miguel. For by this time this dignitary's attentions to the eldest daughter of "Bully" Gordon at *tertulias*, receptions, dances, the theater, the opera, the Luneta, are so marked that fashionable Manila is talking its tongue out of its mouth.

Herr Adolph notices the affair also with affright. At least a rueful conversation of his with the Corregidor that I by chance overhear as I sit in the shade of a palm on the veranda of Gordon's house one evening, indicates it.

The two are smoking by themselves; Miss Mazie being at the piano in the salon, her thumping being vigorous enough, they probably think, to prevent my overhearing them, Señorita Maud is some distance away, holding a low conversation, apparently over her photographs of New York city, which she draws one by one from the big portfolio, with Don Amadeo de Torres, the judicial autocrat.

"*Himmel, Kruez, Donnerwetter!*" growls the German under his breath. "Did you see dot, Don Rafaél. Dey pretend to examine photographs, so dot der amorous hands can touch each oder. The damned duenna is always asleep. If His Honor of the Supreme Court takes affectation for dot designing loveliness, what will become of poor papa Ludenbaum?"

"*Caramba!* What will become of El Corregidor?" replies Don Rafaél, knocking off the ashes of his cigar uneasily. Then he whispers, his lips seeming to grow pale: "The judge will brush us out of the way like so many flies off his sugar. *Dios mio*, by her arts Señorita Maud may induce him to pursue and persecute

us. You remember what happened to those who sued for the property of the beautiful Doña Florencia de Guzeman. *Santa Maria*, they who would have ruined her fortune in the Supreme Court of Manila became beggars themselves."

"*Verflucht!*" mutters Adolph. "Then we must turn our attention to the father. Drink has destroyed his subtleness, but mein leedle Maud, she is as deep as der sea, as beautiful as a Rhine daughter, and as wicked and determined as dot Brunhild."

"Wicked and determined?" whispers the Corregidor. "It is her superb beauty that I fear. No woman has struck fire from Don Amadeo's icy heart but those whose loveliness have been tempting as Cleopatra's. For them only this judicial Cæsar draws his sword of justice. But God help us if she induces him to flash his blade on us. *Diablo!* Every entreating look from those exquisite eyes will mean a mortal blow to us. It is Señorita Maud's charms we must dread. Is she willing to present them to His Honor for our undoing? *Dios mio!* Sometimes I think she is too good for us to fear."

"Too good? Bah! Impossible! She has her fader's blood in her," whispers the German, a venom in his voice that astounds me. "How can she be anything but wicked as a pirate?"

But I agree with the Corregidor.

Then, the conversation of these two gentlemen becoming too low for me to distinguish any more of it, between puffs of my cigar I gaze at the exquisite girl, who seems deeply in earnest as she, exhibiting the various photographs, whispers to the judge whose cold eyes light up in a burning and greedy longing as they follow her graceful gesticulations.

For a kind of unearthly beauty blazes in Maud's face, not that of passion, but of feverish excitement; not that of healthy spirits nor enthusiastic youth, but that frenzy of the gamester who is staking her all, who is throwing her last throw, who is playing her final card.

From this I turn away with a sigh.

Appearances seem to be against this most fascinating young lady.

As for the German and his Spanish friend this affair

of the judge seems to strike them with dismay and panic. From this time, a curious change seems to take place in their demeanor. They pay less attention to the young ladies and more to their father, who likes company in his cups.

During the coming month, while Don Amadeo de Torres makes use of his judicial arts to captivate the beautiful Señorita Gordon, Herr Ludenbaum and the Corregidor pass many convivial hours with the old ex-sea-captain, gradually insinuating themselves into his drunken affections, and apparently putting some very nasty ideas into the besotted father's head about the autocrat of the Supreme Court.

This is indicated to me in a little conversation with which the ex-sea-dog favors me on a sunny afternoon, after the young ladies have come in from their drive to the Luneta, Don Amadeo's carriage apparently having followed them home. Bully is striding about his garden nervously and comes to me as I drive in from the Calzada.

"My little girls are in the dining-room dealing out chocolate and *bunuelos* to his judicial nibs," he remarks, in low and savage voice. "*Caramba!* I mean damn it! I'd like to poison him. You'd better go in there and hang on to your gal, my boy. Old Amadeo will be making love to both of them. Everything is fish that comes to his net."

"Aren't you coming into the dining-room with me?" I suggest.

"No, *Por Dios!* I mean by Heaven, I eat nothing now," says the poor fellow. "Tonics are what I need. Four fingers of brandy does me for breakfast; two or three nips of whiskey make my lunch; I dine when I get the brandy bottle in front of me again. Come in and have a tippie with me. Old Ludenbaum has become a jovial fellow once more, and even Don Rafaél now takes his toddy regular with me." To this he adds: "Go in, Jack, and take a look at Maud playing her little game. God of Heaven! It is her last stake, and the poor girl is doing it to save papa and sister, eh?" Then his eyes blaze up as they did on the quarter-deck of his vessel thirty years before, and he shocks me by whispering in my ear in drunken pathos: "By the Eternal! If my daughter wins her

little game, damn me if I don't kill the judge of the Supreme Court of Manila."

From him I turn away with a shudder but, thank God, think better of Maud than her drunken father does, for I can't bring myself to believe that for any stake on earth, even her own life, Maud Ysabel Gordon would do aught that would make her despise herself.

I go in. My dear little Mazie in her white gauzes and laces looks pure as the dove of Heaven. Señorita Maud in more brilliant colors, is like a floating rainbow. She is laughing with the judge, who is taking his *bunuelo* and chocolate quite docilely from her white hands—likewise some American commercial pamphlet. She is saying to him: "Don Amadeo, I'm glad you ran in. Here is what I promised you."

I glance at what she promised him, and it is entitled: "American investments, published by John H. Davis & Co., bankers and brokers, Wall Street, New York."

Has this beautiful creature concealed in this book of finance some note of love! The judge looks delighted as he receives it—Why shouldn't he? Maud's lovely fingers have touched his amorous palm? Still, I can't believe it, the girl has so true a face.

But all this family uncertainty makes me doubly resolved, as each day passes, to call Mazie mine. So one bright evening after the typhoon season, as we are sitting in the *caida*, the Japanese screen and some palms giving us privacy, I press my suit, adding to it many subtle arguments such as: "The fiancée is jealous, but the wife must know she has the whole heart of the husband. After I have married you, dear Mazie, you cannot doubt there is no other woman on this earth for me; no eyes like yours; no lips like yours!"

"*Dios*, how I wish I believed," whispers the girl. "But since my sister came bearing the graces of the modern swim—that's what she calls it—I feel I am not like you, my Jackey, a citizen of the world."

"That I wouldn't have you, *for* the world. Your innocent naiveté has greater charms for me than any fine lady airs." I glance at Señorita Maud, who, surrounded by two or three *caballeros*, is displaying the latest New York fad in costumes, the big puff sleeves

of an evening robe that droop below her white shoulders and bulge out from her snowy arms like great gauzy balloons.

"*Santos*, yes. Isn't that frock horrible?" jeers Mazie; then cries: "No, I love it! It is of the modern swim. Maud has brought me one like it, though I never dared to wear it, it is so peculiar."

"Pish, English women wear them."

"Ah yes, but I am not English."

"You will be when you marry me, dear one."

"But I have been told I mustn't marry you, Señor Heretic."

"Aha, Padre de Laviga has spoken to you!" I snarl.

"My confessor has told me to marry only the man I love."

"And that's I."

"*Caspita*, what a guesser you are," says my sweetheart archly. "But I have been told," here tears come in her eyes, "that I'll ruin my family if I wed you."

"Who gave you that precious information?"

"*El Corregidor*."

"Pooh," I sneer, "what does Don Rafaél amount to? Now that Don Amadeo is here, *El Corregidor* sneaks back to your father's sanctum."

"Yes, and gets drunk with him," whispers Mazie.

"And that Don Amadeo—I—I fear him! Jack, speak to Maud—reason with her. He comes every day now. They talk of things I don't understand." Her eyes are open in a kind of pathetic terror. "And Papa curses every time he sees him, but under his breath, and oh dear—he—he is coming now." With this my sweetheart grows palely nervous as a Filipino servitor announces Don Amadeo de Torres, and the judge strolls in to pass a quiet evening under the smiles of Señorita Maud, who turns from the *caballeros* on the balcony, a piquant witchery upon her face, and gives her judicial swain a veiled look that would fire the heart of an anchorite.

In a few moments this judicial Romeo has a fair field to himself.

Very shortly the gentlemen about Miss Maud make their bows and take hasty departure, for by this time

the apparently pronounced position of a man of his almost supreme power makes Mestizo *caballeros* quite shy of affronting His Honor. They fear to be in contempt of a court whose rulings are at times so curious and erratic that they would make Blackstone shake in his grave and even a New York Police Justice roll his eyes and wonder "Why the Boss had ordered it, and if the Bar Association wouldn't impeach him for it."

As for the gallant Colonel Robles, he probably would have cared naught for the judicial ermine, and stroked his long mustachios debonairly, and fought his battle in dashing military style for the favor of the Señorita whose eyes he loved, but he has gone to join the ranks of dead Conquistadores; cut down by a Filipino bolo in a bush fight in Pampangas.

So, perhaps moved by a kind of sickening sympathy for the absent American naval officer, I determine to favor the young lady with the advice of a man of the world. In this resolve I am strengthened by the despairing pathos of Maud's soft voice as I chance to overhear her whisper to the ardent judge: "*Dios mio*, anything is better than—than Spanish bonds."

Still I only dare approach the subject in a round-about, ambiguous way, for the beautiful and reckless one has now a very haughty gleam in her bright eyes whenever any one mentions Don Amadeo de Torres. Doubtless she has heard something of what Manila is whispering, though probably not very much, gossip of this kind being strictly the behind-your-back business.

So His Honor having taken an amorous yet stately leave, I, who have been lingering with Miss Mazie on the balcony among a lot of convenient palm trees, whisper: "*Querida mia*, you wished me to speak to your sister about a certain gentleman, eh, Mazie?"

"Oh, so much. I have not dared to open my lips to Ysabél because—because—you see how she looks. But people say such awful things. The other day, at Señora Mendez' house, I heard—of course, they didn't mean it for my ears, people never do, you know, your friends never wish to break your heart," she adds with a little whimper—"that the beautiful Señora de Guzeman who won her suit at law by Don Amadeo's decision had to give up her good name for his favor. Such a

fearful insinuation I dare not mention to Maud, but, Jack, you might hint, suggest or beat about the bush. You—you are such a man of the world, so diplomatic, so astute, so at times mysterious.”

“By Jove, you don't fear that burnt up letter now!” I say grimly.

“Who could fear a little piece of paper when Maud is making such a fool of herself with that horrible old Don Amadeo. So if you dare speak out what I dare not, just wander over to her. She looks romantic now and softer.”

“For a kiss I'll do it, Mazie,” I remark.

“Well take it now, otherwise you might demand—what's that you commercial men call it—interest, compound interest.” And two sweet little lips come to mine and make me wish that they would stay upon mine forever.

“Quick,” says the girl, “catch Maud while she is in the moonlight. The moon generally makes women tender. Touch her up about that gallant officer of whom she used to speak so much, but now, *Santa Maria*, scarce mentions!”

“I will,” I say. Mentally thanking little Mazie for her astute hint, I conclude the best way to approach the subject of Don Amadeo is by the route of Phil Marston of the U. S. Navy.

So I step along the big balcony, dodging three or four potted flowering plants and a few mosquitoes on the way, to arrive by the side of the haughty sinner, who seems to have a loveliness that might soften any one, even Phil Marston if he knew Miss Beauty had been playing with dainty fingers with the fire that burns.

“I notice,” I say softly, “that your eyes are now turned always towards the north, especially at romantic moments when the soft breezes of evening play about you and the moonlight adds sweet softness to a young maid's thoughts.”

“What are you driving at?” asks Maud with such a fierce directness, as she turns upon me, that I, for the moment, gaze upon her abashed.

But as she has come to business, so will I. “Phil Marston,” I answer, “up in North China waters! Hang it, if he could see you, looking as you do now

with that pearl fan tapping those coral lips, I don't think he'd stay there long."

"Why not? A naval officer, and especially a young one on his first cruise, can't easily get leave."

"He could if he's the ardent lover Phil ought to be. Even commodores are not always stern," I say; then suggest, a little banter in my tones: "Thirty days' leave. Six days from North China to Hong Kong, three days to come here, nine days to get back, two weeks of ecstasy at Manila."

"*Santissima!* don't torture me," mutters the girl, giving me an awful yet entreating look. "God knows I would give my soul to see him. But thank God I have strength enough to keep him from me! Do you suppose I let my gallant Phil know the fight I am making, when it would bring him, perhaps without the leave of his commander to fight my battle with me, for me. O foolish Englishman! Do you guess I write to him who has my heart, about daily executions on the Luneta. Do you imagine I say to my sailor-boy: 'Your affianced has been refused permit to leave this island; she and her poor sister are chained here on a specious plea by the accursed Supreme Court, that they may be naked to their enemies; that my poor father is drinking himself to death in despair at the fate that he feels is coming on his family.' Pha, my darling would be here to die perhaps for me! Nonsense! Phil doubtless believes that half of the few reports which escape the censor's pencil from this distracted island to the outer world are *lies*."

"For this is what his sweetheart writes to him on paper blotted with her tears. 'Everything is happy here and *peaceable*. The insurrection amounts to naught. Some savages up in the mountains, a hundred miles away, are doing a little fighting with the troops. Don't fear for me, adored of my heart, I am as safe as I would be in great New York when an Indian raid takes place in Arizona.' *Dios mio!* to keep him quiet I have written: 'In three months your affianced will be in Hong Kong. In three months you shall lead me to the altar. Don't sacrifice your career to come here for a week and kiss me, when my next kisses to you will be a bride's kisses.' And every line is a vile lie that breaks my heart!"

In the moonlight her face is very pale, her eyes seem to be far away, I think, on the quarter-deck of the *Petrel* which her affianced is pacing in North China waters. Suddenly she turns to me, and says with that supernatural subtlety that women have: "What was your *real* reason for talking of my fiancé?"

In Señorita Maud's present state of mind I don't think it wise to approach the real reason. Therefore I answer her with one of her imported Yankeeisms, and laughingly remark: "Guess again!"

"Guess again? I *can* guess!" she shoots out at me. "I know of what Mazie is frightened; I know what makes my poor drunken daddy curse so awfully. But don't *you* dare hint it!" Her eyes blaze in haughty innocence. Then her beautiful face softens, she murmurs: "You have been a good sweetheart to Mazie, Jack, and true friend to me, and as such, be assured Maud Ysabel Gordon, when she goes to her lover's arms, will go as pure in spirit and in body, and just as full of love as ever bride whom orange blossoms blessed." Her face has an awful blush upon it but she goes on in a kind of sneering, diplomatic tone: "As for this petite affair of mine with His Honor, it is too deep for even your commercial head to fathom, just yet. Your Anglo-Saxon mind would never guess the subtleties of Spanish methods. I fight—" she waves her hand towards the back of the house from which sounds of joviality come, her father's drunken chuckle, the German's snorting laugh, the Corregidor's suave merriment—"those treacherous villains with their own ignoble weapons. But don't you dare hint that the dagger which I am driving deep into those two unsuspecting scoundrels' backs, will sully my hand when I place it in my gallant Phil's for him to place upon it the ring of marriage. By Heaven, that's what I am fighting for,—my happiness; your happiness too, my Cyclops, so that your bride can come to you."

"What do you mean?"

"What I have always meant. El Corregidor! Blind one, can't you see? *Buenas noches*. Forgive me, you made me a little angry. And Jack, you got that packet that came for me to-day from New York via Hong Kong safely through the custom house?"

"Why, yes; of course!" I say. "It contained only records of street railways and electric cars, together with some broker's remarks about stocks. What the deuce do you want with them. Did you make some investments when you were in Yankee Land in case you should fly this island?"

"No, hardly that!" she half laughs, a curious look coming into her fair face. "But please send them up early to-morrow. Run and give Mazie a kiss, then—it is quite late—be a good boy and go away to play bad whist or worse poker at the English Club; for I know even your matter-of-fact mind is not entirely at ease. *Adios.*" She waves half mockingly to me her dainty hand.

So I walk across the balcony to give my sweetheart a good-night kiss.

"You have spoken to Belita, what did she say?" asks Mazie anxiously.

"Nothing! Chiefly asked if I'd got a package through the custom house for her. Only be assured your sister's soul is as white as your hand, dear one, and that is the whitest in the world."

But as my ponies trot along the Malceon to the English Club, I can't help muttering: "What the deuce is Maud driving at with her Spanish methods and stabbing those two scoundrels in their unsuspecting backs, and—deuce take it—commercial reports from Uncle Sam's dominions."

These commercial reports come up in my mind again some week or two later, when one day after the siesta hour, as it is just growing dusk, I chance to see the eldest daughter of Don Silas Gordon step out of her victoria, leaving her duenna half asleep on the luxurious cushions of the carriage, and wander into the agency of the Hong Kong Bank.

Hoping to get some news of my dear Mazie, I cross the street and wake up Señora Valrigo by suggesting laughingly: "Señorita Maud is quite a business woman, eh?"

"Oh, God have mercy on us, yes!" murmurs the duenna. "The child brings me here into dusty Binondo quite often when the Luneta has its breezes, though I prefer a quiet cigarette on our palm balcony at home."

“You—you drive often to the Hong Kong Bank?” I return astounded.

“*Diablo*, three times within a week! *Santa Maria!* I am getting tired of commerce and money changing,” mutters the poor Spanish woman, who seems to be uncomfortable deprived of her afternoon smoke. With this she looks drowsily at me as if she would like to go to sleep again.

But I, anxious always to hear of my darling’s affectations, piquancies and witcheries, go to questioning Señora Valrigo as to Mazie’s movements this day. With this the duenna goes to giving me a wondrous account of a fight between Mazie’s new cat and a pet monkey of which I had made present to my sweetheart.

The lady has perhaps killed five minutes of time in her recital, and I am just taking off my hat and bidding her “*Adios!*” when suddenly I give a little start and drop my sombrero into the dirt of the street.

Señorita Maud, looking fresh and sweet as a wood-violet despite the heat, comes tripping out of the private office of the Hong Kong Bank, and, holy poker! whispering into her very ear, a kind of contented ecstasy in his fish-like, avaricious, yet ardent eyes, is Don Amadeo de Torres.

With averted head I grope for my hat under the prancing ponies’ feet and pretend not to see the judge as he walks away with his Cæsar-like nose and haughty Castilian step, though I can’t help noting that Miss Maud Ysabel Gordon’s face is as red as fire as she steps into the victoria.

Here she contrives to say lightly to me: “Oho, Señor Jack, have you been giving Madam Valrigo a message for your sweetheart?” Then looks me searchingly in the eye, and bending over as I stand beside the carriage, she whispers in low pleading voice: “I know you saw him, but don’t mention it to——”

“To whom?”

“To any one!”

And she drives away, I looking after her wondering and muttering to myself: “By the Lord, three times within the week!”

Suddenly I think: “A rather curious place for rendezvous, the private office of the Hong Kong Bank.”

But just the same I know this afternoon meeting of a young girl with any man would condemn her under Spanish eyes and etiquette to—the ranks of the nameless !

CHAPTER XV.

“ I’LL KICK THE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MANILA DOWN MY STEPS.”

So gradually the affair moves on to a climax the mind of man would scarcely guess.

During this time Captain-General Primo de Rivera discovers that Spanish gold is more potent than Spanish arms, and not being able to crush the rebellion by the fire of musketry, proceeds to throw silver dollars at the patriot Aguinaldo and his chief men, a much more demoralizing bombardment than even that of Mauser bullets.

Thus it comes to pass about this time—it has now approached the end of November—that the Rebels discover they don’t care about fighting the disciplined troops of Spain ; and Señor Aguinaldo with one or two more of his principal officers, under free passport and safe conduct from the Captain-General, journey into Manila and meet the Spanish officials to arrange for a pacification of the Insurgents. This *pacification* is six hundred thousand silver dollars, part paid the Rebel leader in advance, together with free and safe passport for him and some other of the high lights of his following to Hong Kong, where the balance of the money will be put to the patriot’s credit. All this General Don Emilio Aguinaldo—as he calls himself now—stipulates shall be done before his insurgents lay down their arms.

But this surrender of the Rebels and the apparent approach of the end of the Rebellion seems to have a by no means tranquillizing effect upon poor old “ Bully ” Gordon, who meets me one evening early in December in the garden of his residence as I step in from the Calzada San Miguel, and whispers in his half drunken way : “ You have h-heard the news, have you, Se-señor Jackie ? Aguinaldo’s g-going to lay down

his arms. This rebellion will soon be in—in Kingdom come. This is my f-finish !”

“How so?” I ask.

“Because, *Ca-caramba!*—there won't be any more rebels to round up, and they'll bring me to the mast sure, before they l-lose the *chance* of calling me a conspirator. My time is coming,” he grinds his teeth together, “but hang me, if I don't have one go at that devil of the Supreme Court of Manila.”

To this I pay little attention as the old sea-dog has whispered somewhat similar threats several times, and go up the stairs to the *caida* where Miss Mazie meets me, a rather frightened look upon her face.

“Don't go into the salon yet, Jack,” she whispers.

“Why not?”

“Maud is there with Don Amadeo. He—he brought a lot of papers with him.”

“Hang it, what of that? Don't they always look at photographs?” I grin. “Isn't the duenna asleep in the far corner of the parlor?”

“No, I think Maud has contrived to get Señora Valrigo out of the room. They are talking very low and very earnestly together.”

“Well, supposing we talk very low and very earnestly here,” I whisper, and draw Mazie into the well-known retirement of the Japanese screen.

But we haven't kissed more than four or five times before I hear hasty steps coming from Don Silas's room, which is at the other side of the house.

That sea-dog, apparently inflamed by wine and in a very nasty humor, kicks an unfortunate cat out of the window over the balcony into the yard below as he comes cursing and striding along. I notice El Corregidor glance mockingly after him out of the doorway where the two have been apparently taking a quiet nip together.

“Oh, what's Papa going to do?” whispers Mazie. “*Dios mio!* He is swearing in English!” For the burly sea-captain, whose six feet in height is but little lessened by the stoop of debauchery and years, stamps straight into the main salon.

I spring up to follow him and am just in time to see the opening of a most extraordinary interview,

Even as I look in, Maud is standing beautiful as a

goddess. The soft laces of a tropic evening robe sweep about her, enveloping a figure that blends the lithe graces of a girl with those lines of feminine beauty that make Venus the admired goddess of this earth. Its black gauzes give the girl a stately radiance as they float away from rounded arms and chiseled shoulders and sculptured bust that gleam dazzling as ivory and are white as snow. She looks almost a statue, though it is one that has caught the spark from Heaven, and is warm and glowing enough to set fire to much colder clay than that of the legal Don Juan ; for her bosom is heaving like breakers on the shore, her eyes are ablaze with the triumph of a woman *who has won!* She is saying : "Then we understand each other, esteemed Don Amadeo?"

"Yes, *Dios mio*, fair Señorita Ysabélita, the matter is arranged. I am so happy."

"To-morrow you will keep your promise to me, and I will keep my promise to you," murmurs the maiden, and extends her hand for the conquering judge to kiss.

But even as Don Amadeo bends over it and his eyes blaze up as he puts his ardent lips upon the white veined member, astonishment comes upon the judge of the Supreme Court. He is seized by the scruff of the neck, and thrown across the apartment in about the same manner as I imagine Bully Gordon used to handle his cabin-boy in years gone by.

For one moment the girl stares as if she can't believe, then mutters with lips that have grown very pale : "You fool ! You imbecile !"

"Fool !" screams the captain. "You dare talk that way to me, you hussy. Imbecile? I am sane enough to protect my honor. Don Amadeo de Torres !" he speaks savagely as the judge rises half dazed from an ottoman that has checked his fall, "your Honor will leave my house, and if I ever see you in it I'll kick the judge of the Supreme Court of Manila down my steps and through my courtyard and out into the street, boot you as I would that cat I slung out of the window a minute ago. By the Lord Almighty !" he turns upon his daughter, "it's lucky you didn't keep your promise to-morrow, you minx, for if you had I would have killed Don Amadeo de Torres."

At this, Mazie who is behind me bursts out crying, but Maud's face from being marble becomes red as the flowers of the fire-tree. For one second she gazes on her father as if scarce understanding him; then her hands fly to her eyes and hide them as if ashamed.

At this the drunken sea-dog bursts out upon her once more: "You hussy, who can't look me in the face!"

"CAN'T I?" And the hands come down and the eyes blaze at her father until he cowers; then she bursts out on him: "You drunken fool! you imbecile! you dolt, who dares doubt your daughter's honor. For this insult I never will forgive you. Kneel down and apologize to Don Amadeo for doubting him, for doubting me!"

"Damned if I will! I'll throw your Spanish lover over the veranda first."

For the girl is between them, her white lips begging: "Think not of this, dear Don Amadeo," and her gesture is imploring to the judge, who, with white face, is moving towards the door. "Don't heed him," she cries, "my word to you is given, so is your word to me."

"What! Giving your amorous promises before my face, you wanton! By Heaven, when I came in here I thought you were the innocent fly and Don Amadeo the spider. But now I know you're both birds of a feather!" snarls the captain with a horrid oath.

At this, dear little Mazie runs at her father and screams to him: "Liar!" then comes shuddering back to me.

But Maud unheeding this save by a kind of awful shuddering blush, goes on in desperate pleading: "My word to you is given, and it shall be kept religiously, Don Amadeo. Only for the love of Heaven, keep your promise to me, that's all I ask. Think nothing of this; it will pass away from my besotted father with his drink."

"I will think nothing of this, Señorita Maud; neither of what came before. We will consider the affair obliterated. Señor Gordon, I'll no more darken your doors. You have the supreme assurance that no insult of yours to me shall affect my rulings in your case when it comes before me. *Adios, young lady.*"

And the judge would go to the door, but Maud has stopped him and is saying: "Remember, don't heed him!" And her beauty and her pleading grace might stay the steps of any man, but a Spaniard whose self-love has been wounded.

Don Amadeo's face is like a Sphinx's, only it has eyes that gleam serpent-like as they gaze upon the girl's father. "Were your rank and station, sir, equal to my own, you should give me the satisfaction of a gentleman," he says through his white teeth.

"Damn you! I'll fight you now right here; with anything from a harpoon to a rifle!" screams Bully Gordon.

But the judge only answers this with a look of Castilian hauteur and moves to the door.

"And I, since my friend has been insulted in this house, will take my leave with him." This comes to me in the voice of El Corregidor who has been looking at this interview with very contented face which he now turns upon Mazie's shrinking loveliness in a kind of gloating way that makes me want to strike him. "My arm, brother of Spain," continues Don Rafaél, stifling another grin of triumph, and offers his support to the judge of the Supreme Court as the two go down the big stairway that leads into the garden.

Then the scene becomes more horrible, for it is that of a woman's despair. The blush leaves Maud's features which become pallid as ice. She gives a gasp of dismay, and striding to her father, whispers: "Tonight I had won. He had given his promise. Tomorrow, you fool, I would have saved you, your family, your estates; you idiot, you besotted dolt!"

"Bah, what's that to my honor as a father."

"You coward to insult me!" cries the girl. "Do you think I would have done aught that would have made my lips unworthy of the man I love; even to save my body from the flames of Hades? Out of my sight!"

To this her father stammers: "Damn it, w—what did he promise you?"

"That you should have asked before; it is nothing now; it is *too late*. He whom I had made friend to you is now your enemy. Don Amadeo who could have destroyed your enemies and mine, is now walking away

on the arm of one of them. Together they will make their plans that will destroy you."

"Then God forgive me!" says the captain in maudlin despair. "My poor abused darling; my petsey witsey; my Belita. Hang it, damn it, that scoundrel Corregidor was always hinting—nagging. I'll—I'll go and get another drink of whisky!" and staggers off leaving me gazing at the statue of a Venus who becomes a Niobe, and sobs: "Oh, the despair of it! I had it all arranged. Oh, the fool!"

"What arranged?" I ask anxiously; for Mazie has gone trembling away and is crying silently out on the veranda.

"Ah, I was meeting these scoundrels with their own weapons. I had made Don Amadeo my friend, I had interested him in an American speculation that I was to conduct with him. You saw the photographs I showed him of great New York. You remember, Jack, that package of pamphlets that came to me only a month ago. You got them for me. You have noticed how Don Amadeo and I examined them evening after evening. *It was a speculation in American securities.*"

"WHAT?"

"*In American stocks,*" she continues.

"In American stocks?" I scream, staggered with astonishment; then jeer derisively. "You would have roped Don Amadeo in Wall Street? By hockey! You would have got him in your power by swiping all the judge's money?"

"No, no!" cries the girl, indignantly. "It was a certain speculation that had been told me by a great banker in New York, the Metropolitan Street Railway."

"The—the Metropolitan Street Railway?" I gasp, "What's that?"

"Yes, in two years the stock will be worth double what it is now. The evenings those plotters thought we were whispering love, I was explaining to Don Amadeo the photographs of New York. When we talked together, it was not romance, it was *simply business*. I was showing the judge the great lines of streets this railway expected to cover with their electric cars. I was telling Don Amadeo of the multitude of people in the American metropolis. He was avar-

icious. He had money, and feared to place it in the declining bonds of his own country. Like most Spanish officials, he wished to invest his stealings far away from the colony he robbed. You know how they all send immense sums of money from this island, likewise from Cuba, and quite often don't invest them in the securities of Madrid. Don Amadeo was to cable through me two hundred thousand dollars gold to-morrow via the Hong Kong Bank to New York to Alfred de Cordova & Co., who were to buy the securities on the assurance of the Hong Kong Bank. This stock the Hong Kong Bank were to hold as trustee for him. The stock is now at par. Some day it will be a hundred and fifty—two hundred, perhaps more."

"You seem cock-sure of your stock speculation," I remark.

"Oh, so you would be, if you had seen the great city. But it wasn't to give fortune to Don Amadeo I was working. That stock once bought, the judge of the Supreme Court of Manila, by his American investment was made almost one of us. He—he could not dare—" here she whispers in my ear— "to have struck an American citizen down. Linked with us, this all-potent judge—our enemies were as nothing; our case in the Supreme Court was won. O God!" the girl sinks down wringing her hands. "He had promised me to-morrow to see the order of the Court which bound poor Mazie and myself as witnesses to this place, should be annuled and canceled. Mazie would have been free to go with you to Hong Kong. I could have gone there and married the man of my heart. Permits could not have been well refused to us. Besides these Spaniards don't do things by halves. Don Amadeo would have smashed the vipers who for those great tobacco lands would ruin my father; and now—*now!*—*NOW!* he is our enemy. His power which would have crushed *them*, will smite *us!*"

Here a new misery comes into her face. She jeers:—"Listen, *Dios mio*, Papa Ludenbaum has come to sympathize with his dear friend, the drunken sea-captain."

And I hear from Don Silas's sanctum the clinking of glasses, and the jovial voice of the German saying:

“*Mein Gott! eckelhaft!* You have my sympathy, my dear old comrade, in all your trouble.”

“Yes, another glass of whisky, you old Dutch war-horse,” cries Bully Gordon. “Drink to the way I fired the cursed Spanish judge!”

Upon hearing this the young lady sinks down upon a low settee, giving sign of her misery and defeat by nervous twitchings of her delicate hands.

“You think,” I venture, “Señorita Maud, that you could have kept your friendship with this amorous yet avaricious Julius Cæsar of the Supreme Court, within the bounds of business?”

Perchance my gaze is doubting. For now she is a mass of despairing loveliness, that would have made even the cold heart of a Roman consul, wearied with the caresses of a hundred Gallic virgins, beat very fast. Somehow in her agitation the masses of her hair have become unbound and float about, making a net of tossing locks, of stray brown curls, through which gleam shoulders of dazzling whiteness, and a bosom that in its throbbings displays the rounded beauties Phidias gave his marbles. Beneath her tossed-about jupe, one little foot and fairy ankle just peeps out to make the picture perfect.

As I speak, Miss Business rises haughtily, and says in a voice of ice: “Why not, Señor? To a child brought up like my sister, in convent seclusion, it might be impossible; for a woman educated in our Spanish fashion is either in a man’s arms or out of them. But in America, our sex is taught to meet your sex on a different basis.”

“But surely Don Amadeo would have *hoped*?” I remark. Perchance as I look upon her loveliness, my glance is more suggestive than my words.

“He would have hoped forever!” cries the girl indignantly, blushing red as fire. “A woman can put a trocha about herself that no man can step over, though let her beware how she makes the slightest opening in it.” Then she gets redder even than before, and stamps her little foot indignantly, and clenches her hand and glares at me, and mutters: “Don’t dare doubt that I could have kept Don Amadeo looking at me over my barbed wire fence till all his hair dropped off his old head, and every tooth fell out of his poor

jaws. A little trick the American girl taught me as she traveled about, and took mighty good care of her pretty self, even in the wilds of Kansas, or on flirtatious Fifth Avenue, Señor."

This last is said with a piteous, yet roguish, smile, which dies away into a sickly pallor as her father, half-seas over now, comes staggering in followed by Herr Ludenbaum, who in his German, pathetic way, is sympathizing with him, and saying: "Mein noble fellow; mein Filipino Virginius! Der father who will not hold up his hand to save der daughter is unworthy of such a daughter."

Then both Maud and I give a gasp of dismay. For, made cocky in his cups, old Bully Gordon reveals the secret he has kept so long, so well; and gulps: "Ludy, we've got those damned Spaniards anyway. We've got a thing up our sleeve that will—hic—smash 'em all like a bos'n does a ship's boy. My darter in America—that's what I sent her for—has become a citizeness of the United States. The eagle's wings are over her. She is not like her—hic—poor old expatriated daddy, who like a b—blasted idiot ran away from the bird of freedom—naked to these Spanish officials. When the thing comes up in court, you'll see with the American Consul how my poor, abused spit-fire gal will smash 'em!"

This revealing, Gordon's old friend, the German, looks upon with a ghastly face. His jaw drops; his tongue half hangs out. He gasps in a kind of gurgling beery voice: "*Mein Himmel*, you—you say the Señorita Maud has been made a citizen of the United States? Impossible!"

"By heaven and earth, yes! The State of Kansas! Damn it! Maud's *voted* THERE! What does my sour-kraut boy say to that?" guffaws the drunken sea-dog.

But Maud interposing, cries: "What nonsense! Father, you rave. *Women* vote? It is the drunken babble of a man made insane by wine. *Dios mio!* I am no more a citizen of the United States than I am what my father did me the honor of supposing when he struck down Don Amadeo de Torres."

But even as she speaks, I see the girl clutch with her hand her throbbing bosom, and know she wears constantly on her person the document that she thinks will

perhaps be her ægis at the very last, but which may be destroyed in its power and virility by the machinations of an enemy who now guesses the weapon with which she is armed.

For it is evident Herr Adolph believes that drunken men tell the truth.

In fact the drunken man impresses this upon him by crying: "Don't dare to tell your poor old dad that he lies, Miss Sauce-box! Hang it, if I had brought you up properly, my fine lady, and given you a sound strapping once or twice when you were younger, you would not now have cheeked me in my old age!"

He glares at his beautiful daughter, who answers this with a jeering, nervous laugh, though her face is haughty as a Boadicea's.

Then he breaks out in boozy repetition: "Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth—hic—you know the rest, old Ludy. Old beer-mug, this vixen drives me to drink. What will you ha-have? Whisky?"

Don Silas's voice dies away as he staggers off to his beloved tippie, while Herr Adolph attempts consolation to the indignant goddess in a kind of unctuous sympathy remarking: "Don't be afraid, mein leedle fraulein, of your drunken father. Old Papa Ludenbaum will soothe him down, won't he, mein leedle dove."

With this he retreats after old Bully, who is now calling wildly: "Come! Don't shirk your tippie, beer-barrel."

The moment we are alone, I whisper savagely, for the blood has been boiling in my veins at this scene: "You—you do not fear any personal violence from your father in his drunken fits?"

"From my dear father, who has always been gentleness itself to me—until this day? Impossible!" mutters the girl. "No, no! I fear only the effect upon our fate. He is becoming wax in that sneaking German's hands."

Then she swings around upon me, her eyes blazing with resolve, looks me in the face, and American business tones dominating her soft Spanish accents, knocks me down with: "Now, JACK, MY BOY, YOU HAVE GOT TO MARRY MAZIE AT ONCE!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EMPTY HOUSE ON THE CALZADA SAN MIGUEL.

FOR a moment I gaze at her stupefied. "Marry Mazie—at once?" I gasp.

"Yes! Don't you want to?"

"*Want to?*" The ecstasy in my face answers her. "For what have I been staying around here in a kind of semi-purgatory? WANT TO? I want to as bad as Ruth wanted Boaz!" Then I go on: "But Mazie, what will she say? The Church, I understand, objects to her marrying a heretic."

"Mazie has got to say yes right now if she wants to be your wife!" cries the girl decidedly; next commences to wring her hands and gasp: "Dolt that I was, not to have written my gallant lover of my extremity! Then he would have been here to marry me. But that is too late now," she sighs. "Still there is a chance of happiness for Mazie if she weds you at once," she says as if inspired. "Englishman, you can appeal to the British Consul if the Supreme Court of Manila orders *your wife* to go to Nueva Ecija to give her evidence. Don't let them get her there, that's her danger! far away in the wilds with only Spanish power about her, no way of communication except by horses, buffalo carts and bancas down the river. Cut off! *Dios mio*, cut off! Marry her and keep Mazie in Manila, Jack. That's your chance. Then I will be at least free to fight my own battle and that of my poor besotted father." The girl's eyes fill with tears, but she dashes them away with noble resolution; runs out onto the veranda and in a flash brings Mazie back with her, half dragging my pretty sweetheart, who seems to be in a kind of a dazed horror since her father drove the Spanish judge out of his house, and called her sister "wanton."

"Now, Mazie," says Maud decidedly, "you've got to marry Jack within a week; sooner if possible!"

"Marry Jack within the week?"

“Yes, it is not such an awful fate,” I assert savagely.

“But they have told me it will ruin papa.”

“Anyway your being a maiden won't save him now, and it's your chance of happiness,” cries Maud determinedly; then she says sternly: “I take the direction of you, Mazie, now that my poor father is incapable through his debauchery. I give you to the man you love. I order you to marry him!”

“Has Padre de Laviga put in any word against me?” I whisper angrily; for Mazie has stamped her little foot defiantly at her sister's command.

“No,” says my sweetheart in a hesitating voice. “The priest told me always to marry the man I loved and no other. He is good, gentle, a saint. But,” here she shudders, “*El Corregidor*.”

“This is the only way to save you from him,” whispers Maud. “Heavens, how I would fly to Phil Marston's arms if he were here imploring me!” then bursts out for the first time in all this night crying as if her heart would break, and sobbing: “My lost one, whom I have kept from me like an imbecile, thinking to fight my own battle!”

Apparently impressed by her sister's despair, and perchance some subtle caresses I lavish on her and noting my looks which say to her it is *now or never*, Mazie gives a little love cry and falls into my arms, murmuring: “Do what you will with me, Jack, only don't look so sternly at me!” and I, a kind of delicious ecstasy in my brain, place my lips upon the lips I think fondly will be those of my bride within the week.

For Maud has said: “We must make our preparations as rapidly as possible;” then turning to me, she adds: “Don't you let any of your no-religion ideas bar Mazie's way to the altar! If the priest will not marry you without your promising that your children shall be Catholics,”—here my sweetheart gives a little bashful cry—“don't you put in a surly Anglo-Saxon, ‘no!’ You don't go to any Church here, I notice, Señor Curzon. Let your children be brought up in the religion of your wife, who will teach them to be good, much better than you can. Give up something for her, she surrenders a good deal for you.”

Impressed by her words, I mutter: “If it will make Mazie happy, yes.”

“Oh thank you, Jack,” cries my sweetheart. “If I hadn’t married you in the Catholic Church, I should have feared forever the pains of purgatory. I should scarcely have thought I was your wife.”

“You *shall* think you are my wife!” I promise, a flush upon my face.

Then Maud whispers: “Thank God! Make your preparations, Señor Jack. My sister must marry you within three days.”

“So soon?” is Mazie’s bashful cry.

“Yes, I’d make it to-morrow if I could; but we must appear not to be entirely dismayed,” continues her sister consideringly. “I shall keep my usual routine of society. To-morrow night Mazie and I and our duenna will go to Señora Valdez’ reception; where your affianced shall be blithe as a coming bride, and I—I will be as brave as I can be.” Maud speaks in a kind of despair that frightens me. “The evening after, you come up quietly here. By that time I will have obtained the necessary dispensation; and the next morning kind-hearted Padre de Laviga shall make you happy.”

“All right,” I answer, “anything to marry Mazie. But your father?”

“My father shall give his consent to-morrow morning. When sober he will be penitent and I can twist his dear old heart round my little finger,” says Maud confidently. “Now go and make your preparations, Señor Jack. Give your bride one kiss more, and take this from me——” She draws from under the laces and gauzes that guard her bosom a little packet.

“Is it another letter?” gasps Mazie.

“Yes; to the man I love. Something I have written days ago. Give it to Phil Marston, Jack, in case——”

“What do you fear?” I whisper.

“Oh, I don’t know what I fear. Everything, anything—now they guess I am going to claim American citizenship.”

“Why not go to the American Consul at once?”

“And demand *what?* Protection from the air? I am living in luxury here and apparent happiness. Besides I fear they will attack my papers, in some subtile way. It is unusual for a female to become a member of the body politic of any nation. In addition,

I am the offspring of a Spanish woman, and a father who has renounced his American citizenship to become a subject of Spain. What legal quibbles may they not bring up, since that putty-faced German knows my secret? Papa Ludenbaum!" she bursts out jeeringly: "He who gave me sweetmeats when I was a child, who, when I was too young to know, induced me by my love of this island to become—you know what, Jack," she whispers; then mutters, a kind of terror coming in her voice: "What do his eyes mean to me?" but forcing herself to calmness remarks: "Pha, my fears make me foolish, idiotic! Go away Jack, and make your preparations. Put your bungalow in order, for you have as pretty a bride as ever tripped over the nuptial threshold. But beware you are worthy of the dear one I give you. Remember, the evening after to-morrow. I don't think the necessary dispensation can be obtained before that time."

"Oh, I'll drop in on you and Mazie several times before that," I say half laughingly. "That arrangement will suit me precisely. I have to run down to Cavité to-morrow on important business and must be careful to stand high with Martin, Thompson & Co. now I assume new responsibilities."

So after a little I drive away as merry as a robin who doesn't know he is to be shot upon the morrow.

Quite cheerily also the next morning I come down from Ermita to my office and make my arrangements for my trip to Cavité. This place, recaptured from the Insurgents some few months before, is now getting into business order again. Though the rebellion has practically died out, the roads between Manila and the town near which the Spanish naval arsenal is situated are still somewhat disturbed by roving bands of Rebels; therefore I conclude to take a pleasant sail in an old steam launch that I succeed in chartering for the purpose. It is manned by some Mestizo boatmen, is run by a Spanish engineer, called Diego, and belongs to a Jew named Gugenheim, who has an office not very far from Herr Ludenbaum's place of business.

While making my arrangements for the journey, to my astonishment Ah Khy pops into my private office, something the Chinaman hasn't done for months. Since I assisted in making him a Katipunan, Khy

seems to regard my presence as dangerous to his personal safety.

“What the deuce do you want, Khy, my boy?” I say as affably as I can.

“Only this,” he whispers mysteriously to me. “Since this thing has all blown over now and Aguinaldo taken his hush money, I think it is about time to do a little justice to my governor in Hong Kong and smash old Ludy with those receipts for arms.”

“You have got them still?” I ask, astonished; for I had supposed the Chinaman had certainly destroyed them.

“Yes,” whispers Khy. “Buried in an iron box under a tree in the back yard of our office. They used to keep me awake at night when I had them in the safe.” Then he breaks forth into a little chuckle:

“Oh, Josh, won’t my dad raise my allowance if I get his German enemy into a pot of trouble. I have fixed how to do it also, subtle as a Thug. But I want your advice about one or two details.”

“Well, I can’t wait for you now, I’ve got to go to Cavité, but when I return.”

“How long will that be?”

“Only until this evening; back at six o’clock. That’s if the launch doesn’t break down. The machinery looks rather rickety, though the boat is staunch, and the engineer assures me everything is all right.”

“All light! To-morrow morning sure!” remarks the Chinese dandy, and brushing his high hat strolls out of the office.

Detained in Manila by the thousand and one details of routine business, I finally get off about eleven o’clock and make a very pleasant sail over the soft waters of the bay to Cavité, to find the town, bombarded by the Spaniards and looted by the Rebels, is just recovering a little from the destruction of war.

It is some little time before I get through my business with Mr. Young, an Englishman who has a shipyard and some coal docks on Sangléi Point, near the little village of Cañacao.

But about four o’clock I hurry back to my launch, and find to my dismay the engineer reports the machinery has got out of gear.

“How long will it take to put the engine into working order?” I mutter to Diego impatiently.

“Perhaps an hour, Señor.”

“Then go to work at once!” I cry, and walk up to take my lunch at Cavité on the Arsenal street in what they call a hotel—though it is not one—being a mixture of road tavern and boarding-house for transients, and not good enough for a mosquito to eat in. The landlord says the Insurrection has ruined him and uses this as an excuse for starving the survivors of it.

An hour afterwards going down again, I find the machinery of the launch is not in order, though very voluble promises are made. Were it not so late I would take a pony and a native guide and try to get to Manila by way of the land, but it is almost dark now, and I know the country is by no means quiet. Rebels are potting and looting wanderers indiscriminately between the outposts of Cavité and the Spanish line of intrenchments at Malate and Ermita.

A few minutes after, my hopes of the launch are again dissipated. The machinery has been fixed, but the boiler is out of order. Sometimes I have since thought all this came about through my friend Ludenbaum.

So I linger on till all chance of boat or steamer or any water conveyance is gone for the day.

With a sigh I find I am compelled to spend the night in Cavité. I give most savage orders to the engineer to get additional help and fix his miserable kettle so that I can surely return in the morning. Then I wander up to the hotel to pass a night in Hades fighting with insects—though despite the annoyance I am very happy, I am one day nearer Mazie.

Then next morning, such are their Spanish methods of delay, that the launch is not ready until almost the afternoon, and I have once or twice thought of taking a banca or a boat rowed by hand, not being able to find any steam craft.

But Diego at last cries: “Ready, Señor!”

It is all of twelve o'clock before I get started on my return trip, and the boat goes very slowly.

Fortunately, however, after many anathemas from Diego at the engines, the coal and everything but himself, we glide alongside the stone landing steps on the

Pasig, and about six o'clock in the evening I find myself in Binondo.

I have been absent from my sweetheart thirty-six hours. Seizing a carromata, I direct the man to drive hurriedly to the bungalow of Don Silas Gordon in the suburb of San Miguel, and am in so great a hurry that I do not place any importance at the fellow growing pale at my order.

God knows what joy is in my soul. I am driving to the arms of my loved one, the girl who will be my bride upon the morrow. My blood courses through my veins in a kind of insane ecstasy. In a few moments Mazie's kisses will be on my lips.

But some three hundred yards from the entrance of Gordon's villa, the man suddenly pulls up and says one of his ponies is too lame to move, though he demands his fare.

Too impatient for the sight of my sweetheart to dispute with the fellow, whose face bears the stoical smile common to the Filipino race, which conceals the stubbornness of an Andalusian mule, I pay him and make the short distance on foot.

As I tramp along the street under the shade of the bamboos and fire-trees, I hear the rattle of the half-crazy vehicle I have come in, and see the man driving off like the wind. For some occult reason his pony has suddenly recovered from its lameness.

My mind is only upon my charming sweetheart. I have been away for two days—in four more minutes Mazie's kisses will be on my lips. I enter the pretty little garden of bamboos and tropical plants, and cry out lustily: "*Oy bata!*" some half a dozen times. No one answers but I think little of this, for native servants will let you call forever.

Impatient for my sweetheart's arms, I run up the big stairway, open the front door—Filipino houses are never locked—step into the magnificent *caida*, and cry out again: "*Oy bata!*" but no boy, nor girl, nor servant of any kind makes their appearance.

I step into the reception-room. The appearance of the place astounds and shocks me. It is growing dark; though the lamps are not lighted, I can note that things have been tossed about in apparently reckless disorder. Maud's banjo is lying broken on the floor.

The New York photographs in her portfolio are strewn about the room.

“What the deuce has happened?” I gaze about. The place seems deserted. “By the God of misery! *I am in an empty house!*”

CHAPTER XXVII.

“FINE NEWS FOR PHIL MARSTON OF THE U. S. NAVY!”

THEN I call: “Mazie! Mazie! Maud, where are you?” and run into the dining-room.

Here by the light of a kerosene lamp I discover, with his two slippered feet upon a magnificent inlaid table, smoking a *cigarro*, the perfume of which I remember as one of Bully Gordon’s finest *Incomparables*, and drinking a bottle of champagne which I remember as Bully Gordon’s favorite Cluquot, a Spanish gentleman in white linens and official costume, who, rising, says in haughty languor: “Señor, permit me to ask you not to make such a disturbing noise, and to introduce myself as Don Emilio Gonzalo de Monaldo, one of the under-secretaries of the Supreme Court of Manila. What do you wish?”

“I called to see Don Silas Gordon and his family. Where are they?” I ask hastily. “This is his house!”

“Was his house. Senor Gordon is under arrest in the Citadel of Santiago!” He waves his hand towards the Old Town.

“His daughters; are they not here?” My voice is hoarse with astonishment and dismay.

“Certainly not! *This is confiscated property!*”

“My God, are they arrested also?”

“I don’t know. I think not. If the Señor will kindly apply to the office of the general-staff in the Old Town, he may learn more.”

“Is Gordon executed?” I gasp and support myself by grasping a chair.

“Perhaps, but I think not—not yet.” Then the Spanish official says suspiciously: “Your name, sir, and your connection with this suspect.”

“Certainly,” I answer, for I know boldness is the

best way with these fellows ; “ I am John Talboys Curzon, manager of the English house of Martin, Thompson & Company. Here is my card. If you wish any further information about me, apply at the English Consul’s.”

Stunned, I stagger away, and fortunately finding an empty *carromata* on the Calzada, mutter to the driver in broken voice : “ English Club, Ermita ! ”

From the breezy veranda of the cool club-house I gaze with dazed eyes over the ripples of the bay, and receive some details of the infernal affair that make my head reel and my heart grow cold as ice and heavy as lead.

To my excited and anxious queries little Simpson of the English Consul’s office, taking me aside, whispers : “ Yes ; they took old Gordon safe enough. But here is something that I tell to nobody but you. You’re engaged to one of his daughters ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ They not only took Bully Gordon, *but they killed him.* ”

“ My God ! Impossible ! ”

“ Yes, the trick was done very neatly. They arrested him last night at twelve o’clock, a time old Bully Gordon was *sure* to be *fighting* drunk. Of course the inebriated old sea-dog resisted ; of course that was the end of him. Nobody asked why that volley of musketry was heard last night at twelve o’clock ; nobody with common sense in the San Miguel suburb. They’ll probably tell you he is over in the citadel in Old Manila, but old Don Silas is under ground. He always was banging his head against the Spanish bayonets. Then of course you know the poor fellow was a subject of Spain, the officials down on him, lots of property and two beautiful daughters—I beg your pardon.” And little Tommy Simpson nervously buries his mouth in the glass that is in front of him.

“ But his daughters ? My Heaven ! what have they done with them ? ”

“ Oh, they’re safe enough, under the care of old Ludenbaum.”

“ Under the *care* of Ludenbaum ? ”

“ Yes. Don’t look so wild, old man. He is kind of guardian for them now. You had better drive

around to see him. He can tell you, of course, better than any one else. I advise you to take a peg too before you go ; you look as if you need it." And Tommy, after ringing the bell, raises his voice, and cries : " Here, boy, order one *carromata* and two *stingahs* quick ! "

I take both of Simpson's prescriptions. After bolting the liquor I fly to Ludenbaum's offices on the Plaza de Cervantes, in a kind of half crazy state.

As I drive my brain whizzes at the infernal cunning of attempting the arrest, at twelve o'clock at night, the hour they knew old Bully would be *fighting* drunk. Some one interested in Gordon's taking off had given them that point, and some official must have been very willing to see the hint was taken.

At Ludenbaum's big commercial establishment as I arrive, they seem to be closing early, apparently for some kind of a *fête*. I see a supper table set out in the big back room. Champagne seems ready to flow. Some of the clerks have white flowers in their button-holes. The table has floral decorations. I dreamily note this as the boy at the door shows me in.

My face seems to impress the boy. I am ushered at once into the inner office where the blue-eyed methodical German cashier is adding up columns of figures in his placid Teutonic way.

"What can I do for you, Herr Curzon?" this gentleman says politely. "Our esteemed Herr Adolph will not be here for several weeks."

"Not here—for—for several weeks?"

"Yah, he left Manila early this morning. May I be permitted to offer you a cigar?" remarks the cashier, lighting up.

I refuse the cigar, and sinking into a chair, ask : "Where has Herr Adolph gone?"

"To Nueva Ecija ! "

"To—to—Nueva—Ecija?"

"Yes, the Rebels having laid down their arms, the court will open soon."

"Never mind Herr Ludenbaum," I mutter. "I called to inquire for poor Gordon's two daughters, the *Senoritas* Mazie and Maud."

"They went with Herr Ludenbaum."

"The—the deuce you say!" I stammer.

"Certainly; Herr Adolph is the guardian of the

younger, Mazie, by her father's will. They say old Papa Gordon died in the prison from heart disease or drink or something, last night, and, of course, my principal is naturally the guardian of the elder."

"The—guardian—of—Senorita—Maud—Ysabel—Gordon?" I repeat slowly in an imbecile and faltering way.

"Pardon me, Herr Curzon," remarks the clerk with Teuton preciseness, hitting me with a mental sledgehammer, "that *was* the Fraulein's maiden name."

"Her—*maiden*—name?" My tongue is lolling out of my mouth, my eyes are rolling in their sockets.

"Certainly," he continues suavely. "Did you not know that Fraulein Maud Ysabel Gordon is the *wife* of Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum."

With this a pile-driver seems to come down and strike my dazed brain. I shriek: "WHAT?"

"Certainly! Fraulein Maud has been the spouse of my honored principal *for eight years.*"

"WHAT?"

"Married to him by the *Cura* of the church of Caranglan in Nueva Ecija. Herr Adolph wishes the news of his happiness spread about social Manila so that there can be no gossip nor scandal."

"And his—his wife, and her sister have gone with him to Nueva Ecija?"

"Yes, praise to God. It is, I believe, the beginning of our esteemed Herr Adolph's honeymoon. The child was very young when he married her."

"Yes, they do marry young in the Philippines," I mumble.

"Certainly. Herr Adolph did not press for his marital rights before. Will you not drink with us to the bride? Our principal has given his employés a wedding supper. My toast will be: A great love and many children!"

I catch the last of this as I stagger out into the Plaza de Cervantes, a kind of boiler shop in my brain, which is whirling in a comatose despair. "Mazie the ward—Maud the wife—of that infernal old German villain!"

I stand in an idiotic way, jostled by the few people who are passing in the dusk of the evening. "This girl whose whole soul and whose young heart are that of a brave young fellow in the United States Navy,

married and on her wedding tour with that old fat rascal. *I know it is a lie!* I—Good God!”

My reverie closes with a bang. I have received the secret sign manual of the Katipunán from a passing Mestizo. It wakes me as from a dream. I look closely at the man who has given me the signal. By Heaven and Earth, it is—can it be?

I see he wishes me to follow him. I do follow him—straight to the bazar of Herr Chick & Co. in the Rosario into a dark and gloomy room, where the savage sniffs about and finally says: “All is safe, my Brother!” and brings Ah Khy, who is faltering and very much excited, in to me.

“Ata Tonga, you have come——?” I break out.

“For the same purpose that you are here. To save my beloved mistress and her sister, she who loves you.”

“You know?” I ask savagely.

“That old Ludy has done you, old boy,” remarks Ah Khy placidly. “But I am going after him to avenge my governor and smash old Ludenbaum with those receipts for arms.” Then he says with Chinese cunning: “I’ve found out that Captain Chaco, who commands the one hundred men that make the Spanish force in that out-of-the-way place is the bloodiest patriot Spain ever had. Chaco shall do Ludy for me, do him, till he’s planted in a sugar field!”

“Yes,” says Ata Tonga commandingly. “Khy my brother, can now use those receipts without damage to our insurrection. Our cause is no more. Our rebellion is—is sold out. The great Aguinaldo will go to Hong Kong to receive money enough to make him rich. he and a few others,” he jeers. “As for the rest of us, we must bow to the Captain-General before the 27th of December, or die.”

“And you die?” I whisper.

“No, I bow.”

“That’s good sense.”

“I bow until I rise again. But it isn’t that which fills my heart with fire now. It is the despair of my adored lady, whose father is surely dead.”

“How do you know that?”

“I have smelt his grave!”

“The devil!”

“It is under the gravel walk just in front of the steps

leading to the front door of his bungalow. The Spaniards were in a hurry and did not dig deep."

"Do you know anything of Señorita Maud's cursed marriage?" I whisper with a sigh.

"Nothing except—a lie! It is said here that she has honored by the glories of her hand a man she loathes. But, Brothers, I will be your guide up the river across the great lagoons, over the wavy grass plains, unto the edge of the grand mountains, into the land of wonders," he says. "By the aid of the Tagal you shall be safe not only from the guns of the few Filipinos who remain in arms, but also from the poisoned arrows of the lurking Negrito. You come?"

"I come as I love Mazie Gordon!"

"Then we start to-night!"

"At once! As a merchant I can engage a craft to carry us to the Pampanga River," I answer. "This would be difficult to you."

"*Dios*, then here in half an hour!" And we three grip hands and know we mean it; notwithstanding Khy's clasp is clammy, and our conversation has been in lowest whisper, and the gloom of the room is such that we only catch each other's flashing eyes.

From this I stride away to Martin, Thompson & Co.'s to make quick preparations for my journey, and send a messenger to tell young Budlong to take charge of the business while I am absent.

In my downtown office, I, fortunately have a good shooting suit and plenty of sporting ammunition. I light up the room, for it is now quite dark, and am just rigging myself in a good serviceable jungle costume, and seeing that I have cartridges enough, and getting down an old sporting rifle, when suddenly there comes a thundering rap on my door.

I hear young Simpson of the English Consul's office outside. He shouts: "Jack! Are you there?"

"Yes!" I answer.

"Let me in, quick!"

And I opening the door, Tommy comes in with a very troubled yet official look on his face. He has a naval officer's boat cloak over his arm, though the night is warm.

"What do you want, old man?" I say testily. "I'm in a hurry."

"So am I. I've just got sixty seconds to save your life. A file of Spanish soldiers will arrest you in two minutes. You're mixed up in that damned Katipunan business. Some one has reported it. Walker sent me down here to get you out of the country to dodge a diplomatic row."

"I won't go!"

"Ah, thank Heaven, Jack, you're not mixed up in that cursed society. Stay here and we'll protect you if the *Daphne* has to open her guns upon Manila to do it," says Tommy, eager to uphold British rights. "By the Lord, we'll cable and have half the China squadron in this bay in a jiffy."

To this I make no reply. I am putting cartridges in my revolver.

"What the devil are you doing that for?" he asks; then goes on: "You're not connected in any way with the Katipunan?"

"That's none of your business."

But I don't bluff little Tommy. Suddenly Simpson assumes an official air, and cries commandingly: "I charge you to answer in the Queen's name!"

"I am a full-fledged blood-brotherhood Filipino!" I say savagely. "Look at my arm!"

"Good God! Then you've got to get out of Manila."

"I won't till I've blown out the brains of that infernal Ludenbaum."

"You must! You're crazy. I have six sailors here behind that door from her Majesty's *Daphne* to drag you down to the boat if you make resistance. We're not going to have our Government and Spain at loggerheads about an English subject dying a dog's death before a firing party in the Luneta. Here, this'll disguise you!"

With this Simpson throws the officer's boat cloak over me.

Perchance I am weak from the thundering smashes that have come upon my brain, within the hour. Anyway, after a fruitless struggle, in which my strength is as naught, four great big stalwart English jack-tars half drag, half carry me down to a man-of-war gig which is waiting at the Pasig landing. Under the Consul's privileges and those of the English Navy the boat has no custom house examination.

Little Simpson springs in beside me and whispers to the coxswain, who is steering: "Tell your men to hang on to him. Look at his eyes! He may jump overboard!"

"You needn't fear that," I answer in half maniac despair, "I'll live until I send that infernal German to Hell ahead of me!"

So I, a dazed, smashed-up mental wreck, am, despite my struggles, hoisted up the side-ladder of Her Majesty's *Daphne* and turned over to the surgeon of the ship, who jabs into me a hypodermic syringe, and, curse him, takes all the senses out of me.

The next morning I wake to find myself in a cabin just off the wardroom, the *Daphne* driving through the blue waters of the China Sea—and think in a half dazed way the whole thing is a nightmare.

But the noise of the machinery and the motion of the vessel shakes me into a kind of sentiency. Then some scraps of conversation coming from the wardroom mess, drive daggers through my aching head.

"It's deuced cheerful, that young cock sparrow in there has given us a trip to Hong Kong," says a nautical voice. "My wife will meet me on the Praya."

"Yes, jerking Jackie Curzon out of the grip of Spain has given us a run to 'sweethearts and wives,'" laughs another.

With a horrid groan—I remember!

Every revolution of that accursed propeller, churning under the stern, is taking me away from her I love, she who is being dragged into the recesses of the great tropic island—for what purpose—to Nueva Ecija—where El Corregidor is nigh omnipotent! The place Maud has warned me of!

Then words come to me again from the wardroom breakfast table in a horrid jumble.

"I say the girl that got young Curzon into this mess is deuced pretty—old Bully Gordon's daughter."

"Yes, I had my eye on the little lady one day as she was driving on the Malceon."

"Yes, but her sister; she's the stunner!"

"Married to old Ludenbaum, the fat-eyed German; lots of money though."

"The very day her father died."

"It is said old Gordon expired of the D. T.'s just as

the troops arrested him. A Tagal conspirator had been in his house disguised as a flunkey."

"Oh, but that's nothing! Six months ago, I had it from a Yankee officer the bride was engaged to a man in their squadron. You saw him in Hang Kow, dark-eyed chap!"

"By Jove!" I laugh. "The news I bring will make Phil Marston dance a sailor's hornpipe on his quarter-deck!"

Am I becoming delirious again? I must be! For now to me come words that seem to put pandemonium in my brain.

"The skipper's carrying on like blazes. He's got a wife on Mount Austin. Fifteen knots, isn't it, Chief?"

"A little better."

"Fifteen knots an hour from her I love?" I scream. Then springing up I stalk like a ghost in pajamas into the wardroom, pale, disheveled, my eyes blazing like searchlights—at least that is what the surgeon told me—and astound them all by commanding: "Stop those engines, chief engineer! Fifteen knots from her I love! From the girl I was to have married this morning! Damn it, I am captain now! Stop your engines!"

Then, for they have all sprung up, the surgeon flies at me and jabs his hypodermic once more into my arm, and, God bless him, gives me—*nothingness!*

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THAT'S A YARN FOR THE MARINES!"

I WAKE in a room of the Hong Kong Hospital something like six weeks after this—at least that is what Doctor Tomax, the surgeon in attendance, tells me after I have become sufficiently convalescent to be permitted to talk; but not permitted to talk upon the subject that flies into my brain with every throb of returning strength. Each additional drop of blood that nourishment puts into my attenuated body seems to be another drop of bull-dog determination that I'll not be beaten in my love.

But linked with this is the awful feeling embodied in that disheartening Americanism: "What are you going to do about it?"

Apparently nothing—while I am in the hospital. For Tomax, who is as considerate a surgeon as ever cut off a man's leg, will make no answer to my inquiries in a voice that trembles from the weakness of the fever. They say it is jungle fever. I know it is brain fever. Manila is healthy; I *was* strong! No more ardent bridegroom ever looked forward with pulses bounding with the vigor of youthful love to his wedding day than I, before that pile-driving succession of surprises, chagrins, horrors and despairs, capped by the climax of the British consul kindly shanghaeing me out of Manila to save my life, knocked me into a mental cocked-hat.

To my whispered: "The news from Manila, for God's sake!" the surgeon says: "Wait till you are stronger, my boy," and I can get nothing out of him.

So I take his advice and get stronger, the doctor says, *very fast*; but to me it is slow as Chinese progress. For it is two weeks more and pretty well into the middle of February, 1898, before I am on my pins and able to be moved to some pleasant rooms on Mount Austin, which Thompson, one of my chiefs, a hard-headed but kind hearted old Scotchman, has engaged for me, the firm having shown their friendly feelings towards me by many attentions during my illness.

To my inquiries as to news from Manila, Thompson, as he settles me in my quarters, remarks: "Wait till you're stronger, me lad."

"Is it so bad as that?" I falter.

"No, it is *good* news."

"Good news?"

"The best! Hemp has gone up! But don't you excite yourself. The two last cargoes you shipped, our cables tell us, arrived in England in very good shape. But I'm afraid from what the Spaniards say about ye, we'll nae be able to send yer back to Manila for some little time. They're making a deel of a row about ye down there. Young Budlong writes me the Spanish officials say ye were connected with that chiel Aguinaldo in some way, furnished his arms and munitions o' war. A sma' private venture on yer own

account, eh, me bra' laddie? Aguinaldo is in Hong Kong now shrieking out that the Spaniards ha' nae paid him all the hush money they agreed to. Has he settled with ye in full, mon?"

To this I give a kind of hideous laugh, and ask: "Aren't there any private letters for me from young Budlong?"

"Hoot, yes. But Budlong wrote us nae to gi'e 'em ta ye 'till ye were as strong as a brayin' bullock. Budlong likes ye, and particularly begs we'll keep an eye that ye do nae come back to Manila. He says yer life would nae be worth a groat if the Spanish Governor General got his clutches on yer wind-pipe, me bra' arms smuggler.—Don't fret about getting to business, when ye're strong enough, yer desk is waiting for ye."

But all this makes me doubly anxious to read Budlong's private news.

Probably thinking that my health will not be improved by anxiety and that I will be able to bring my mind down to business with greater rapidity if I know the worst, about the middle of February, Thompson sends to me the packet from Budlong which seems to have dodged the Spanish censor, by being brought by the captain of one of our trading vessels. It has no postage stamps on it.

I open it to find two letters.

One of these makes me start with astonishment. It is addressed to me in the German script of Ludenbaum, a penciled note on the envelope by Budlong stating it had arrived at our Manila office the day I had spent in Cavité, had been left for me on my desk and apparently had been unobserved by me in the hurry of my rapid flight.

I tear it open and grind my teeth over the following :

BINONDO, *December 14th*, 1897.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND :

You will, I know, congratulate me on my nuptials to a young lady for which you have always asserted a friendship, Fraulein Maud Ysabel Gordon, who, as a child, became my wife eight years ago. The completion of these happy nuptials I now take the honor to announce to you.

Also it is my sorrow to relate the death of my valued friend, the late Captain Silas Salem Gordon, who came to an end that he, I am

sure, was pleased with, a painless expiration from the pleasures of Bacchus.

By the last wishes and also the last written Will and Testament of the deceased, my old comrade, his youngest daughter, Fraulein Mazie Inez Gordon, is placed under my sole control, direction and guardianship, to which, of course, is now added my authority as the husband of her elder sister.

Acting by this authority for Fraulein Mazie's best interests, I am resolved to cancel and annul some feeble hope of marriage the child has held out to you in her innocence of the world; your situation as clerk hardly warranting you in looking towards one whose fortune is so much beyond yours.

Therefore upon my return, in case I should deem it best to bring Fraulein Mazie Inez Gordon with me to Manila, I will esteem it a favor if you will kindly withdraw from any persecution of the innocent child, whom I shall not permit to receive any attentions or visits from you.

Fraulein Mazie being still well under age by Spanish law, do not doubt the child in my house will be kept closely guarded and before my return to Manila, will also have been taught to be thoroughly obedient to my command.

A sharp German governante will not be so easily hoodwinked as the old imbecile Spanish duenna who used to permit her charge to accept your attentions. So please keep your distance.

These suggestions I make with the greatest esteem, wishing to save you any further trouble in a matter that is now entirely finished and obliterated.

Yours, with extreme friendship,

ADOLPH MAX LUDENBAUM.

To

JOHN TALBOYS CURZON, ESQ.

This fishy, cold-blooded epistle makes me half insane with a kind of hopeless yet fiendish rage. "By the Lord Harry, he will not permit Mazie to receive my visits! He will coerce my darling! He has got a stern old German governante for her who will *teach* her to be obedient! This infernal Teutonic authoritative brute says my love for this girl, who should have been my bride two months ago, is finished! By Heaven! This means *El Corregidor!*" As I shiver at the thought I determine to go back to Manila, Spanish firing party or not." No sharp German governante can keep me from seeing my darling! No Dutch guar-

dian shall prevent my making Mazie Gordon my bride!"

This raving, idiotic in its impotency, dies away as I think of the hopelessness of my situation, of Mazie's. I can't go back to the Philippines without becoming the victim of Spanish military law. My sweetheart is in Nueva Ecija far in the wilds of Luzon, where the handful of Spanish troops which make its garrison is headed by some martinet captain or lieutenant who will, of course, give his authority and aid to her enemies and mine. The judge of the local court is doubtless a friend, probably the tool of *El Corregidor*.

With a sigh of hopeless misery I open the next letter. It reads :

ENGLISH CLUB, ERMITA, *December 27th*, 1897.

DEAR OLD BOY:—

You've got yourself in a devil of a mess with the Spaniards. They say you're a full fledged Katipunán and have been furnishing arms to Aguinaldo; besides being mixed up with one of his lieutenants who came in disguised as a Pasig boatman to bring about that mutiny of the *Carabineros*.

I simply tell you this to prevent you coming back, no matter how great your temptation on account of your love for the daughter of old Gordon, who report now says, died of alcoholism just about the time he was arrested and taken to the citadel.

His daughter, the fascinating Miss Mazie, has naturally gone away with her sister, whose wedding is announced to that fat German Ludenbaum. The bride, Maud, must be a kind of fast-and-loose creature, flirtatious as the very devil, an accomplishment she probably picked up in the United States. Report here says she was engaged to an American officer, and yet for eight years had been the *legal* wife of old Ludy, who had always, as you know, played papa to her.

From the clipping which I enclose, from the *Diario de Manila*, you can see that apparently at a very tender age the dashing Maud was united in marriage to Herr Ludy. The extreme youth of the girl, you know, is no bar to matrimony in the Philippines. You, yourself, have seen them mothers under thirteen years old.

Everybody is talking about you here. You'd be quite the hero of the Club if you came back. But I imagine it would be a *dead* hero.

All is going along well in the office, so you needn't worry about business. The *Ladoga* came in yesterday from Singapore, likewise the *Boneta* from Iloilo, Her Majesty's *Daphne* is in the Bay again;

but no officer of 'em knows anything about you or will acknowledge to ever having placed optics on you, though I think the Spanish Government suspect they had something to do in your Egyptian-Hall-mysterious-cabinet disappearance.

Drop me a line, old fellow, so that I can tell the inquiring chappies of the Club that after making your exit by Maskelyne and Cook's spiritual-cabinet in Manila, you were displayed to slow music in Hong Kong alive and kicking; so that they needn't put you up on the deceased list.

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES C. BUDLONG.

P. S.

No news from Ludy, though his German cashier looks very knowing. When I ask him about Dutchy's nuptials, he says his esteemed Herr Adolph is enjoying the delights of a tropical honeymoon up in Nueva Ecija, having gone there to look after his bride's and his ward's estates in that province.

With this I pick up the clipping from the Manila newspaper. It reads, translated into English, about as follows :

“ We have the extreme pleasure of announcing that the distinguished merchant of the Plaza de Cervantes, Don Adolph Max Ludenbaum, has kindly permitted the registration of his happy nuptials to the beautiful Doña Maud Ysabel Gordon, daughter of the late Don Silas Salem Gordon, to be made public; the tender age of the child who had given her hand to him preventing his assuming the rights and joys of a husband until now. The sudden death of the bride's father from those disorders which high living brings upon old age, our columns contained yesterday.

Don Adolph has permitted us to print a copy of the certificate of his marriage taken from the records of the province.

PARISH OF CARANGLAN ; PROVINCE OF NUEVA ECIJA.

This is to certify that this day appeared before me and entered into the holy bonds of marriage by sacrament of the Church of Rome, Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum, subject of the German Empire, aged forty-seven, and Maud Ysabel, daughter of Don Silas Salem Gordon, aged fourteen, the father's consent for same having been reported to me as being given verbally.

Fra Roderigo Anselmo,
Cura of Parish.

Dated the 14th day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety.”

This so-called marriage certificate I scan aghast, and think : " This is a very nasty thing to show to poor Phil Marston when his ship comes in here some day from North China."

" By Heaven," I mutter, " how in the name of misery shall I tell this dashing young salt water dandy his affianced is the wife of that accursed German ?"

I have little time to debate this, for within an hour my Chinese boy brings in to me

Philip Preble Marston.

Ensign, U. S. Navy.

I stagger up and find myself pale and trembling, not with the weakness of my illness, but at the thought of my revealing.

A minute after a pleasant-faced, hearty-mannered, stalwart young fellow—the one I have seen in Maud's photograph—with very bright eyes and cheeks bronzed by the sun of the China Seas, is shown into my rooms.

Bringing the sunlight with him, he says breezy as a typhoon : " You're Jack Curzon, I believe? You're to be married to one sister, I to the other. I've heard so much of you in Maud's letters that I feel as if I knew you already." With this he offers me a cordial hand.

But as I put my poor weak white fingers into his bronzed grip, he suddenly starts, and looking at me, mutters : " Your pardon for intruding. I'm afraid you're not recovered from the fever they told me at your office had fastened on you in the Philippines."

My face perhaps quivers a little at his nuptial suggestion, which has put a pang into my heart.

But now I'll have to put a pang into this bright, breezy young lover, probably more unnerving, because his torment will come sudden as a stroke of lightning.

" You'll excuse my running after you," goes on the sailor, " but I grew so anxious about Maud that I got

leave to run down to Manila, and en route walked into Martin, Thompson & Co.'s offices here, thinking they might have letters from you in the Philippines. I have not heard from Miss Gordon for two months, and she always wrote to me once a week. I'm—I'm afraid something's happened to her." His firm lip trembles beneath his long drooping mustache. "You left Manila about that time?" he asks.

"Yes," I say.

"Maud, when you saw her last, was well?" His voice is very anxious.

"Perfectly well when I—I left her."

"You have of course heard of her, by her sister's letters since you left?" he goes on eagerly.

"Not—not a word."

Here my face speaks to him, and he cries out: "Good Lord! What is it you're afraid to tell me?"

For answer I hand him the little note that Maud charged me to give her sailor-boy, the last night on which I saw her.

This he tears open hastily, though I can see, reverently, and runs his eyes in a kind of gloating ecstasy over the handwriting of his beloved—for the first few lines—then his brow becomes gloomy and his eyes surprised. After he has read every word of it he thinks deeply for a minute, and passes his hand over his forehead in a troubled kind of way. Then he turns to me and says, pulling his mustache nervously: "I don't entirely understand this. This letter seems to be written by—by my darling with a premonition of some—some misfortune coming to her. It seems to me," the poor fellow's lip is quivering now, "a—a kind of farewell."

"Yes," I break in. "Won't you take a chair?"

My voice startles him; he looks at me a moment; then mutters: "You—you have something more to tell me. Worse than this?"

"The very worst!"

"Good God, my darling is dead!" And this stalwart young fellow's breast begins to pant, and his face grow ghastly under its coating of typhoon tan.

But I break in: "Maud Gordon," I can't bring myself to give the accursed German's name to the loved one of the poor fellow, "is alive, I believe."

"Thank God!" His voice grows commanding; he says: "Out with it! The greatest kindness you can do me is to tell me what you say is the worst news I can have from my affianced."

"Do you read Spanish?" I ask.

"Yes. My—my sweetheart taught it to me. Great Heaven, man, get under way!"

"Then read this," I falter; and hand him the clipping from *El Diario de Manila*, and watch Phil Marston in his agony.

As he reads the marriage notice the stalwart frame of the young ensign begins to tremble. His eyes become bloodshot, and a kind of horror gets into them. Then he grips a chair with one hand, and reads the thing again, though each sentence of the *Cura's* certificate must be a kris thrust in his heart.

But the thing over, a sudden flush flies into his face, he says to me, a confidence in his voice that makes me love him too: "I'll believe that damned lie about the truest girl on earth when this world turns upside down!"

Ye Gods, how Maud Gordon would have adored her jack-tar boy could she have seen the glorious faith in her, this lover shows, as he cries: "THAT'S A YARN FOR THE MARINES!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DATE BOOK OF THE CHINAMAN.

THEN after pacing the room about as if it were his quarter-deck, Mr. Marston says sharply: "You know more about this than I; tell me all about it. But remember that I no more believe what is in that newspaper than I believe in—in the Flying Dutchman.

"Very well," I say, "let me give you some whisky."

"No, nothing to blur my brain—only your news, which will require a cool head to analyze and a—a strong heart to bear," he adds with a sigh.

So I tell him the story of Herr Max Ludenbaum and his affianced, and incidentally, of course, my own hapless love affair.

To this Phil Marston listens without questions or interruptions, save once or twice when I mention his sweetheart's despairing struggle, tears come into his eyes, his big breast throbs, his strong hands clinch themselves.

As I finish, he asks quick as a torpedo-catcher: "Is that *all* you know?"

"Yes!"

"Then we'll try and know *more*. Two or three times in your yarn you've mentioned a Chinaman, Hen Chick. Is he in Hong Kong?"

"Yes," I answer. "I had intended to question him myself as soon as I was strong enough to get about."

"Can't you get under way now?"

I spring up with a vigor in my emaciated frame that astounds the sailor. As I have told the story of his sweetheart to the young American, my sweetheart's wrongs have got into my head, and put into my limbs a supposititious strength.

"Heave ahead!" mutters the young sailor. "I want to know what took place between my affianced when she was a child and this Ludenbaum, who seems to have had a fatherly interest in her until he replaced it by a more ardent affection. I want to know about Ludenbaum," he says slowly and grimly. "He's the man I'm gunning for."

With that I astound the young officer by belying my appearance, running to the door, and ordering my house boy to get two 'rikshas.

"That's right!" cries Marston. "Fire up your boilers, old man. We've got to sail in company. Our fates are linked by our girls. Maud would defend her young sister till she dies. Mazie lost to you will mean Maud lost to me, lost to herself. But by the blessing of God, this shall not be! Let's get at the Chinaman. Besides this merchant's son, Khy, the Chinese exquisite," he grins a little here despite the misery in his voice, "has, with Oriental subtlety, according to your story, suggested a pitfall in Nueva Ecija for the enemy of his father. He was going there with that pointer-nosed Katipunán to bring about Ludenbaum's destruction. Perhaps we'll get news of the Yale-Mongolian-rounder from his Confucian

daddy ;” and the sailor-lover breaks into a kind of miserable, jeering laugh which does not impose upon me.

I can see he is fighting to keep himself from thinking of the strait of his sweetheart, though once he smites his hands together, and mutters : “ If Maud had told me. Every letter she wrote me must have been a self-sacrificing falsehood. But by Heaven, I must not think of her !” His voice loses the elasticity of youth and becomes harsh and grating as he breaks out : “ I must only think of the man who *dares* to call himself her husband.”

By this time we are at my door. He springs into the 'riksha and cries to the coolie : “ Full steam ahead, almond eyes !” and tosses him a silver dollar.

In ten minutes we are in *Tai-ping-shan*, and see “ Hen Chick & Co.” in Roman letters above a number of Chinese hieroglyphics, which I suppose mean the same thing.

Twenty seconds after the twin accountant of the one in the Rosario bazar, stops clicking the buttons on his *abacus*, and remarks to my inquiries : “ You want to see Hen Chick ?”

“ Yes, immediately.”

“ Your name ?”

I give it, and he retires into an inner room.

Half a minute after the accountant comes out, bows humbly, and says : “ Hen Chick want to see you *quick* !”

So the young naval officer and myself walk in to be received with that affable Chinese hospitality which generally astonishes and impresses Europeans.

A dignified, gray-tailed Chinaman, his eyes sharp as a ferret's, shaded by Bismarckian spectacles, robed in a long flowing silken gown, beneath which are seen white Chinese shoes with padded soles, greets us and remarks blandly, yet knowingly : “ Mr. Marston, Yankee sailor, me sabé you. Mr. Jack Curzon, English merchant, me sabé you *belly* much. Me tink you come soon. Lee Sam !” he claps his hands, “ Cigars and wine !” At his bidding the named refreshments are offered us.

“ No champagne,” whispers Marston : then asks hurriedly : “ Why did you think we'd come ?”

"Don't hurry the old man," I whisper. "Drink his champagne, smoke his cigars. You won't get your information a bit quicker by refusing the hospitality Hen Chick means with his whole heart."

Thus instructed, the young American grabs a cheroot, puts it into his mouth wrong end first, lights it in a hurried way, and tosses off a glass of champagne like a streak of lightning.

"Good!" laughs the Chinaman, "More wine for Melican officer!"

The wine disappears as if it were water, and Marston whispers to me: "Tell him to heave ahead."

And Hen Chick does heave ahead!

"You come to flind 'bout old Bully Gordon and him daughters? You sabé Gordon's daughters?" he murmurs placidly.

"Sabé Gordon's daughters?" breaks out the ensign. "You bet we do!"

"Daughters not much count," remarks the Chinaman musingly, and would go on into a philosophical discussion of the worthlessness of woman from the Chinese standpoint, but I suddenly ask him: "You sabé Ludenbaum?"

At this Hen Chick's face, which had been an unreadable Eastern face, lights up with a devilish, though monkey-like ferocity. He mutters: "Me sabé Ludenbaum!" then gazes at me and adds, with Oriental cunning: "You hate Ludenbaum, too. So does that Yankee man there. That Yankee man bites him cigar in two whenever I say Ludenbaum."

At this the ensign, with a miserable laugh, tosses his third cheroot away as Hen Chick goes on: "You sabé Ah Khy? Ah Khy is cunning as a one-eyed dragon, and lucky as the dynasty of Shang. Ah Khy, all same as Melican man. He go away after Ludenbaum!"

"Then you think," breaks in the American, "Khy will sink the damn German?"

"Sure as the tax-gatherer always collects taxes; sure as——"

But Chinese similes are suddenly interrupted by Marston. "Now," he says, "I want to know what relation Ludenbaum bore to the skipper Bully Gordon, and what do you know of the life of a young

lady you tried to aid; how it is connected with that infamous German. Do you know anything of this? Do you read Spanish?" And he shows Hen Chick the clipping from the *Diario de Manila*, which I translate to him.

At this the Chinaman's eyes grow very curious. He says to the impatient naval officer: "Young man of the fiery voice and dragon eye, I did warn the young woman called Maud, the daughter of Gordon not to go to Manila, but I only warned her because I knew Ludenbaum wanted her to go to Manila. And what him wanted me no want. I only sure Ludenbaum hate Bully Gordon like opium-smuggler hate custom-house men. This I know when I was in Nueva Ecija—you sabé Neuva Ecija!—starting tobacco factory of which the Spanish *gubernador* and *alcalde* robbed me. You sabé Spanish *gubernador*?"

"But this notice of marriage," I ask, "do you think it is true?"

"Huh! Anyting be true in Philippines. But you sabé *date*!" He taps the Spanish newspaper clipping; then calls: "Ah Yek!" claps his hands and whispers something to an old clerk who comes from the outer office, and the two jabber together in Chinese till Marston whispers to me: "Why don't he come to business?"

But just here the Chinaman does come to business in a way that astounds us.

The old clerk brings in an ancient and worn Chinese account book. Turning the leaves of this over, Hen Chick apparently calculates, points to the hieroglyphics on the page and remarks: "You sabé him? Him date! Just same as Melican man's date, fourteenth of September eighteen hundred ninety. You sabé that date, Ludenbaum and me—we flends then—you sabé flends?"

"Yes, I sabé flends!" mutters Marston. "Heave ahead, please," and tosses his fifth cheroot away.

"That, before Ludenbaum stole my cash by Chinese law," mutters Hen Chick. "Then I think the German's breath was sweet as burning punk. On that day—you sabé, Ludenbaum go partners with me at my store in Jaen—You sabé Jaen! The whole day we talk bout it—talk like mandarins at war council. We begin at

sunrise, we talk till moonlight. So Ludenbaum that day," he taps paper, "could marry no girl in Carranglan."

"Then Ludenbaum couldn't have married Maud the day of your partnership?" bursts out Phil Marston.

"No! You sabé, no?" cries Hen Chick excitedly. "You sabé Gordon girl, him beautiful as Palace of Yuen? She libe on father's plantation Carranglan, up in mountains, thirty miles far from Jaen, where Ludenbaum and me talk all day till night."

"Good Lord, this certificate is a lie!" I mutter.

"Lying as custom-house bill of goods!" cries Hen Chick. Then his face grows quizzical, and he chuckles to himself: "Ludenbaum—you sabé Ludenbaum—him heap deep rascal, cruel as Dynasty of Chow! Spanish priest—you sabé Spanish priest, Roderigo Anselmo? Rebels burn him up a year ago. Know that because my store on Rosario subscribed—you sabé subscribed?—for Masses for him soul in Manila Cathedral."

"Don't you think, if Ludenbaum is so infernally deep he may get away with your son Khy?" mutters the young American officer.

"Khy take him chances. Me make Khy cut off rooster's head and swear—you sabé swear?—to finish my enemy Ludenbaum, or no come back. Me tell him: 'No more money! You not smart 'nough for Ludenbaum, you not smart 'nough for me!' Tell him: 'Me want Ludenbaum dead.' You sabé Ludenbaum? the German man what calls up old law of China to make me pay debts of my fool brother in Canton, who gamble in tea, silk, opium. How you like to pay your blother's debts? Good many Melicans no like pay their own debts. You sabé Khy—you sabé Ludenbaum—you sabé me—you sabé Maud Gordon. You sabé him, Ludenbaum heap no good. You look out for him. Him tell him married to gal. How you like that? He tell her him wife. How you like that, eh? You Melican man good to fight; you Englishman good to fight; you fight for gals! Chinaman know too much to fight for gals. But you fight for gals. You high-binders, you kill Ludenbaum, if Khy no fix him; then come here, you sabé? Me give you ten thousand taels—you sabé taels?" And the Chinaman going into a paroxysm of Celestial rage, tries to bribe us to murder,

But it doesn't need his money to put the hearts of fiends in either Phil Marston or me.

We are no sooner on the street than the young American rubs his hand to his brow in a dazed kind of way, and whispers: "Not married to her!—but claiming, by Heaven, the rights of husband over my darling! What does that mean? If Ludenbaum should attempt to enforce them it would be—My God!"

But I grab him by the shoulder and say: "Get into the 'riksha. Come to the Club. We will discuss it there." For the young fellow's face is ghastly pale, his eyes have a half-insane fire in them. He is thinking of his sweetheart struggling to protect her young beauty from infamy at the hands of a putative husband.

Suddenly the American by a mighty effort grows calm—an awful calm. Into his eyes comes that steely glow that means death, and I know when Phil Marston looks into the fat face of Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum, the Emperor of Germany will have one less vassal to bend the knee and call him Kaiser.

"What are you going to do?" I ask.

"What *must* I do? Get within hail of my darling so that I can succor her. That's the first thing to do. I'll have passage for Manila within the hour. Wait for me at the English Club. Before I sail I want your advice, it's your sweetheart as well as mine."

The young fellow springing into his 'riksha, calls "The American Consul's office!" and drives down to the Praya to see Rounseville Wildman who represents the commercial interests of the United States.

About thirty minutes after this, Marston breaks in upon me at the English Club.

"Well?" I say eagerly.

"Not well! I asked Wildman, the quickest ship to Manila. He looked at me astounded and muttered: 'What, going on your own hook?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and in a devil of a hurry!' Then Mr. Wildman hinted to me it wouldn't be good policy for an officer of the United States Navy to visit at this time the Philippines. I suppose it's their diplomatic way of trying to avoid entanglements between us and Spain, on which this Cuban question is straining our hawsers. The Consul didn't say much to me, being very busy, even excited I thought. He was using our cipher

cable code. Looking over his tablegrams he handed me a wire that's broken my heart."

"What is it?"

"This! An order from my commanding officer canceling my leave of absence, and directing me to wait in Hong Kong and join the *Petrel* when she gets here." With this the young man goes on, anguish in his determined voice: "But I must go to her! I must—" he throws up his hands, and pressing them to his forehead, moans—"give up my career! By Heaven, that's what it means! It's my ambition or my persecuted sweetheart's safety! It's my career as a sailor or Maud; and I wouldn't be worth my salt if I didn't choose Maud! Go I must! See me write my death warrant as an officer of Uncle Sam. See me sail no more under the flag of my dear country."

Jove! how Maud Gordon would love her sailor boy—as he makes sacrifice for her; the perspiration of agony on his brow and writes the fatal words that will take him forever from the service that he loves only second to the girl whose cries for succor come to him from far Luzon!

But even as he signs it, I hear excited exclamations in the next room, and Bob Robertson, one of the officers of the cable company, strolls in and says: "Hello, Curzon, glad to see you about once more, old man. You've heard the news, I suppose? It will interest your friend there." He glances towards the American uniform.

"What news?"

"This! It's just been cabled from Washington that in time of peace, at dead of night, the American battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana."

"Blown up!" cries Marston, his pen stopping in the middle of his name. "I had a friend on board. Does it mention George P. Blow?"

"Saved, I believe," whispers Robertson. "The details have not come to hand, but three hundred or more American seamen were blown to death in their hammocks."

"By what?"

"By an outside torpedo, supposed to be fired by Spanish treachery."

"By Spanish treachery!" cries the young American

officer, and tearing up his half-signed resignation, tosses it away. Then he whispers to me: "By Heaven, now I know what Wildman meant when he said 'on my own hook.' Now I know what this telegraphic order means. It means, by the God of battles, that the Asiatic squadron will go with me to Manila! By the Lord, my shipmates'll fire to avenge the *Maine*, but I'll fire to avenge, what'll make me shoot as straight as any man in the fleet!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE VENGEANCE OF A NATION.

So it comes to pass in the ensuing days that I and Phil Marston, like two fiends upon the shore, go to watching for the arrival of the American squadron and signs of coming fight; watching with an awful vengeful eagerness that makes us wonder why America lingers so long in seeking a Spanish expiation that to us seems righteous as the punishment of Sodom and Gomorrah.

During this time I write for further advices from Manila, but Budlong's letters always say: "no news from Nueva Ecija, no tidings of Ludenbaum or the daughters of the dead Gordon"—making a horrible uncertainty that seems to put a relentless cruel spirit into me and the young American officer.

Marston grows gaunt from very rage, writhing impotently as he mutters: "Good God, Maud will think me recreant! My loved one will cry out, I have deserted her in her extremity."

As for me, each coming day adds to my strength and savageness. I am in nearly my normal health, though mentally racked by a strange mixture of anxiety and ferocity when the Ensign, who has been watching on Signal Hill, runs down to our office and whispers "By Jove, the *Olympia's* dropping anchor!"

And I, looking out on Hong Kong Roads, see a great big white protected cruiser flying the flag of Commodore George Dewey, commanding the U. S. Asiatic squadron.

Marston going off to report to his flag-officer, comes back from this and says : " By Yankee Doodle, there's a great man on board that vessel ! " He points towards the *Olympia*.

" Who ? "

" The officer who commands our squadron ! Dear old Admiral Taylor always told me that if George Dewey ever got the chance he'd make his mark on the sign-board of history ; not with a paint-brush that any lubber can wash off, but with a cold-chisel, almighty deep and thundering big, and warranted to stand the wear and tear of foul weather and the racket of eternal ages ! "

Apparently the American commodore is at work, sharpening his cold chisel. The U. S. cruisers, *Boston*, *Concord* and *Petrel*, all looking like white yachts, drop into the harbor. The *Raleigh* comes in from the Atlantic, *via* the Suez Canal.

Marston joins his vessel, a saucy-looking little gun-boat of something under nine hundred tons, with square rigged foremast and fore and aft sails on her main and mizzen, and " a pretty sharp set of teeth for such a little dog, Jack," as the Ensign says to me ; for mutual interest and mutual misery have made us by this time comrades.

When he can get the chance the American comes on shore ; but he is very busy now, and tells me that they're getting nearer day by day to the Spaniards.

" By the Lord," he whispers in my ear, " they have brought the crew of the obsolete *Monocacy* from Shanghai to fill up the complements of our vessels to fighting strength."

A few days afterwards, about the nineteenth of April, as I recollect, the young man confides to me gloatingly : " We're putting on our war paint," and I, looking out over the harbor, see the beautiful white yacht-like American squadron becoming grim and dark, and know the color means Spanish blood ; so together we shake hands, for we are like two fiends now and not ashamed of it.

Two days afterwards the *Baltimore* comes in, sent from the Pacific coast. " Do you know what she's got on board ? " chuckles Marston to me.

" Coal ! " I say.

“Coal be damned! ammunition to kill the Spaniards!” Then he mutters despairingly: “If war should not come——”

“It must!” I cry. “Your prairies are on fire about the *Maine*. The report of the commission is she was destroyed by outside explosion.”

“But if the Dons should turn tail and show the white feather at the last,” snarls Marston, with a muttered oath.

“Don’t be afraid of that,” I answer. “They’ll fight with as much courage and as little discretion as any nation upon earth.”

About this time the revenue cutter *Hugh McCulloch* comes up from Singapore, and on her the American Consul Williams, who had left Manila at a hint that his life was in danger from Augustin the new Captain-General of the Philippines. But from him neither Marston nor I can get any word of the fate of Gordon’s daughters. All Mr. Williams knows is that the young ladies have gone to their father’s plantation at Nueva Ecija, one of them married to the German merchant Ludenbaum—a piece of information which makes Maud’s lover look more wicked than a nautical Me-phisto.

This uncertainty makes me half mad also. I envy Marston his gloating preparations to kill Spaniards, till one day we chance to stand under the big granite shaft erected on the road to the Happy Valley “To the joint memory of the dead American and English sailors who fell fighting together in ’55 against the pirate junks at Kuhlman!” A monument which no English regiment marches past without halting while its band plays “The Star Spangled Banner” and “God Save the Queen,” and then a dirge for the brave tars of the two Anglo-Saxon nations who fell as comrades, which they always should be, fighting against barbarism.

Looking on this, I mutter: “My Heaven! if I could but go with you and fight my enemy and thine!”

“Come!” cries the young man. “By the memory of the dead whose names are on that stone! Volunteer! I can fix it for you. You know the Philippines—volunteer, and go on one of our two big store ships. Dewey has bought both of them with lots of coal. He’s not going to take any chances of losing the sinews of war by

the neutrality of the English government after its declaration."

"No non-combatant store-ship for me!" I mutter savagely. "Get me a fighting berth and I'll go with you!"

"I'll try to!" cries the young man, and running off to Pedlars Wharf, goes on board the flagship. So I have an interview with Wildman and then am asked a few sharp questions by Commodore Dewey as to my knowledge of Manila and the Philippines. In which, discovering I am a full fledged Katipunan, he laughs grimly and sets me to work under Rounseville Wildman to make certain arrangements with Aguinaldo, which result in that patriot who has not received the balance of his Spanish dole, returning to Manila to again make war on Spain.

Therefore I soon find myself enrolled as a volunteer on the *Petrel* under the title of "Interpreter." The wardroom mess who, through my intimacy with Marston by this time know me pretty well, kindly give me a seat at their table, and I become rather famous; for I give rise to that wondrous story invented by a French naval officer and quoted by a member of the British House of Commons, that the American squadron hired all their gunners from the English fleet, inducing the tars to desert Her Majesty's service by a bounty of five hundred dollars per man.

So it comes to pass that I, on Sunday, the twenty-fourth of April, steam out on the *Petrel* in company with the *Boston*, *Concord* and the two transport steamers *Nasham* and *Zapiro* to our rendezvous in Mirs Bay.

On the night of the twenty-fifth we are joined by the big *Olympia*, the *Baltimore* and *Raleigh*, and a thrill runs through the squadron as word is passed about that war has been declared.

The next day the little *McCulloch*, the revenue cutter, comes dashing in bearing the cable from McKinley that gives a free hand to Dewey in the Philippines, and every one knows that we will be at the Dons' throats within the week.

At thought of Spanish set-to, none rejoice so much as Philip Preble Marston, though every man upon the fleet is fighting mad. Even when our prows are turned straight for Manila we seem to steam too slowly for his

vengeance, and on Saturday morning, as we sight the bold coast and rocky peaks of Luzon, and clear ship for action, tossing overboard mess chairs, tables, chests and wardroom bulkheads, everything that may produce combustion under shell-fire, though no one works harder or does his duty more energetically than the young Ensign, I know his heart has jumped to the interior of the island where his love, suffering or dead, but *still* his love, awaits him.

All Marston wants is full speed ahead. He growls to himself as the squadron slows down for the *Baltimore*, *Boston* and *Concord* to look into Subig Bay, in case the Spanish fleet is lurking there; and he growls still deeper as, in the early evening, we drop to a three-knot speed so that the tropic moon shall sink before we reach the Boca Grande and its rays may not discover us to the batteries on Corregidor Island.

At eleven o'clock that night, with every light extinguished or masked, save one at the stern of each ship to give her course to the vessel following, we run the Boca Grande, the southern channel, the big one, the one difficult to mine, into the Bay of Manila.

The next morning, as the sun rises, I, who have not closed my eyes this night, look upon the city in which I had loved and I had lost.

The same bright sun is above me, the same sizzling heat is melting me this immortal Sunday, the first of May, as when I first looked upon the ancient town erected by the valor of the Conquistadores for old Spain, whose power is to receive this day its death blow and die in fire and blood on the soft waters of this limpid bay.

Ah, never was there a more beautiful and stately arena for gladiatorial nations to meet and battle to the death. Around us, as we move past the city, still shrouded by the mists of earliest morning, is blue water, bounded by shores of green, save where white villas peep from the foliage of copse, garden, jungle and forest that reaches almost to the moss-grown ramparts of the medieval Fort of Santiago and the more modern batteries along the Luneta sea front; beyond the great mountains of Malfonso and San Mateo. A background quiet in that death-like peace—the peace of the tropics.

But now the foreground becomes a horrid picture of a nation's vengeance!

We've seen our prey! the Spanish fleet drawn up in front of the little Bay of Cavité.

So leaving merchant vessels and the foreign cruisers that lie in front of the city proper, the swift moving line of Yankee ships turns sharply to the south and—the battle is on!

Headed by the *Olympia* our war vessels in single column decked with those great banners that the Yankee tars call "Old Glory," steam in front of the long line of Spanish cruisers, flanked by the frowning batteries of Cavité and Sanglei Point.

The shore guns open on us; then the fleet of Spain! And I standing under the breathless heat of overhead sun, at my station on the *Petrel's* deck ready to transmit the orders of Commander Wood, thank God I don't have to toil below in the more cruel blaze of furnace fires in the stoke-hole or the pent-up sweating darkness of the magazines where men work stark naked.

Still the wonder is upon me that we are not destroyed before we fire one vengeful shot, for just ahead of the *Olympia*, too soon by a minute, go up two great sunken mines, and all about us, fly whistling, howling, shrieking things that lash the water into foam and make the air a very hell of sound.

"The *Olympia's* opened, sir!" comes from the bridge above; then: "The flag ship's signaled; fire as convenient!"

I hear the hoarse commands "Port batteries ready! Pass the word to fire, as the guns bear!"

With this, our ship becomes a thunder-cloud that shoots half-a-hundred lightning bolts a minute; all done by white-skinned sweating automatic demons who seem to move precise as clockwork, and hull those Spanish ships as coolly and as cruelly as if they were but targets and not vessels filled with men made in God's image, who are being maimed, battered and blown up and drowned under a fire that makes each Spanish deck a shambles—each barbette a torture hole.

Still about us come the flying, whistling, shrieking things, and the third time we pass the enemy's line, the

surgeon puts his head on deck and cries: "Why the deuce don't you send down the wounded?"

"There ain't no wounded!" guffaws a 'prentice boy, carrying water to his division.

"Then by Heaven, where are the dead?"

"There ain't no dead!" cries the captain of a gun, smacking his breech block, "not on this side of the fight."

And so circling round, first port-battery, then star-board-battery, and each time getting nearer our foe that has now become our victim, but with Yankee common sense taking breakfast between heats, we riddle 'em! we burn 'em! we sink 'em! and they go down with their flags flying and their guns firing till their batteries are awash, these lion-hearted Don Furiosos, who can die like heros but can't fight like Yankee tars—till all is over and there's now no Spanish fleet.

Then we are at the shore batteries who shoot no straighter than the vessels. And in an hour or two of this, the signals of surrender fly above the forts of Cavité and Sanglei Point. All that fly the flag of Spain are a few small gunboats who have taken refuge in the inner bay behind the arsenal; with this the signal goes up for the *Petrel*, the baby of the fleet, the light draft gunboat, to go in alone and finish them.

And we *do* finish them! At five o'clock that evening we come steaming out, our little vessel towing five Spanish craft of varying sizes from a gunboat of a hundred tons to a steam lunch; the only floating things of all that Spanish fleet that met us in its Castilian pride this Sunday morning.

Our squadron is now off the Luneta and cheers us. We steam past them and signal that no man on board us has suffered by Spanish shot or shell. So it is with every vessel flying the American flag; no man has lost the number of his mess.

Coming from his division, Phil Marston, who has done his work this day in that kind of grim clock-like ferocity which animates these Yankees when they have the devil in their souls, stands beside me and whispers;

"This was not a battle."

"Not a battle?" I gasp.

"No! it was an execution!"

Then his eyes chancing to catch sight of the flag

that is floating over one of the Kaiser's cruisers, the *Irene*, I think, the young American looks at me and mutters: Now for our German friend!"

Just here the Flag Ship signals us again.

Wood, our commander calls to the deck: "Who captured that last steam launch?"

"I did, Sir!" answers Marston.

"Then they want you on board the *Olympia*. You were with him, Mr. Curzon, when he made the seizure. You'd better go with him!"

A minute after I am seated beside Phil in the cutter, our only boat that will swim.

From this we climb to the deck of the *Olympia* on the forward part of which the band is playing soft, yet joyous music.

On our reporting to the captain, the flag lieutenant says the commodore wishes to see us.

Stepping aft I look curiously at a man whom this day has made immortal—the man who dared, careless of submarine mines and heavy guns with plunging fire, to run at dead of night the rocky and unlighted Boca Grande past Corregidor that he might in the morning be alongside his foe and in one short day seize victory for himself—an empire for his country.

At present Commodore Dewey with that careful attention to details nearly always allied to great executive ability, has just finished listening to a German gentleman who is now standing near him with that deprecating commercial attitude so common to Teuton business men who have been taught by a military bureaucracy to respect a uniform.

As Marston salutes, his flag officer says: "You captured that steam launch, the last of your tow?"

"Yes, Sir, the *three* last!" answers Phil modestly, then adds eagerly: "But I'm not tired. I—I volunteer to head the first boat party to make landing to-night in that city."

"Humph!" remarks the Commodore. "You're in a hurry to get on shore, young man!"

"Yes, Sir," replies Marston. Heavens, how eager his voice is! "I've got a sweetheart waiting for me in that town."

"So has every good-looking fellow in this fleet, I guess!" chuckles Dewey, and two or three officers

standing near stifle a laugh. "But that's not why I sent for you, Mr. Marston. This German gentleman has just come off in a shore boat to complain that the last launch you captured is the property of his firm and as such neutral."

"That launch was flying the Spanish flag and is even now loaded with cordage and naval stores. As such my orders were to capture or destroy it, Sir. I obeyed my orders!" answers Phil.

"Quite right!" assents the Commodore as the ensign salutes and steps back. Turning to the German, the American commander says: "You'll have to prove the launch and cargo are the property of your firm. When you do so, they will be returned to you!"

At this the ensign looks a little gloomy. What true blue-jacket likes to see prize money blowing away from him.

"Then as the representative of Herr Adolph Ludenbaum," replies the Teuton, "I shall apply for redress to the Consul of His Imperial Highness, the Emperor of Germany."

"Certainly! We only take Spanish property!" answers the Commodore, then says to the officer of deck: "Have this gentleman's boat called!"

As the German retires, the great sea-captain lets his eyes rest reflectively upon the foreign squadrons that are anchored to the north of the town, and probably goes to thinking of that problem, more difficult than sinking Spanish fleets which may soon confront him, the interference of the so-called neutral German fleet, almost unto acts of war. Perchance he mentally forecasts the future; for as he looks over his squadron in which there is not one armor-clad, I think I hear him mutter: "They promised to send me the *Oregon*."

But other thoughts are in my brain; likewise in Phil Marston's. At the word Ludenbaum, into the ensign's eyes comes a steely blaze.

Even as I recognize in the dim light of the setting sun the precise cashier of the office on the Plaza de Cervantes, Phil whispers to me: "Good Lord, that band's playing her favorite waltz—ask him about—about her?"

As the German reaches the gangway I stand beside him, Marston looking over my shoulder.

"Has your esteemed Herr Adolph returned to Manila?" I asked anxiously.

"Ah, Herr Curzon, glad to see you back. It is now safe for you to come," replies the Teuton. "My esteemed Herr Adolph is still enjoying his early marriage in Nueva Ecija. He was slightly indisposed, at least so Frau Ludenbaum wrote me, she is now his amanuensis as well as wife."

"*Frau Ludenbaum!*" This in a low, hoarse gasp from the man behind me.

"Yah! The daughter of the late Captain Gordon. I—I believe I have her note with me. It is in regard to her house in San Miguel released to Herr Ludenbaum by the efforts of his friend Dan Rafaél Lozado. Ah, here it is!" And the cashier produces from the papers in his pocketbook a note that, as I catch the handwriting in the rays of the setting sun, makes my head reel.

"By God, it's hers!" This comes from tortured lips behind me, and a quick hand plucks the letter from the Teuton's grasp.

In a flash the cursed thing's torn open.

"Look, see!" whispers Marston to me; his voice coming in quick spasms, "O God of Heaven! She signs Maud *Ludenbaum!* The German's got my love!" and stricken as if by apoplexy, he staggers and falls crashing upon the deck.

At the sentry's call, some of the after-guard pick him up, the grit and sweat of battle still upon his pale face.

Over him the surgeon mutters: "The heat of this awful fighting day has overcome the poor fellow!" while I gaze speechless upon the only American in all that fleet who was badly wounded in that Battle of Manila Bay, which destroyed an empire; and he stricken down neither by common shot nor bursting shell, nor Mauser bullet, but by a pen in a woman's hand—the hand he loved.

BOOK IV.

DIVORCE BY COURT-MARTIAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

“GOL DARN IT ! I HEAR THE EAGLE SCREAM !”

MONTHS before Dewey's guns reverberated over the waters of Manila Bay proclaiming that the power of Spain was dead—the same evening that Jack Curzon, his heart filled with a coming bridegroom's impatience, is kept from his sweetheart by the breaking down of the engines of his steam launch at Cavité—pretty Miss Mazie Gordon, decked for Señora Valdez' reception, trips into the *caida* of her father's, Don Silas's, big bungalow. Frocked in virgin white, she looks demure as a saint, yet the love flashes in her eyes tell the saint is thinking of coming bridegroom. Piquantly pouting she says to her elder sister : “Señor Jack? The laggard is not here?” And her glance flies eagerly to the Japanese screen behind which the young Englishman has put so many kisses on her rosy lips.

“No,” replies Señorita Maud, who, this evening has the graceful loveliness of a swan, though her wings are rainbow tinted, she being decked in some garment of light gauzes of varying colors which gives to her semi-brunette loveliness a sparkling radiance that makes her face a picture of nervous beauty, as over her dazzling features run flashes of varying emotions ; though supreme above these is the joy that her sister will soon be wedded to the man of her heart.

For all this matter is now arranged, the Church content, the dispensation from the Archbishop received. Good Padre de Laviga is to perform the ceremony at nine o'clock on the morning of the second morrow. Drunken papa's assent has likewise been obtained.

Bully Gordon having grown sober during the morning has been appealed to ; and the old sea-dog being penitent of his outbreak of the night before, has given his consent in writing that his daughter Mazie Inez shall wed John Talboys Curzon, so that he may not forget his words in that stupidity which so often comes with prolonged worship at the shrine of Bacchus.

“Jack had business in Cavité, Mazie,” answers her sister. “Probably he is detained. Anyway you know he will be here to-morrow night, the night before your wedding.” Then her tone becomes motherly as she goes on : “As I advised him to be a good husband to you, I advise you to be a good wife to him. Don’t let any piquant petulance or absurd jealousy make you uncomfortable to your husband. You know he loves you.”

“*Dios mio*, yes !” cries Mazie, “with his whole noble heart.”

“So much that he has waited here even in danger for you for nearly a year. So Inezita let us make our courtesies to Señora Valdez, and trick Manila society into thinking we have no care on earth. It is our truest safety that none guess, especially El Corregidor, that you wed within forty-eight hours the man of your heart.”

“*Santa Maria!* You think Don Rafaél would be jealous if he knew ?” laughs the lighthearted child, from whose dainty head most of the anxieties of this year have been kept by her elder sister’s self sacrificing care.

“I *know* he would be,” whispers Maud. “This I tell you not for your vanity, but for your protection. Don Rafaél in his old veins has a nasty medieval passion for my darling Mazie.”

“Why is a medieval passion nasty ?” pouts Sñeorita Seventeen.

“Because it is of the kind that failing to win you will see you no one else’s. Beware of El Corregidor, Mazie.”

“Oh, I’m not frightened of him,” laughs the girl. “When I pout at him he looks unhappy as a Don Quixote. By the bye, apropos of suitors, how about Herr Ludenbaum, who plays the rôle of papa to you, though, *Dios mio!* it always seems to me he would like to kiss your lips and not your hand, who—” Here

her sister's face frightens her, so the minx pauses with a gasp.

"Would he dare!" whispers Maud in a choking voice; then bursts out: "Nonsense, Herr Ludenbaum knows my heart, my soul is all another's! And so do you, Mazie," she goes on savagely. "Don't torture me with suggestions that drive me crazy when I think of my sailor boy who is so far away." Maud's tones have an agony in them that shocks her sister. "Be content, dear one, I can give happiness to you. Look at your bridal dress, and say: 'Maud did this for me!'" And getting her little sister in her arms, Senorita Gordon cries over the bright face a little but kisses it a great deal.

A moment after Señora Valrigo making her appearance robed in black with bright Spanish effects of yellow and red, and the duenna reluctantly tossing away her cigarette, the three trip down to their equipage with its prancing ponies that awaits them in the courtyard, and drive off apparently in good spirits to a gathering of young Filipino dandies and young Filipina belles at the house of the rich Mestiza who entertains with that luxuriant prodigality that the Tropics bring to everything, even hospitality.

Upon them, as they drive away along the Calzada San Miguel, shines the great, bright, torrid moon, casting graceful shadows from fairy-like Filipino plants and flowers. In its light Maud's face looks anxious. The jovial exclamations coming from her father's sanctum mingled with the hoarser tones of Herr Adolph Ludenbaum bring to her mind fears, perchance all the more potent because of their uncertainty, that ripple over her beautiful features. Sinking back into the cushions of her carriage she gazes silently on pretty Miss Mazie and forces from her reliant mind an uncertain terror by the contemplation of a certain love. Her thoughts fly over the China Sea to the *Petrel's* quarter-deck.

A few minutes after, no one would guess the fears in Miss Maud's heart did they look into her bright eyes as she trips in the dance to the brilliant music of a Filipino band in Senora Valdez' big reception-room, or laughs with *caballeros* at the last *bon mot* brought from the gossip of the Luneta; or even, turning her head

gazes, over her glistening shoulder at Don Rafaél de Lozado as he bows before her pretty sister and looks rather scowlingly upon the young Filipino gentlemen and one or two dashing Spanish officers as they essay with Miss Mazie a waltz à la Madrid.

Finally El Corregidor makes his bow and departs and Señorita Maud gives a sigh of relief, for her sister to whom she thinks the old gallant's passion is contamination. As for herself she feels with woman's instinct, above her, the shadowy hand always—and wonders will it fall, to-day, to-morrow—WHEN?

IT FALLS THIS NIGHT!

While his daughters are dancing their little feet off at the Filipino ball, the evening drawing on, Herr Adolph Ludenbaum and *Capitan* Silas Salem Gordon in his sanctum become more convivial, and El Corregidor, who says he has just come from Madame Valdez' reception, dropping in upon them, the bottle passes—many times. Though were his eyes not sodden with drink the ex-sea-dog would notice that his guests make more the pretense of imbibing with him than the reality. Four times does he quaff the strongest whisky, while El Corregidor only sips his and Herr Ludenbaum compromises on beer, which never intoxicates a German.

But as the night advances, from mirth and joviality Bully Gordon passes to that snarling irritable mood which comes from nerves destroyed; and this mixed with a savage ferocity, the relics of his quarter-deck bullying of jack-tars and 'prentice-boys, gives him the temper of a fiend incarnate.

Noting this, Don Rafaél rising, bids his host good night.

Though cursed for "shirking his liquor," after one significant glance to Ludenbaum, and a cautiously whispered: "The fool is now savage enough to fight the whole Spanish army," El Corregidor passes out into the moonlit garden.

Curiously enough he doesn't leave the grounds, but secluded by a thicket of flowering azalias and seated beneath a cocoanut tree, lights his cigarette and smokes contemplatively though nervously. Two or three times he rises, steps to the entrance, glances out upon the quiet Calzada San Miguel, and mutters: "They're

late!" Then a spasm of anxiety flies over his face; he gasps: "O *Santo Dios!* If they come to arrest *mi amigo* Gordon after he has drunk himself insensible? That would be a misfortune."

But Don Rafaél's eyes light up as sounds of drunken excitement come from the windows of Bully Gordon's villa, and he hears the sea-captain cursing his servants and making his Visaya boys run pretty lively, when he gives the word.

Just about this time as he is smoking his fifth cigarette, El Corregidor throws it down with a sigh of content, for the tramp of marching men is just outside the great iron gates, and a platoon of infantry of the line headed by a young lieutenant comes tramping up the pathway. He hears the officer whisper sharply: "Sergeant, caution the men to be quiet. Have they loaded? This traitor, we are told, may make resistance."

"I know how to meet that, Señor Lieutenant," answers the non-commissioned officer. "I have finished up too many resisting rebels not to know how to deal with this one."

"Yes," whispers the lieutenant, "it is said the rebellious brute harbored in his house the Tagal who incited the *Carabineros* to revolt. You remember Sergeant?"

"*Sangre de Cristo*, I do! My brother fell in the fight with the mutineers on the Malabon Road."

"Then quick, see the house is surrounded, but let the servants run away. This affair is to be a quiet one!" orders the officer.

A minute later, every Filipino boy and girl of Don Silas' big establishment bolts for safety as sentries are placed about the house and grounds. Then the lieutenant goes up the great stairs followed by the sergeant and a half dozen of his men, and kicking open the big entrance doors, tramps with clanking accoutrements into the house of the ex-sea-captain who is not accustomed to have his quarter-deck intruded upon, and who is in about as pleasant a mood as liquor ever brought a man.

"By Heaven, what do you want here, you damned Spaniard?" breaks out Gordon coming from his room.

At this there is a hideous chuckle from the German

sitting inside, who, however, takes the precaution of getting behind the iron safe in which Gordon keeps his papers, for Mauser rifles shoot very strong and the partitions of a Filipino house would be as paper before their bullets.

“What do I want here, you insulting brute?” cries the lieutenant drawing his sword. “I want you! You, Don Silas Gordon, are arrested by order of the Captain-General for assisting the rebellion; for harboring insurgents. Come with me!” and he seizes the sea-dog by the collar.

But the fist that had floored many a tough foremast hand and many a mutinous cock-of-the-forecastle answers this. With a shrieking “*Santa Maria!*” the lieutenant goes down under the table, floored by the Yankee’s fist.

Then there are two or three hoarse execrations in Spanish, then two quick shots, and Bully Gordon crying: “Murdered, by God!” staggers back into his room, and falls stricken with death upon his own hearth-stone.

The German rises from behind the safe, a frightened look upon his Teutonic features, for his forethought has just saved his own life. A Mauser bullet has deflected from the steel safe behind which Ludenbaum had taken refuge.

As Herr Adolph steps towards the expatriated Yankee, from whose pale lips the blood is now flowing slowly, the lieutenant makes his appearance at the doorway.

To him the German springs and says: “There is no necessity of further action by you, Lieutenant. This man within five minutes will be no more.”

“Yes, I was sorry to execute my orders this way, but when a Rebel resists, Sergeant Pises has but one way with him; and he—the prisoner struck me down in that brutal manner these *Americano* dogs have, using their fists like animals.”

“He can’t escape you. Give me five minutes with him before he dies,” whispers the German. “You know I stand well with your Captain-General. Here is an order from the commander of this district!”

Glancing at the paper, the lieutenant remarks: “Yes, I was told you might be here, and to be ex-

tremely gracious to you, honored Señor Ludenbaum. Take what time you please with the dying man."

"Very well. This for your men!" and Adolph fills the lieutenant's hand with gold. "This, also, for yourself!"

He hands a purse heavy with *onzas* to the officer, who pockets it all; and stepping out whispers to his sergeant: "A doubloon for the men to drink, when this matter is over. Guard every entrance to the grounds. See that no one comes in from the avenue. Dig the grave for the carcass in the most convenient place. These sudden executions are better thought of by our commanding officer when the public know nothing of them. Those are our orders."

So the lieutenant, lighting his cigarette, sits on the front veranda, and the soldiers patrol the grounds, except a fatigue party who are doing some hasty work with pick and shovel on the gravel walk just in front of the big stairway that leads to the dying Don Silas' house.

The scene is as placid as before. No one, though a few people have passed along the street, has dared come in to discover what commotion has produced a volley and a death-cry. Perchance it is because they see bayonets gleaming in the garden and a uniform seated on the veranda.

As the lieutenant smokes, Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum, stepping to the dying man, lifts up Captain Silas's head and mutters, a kind of gloating in his tones: "Does you know me?"

"Yes—of course I do—old pard." These are choking gasps, but the ebbing blood seems to have carried with it the liquor from his body, and Bully Gordon is no more the drunken man, but simply the dying one.

But just here Herr Ludenbaum looks astonished. For the old sea-captain, with that extraordinary vitality that, despite his years, seems to hold him to life, though he has been shot through and through, half staggers up and, seizing a leg of the table, pulls himself to a sitting posture. Then, that strange link between the spiritual and the mortal, which sometimes comes to the dying, giving his half glazed eyes the fires of another world, this man who, living, had discarded his country, seems to go back to it as he dies, and babbles

of a New England farmhouse and driving home the cows from pasture.

But the chill of coming death passing over him, he shudders: "It is snowing now, I'm—I'm cold—so cold." Then his brain grows clearer. He whispers, his eyes turning towards the German's pleadingly, his voice pathetic: "They've done for me, old comrade. Those Spanish dogs have finished me. I knew they would. But they won't do much more of this sudden murder business." The far-away look comes back into his eyes, and he laughs in a kind of weird triumph: "By Heaven, I hear the eagle scream!"

"The eagle *scream*?" stammers the German, for now there is a curious, scratching, rasping sound just outside the house.

"Yes, the bird of freedom! It's coming here, but not in time for me. Darn me, I cut myself loose from her, and made myself a garlicky Spaniard, so she couldn't save me. But she's coming! By the Star Spangled Banner, the Yankee bird's wings are flapping over these islands! Gol darn it, I hear the eagle scream!"

Into this Ludenbaum breaks, saying: "Does you know me, Gordon?"

"Yes," mutters the dying man, his eyes growing sentient again. "I want to talk to you before the blood chokes me up entire. You've known for years, by my last will and testament I've left you the guardian of my two children."

"God be praised, yes!" The German's eyes grow big with gloating joy.

"Maud is, I think, of age; but—but Mazie will still be under your care. You swear to me, a dying man, your old business friend, your old comrade in liquor and other good things that make men's hearts grow warm to each other, to fight for my two helpless darters' lives and fortunes; to be what you always said you would be to them, 'Papa Ludenbaum.' Give me yer fist on that, my honest German friend, and I'll—I'll die as happy as any man that's bound straight to hell."

And Captain Gordon holds out feebly a trembling hand towards his listener; but suddenly starts, and his eyes, that are growing glassy, seem now to have a glaring frightened look in them. For the German is

speaking to him as cruel words as ever were uttered to a dying father.

“I will be to your daughters what you has been to me!”

“What do you mean?”

“What does I mean, *du hund?* What does I mean? Mein Gott! I means you to remember! Remember eighteen hundred and fifty-four when you shanghied from a sailors’ boarding-house on Long Wharf, San Francisco, a helpless German lad, and made him your leedle cabin-boy. Dost remember Max—Max what you rope’s-ended day in and day out, night in and night out, until his back was burning wid coals of living fire.”

“By the Lord,” mutters the Captain, “the sneak-thief, cabin-boy, that the cat couldn’t even make honest—the boy that stole from foremast hands and ship’s cook. By Davy Jones, I remember Thieving Max!”

“You remember dot Bully Gordon, for *I* do! I have never forgotten. *Herr Gott, Himmel, Donnerwetter!* You didn’t guess der prosperous merchant was der leedle cabin-boy, whose body was striped blue and red mid your colt; whose face was so frightened you didn’t know it was dot of der man what hated you, what swore vengeance on you and yours! Does youse know me now?”

“God of Heaven, I do!” Then he screams, “No, no! Sneak-thief Max, the coward cabin-boy—the fate of my darters in your hands, God of Mercy, no!” and the face of the dying sea-ruffian has a strange wistful terror in it, that grows into an agony as the German goes jeering on.

“And you’ve made me der guardian of your children, eh?” chuckles Ludenbaum in horrid glee. “Oh, dis is my time, you dying devil! It is mein revenge. As you treated me, so do I treat your spawn, you Yankee brute! Der mercy you gave to me, I give to dem. Tink of dot, mid der fiends in der odder world, and be happy. Oh, it is my turn now. Two beautiful girls, one tender in years, der odder, grand in loveliness like a Lorelei, *mine*—ALL MINE! To crush der spirits; to hear dem beg for mercy; to laugh at der broken hearts und still enjoy their tender beauties!” Despite his hate the German’s face blazes with unholy passion.

But here Ludenbaum pauses in his rhapsody of revenge, for the dying man's eyes conquer his, and the dying man's voice is speaking to him as it used to on the quarter deck. "You little devil that I used to whip out of his skin four times a watch, by Davy Jones, I remember ye now! Max, my sneaking, stealing, kick-about cabin-boy. You dare to stand up before my daughter Maud? By the Lord of Heaven, she's as gritty as me! She'll take the life out of your currish blood. She'll protect her sister and herself. *But she won't need to!* I've got one more minute to live and *kill you!* Cabin-boy Max, your skipper's coming for ye!"

"*Gott in Himmel!*"

For, rising like a captain on his quarter-deck, the blaze of a martinet skipper in his wild eyes, is Bully Gordon; and like the whipped cabin-boy of long days ago, flying from the brute who dominated his soul, is Adolph Max Ludenbaum.

With a wild shriek of terror, the German dashes through the door, and screams: "Lieutenant, save me!" cowers, and flies from his giant pursuer, who, staggering after him, raises his hand to strike him down with mighty fist.

But even as the blow descends, the wounded skipper, with a muffled groan, staggers in his step, falls, and dies in his tracks upon his own threshold.

A minute after Ludenbaum, with face still pale, and ship-boy's terror yet in his trembling limbs, falters out into the moonlight of the garden, and looking about, chuckles in a half-frightened way: "*Donner und blitzen!* Dot eagle scream was der shovels scraping der gravel as dev dug der grave of der bully and brute, whose offspring shall feel mein vengeance—even as I felt his!"

To him the Corregidor comes strolling in the moonlight, and murmurs: "*Adios, Don Silas!*" as the men are shoveling the earth and rearranging the gravel right in front of his own door over the corpse of the ex-American sea-dog.

"And now for der young ladies!" whispers Ludenbaum, his face aflame with a savage love.

"*Dios, we understand each other. Señorita Maud has been your wife for eight years, eh mi amigo?*"

I am to swear to that," chuckles El Corregidor. "And Señorita Mazie?" The Spaniard's senile face becomes half adolescent with expectant passion.

"*Verdammt!*" mutters the German. "As I agreed, I shall exercise my authority as the child's guardian so that she shall be delighted to wed my dear friend Don Rafaél Lozado to escape my rigorous rule, when I do so command," and the ex-cabin-boy begins to look like a skipper bullying on his quarter deck.

"Is Don Emilio Gonzalo de Monaldo in waiting?" asks the Corregidor.

"Yah, der under-secretary of der Supreme Court is even now in der dead man's office drinking his wine and sampling his cigars," chuckles Ludenbaum.

"Then, we will tell the lieutenant to make all arrangements so that your charges don't suspect," laughs Don Rafaél.

This is done quickly and skilfully.

And some half hour afterwards the two sitting waiting for their victims under the shades of the big cocoa-nut trees in the garden of the dead sea-captain's villa, hear the sound of fresh young voices, as a carriage drawn by prancing ponies turns in from the Calzada San Miguel.

Maud is laughingly crying: "Señora Valrigo, we were very good girls to-night, weren't we? No very naughty flirtations, eh?"

"*Dios,*" murmurs the duenna, as she lights another cigarette. "I do not know. After supper I went to sleep."

"Well," says Mazie, "you won't have much more trouble with *me*. To-morrow evening my lover will be by my side. The next morning I shall be Señora Curzon and will have all the liberties that marriage gives."

"But don't take them!" remarks Maud sternly. "You understand me, Mazie. I am talking to you in the name of our dear dead mother."

"Yes, God bless you," cries the younger sister, "for giving me the husband that I love!"

So the two, hand in hand, trip with light feet robed in hosiery *de soie* and slippers *de bal* over the gravel which covers their father's corpse, and run up the stairs to the great entrance of the house; while El Corregidor and

the German, in the concealment of the shrubbery, turn hungry eyes upon each other and laugh in a subdued and hideous merriment.

CHAPTER XXII.

INTO THE LAND SHE DREADS.

BUT a moment after to these two chuckling conspirators, through the open windows of Gordon's villa, come cries of amazement and alarm.

"They have discovered," whispers El Corregidor. For the sweet voices of their two victims are ringing out over the shrubbery.

Maud is saying: "This is very curious, my maid isn't here."

"No servant in the house," cries Señora Valrigo; and *Diablo!* some one has smoked all my cigarettes!"

Mazie is calling: "Zima! Zima! Where are you, you lazy little black thing?"

"I must allay their fears," whispers Ludenbaum. "My poor little doves must not be frightened just yet. Arrange with the coachman, he is in our pay!" and the German runs up the stairway.

In the *caida* he find Señoritas Maud and Mazie looking for their maids, and Señora Valrigo searching for her cigarettes, which have been smoked for her by kindly Spanish soldiers; though every man of them has been moved from the house which looks almost as it was when the young ladies left it, the few stains upon the hardwood floor that tell the story of their father's death, are not prominent in the dim light, of half-turned down lamps.

As the German enters the flames of these grow brighter under Maud's deft fingers, and she looks in a rather amazed way at Herr Adolph, who says hurriedly: "Señorita Maud I bear a message to you from your father. This gentleman here,"—he brings quickly in from Gordon's sanctum the languid Don Emilio Gonzalo de Monaldo—"is the under-secretary of the Supreme Court of Manila. An order of

that tribunal compelled your father to depart for Nueva Ecija, the same command has been issued to you and your sister. You will find Don Silas awaiting you at the banca which will take you all across the bay to Pampangas from which point he will journey up the river with you. Your father left me here to instruct you to join him within the hour. Justice must be obeyed.

“Order of the Supreme Court of Manila!” cries Maud, angry, astounded and dismayed, though she has no guess of the horror that has taken place before her coming.

“Yes, Señorita Gordon!” remarks the Spanish official. “It is one commanding that you and your sister as witnesses immediately proceed to Nueva Ecija, the court of which, since the rebellion, is practically pacified, will soon be in session. It is official. It must be obeyed.” He displays to her a document bearing the seal of Spain.

“Not before I have made my necessary arrangements,” answers Maud.

“Oh, I shan’t be married if they take me away!” cries Mazie. “Maud, stop them!”

“Certainly,” replies her sister; then calls out of the window to their coachman who is now sleepily turning his ponies to take them to the stable: “Wait!”

“Where do you go?” asks Ludenbaum eagerly.

“That is not your business, sir,” replies the girl, suspicion having come upon her; for, as she has gazed out she has caught a glimpse of *El Corregidor* whispering to the driver of her carriage.

“I am sorry, Señorita,” remarks the under-secretary suavely, “that I officially shall be compelled to request your intentions.”

“You can’t have them, Señor!”

“You being now under the custody of the court, I must insist on them,” replies the languid creature, waving his hand officially.

At this Herr Ludenbaum gives a grin and shrugs his fat shoulders deprecatingly, perfectly willing to leave the matter in the hands of Don Emilio, who is very proud of his position as an official of the potent Supreme Court. In addition the young man has been very well greased with gold for the occasion, and Maud,

having unfortunately wounded his susceptible pride, Don Emilio can now be trusted to do his work lazily but accurately.

“Under custody of the court? You—you mean we are prisoners!”

“Prisoners! *Dios mio*, Maud, prisoners!” cries Mazie rising affrightedly, and flying to her sister.

And the scene, though distressing becomes one Ludenbaum enjoys quite well.

The old Señora Valrigo is smoking her cigarette half drowsily, having found a few more in the case she always carries on her person.

Mazie is half in her sister's arms, one of which is round her, the other extended towards the la-di-da official, whose Spanish eyes have lighted up admiringly at the beautiful contrast the two girls make; one a child by years and education, drooping under the first touch of adversity; the other fitted by trained intellect and dauntless courage to fight her own battle and her sister's, and doing it valiantly, though fettered and crushed by this fact, potent in all Latin countries—that being a woman she is supposed to have no right to take care of herself.

But Maud respects not Latin precedent, and cries: “I will protect you!” Her white bosom is throbbing as if struggling to fight its way out from the laces of the ball robe that drapes her noble figure, giving it under the subdued light of the lamps a statue-like effect; one little foot advanced, two flashing eyes, two cheeks pale as the marble of her sculptured shoulders, two lips that might be those of Venus, but now are haughty as a Juno's. Suddenly, as if in a spasm the lips growing pleading, the eyes alluring, for Miss Gordon perceives the mistake she has made in wounding the official's extremely delicate sensibilities.

With an enchanting smile she says: “Of course, Don Emilio, I acknowledge the power of the august tribunal you represent. As such I place myself in your hands. I'll make all preparations to leave as you direct. As we drive down to the banca, would you kindly stop the carriage for a minute so that I may bid an old friend good-by. You shall be present, honored Señor, at the interview.”

“*Cierto*, fair Señorita,” the secretary's lips are mur-

muring as he bows before beauty; when suddenly a sharp guttural cough from Ludenbaum recalls this impressionable young gentleman to his duties. Don Emilio hastily looks at some written memoranda, and murmurs: "That, I grieve to say, will be impossible under my instructions."

"You refuse?"

"I must."

Then the Juno-like beauty comes into the girl again; her eyes blaze, her arm is stretched towards him; her haughty voice cries: "Since you have assumed official custody of me, I now command you to take me to the American Consul!"

"By what right?"

"By the right of a citizen of the United States!"

"*Dios mio!* a woman, the child of Spanish mother and naturalized Spanish father, born under the flag of Spain? Impossible!"

"Would you like to see my papers?"

"I do not care to decide what must become a question for the courts. At present my orders are no communication with——"

Here Don Emilio gives a little nervous "*Caramba!*" for the girl has suddenly cried: "Come, Mazie!" and picking up her skirts is half dragging her sister down the front steps of the house.

Taking two languid strides to the portico the under-secretary calls after her: "I command you, in the name of the Supreme Court!" to which Maud gives a little mocking laugh even as she hurries her sister on.

"You will not be able to leave the grounds!" adds Don Emilio. "My *aguacils* are on watch."

And Mazie looking down the pathway even as she reaches the last step, screams: "Maud, the gates are closed!"

The portals are being locked upon them by men, apparently as the under-secretary describes them.

Loath to suffer the outrage of unequal contest where a woman's struggles would be as naught against the strong arms of relentless men, and fearing, moreover, to be separated from her sister, Maud turns, and with a little sigh, leads Mazie back. Then bowing to the inevitable, in the form of the under-secretary,

she says: "I yield to force, but force only. Remember that. Give me an hour to prepare for my departure, and I go with you."

"But do not regard yourself as a prisoner *de facto* but only *de jure*, my dear young lady," murmurs the secretary with Spanish politeness. "After you have arrived at Nueva Ecija it will be the pleasure of the court to give you every reasonable liberty comporting with the desire to retain so important a witness until after the trial."

But despite Don Emilio's words, Maud Gordon, an hour after this, in the dim light of a day that is just breaking, finds she is a prisoner *de facto*. As she assists Mazie, who is faltering now, into the carriage that awaits them, the suave-voiced under-secretary, with a murmured "Pardon," steps in beside her, and she notices an aguacil seat himself on the box with the driver.

So it comes to pass that, half an hour after this, before Manila is awake this early morning, the two young ladies robed in light piña dresses for traveling in this tropic weather, step onto the deck of a big sailing banca tied up to the Custom-House quay on the Pasig, and find their duenna is not with them. Señora Valrigo is very wary of Spanish justice and has been frightened away.

Maud notices the boat is apparently in government employ, and that two or three aguacils are stationed about the deck of the little vessel, which almost immediately gets under way.

In the little cabin the sisters sit, both in a kind of daze; this blow has come so suddenly upon them that even the elder's elastic intellect feels the shock.

"*Santa Maria*, what are they going to do with us?" sighs Mazie.

At this Maud suddenly starting up, mutters: "*Madre dolorosa*, our father! What have they done with *him*?" and springs to the deck, to find the boat already off the lighthouse at the mouth of the Pasig, and beyond any attempt to attract attention from the shore.

Even as she looks out over the water, an aguacil comes quickly to her and says: "You will pardon me, Señorita, but my orders are no communication with any outside parties."

“Yes, but my father? I was told he would be on board. Where is he?”

“Honored Señorita, I don't know the location of your father. If he received order of the Supreme Court to come here, he must be coming. The words of the judge must be obeyed,” remarks the constable with Spanish simplicity between puffs of his cigarette.

“*Dios mio*, why are we separated from him?” and the girl turns an agonized glance upon the aguacil, who replies to her deprecatingly: “The orders of the court, Señorita! The under-secretary asked me to mention to you that everything for your comfort——”

“Oh yes, I can depend upon you, Señor, replies Maud bitterly, “for every pleasure save liberty.”

“*Santo Domingo*, yes! I am your humble servant Pepé Sanchez; and my assistants Tomasso and Rincon are always bowing to you,” murmurs the man as Maud, hearing a soft cry from the cabin, steps in to give comfort to her sister who is wringing her hands and sobbing: “Jack, *mi querido*. They are stealing me from him!”

But what words can assuage the misery of an expectant bride torn from the arms of coming bridegroom.

So the sisters sit hand in hand and know they are drifting from Manila and feel they are drifting from hope.

Some five hours after this, in the noonday heat, the big banca makes landing at a little trading station in one of the numerous estuaries by which the Rio Grande de Pampanga empties its waters into the northern portion of the Bay of Manila.

A dense tropical jungle surrounds a few bamboo huts which with the stockade and barracks for a small garrison of Spanish soldiers make the village. A few lazy Indians gaze languidly at the big boat as she is moored beside the little landing-place, this kind of craft attracting slight attention from them, as this station is chiefly used for the transfer of cargoes from canoes or lighter draught bancas that come down the river to the larger craft that traverse the waters of the bay. But the insurrection has destroyed trade, and no boats save the banca and a large up-river canoe are at the *embarcadero*.

Here the young ladies are transferred by the atten-

tive aguacil Pepé to the lighter draught craft, that has in its stern a small bamboo cabin thatched with nipa, the forward part of the boat being open and occupied by the Indians who navigate it and a small squad of Spanish soldiers under a sergeant for the protection of the party from any bands of rebels that have wandered from Aguinaldo who is now laying down his arms in Manila and accepting Spanish amnesty.

The girls' luggage, which is not extensive, is transferred also.

Then paddled by its Indian crew the canoe-like banca glides quickly up the current and Maud sees open before her a land that seems novel, after her long absence from it. The great reaches of the stream, whose low banks are covered by the brilliant vegetation of a tropic swamp, spread out before her lighted by a dazzling sun that seems to make each leaf more green, each flower more lustrous, each bright plumed shrieking bird more brilliant.

But the girl gives little heed to this. Her thoughts are centered on one thing: "How shall I best meet my adventure—for the safety of my sister and myself?"

The day runs on; and the canoe having traveled rapidly is now in that great grassy region which in the wet season becomes a swamp and extends from the river to Lake Candava, whose enormous meres covered with myriads of duck and water-fowl attract the Tagal hunters.

Journeying on, they pass a few bancas bound down stream, some ruined villages, and one burnt church, a relic of the late insurrection, and tie up for the night to the palm trees of a little station.

Here the Indian crew having eaten their scanty supper of plantains and rice, the aguacil and the sergeant promptly lock them up in a strong shed, so that they may be certain of their men in the morning, for they have worked them very hard this day under the broiling sun.

Then after a slight meal, for neither of them are very hungry, Maud and Mazie wrapping themselves in mosquito netting to keep off the buzzing pests that make night a purgatory, lie down in the little cabin and try to sleep, though their anxieties prevent much slumber, for Mazie is crying and wringing her hands,

and muttering: "To-morrow was to have been my wedding day. Jack, come to me! Maud, why don't you help me!" her words breaking her sister's heart, who lies gazing over the waters of the silent river to its banks where myriads of fire-flies make the dense foliage of the tropics a fairy garden in which flop lazily about a number of huge bats. Beyond are the great swamps filled with myriads of mosquitoes, each shallow pool alive with leeches, varied now and then with a crocodile or slow wriggling anaconda.

Thinking of this the girl murmurs: "Helpless!" and a crowd of chattering monkeys in a neighboring grove of mangos seem to mock her with their jibes.

Succumbing at last to exhaustion the unhappy girl, is awakened by Mazie shuddering: "*Misericordia*, Maud, we must fly! My wedding morning! My Jack is bereft!"

"Fly?" whispers her sister, starting up and looking over the jungle in its silence. "Impossible! Not yet, Mazie, but still I'll give you to the man I promised. Trust your sister. For God's sake don't make my lot harder than it is!"

With this new day comes another fear upon Maud Gordon. They have taken their breakfast. The crew of snarling Indians have picked up their paddles. Already the mound of the extinct volcano of Arayat which lies to the west of the river is behind them. They are leaving the rice swamps and entering the higher country. The deserted railway to Dagupan that has been half destroyed by the war has been passed.

Noting this the girl turns suddenly to Pepé the aguacil and mutters: "You are not taking us to Isidro."

"No, Señorita."

"Why not? It is the capital of the province."

"My orders."

"Then to Jaen?"

"No, Señorita."

"Then to where?"

"To Carranglan."

"What? Right under the mountains; that little town? The court of the province isn't held there."

"That I do not know. It may be held there, if the judge so decrees."

“*Santos!*” cries the girl, “you are bearing me away from every chance of friendship or of aid. In San Isidro there are some old friends of my father’s. In Jaen likewise; but away in the fastnesses of the mountains right under the great Caraballo, where Herr Ludenbaum has his coffee plantation, where I am more alone and helpless than in the middle of the ocean. I pray you not there.”

There is a despairing anguish in the girl’s voice that touches the aguacil, who murmurs: “Be of good cheer. *Santa Maria*, while under my care no harm shall come to you. Have we not troops to guard you?”

So, Señorita Gordon finds herself paddled up the river beyond Jaen this very night. They tie up at a little village at the foot of some rapids near where the river Baliuag comes down from the great grass terrace that is bounded by the mountain peaks of the Main Caraballo.

The next morning proceeding on their way, the country grows more magnificent in its wildness and its boldness. Long ago they have left the low paddy fields. They are now leaving the sugar cane. They are reaching the pampas where the wild buffalo roam. Beyond them up in the mountain ranges will be found a few scattered coffee plantations and some tobacco fields, though here both plants grow wild, such is their luxuriance.

So poling up dashing rapids and paddling along quiet reaches they make their way to the head of navigation on this stream, where the cliffs covered with ferns and brilliant wild flowers, mixed with bamboo thickets and sometimes cocoanuts and wild bananas, come down to the waters of the river. Here at a little hamlet the aguacil demands from the *tribunal* or local post house, conveyance for the party, which under the law must be accorded to all travelers, but is very quickly supplied to those journeying with military escort.

Then in some ten carts all drawn by slow moving carabaos, the native term for buffalos, they make dusty procession on springless carts which move creakingly over half destroyed and wholly unrepaired roads, gradually climbing to the foothills of the great mountains.

Upon the second day of this jolting, bone-shaking journey, their progress being very tedious, the Igor-

rote boys who drive for them being very dilatory and very surly, Maud, with Mazie seated beside her, finds the two carabaos which draw her cart halted in front of the *tribunal* of Carranglan.

She looks up at the great mountains that rise above her and almost entomb her. Glancing down the valley through which rushes a little mountain torrent, she sees, terrace on terrace below her, patches of great forest trees mingled with a matted jungle of wild coffee bushes, vines, flowers and dwarf bananas, whose sea of green is topped by an occasional buri-palm, till in the far blue distance her eye reaches the great grass lands that in their unexplored haunts are the home of fierce wild buffalo, cousins of the patient beasts that have borne her to this place of despair.

For as such Maud Gordon now regards this quiet mountain *pueblo* of cottages thatched with nipa palm or cogon grass and a few stone houses, the largest being the *Casa Real*, the residence of the *alcalde*. Just across this little valley on the hillside is the *presidio*, stockaded by posts of teak wood and containing the stone barracks of the local garrison, a company of savage *voluntarios*, some of whom are slouching about the street. In a little vale below the *pueblo* are the ruins of a Dominican monastery. It is surrounded by gardens in which nature has resisted the fire that destroyed but a year ago, from torch applied by the insurgents, the home of monks and friars.

Beyond this Maud sees their old unoccupied plantation house with the great tobacco lands, her mother's dower, the ruin of her family. For first the priests claimed them, and then transferred their claim to the officials of the Spanish Crown.

Some two miles away over a ridge, she can dimly discern the tops of the huts of the coolies of Herr Lundenbaum's plantation. Noting these, the thought of the German brings her danger very near to her. The very grandeur of the nature that is about her, means she is far from aid and succor, in a half barbarous place, where her family were once dominant, but now are friendless.

She looks at the Spanish troops who have dismounted from their carts. She sees coming towards her the *gubernadorcillo*, his black Eton-jacket over his white

shirt worn outside his trousers, a high hat upon his head, a gold-mounted cane in his hand, the sign of his authority. She knows she is a prisoner in the land she dreads!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE KITE OF THE CHINAMAN.

THE young lady's prognostications are unfortunately correct. The *gubernadorcillo*, after a few words with *aguacil* Pepé, steps towards the cart, and though he bows humbly, remarks with an air of authority: "Why do you delay, Señoritas? The *alcaldé* is waiting for you. Let me assist you down so that you may come with me."

So gathering up their piña skirts to keep them from the dust of the huge wheels of the cart, Maud and Mazie descend like two fluttering birds into the snare of the fowler.

In a few moments the girls are in the presence of the *alcaldé-gubernador*, and are rather curtly told by this official that he has orders to keep them very tight till his Honor, Don Ulah Pico, the judge of the province, has time to hold his court.

Then in the course of about half an hour Maud and her sister find themselves quartered in a little stone house with bamboo balcony, of which they occupy, after the invariable custom, the second story. This is reached by bamboo steps and is surrounded by a garden which, though uncultivated, has been made by nature very beautiful. The cocoanut, the banana and feathery bamboos, aided by a big *launan* tree, in which *bato bato* pigeons and cockatoos roost, produce a pleasant shade that is adorned by growing orchids of wondrous colors and made fruitful by some orange trees, limes, tamarinds and mangosteen. All this is perched upon a little hillside that permits the young ladies a view of the dusty main street of the *pueblo* some hundred yards below them.

But its beauties are defaced, to these defenceless ones, by a high stockade of unhewn timber and a gate

of heavy dogon-bars which is secured by a strong chain and padlock with massive clicking key. Besides, poor little Mazie shudders as she sees sentries placed about this stockade and before the gate.

But even this is swept from the maidens' minds after their baggage, which has been searched, is brought up by a couple of Tuingani coolies. With them strides into their apartment a stern-faced matron with body of sturdy, heavy build, and face of sharp eyes and hawk's nose so common among the Basque peasantry.

Though she curtsies to them, the woman says: "Señoritas, by the *alcaldé's* orders you are under my charge. I am to see your pretty tongues wag to no one!" At this the two girls simply looking at her in astonishment, she announces: "I am Concha Dolgo, once under-matron of the Bilibid, now engaged to take good care of you, my doves."

"The *Carcel Publica de Manila*?" cries Maud, her eyes indignant, her face haughty.

"The Bilibid *prison*!" screams Mazie, her sweet lips fluttering, her dark eyes filling with tears of rage and shame.

"*Cierto!* I have had under me before this other Rebel girls," says the matron grimly, and would perhaps hear some saucy rejoinder from the indignant little beauty, did not Maud, whose American common sense dominates her courage, remark: "Under the *alcaldé's* instructions we are, I presume, your prisoners, but I warn you, Señora, keep your eyes upon us from a distance."

"*Caramba*, that I will!" says the woman half jeeringly, adding in grim significance: "Though I'd take other methods with you, my haughty chicks, were not my instructions to handle you like humming-birds."

So from now on, Concha Dolgo keeps eyes upon her pretty charges. The young ladies are assigned to the two little back rooms of the cottage, from which there is no exit save through the larger front apartment, in which at night Señora Dolgo swings her hammock.

Even as they sit in the garden and try to amuse themselves with some old plays of Lopé de Vega, a "History of the Saints," and a volume of Cervantes' novels that has been sent in to them from the *alcaldé's*, from which place their meals, very good ones for the

country, three times a day are brought ; seated on the veranda, smoking her cigarette, Matron Concha has careful supervision of her wards.

Then, bearing no hardship save that of seclusion, the two imprisoned beauties pass many a weary day that is only broken by listening to the bells of the little chapel of the village ringing matins, mass and vespers, and distant glimpse of an occasional religious procession with image of the Virgin and lighted candles and playing violin, which tramps the dusty main street ; likewise one or two funerals that pass by with brass band playing ; their rude biers drawn by white ponies and guided by drivers in stove-pipe hats and followed by crowds of half-drunken natives, who always end their sorrow over the dead by a carouse.

In this soul-crushing monotony Miss Gordon finds all chance of communicating with the man she loves annihilated, all hope of outside aid divorced from her.

For the first month the girl had perchance expected some communication from the English lover of her young sister. For the next two, she had hoped to see her own affianced coming riding up the main street of the little *pueblo*.

But now Good Friday having past and these hopes having at last been put out of her heart with many sighs ; quite naturally Señorita Maud commences to look forward with eagerness to the trial to which she and her sister have been brought ostensibly as witnesses but really, she knows, for some ulterior purpose, the very uncertainty of which adds to her anxiety.

In addition Mazie begins to droop. Lightness leaves her step, and Maud at night is driven frantic by her sister's tears, who is sobbing : " He will believe I am unfaithful to him. Jack ! My Jack ! " To this she adds with almost childish unreason : " Why don't you keep your promise ? "

Mazie's anguish spurs Maud to make exertion in the limited field she finds before her ; for the sentries at the gate are still vigilant.

With astute diplomacy she tries to make the *alcalde* her friend when he comes once a week to ask as to her health. She even attempts to beguile the stern dragon who sits on the veranda overlooking her prisoners day

by day, evening by evening. Likewise she has a pleasant smile and kindly word for the sentries that patrol in front of the gate ; though she has little chance of this, for Matron Dolgo permits little converse between her charges and any one.

But this fortunately brings Señorita Maud under the notice of the officer commanding the local garrison.

Captain Don Roberto Chaco, *comandante* of the corps of *voluntarios*, garrisoning this district, comes stalking on the scene, ferocious as a military ghost arisen from the sixteenth century.

At the time of Maud's arrival this officer had been across the mountains to the north, even as far as Bayombon in Nueva Viscaya Province, pursuing some Igorrotes and Gaddanes, fierce hill-tribes, who had come down from their fastnesses for plunder, thinking the Spanish troops still have upon their hands the insurgent hoards that have roamed over this province firing many a monastery, burning many a priest and sacking many a church.

Some months after the advent of the young ladies, returning from his duty, which he has done with a heavy and remorseless hand, bringing some half-dozen Igorrote, Gaddane and Negrito prisoners with him, whom he hangs upon some palm trees down the valley as a suggestion to other marauders, Captain Chaco, like the efficient officer that he is, has gone to examining the details of his garrison.

In making his rounds he chances to hear from the sergeant of the guard that the prisoners, for as such Chaco regards them, have been trying bright eyes and kind words upon the soldiers who see they are cut off from the outside world.

Therefore one morning Captain Roberto, always alert for duty, calling for Matron Dolgo to unlock the gate, steps in to the young ladies as they are reading under the shade of the *launan* tree, and remarks in stern military tones: "My prisoners, I hear you attempt conversation with my sentries as they walk their posts at the stockade. But have a heed! I warn you, the next man that turns his head to your pretty voices or bright eyes I shoot before your gate. Will that stop your babbling tongues condemning my gallant fellows, who love all pretty girls as the devil loves

sin, to a firing party? Aho, *caramba!*” he chuckles, “I see it will.”

For at this atrocious threat both girls have sprung up shuddering, and Mazie has screamed: “Shoot a man because he turns his head to my voice? You’re a murderer!”

“No, Mazie,” mutters Maud, laying a hand upon her indignant sister’s arm, and knowing abuse is not the best way to turn this martinet from his dread purpose, “Captain Chaco is only an officer inflexible in duty.” Then turning to him and forcing herself to calmness, she continues: “Your—your gallant fellows are safe. My sister and myself shall never speak to one of them again.”

“*Gracias, Señorita,*” mutters this military Draco, and catching sight of the blue eyes that blaze with an indignation they cannot conceal, he adds half-apologetically: “I thought it best you should know, before any of my poor fellows came to harm.”

At this the bright eyes grow softer, the girl murmurs: “Thank you for warning me in time.”

And Captain Chaco having doffed his sombrero and strode away, his saber clanking against his high boots with their jingling spurs, Mazie whispers: “How could you be polite to that awful man?”

“Because,” answers Maud under her breath, a sudden inspiration coming to her, “if I guess right, this Captain Roberto may be a rock against which Herr Ludenbaum and El Corregidor may dash themselves in vain. From his very disposition he will be as firm a friend as he is stern as an enemy. He is the only power here, strong enough to smack the court in the face if he likes.” Here she gives a curious little giggle: “Aha, he has condemned himself to death. See, the inflexible Chaco is turning to get a glance of us.”

Then raising up her voice, Maud cries in sweet entreaty: “Just a word with you!” and gathering up her light skirts, she trips towards the military autocrat whose dark eyes for one moment flash as they look upon the graces of this lovely creature, who comes bounding towards him with fairy feet and exquisite ankles glinting in the sunlight, and a face radiant, yet pleading, to make her first petition unto him.

“I—I have a favor to ask you, *caballero*,” murmurs Maud.

“Humph!” the martinet gazes upon her suspiciously.

“Only a *very* little one.”

“What is it, *Señorita*?”

“I have finished the first volume of Cervantes’ ‘Jealous Estremaduran,’” she holds up the book. “I can’t leave my prison,” her voice is pathetic here. “Could you not ask for me from the *alcaldé* the second part, Don Capitan?”

“*Por Dios*, is that all? I’ll do so!”

The disciplinarian strides out of the gate between his saluting sentries, as Maud, gazing after him, cogitates shrewdly: “I’ll get him *used* to granting little favors; then, perhaps, some day when I want a greater one, Don Roberto may from very force of habit give me what I pray for.”

A moment after the girl rather laughs to herself as their Cerberus, Dolgo, locking the gate after the departing martinet, remarks sharply: “That’s a man after my own heart. Hung up six rebels the day he came to town. If he and I had but to deal with you I’d have longer siestas and less fear of you flitting, *Señorita Nose-in-the-air*.”

Chaco is a man of his word!

That evening, as Maud is seated in the garden playing a little accompaniment on the guitar to her voice, she finds him standing beside her, and muttering: “I have brought the book, fair *Señorita*.”

“Oh, how can I thank you?”

“By not stopping your pretty song.”

“I am at your service, *Don Capitan*,” and Maud sings to this stern gentleman a siren’s ditty which, emphasized by alluring eyes and white fingers straying over the guitar strings, and arms of snow and ivory shoulders that glisten under the moon’s soft light through her robe of piña tissue, makes this young lady a Circe to the ferocious soldier as he listens to her sweet voice.

For actuated almost by an instinct, Maud turns upon him the blaze of her charms, the luster of her mind, and bewilders this rough cavalier who having thought of little but duty during the last two years,

now finds it pleasant to bask in the smiles of a bright coquettish face, and imagine himself once more doffing his sombrero upon the Luneta to the ladies of fashion and civilization.

Consequently Don Roberto comes often to see his fair captive, though this is dissented to by the prison matron, who does not care to see her charges speak to anyone, and in consequence keeps guard over their interviews till the rough and ready soldier damns Concha Dolgo with many an awful oath under his black mustachios.

In Chaco, Miss Gordon, to her astonishment, discovers a sincere devotee of the Church as well as true Spanish patriot. His vigor against the insurgents has been such that he has been called at barracks, the little Weyler, his military methods having the same cold, calm remorselessness as those of that Captain-General under whom he had served and whose strong hand had once made all Filipinos shudder, as he afterwards made all Cubans.

Bloodthirsty, indomitable, caring naught for the opinion of the world, and only for the praise of his superior officers, having no friends at home, being native born, though of Spanish race, Chaco has received little promotion, a thing which perhaps embitters him against the powers that be, but has not destroyed a ferocious patriotism which demands the death of all insurgents, high or low.

This phase of his character is gradually revealed to his fair prisoner, as he acquires the habit of strolling during the early evening after guard-mount into the little garden where the Señoritas sit under the eye of Matron Dolgo, who smokes her cigarette upon the balcony of the cottage.

“*Dios mio,*” he mutters to Señorita Maud, “when I look at that burnt convent and think how the devils having larded them with cocoanut-oil, hung up Padres Juan, Pablo and Roderigo, and made them part of the burning pile, I, though they lay down their arms, am still the enemy to the death of every rebel scoundrel. *Cruz de Cristo,* amnesty is not proclaimed yet *by me!*”

“Ay, my fiery captain,” suggests the young lady, “but if word came to your superiors it might inter-

fere with the promotion I am told, Don Basilio Augustin, our new Captain-General has promised you."

"But little news passes from here to Manila or even San Isidro," grins the fiery little Spaniard, stroking his mustache. "None, if I do not wish it!" he adds, asavage sternness in his voice that makes Maud start. "Dost think a courier could get alive out of that cañon," he points down the valley, "with report that would injure or destroy me. *Dios mio*, I studied war under Weyler."

But perchance noting some hope in his captive's face he mutters: "Of course I bow to the mandate of the Supreme Court and keep my two brilliant witnesses for the coming trial. I am told the judge, Don Ulah Lawbooks—I forget his other name—" laughs the *comandante*, "is coming here with quite a suite of *aguacils*; also El Corregidor, to see that justice is done in the trial that will take place here, the local witnesses being more convenient, for those big tobacco lands that should make you very rich if you get them—which I think you won't."

"But my father, what of him?" asks the girl.

"Ah, Don Silas! I have not heard of him since last year, when, I am sorry to state, your father had a bad name among the officials as being a kind of half rebel. But you are good Church girls and true Spaniards I hope, both of you, Señoritas, though I hear under the displeasure of the court, not being willing witnesses."

"Oh, yes, we obey the laws. Besides women have little else to do except to make men happy," replies Maud, and favors the local military dictator with a glance which might allure St. Anthony himself.

But now from the veranda this moonlight evening comes the stern voice of Matron Dolgo. It says: "My doves, bid *Don Capitan* good-night. It is time for you to retire."

"You see we *obey* the law," murmurs Maud archly, extending a white hand in adieu, and rather happy to note her visitor favors the matron on the balcony with a terrific scowl, and a muttered "*Carrajo!*" under his breath.

Probably she might bring a contest between them now, but she is too proud to whisper to this man who is beginning to think of her with very ardent mind,

that each night she and her sister suffer the indignity of being put under lock and key, so she only murmurs to him : “ *Adios, Caballero!* ”

“ You have given me a pleasant half hour. I kiss your hand, *Señorita,* ” murmurs the martial Hidalgo. “ Likewise yours, *Señorita Inez.* ” A stiff black briary mustache is pressed upon the delicate fingers held out to him, though his lips linger longest over Maud’s.

Bowing, the captain with clanking saber takes his departure, the memory of the white hand he has kissed making him hold up a haughty Spanish nose at the blandishments of some Tagal beauties who look at him from their nipa cottages as the *comandante* passes, and play the guitar and give him entreating glances.

Thus it comes to pass that Captain Chaco has often to superintend personally the mounting of guard over the little cottage and always gets a bright glance and pleasant smile, and sometimes an interview from his charming captive that makes his step light and military air quite jaunty. Gradually into his mind comes a hope that one day this young lady who seems to make sunshine for him, even when he rides under the dark shades of the eternal forests of teak and ironwood and dogon, may give herself to him with all her beauty and her portion of the great tobacco lands that he to himself with Spanish thrift now mutters : “ Shall yet be hers ! ”

Therefore he becomes complacent as far as his duty permits, to this young lady who has got into the habit of asking slight favors, such as his bringing her a little music from the *gubernadorcillo*, who plays the flute, or a book from the scant libraries of the *cura* or the *alcalde*.

But Maud soon has a greater boon to ask of Roberto Chaco, one that has been suggested to her by a very curious incident.

Early one day, the morning breeze blowing fresh down the valley, Mazie, who is lazily killing time embroidering a *pañuelo* which is to cover her fair shoulders, suddenly tosses it away and calls : “ A kite ! Look, Maud, a kite ! ”

Such is the dead monotony that is crushing their youthful spirits that both young ladies spring up and get excited over a thing every Filipina girl has seen a

thousand times, a Chinaman, at his national pastime, flying one of those kites that represent so ingeniously birds, insects or dragons.

This one is an immense bat some eight feet high, with fiery eyes and black flapping wings, and is flown quite scientifically upon the hillside near them, not much over fifty yards from the line of the stockade which encloses them, the wind blowing in such a way that at times when the bat's wings are extended it almost faces the girls.

As they watch its movements, Maud suddenly clutches her sister's arm, and mutters: "I think I see letters on it!" She looks again; and quickly drags her sister through the matted tangle of wild flowers, vines and shrubbery almost to the stockade, as near as possible to the flying thing that excites them. Here they put sharp young eyes upon the flying bat.

"A—a communication!" Mazie gasps.

"Look! Friends, friends at last!" whispers Maud. For, as the wings of the bat extend themselves before her, she deciphers in rude characters in English, that no one here in all this town can read, save herself and her sister: "ASK FOR A MAID!"

The moment she has read it she commands: "Come away; act as usual; pick up your embroidery. I'll try and read my book lest they suspect."

Sitting at their work in the shade of the *launan* tree, neither of the girls can help turning their eyes surreptitiously upon the kite which has brought the first hint to them, they are not entirely forgotten by the outside world. It is flown for about an hour by a Chinese coolie, and every time its wings expand, the spark of hope burns higher in Maud's breast.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHACO, THE PATRIOT.

"Ask for a maid?" cogitates Miss Gordon all this day; and turning her bright eyes upon Matron Dolgo, Maud knows she won't get one. Suddenly into her mind flies the thought, "Chaco may grant my request."

Therefore this very evening after she has charmed the military martinet's senses, Señorita Maud thinks she may dare to put up her subtle plea. First giving Chaco some little description of the inconveniences that are upon her because she has no servant, the alluring young lady murmurs: "Could I not have some Tagal or Negrita girl to wait upon me and my sister? We have sufficient money to pay the slight dole that will be required."

"A *muchacha*? *Cierto!*" remarks Don Roberto. "Why not?"

But Matron Dolgo interposes an objection, and says: "Under orders of the Supreme Court no attendants or communication whatsoever are to be allowed my charges."

"*Caramba*, the Supreme Court! Would you make our judges barbarians, woman? The young ladies shall have the attendance to which they are accustomed!" mutters the captain.

"Oh, thank you, dear *caballero!*" cries Maud with thankful eyes and grateful voice.

And Chaco thinks her tone means so much, that being a man of quick action, the next morning he brings up some half-dozen native girls, one or two Tagals of lithe limbs, an Ilocos maid, supple and yellow, and three little black Negrita nymphs for her selection.

Looking over these, Maud can scarce repress a cry of joy; draped in a coarse *jusi* chemisette from which her black arms and shoulders peep like carved jet, her short skirt of bright red and green displaying legs and feet of ebony made shiny by cocoanut oil, is little Zima, Mazie's Manila maid, a sly look of warning in the whites of her big eyes.

Struggling with a sudden hope and blessing God that Mazie, whose joy would surely betray her, is still in her room, Miss Gordon after making inquiries from the other girls to veil her motive, remarks: "I choose this one!" and puts her hand on Zima's shoulder as she asks: "What is your name, black child?"

"Zima!" says the girl, who has a quick wit in her minute body! "And what is yours, Señorita?"

"I am your mistress now, Dona Maud," commands Gordon's daughter. "Go up to my chamber! There

you will find my sister, Señorita Mazie, who will instruct you as to your duties. I hope you will be obedient."

"Ah, *caramba!* These Negrita *muchachas* sometimes need training. If the wench is surly, send her down to our quarters. My corporal understands the proper use of the *quirta*," chuckles Chaco grimly.

"*Santos*, I could never do that!" shudders Señorita Gordon, for poor little Zima is trembling at the mention of this stern discipline, and Maud fears the Negrita may in her terror betray their secret.

But Zima has too bright a mind for this mistake, and though her feet are trembling, runs up the bamboo stairs into the house, where, if Matron Dolgo had quick ears enough, she would hear a cry of joy from Señorita Mazie, and even the sound of a kiss greeting this souvenir of former days.

But there is not much of this; the black girl puts an ebony finger upon her red lips and mutters warningly: "*Silencio*, dear mistress!"

Just at present, however, the matron has some other business on her hands.

Maud, even as she is thanking Chaco for his kindness to her, feels a hot sharp breath of anger on her neck. Concha Dolgo with uplifted finger beards the fiery little Spanish captain, saying to his face: "I disagree with you entirely, Don Roberto Chaco. The prisoners under my care shall have no maid to go running through the streets bearing their messages to God knows whom. I forbid it!"

Then Maud for the first time sees in its glory, the demon in this military gentleman she has been playing with. Chaco who is but five feet seven inches high, seems to grow six feet tall. His eyes that were black and flashing now become red as coals of fire. He knocks the ashes from his cigar coolly, and looking at the woman with gaze that seems to petrify her, murmurs: "I, Don Roberto Chaco, *comandante* of this *presidio*, am master here. Disobey me, and I'll shoot you, madam. I swear it, *Cruz de Cristo!* It is my military law. I am responsible for these young ladies' safety—but *not* to you. They shall have twenty Indian wenches to run about for them if I wish. Tell His Honor, the *alcladé*, if he doesn't like what I say,

to come to me. But he'll not come," Chaco grins. "He's been there before!" To this he adds hoarsely: "Remember what I say. To forget Chaco's orders means death. Ask the trees out there!" he points down the ravine to some tall palms over which vultures circle. Then gravely taking the woman with his strong fingers by her hawk's nose, Don Roberto leads her to the bamboo steps and doffing his sombrero ceremoniously, commands: "Into the house, hag!" And in a jiffy, stern Matron Dolgo with bowed head and frightened mien bolts from beneath his Gorgon glance.

Turning, the military autocrat fronts Miss Gordon. Her lovely figure is draped with a white robe of soft piña tissues, that twines about and displays each beauty line, her face radiant with gratitude, her hand extended in graceful recognition of his service. Backed by some big green plantain leaves, surrounded by flowers of brilliant hues, perched above her dainty head a paraquette of rainbow plumage, some orchids of rarest shapes and tints dangling from a tree-fern, floating about her in the soft morning breeze, she makes a picture that might set any man on fire.

Suddenly a sunny smile wipes the scars of battle out of the Spanish soldier's bronzed face. With one quick step he is beside Señorita Gordon. He seizes Maud's white fingers and whispers: "I am so pleased to be of service to you," then mutters sorrowfully: "but I must see you no more. Some day my love," his eyes are flaming now, "might make me forget a soldier's duty. When you are no more a prisoner, send for me and I will wed you."

"O, *Dios!*" gasps the girl at this quick attack.

"You understand me!" he breaks in again, for Maud has drawn back from him shuddering with a terror born of the intensity of this man's passion. "I mean an honest love for you. I'll give you a better name than that of Gordon, who, the *alcaldé* tells me, has been a rebel to my dear Spain! So long as you are my prisoner I dare see you no more, *mi querida, mi alma, niña de mis ojos!* But *mi Belita* after you are free send for Don Roberto Chaco, and he'll make you his *cara esposa, Cruz de Cristo!*"

This outburst of flaming passion has come sudden

and strong as an earthquake! The girl feels upon her hand lips that burn, and her slight waist gets one savage squeeze that almost makes her cry from pain as Don Roberto Chaco striding from her, reaches the gate of the garden. Here he raises his hat, and says: "Remember—I mean what I say, girl.—It is Chaco's oath!"

Gazing after him, Miss Gordon, her fair limbs trembling, meditates that perchance she has dropped from the frying-pan into the fire, in stimulating this electric barbarian's blood with glances that beguile, and words that she knows now have put a hope into him she dares scarce think about.

But Mazie breaks in upon her, giggling: "Quick! Old crabstick Dolgo's out of the way. She's swearing to herself at the back of the house. Now's our chance to hear from Zima."

A second after, in the seclusion of a plantain thicket, the little Negrita girl gives them some news that for a moment turns Señorita Gordon's mind from Chaco's passion.

"My dear mistress," Zima whispers to Mazie, "we followed you from Manila."

"We? Who?" Maud's breath scarce leaves her lips.

"Ata, your Tagal boy, and the Chinese peddler, Ah Khy."

"Ah Khy? Who is he?"

"The son of Hen Chick."

"Oh, I remember. That snappy, vindictive, demon Chinese boy," mutters Maud.

"Yes, the one whose tail I used to play pranks with," whispers Mazie.

But her sister goes on impressively to the Negrita: "You are sure Ah Khy is our friend?"

"Yes, lady, but more the enemy of old Ludenbaum, your German papa, who has journeyed to Isidro with El Corregidor."

"Santos, I expected that! Friends and enemies are both here; enemies strong, friends weak. Why did Ata Tonga bring you?"

"So I could talk to you for him. He is known by Captain Chaco as a Katipunán. Ata's life wouldn't be worth a cocoanut were he captured. Look under the trees over which the vultures fly: they show Chaco's

mercy to a rebel Filipino. But I can wander out and can bear words to the Tagal, who has sworn by Cambunian to save you. He has made the Chinaman take oath with the head cut off a game fowl, such as these foolish creatures swear by, to save you."

At these words Miss Gordon's face becomes radiant for the first time in three months. Before, her smiles had been forced ones to make a Spanish captain think his presence was not distasteful to her. The brilliance in her eyes is now spontaneous as the light of rising sun. But suddenly her face grows pallid; the Negrita is telling awful news. Fortunately it comes gradually.

To Mazie's half petulant question: "Why did you and all the other servants run away before we returned to the villa that night at San Miguel?" Zima answers: "The soldiers!"

"The soldiers," whispers Maud, "were at my father's house?"

"Yes, I heard the lieutenant speak of seizing Don Silas."

"*Madre mia!*"

"He said your father was to be taken for having harbored the Rebel who made the *Carabineros* revolt!"

"And then!" Maud's hand is on her breast.

"Even as I fled, I heard your father's voice swearing and angry, then sounds of fight and shots of guns."

"Shots?" screams Mazie.

And dread coming on these deserted girls, Maud cries: "*Dios mio*, were he not a prisoner or dead he would, ere this, have been with us, his children!" Then she questions hurriedly: "Do you know more of my father's fate?"

"Yes, but it will make your eyes rain tears like a mountain storm."

"Tears! Don't you see I am crying now. You must tell me. Anything but suspense," implores Mazie.

"Ata Tonga says Don Silas is dead."

"Dead! How does he know?"

"He smelt Don Silas's grave under the gravel walk to your house in San Miguel."

"*Madre dolorosa!* Mazie, our feet have trod upon our father's corpse!" shudders Maud, as with a long sigh her sister droops upon her neck.

But the sharp call of their keeper intrudes upon their grief: "Señoritas, where are you?"

They are turning to the summons, but the Negrita, with hand upon Mazie's arm, says suddenly: "I forgot to tell you. Remember the Chinese pedler. Buy things from him. Listen to his words. Ah Khy is cunning as an old man-monkey."

"Señoritas, answer me!" cries the savage voice of Matron Dolgo from the veranda. "Come in sight of me, my doves, or I'll lock you up all this day—and perhaps longer!" And the two responding to this, the stern-visaged Spanish woman notes a strange sadness in her charges' haughty voices.

Though not daring to wear mourning, as this would indicate they had received communication from the outside world, each sister, upon her white wrist, ties a plain black band, in memory of Bully Gordon, who had always been to them, save on that one evening when filled with liquor, a kindly tiger with claws that were always cushioned by his fireside. The hand that had thrashed mutinous foremast-hands and flogged Cabin-boy Max nigh unto death, had been to them always a gentle and protecting one.

So a day or two passes in sad solitude, Señorita Gordon thanking Heaven that Captain Roberto Chaco keeps away from her; for Maud has seen a spirit in this man that has frightened her at the familiar she has raised up to aid her.

At first she had thought to play a Semiramis role with this military gentleman, and so meet the power of the law by the brute force of the army. But now she knows this man though he may defend her, will for it claim reward. She thinks of Cleopatra, who made Antony throw a world away for her bright eyes, and a Judith, who took Holofernes's head. Then suddenly a spasm of agony comes into her face. "What did these women have to sacrifice to gain their power?" and her hand clutches the photograph of Phil Marston which still lies upon her white bosom.

But the noticeable absence of the only man of whom Concha Dolgo holds an awe, brings new misery to her charges. The matron even jeers Miss Gordon with savage tongue: "Now that your lover, who made you think yourself above the law, comes no more to

listen to your tale of woe, I'll make you sing a different tune, my haughty minx!"

To this Señorita Gordon gives slight heed, till some day or two after she and her sister, being seated in the little garden in the cool of the evening, the setting sun still giving them a pleasant light, are astonished to see their keeper unlock the barred front gate and order the sentry to signal to a passing huckster that she would examine his goods.

With a little gasp, Maud sees it is a Chinese pedler who has made at a distance such wondrous display of bright-colored kerchiefs that the eyes of the severe Spanish woman have been caught by them.

Thinking to deck her austere features she has summoned the huckster; and at the gate, for she permits no further entry, she is examining the goods. The Chinese pedler is jabbering to her in the expressive patois of his nation, and his goods are so beautifully cheap that Concha Dolgo opens her big eyes at his prices and chuckles with Basque parsimony at the bargains she is getting.

"Some earthquake shock has made this coolie a besotted fool," grins the matron. "Does he not know that *jusi* cloth like this is worth twice what he asks for it! And these earrings, true Visaya pearls! By every saint, the dolt is charging no more for them than if they were glass beads to trade with savages."

Then, even as she is bargaining, the matron commands sternly: "Stand back, Señoritas!"

For at this sight both Maud and Mazie have come towards her.

"Can't we look at the pretty things as well as you?" asks the younger girl defiantly. "We have a little money. We can buy piña scarfs as well as you."

"I will buy them for you, my pert dove," says Concha grimly.

"Oh thank you," remarks Maud diplomatically, "and please accept a present of this one from us."

Thus they all get to bargaining, the Chinaman displaying many pretty things at prices which would make Señorita Gordon open her bright eyes did not she divine this jabbering creature is Ah Khy, and guess his reason for the cheapness of his goods.

So, after a little, the matron puts her hand into her pocket where she usually carries her purse.

Not finding it, she raises her voice and cries: "Zima!" and being answered by the Negrita girl from the upper story of the house, she calls: "Find my money! It is in my pouch that is secreted in the lizard's hole in the ceiling in the corner of my room."

To this, after a moment, come shrill cries of alarm and little Zima is yelling: "Señora Dolgo, the pouch is not in the lizard's hole. *Aquí, pronto!* Some one has stolen it. *Ladrones!* Thieves!"

Commanding, "Come with me!" the matron, with feet made quick with parsimonious fear, runs along the gravel path and flies up the bamboo ladder, her face pale with agony at loss of money.

But her charges *don't* follow her!

The Chinaman is whispering hurriedly: "Little Zima sharp as a rat! You sabé me, Ah Khy! come from Ata, the Tagal man. Speak quick! Ata dare not come. Chaco know his face and will hang him up by his feet to die. But we have written evidence which, given to Chaco, who is the cruelest patriot on earth, would get Ludenbaum shot like a dog when he comes here."

"What has Ludenbaum done?" asks the girl sharply.

"Imported and delivered arms to Aguinaldo!" answers the Chinaman. "Dutchy be here in a week, then look out for squalls! If you can use the evidence, which we keep, as it is written and might be taken from you, send Zima to us. She knows where to find us."

To this Maud answers only with a significant nod, fearing their keeper may overhear, though her eyes blaze, for the coolie is winking roguishly and remarking significantly: "We have been looking at Chaco and you in the moonlight from a distance. Which is the masher, which the mashee?"

Fortunately Mazie, filled with a girl's anxiety for her absent lover, stops this by whispering hurriedly: "Do you know aught of the Englishman?" and in her eagerness, breaking into pidgen English, jabbars: "You sabé Jackie Curzon?"

"Yes, me sabé Jackie Curzon," grins Ah Khy. "Him damn fool!"

"Oh, *Dios!*"

“Him chump!”

“*Santissima!*”

“Him your lover!”

“*Mi Madre!*” Mazie hides her blushing head.

“Him was to come with Ata and myself to save you,” remarks the Chinaman contemplatively; “but Jack hasn’t got much sand. Him run away in English war vessel! Your lover him damn big coward!”

“You lie, you jabbering yellow-faced imp!” cries Mazie savagely, and boxes the Chinaman’s ears sharp as the crack of a bamboo umbrella.

Suddenly this is broken in upon by the deep voice of the girl’s stern monitress. “Why did you strike the pedler, *Señorita?*”

“Why—why——?” gasps the maiden, staying her vicious hand with a start.

“I insist on knowing. Answer at once!”

“Why—because he was trying to cheat me in the price of this *piña* handkerchief,” cries Mazie desperately. “The saucy rogue asked twenty silver pesos for the stuff when it isn’t worth four.”

At this Ah Khy grins horribly, but flies into Chinese jabber like an enraged monkey, shaking his fist at the little lady as he gathers up his goods and takes his money with him, for *Señora Dolgo*, having found her purse, has paid him.

As he disappears, the matron locking the gate after him, turns fiery eyes upon her charges. “Why did you not come with me?” she says sharply; then commands: “Into the house! As for that little black devil Zima who said she couldn’t find my purse——”

She dashes up the bamboo ladder, and a moment after the girls, as they proceed slowly to the cottage, hear Zima’s cries. She is shrieking under Dolgo’s strong hand: “*Señora*, mercy! How could I tell which lizard’s hole it was? There are ten chameleons in the roof.”

“*Dios mio,*” gasps Mazie, “the brute is beating Zima!”

But Maud bursts into a jeering laugh, for Zima, escaping from Dolgo’s arm, has flown upon the balcony and swung herself far out. Her Negrita toes, expert as a monkey’s tail, have clutched a liano dangling from the *launan* tree. Quick as a flash, even as the pur-

suings Concha flies at her, the imp, swinging herself out into space, climbs up by her agile toes to the safety of a high branch, and still hanging head downwards, makes faces like an ape, grimacing at punishment below.

Just here catching Mazie's giggle, for the black girl is performing like a ring-tailed monkey upon the tree, Dolgo turns eyes upon her captives and cries savagely: "Up that bamboo ladder quick, prisoners! I'll have no disobedience. You shall be locked up very tightly for a day or two, my pets."

At this Mazie puts her little nose saucily into the air, and Señorita Maud sweeps, a picture of languid but haughty grace, into her room, yet clutches her hands defiantly as she hears bolts drawn and key turned upon her.

But all the time she is thinking of the news the Chinaman has brought. She knows Curzon is no coward, and whispers to herself: "He went on an English warship—for what?" Then her hand flies to her heart as her sweet lips give answer: "To tell my lover! Phil will be here. I shall see his gallant face again. Phil will save. Philipo, *Dios de mi alma!* My—my sailor boy!"

But suddenly she starts as if electrified, and mutters in frightened voice: "Chaco! I have but to appeal to him and the persecution of my keeper ends. I have but to summon him and Ludenbaum may suffer from this fiery patriot. Summon *him?* *Dios mio*, dare I ever summon him? Chaco would surely demand his price and take it—ay, and take it! *Santissima*, if Phil and Chaco ever meet!"

And growing pale at fear of one, and red at love of the other, for the first time in all these months this girl lets her passion break out into the air, and throws herself, sobbing as if her heart would break, upon the hard wood pallet they call her bed.

"Aha! You don't like being locked up, do you, my sweet one," chuckles Mother Dolgo grimly as she hears this plaint. "Wait till the judge gets hold of you. *Caramba*, he'll pluck the feathers out of your white skin, my pretty dove!"

CHAPTER XXV.

WEDDED BY DECREE.

SCARCE a week after this, comes to the village Don Ulah Pico, the judge of the province, in considerable state, accompanied by his *aguacils* and clerks, likewise one or two notaries, solicitors, *pica-pleitos*, *procuradores* and other judicial hangers-on, all hoping to get a little picking out of these big tobacco lands.

With him journeys El Corregidor and his friend Herr Ludenbaum, the German merchant.

So, due proclamation being made, and various legal forms that give solemnity to Spanish injustice being gone through, the case which is entitled: *Don Silas Salem Gordon, Executor of the Estate of Luisa Areles Gordon, versus the Brotherhood of St. Domingo* is called for trial in the *tribunal*, a stone building which is used for the municipal gatherings of the little *pueblo*. Like most government buildings in the interior of Luzon, it has a roof of nipa and the meeting-place on the second story is fronted by a bamboo balcony with stairway leading to it.

It is a bright April day, the siesta hour has finished, the sun has passed its heat. After the usual preliminaries which have occupied the morning hours of justice, the name of Doña Maud Ysabel Gordon being called at the door of the *tribunal*, that young lady is ushered up the steps to the veranda from which she steps into the little court-room, a place of rough unfinished walls and bare hardwood floor, upon which is placed a little platform for the judge, with the only armchair in the town upon it; below this is the clerk's seat and table, and a promiscuous lot of rocking-chairs and bamboo settees for the lawyers, though the all-pervading game cock, who wanders in through open doors and flies in through open windows *ad libitum* during the trial claims at his convenience all furniture to roost upon.

Under the charge of Matron Dolgo, Miss Gordon has been brought here to give her testimony, her sister

being left carefully under guard at the little cottage. His Honor Don Ulah Pico affecting to fear some collusion between the two fair witnesses.

Passing in review before a few Indian children who gaze from across the dusty road at the *Castila* lady, the beautiful girl is received almost at the portals of injustice, with Spanish suavity and German effusiveness; Herr Ludenbaum shaking her by the hand and half attempting to put papa's kiss upon her brow, whispering: "*Wie geht's!* So happy to see mein leedle fraulein. You, I hope, have been well in this expansive, though retired, spot."

As he speaks, he is searching in the lovely face for an expression that will show the proud spirit of Maud Gordon has been sufficiently broken by her confinement to accept the fate he is about to offer her. In this Herr Max is wofully disappointed; as the bearing of the girl though anxious, is as full of courage as it is of beauty; a kind of radiant nervous light flickering in her bright blue eyes.

Whatever her danger, she will soon be face to face with it!

The Corregidor, in his suave way, salutes the witness's pretty fingers, and even Judge Don Ulah Pico beams kindly upon his victim and hopes she has enjoyed her residence at Carranglan. The lawyers also make quite an ado over this young lady; though Maud, as she looks about the court, sees but very few faces she knows in this, the home of her childhood, for most of the country people do not dare to be present at judicial proceedings fearing summonses as witnesses, collection of taxes, and other misfortunes that go with the law.

Still she notes in the rear of the room among the few peasant and Indian lookers-on a Chinese pedler. Sitting behind these, a kindly glance of salutation upon his clear-cut face, is El Capitan Chaco who, divested of his sword in deference to judicial form, has stalked in like a medieval shadow to view a suit that now interests him greatly; for this Spanish warrior of bright eyes and bristling black mustachios, has hopes that the *Señorita* just about to step upon the witness stand may become in all her beauty his *cara esposa*, and that some day when she wins her suit—which he has

made up his mind she shall—bring her portion of this goodly heritage to him as her dower.

But Spanish law has this day some wild surprises for Captain Chaco as well as the young lady upon whom he gazes, who stands robed in white, for Miss Gordon doesn't dare to show, by wearing the trappings of mourning, that she has already received news of her father's death, save by the little black band upon her wrist in tribute to his memory.

Then being called to the witness stand; looking like a dream of beauty, a nervous excitement giving vivacity and radiance to her bright eyes, Maud Gordon taking the Bible in her hand and pressing the cross upon its cover to her lips, makes hostage to justice, and takes her oath, wondering what questions will be put to her on matters that must have happened when she was a child, her dear mother having died not long after Mazie's birth.

But her answer to the very first question of the *procurador* produces a little sensation in the court, though curiously enough the judge, who is a pompous gentleman of many words and Latin phrases and entirely the tool of the powers above him, doesn't seem surprised.

"Your name, Señorita?" asks the lawyer for the crown officers.

"Maud Ysabel Gordon, daughter of the late—" the word has slipped from her—"Silas Salem Gordon."

"You suggest your father is dead?"

"I have heard so." Here Maud notes El Corregidor and Ludenbaum cast eyes upon each other astonished at her knowledge.

"You are a subject of Spain?" asks the *procurador* in careless commonplace.

The answer that comes startles this legal gentleman. "I am a citizen of the United States of America!" says the witness in clear impressive voice.

"What?" gasps the attorney.

"These papers," Maud produces the documents, "prove that I became by naturalization a citizen of the United States of America in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six. Here is my certificate of citizenship signed by Judge Norton Noble of Topeka, Kansas. It is certified to by a notary public of that

place, likewise that my name is upon the voting list of the first precinct of the second ward of that city. In addition I have a certification that I voted at the municipal election held in that place. As a citizen of the United States I give my evidence !”

The girl utters this in clear impressive dominant voice, and gazing about defiant, notes that the lawyers opposed to her father's claim have apparently been warned to expect this ; but that Capitan Roberto Chaco who hates America with Spanish military hate, has an awful frown upon his clear cut face and his hand has abstractedly sought his absent sword.

“Is there an interpreter here who can translate from the American language this written rigmarole into the Spanish tongue ?” asks the judge testily.

None being brought forward or found, Maud Gordon says simply : “Your Honor, I will translate to you. You can swear me as interpreter if you like.”

“That's unnecessary,” interrupts the attorney for Spain. “In the first place, these papers can't be legal. No woman can transfer her citizenship. In the second place, I have documents here to prove that this lady was incapable of becoming of her own volition a citizen of the United States of America, or any other foreign country.”

“Incapable ! How ?” asks the witness turning fiery eyes upon him.

“Maud Ysabél Gordon was at the time, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and had already been for six years previous thereto, a wife by the holy ceremony of the Church, espoused and wedded to Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum !”

“My God !” This is a faint breath of shuddering horror from the proclaimed bride.

“Said Ludenbaum being a resident of this province at the time of the ceremony,” goes on the attorney in legal monotone, “which was performed in this district and bears the signature of the Cura of this Parish, of Carranglan.”

But suddenly interrupting this, the lawyer cries : “Look to the witness !” for Señorita Gordon has reeled and staggered from the stand and sank upon a chair, her face white as the chalk-washed walls of the building.

But Maud Gordon though stricken by this lightning bolt, has too brave a spirit for it to leave her body defenseless in this, the almost supreme moment of her life—the greater one came afterwards.

She staggers back to the witness stand and gasps: "Under—under my oath—that is *false!* No vows of marriage from my lips to any man have ever passed them, least of all to Adolph Max Ludenbaum."

"Then the Señorita's *legal* status must be determined before the witness gives any further evidence," ordains the judge from the bench.

And now to the fluttering horror and blushing torment of this agonized girl, the trial becomes, *not* the trial of the *titulio real* of lands in Nueva Ecija, but the trial of the fact whether Señorita Maud Ysabel Gordon on the fourteenth day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety, became, by ceremony of the Church, the wife of Adolph Max Ludenbaum.

Upon this, evidence is taken, the Cura's certificate being read, and his signature admitted to be correct, which is true, as the document is a genuine one. For Herr Ludenbaum was too brilliant to be caught napping in such a little thing, and had obtained an old certificate of marriage from the records of the province in the custody of El Corregidor. With the names in it carefully changed to Ludenbaum's and that of Maud Ysabel Gordon, the old timeworn paper seems genuine and true.

"This certificate is a lie. I swear it by the hope of God!" mutters Maud, looking in dazed horror at the document.

"Then let Fra Roderigo Anselmo, the Cura who gave it, be summoned," remarks the judge suavely.

"This is his parish."

"The Cura is dead!" answers the clerk of the court.

Upon this, breaks in the hoarse voice of Roberto Chaco. "Poor Fra Roderigo Anselmo was larded with cocoanut oil and burned in his ruined convent over a year ago by an insurgent band under Del Pila. He can give no evidence. Put me on the witness stand, Honored Judge, I can tell you if this lying affair is genuine; which I think it isn't!" cries the captain, thinking he is doing the half swooning beauty that he loves a favor.

But he is not !

For El Corregidor acting as officer of the court, suggests : " Probably you, Captain Chaco, can testify to his signature as you knew the dear old Padre."

" *Dios mio*, I can ! Let me look at the absurd thing that the señorita denies so truly," mutters Roberto savagely.

But on the witness stand, after he has taken his oath very reverently, his face grows white as he glances at the paper, and from it glares at Maud, thinking she has deceived him into loving her, even when bride to another.

Then, being a devout follower of the Church, and as such hating perjury, the Captain gives his evidence to the despairing horror of the girl, who is now bewildered with astonishment : " I know this is Fra Roderigo Anselmo's signature. I was acquainted with that devout man and his handwriting very well. The Padre would certify to no falsehood. He was a true priest of the Church." Having said this in curt military tones, though his tongue at times seems to choke him, the medieval soldier kisses the cross on the certificate of marriage, and, bowing to the judge, leaves the witness stand.

In two strides he is beside Maud Gordon, and uttering, in his simple soldier way, words that strike her with despair : " Doña Ludenbaum——"

" No, no !" she starts up, screaming at the title.

" Here are your marriage lines," he says in ringing voice, " keep them to show you are an honest woman !" then whispers in her ear : " Display them to prevent honest men having aught to do with you."

With this, tossing the paper before the clerk, an awful scowl upon his scarred face and a brain driven nigh to madness by the thought that this beauty he had hoped would soon be his, has been and is the property of another man, this sixteenth century martial Spanish lover strides from the court-room, his heavy cavalry boots sounding very heavy on the hard wood steps.

Gazing at Don Roberto's bowed head Maud knows her last friend has left her ; then shudders as with the ague as more testimony that she is wife to Ludenbaum is piled upon her, till she almost thinks herself crazy and doubts her own memory.

Don Rafaél Lozado being called as official of the province, testifies not only that this document is taken properly from the records, but that he was present at the ceremony, and signed his name as witness to it eight years ago.

Which evidence is curiously true, yet wholly a lie. Don Rafaél did see the marriage of a certain Eulalie Vicento and a certain Ricardo Marcho, whose names have been erased. "You can see, Your Honor," he remarks suavely, "that the document is very old, the ink upon the signature of equal age, and the whole a *prima facie* honest record of the province."

Under such evidence as this, Maud's face grows paler, paler, till it is white as that of a dead woman's, and she gasps in broken sentences: "I demand to be placed upon the witness-stand to again deny that I am the wife of any man!" then suddenly cries: "Fourteenth of September eighteen ninety! I remember that day—I——"

"Aha," murmurs the attorney, "you recollect at last, Señora, that you became the wife of the gentleman named in the document."

"No, I remember——"

"What?"

"Nothing!" murmurs the girl. But she has recollected that on that very day she became a member of the Katipunan. "I only remember that I never in the presence of the Church, or in the presence of any man, or in the presence of that liar," her finger points to El Corregidor, "promised to be the spouse of any one, much less of that devil there who claims me for his wife." She is gazing at Herr Ludenbaum.

But even as she looks at the German's face and catches his eyes that meet hers with a mocking smile of triumph and gloating glance of legal possession; even as she speaks the word "*wife*," over the girl's face, neck and shoulders flies a blush red as the fires of the Inferno.

"Is this all you have to say, Doña Ludenbaum?"

"My God! Don't call me that!"

"You have nothing more to say?"

"Yes, I have. No decree of court, this or any other, can make me wife to any man!"

At this implied insult to his power the judge shakes his head reprovngly, and murmurs: "The court

simply decrees that you, Doña Ludenbaum, cannot give your evidence in the case as Señorita Gordon, which you are not. Still it would add its authority to that of Mother Church, who has already proclaimed you spouse by your own vows to your husband Adolph Max Ludenbaum. As such the court now decrees you to him, giving him the rights and authority of a husband over you, who have apparently for eight years forgotten your vows or disregarded them. As such this tribunal grants him possession of your property and power over your person to hold as his wife according to Spanish custom."

"*Dios mio*, rather doom me to death!" moans the bride.

At this outburst, most of the spectators look astounded, and Judge Pico remarks sagely: "It is not so bad a thing for a girl to have a good husband. I have a daughter; I would I could condemn her to so pleasant a fate. She'd also much prefer that, to being a nun."

Then he goes cheerfully on: "Oh no, we respect beauty too much to place any higher penalty upon you than that of being a good and loving wife to a gentleman we have no doubt will be a good husband to you, and as such has shown his consideration for you by respecting your tender years when you became his bride."

His Honor glances at the girl's face, that is red as fire and continues facetiously: "A self-control that, looking at your marvelous loveliness, my child, makes me think Herr Ludenbaum nigh unto a monk!"

At this there is a little subdued snicker and one or two guffaws by attendant *procuradors*, *pica-pleitos*, clerks and hangers-on; a judge's jokes are always laughed at.

"Do you mean officially," asks the girl in low and choking voice, "to brand me as that man's wife on those lying papers?"

"Such is your legal standing in this case!" remarks His Honor suavely. "Go to your husband, Doña Ludenbaum."

A moment after some lawyers whispering a few words to him, Don Ulah Pico of the unsullied ermine announces: "No further evidence can be received in

this action, which has been terminated by the death of the late Don Silas Salem Gordon, of which I have just been *legally* informed; and that Herr Adolph Max Ludenbaum is now suing as the executor of the estate and guardian of the minor daughter, for your rights Doña Ysabel Ludenbaum as his wife and your sister's as his ward."

But Doña Ludenbaum answers nothing to this; she has been stricken down by the awful decree of marriage.

In a kind of half daze, half swoon, Matron Dolgo having to bring water and fan her face, Maud hears the attorney for her putative husband make statement to the court that his client as executor of the estate of the late Don Silas Salem Gordon and as husband of the eldest daughter of the late Señora Luisa Areles Gordon, deceased, of Señorita Mazie Inez, a minor, who is not present in court, but will be soon brought in, has made compromise with the attorneys of the Spanish Crown, and for certain considerations will receive deed to the estate for the two young ladies in question.

All this with legal phrasings takes some little time, and seems almost a nightmare to the new-made bride, who is so stung with chagrin and tormented by shame she can't look human being in the face, and gazes in a dazed way at a big rooster outside the window, pluming himself on a neighboring lime tree; for Ludenbaum, to complete his signature of the papers, is now solemnly swearing before the notary that he is the husband of the despairing girl both by Church forms as well as court decree.

He is also explaining with brutal cunning that the marriage was not announced nor consummated at its date, as the bride feared her father's opposition, she being of such tender years; that now her repugnance to acknowledging the union is because she became enamored with some Naval officer in America. This lying oath and dastard insinuation wracks the putative bride with rage so that the room spins round before her burning eyes.

And now, as if she were in a trance, Maud thinks she sees into this panjandrum of misery and despair, mixed with lawyer's terms and Latin axioms, dominated now and then by the crowing of game cocks in the dusty air outside, a tall German lady of gaunt figure and strong

face with spectacled eyes and thin, bloodless, cold, dogmatic lips, clad in a prim but European robe, lead in Mazie, who seems almost a child in simple frock of *jusi* cloth with her brown hair braided into a pigtail down her back and tied with white ribbons in adolescent style.

To her floats the German woman's voice saying sharply to her sister : " Answer His Honor's questions, child ! "

To these Mazie seems to reply in an embarrassed way, there being indignant tears in her bright eyes as she greets her childish pigtail, and juvenile costume with a blush, and listens to Herr Ludenbaum introduce to the court the German woman as Frau Amelia Smoltz, a lady of high learning he has brought with great expense from Batavia, Java, to complete the education of his young ward.

Also, Maud seems to hear Mazie cry to Adolph : " You shall not take me from my sister ! " and the German woman answers sternly : " Your guardian, child, has now full charge of you ! "

A moment later, with a start, Miss Gordon seems to awake from the half syncope into which the joy of being made so suddenly a bride has thrown her. Matron Dolgo is tapping her on the shoulder and saying, " His Honor has announced that the litigation being finished you are transferred from control of the court to that of your husband, Doña Ludenbaum. " She staggers to her feet and unheeding the bows of the judge and the lawyers about him, falters to the door of the court-room.

Looking out she sees a barouche drawn by two sturdy ponies moving away along the dusty road, in it the German woman and her sister, who seems to be half disputing, half struggling with the governante.

Maud is turning helplessly back ; but pauses, chancing to hear words coming from the lower story under the bamboo balcony on which she stands.

Ludenbaum and El Corregidor are in consultation. The girl's light footsteps have not been heard by these gentlemen whose voices appear excited, yet triumphant.

Don Rafaél is saying : " I charge you, my dear friend, forget not your promise to me. "

" Don't doubt me, Don Rafaél, I shall remember your fidelity in this case. *Mein Gott!* Didn't dot mar-

riage evidence and decree smash all Yankee citizenship out of her."

"You can thank me for that," murmurs El Corregidor. "I give you a bride; now it is your turn to do the same for me."

"Of course, I will! You can bet your Spanish head within the month Frau Smoltz will have made things so unpleasant for that little vixen—I beg your pardon, little beauty—struggling with her there, that Fraulein Mazie will be glad to marry the devil himself to get away from her. Consider her your betrothed now. I as guardian give you the privilege. Within der month der leedle fraulein weds you, mein esteemed frendt."

"A-a-ah, *amigo de mi alma!*" cries Don Rafaél with Latin enthusiasm, and seizing the German, kisses his two fat cheeks.

With this the daze in the girl's mind seems to clear like mist before the sun. Maud knows the plot of which she is the victim. She has been brought to these wilds ostensibly as a witness, to be adjudged the wife of Ludenbaum and given helpless to him. Likewise her sister is turned over to his authority to be forced to wed El Corregidor.

As he comes up the steps from interview with Don Rafaél Lozado, Ludenbaum, humming a merry air, chancing to raise his eyes, catches glimpse of two of the prettiest feet and ankles in the world. Above them, drooping against the bamboo railing which her white hands clutch desperately, is a girl whose cheeks are one second pale as marble, the next red as the crimson skies of sunset, with two bright stars for eyes that shine through mists of unshed tears. But blushing or pallid she is beautiful enough to make him ready to lose his soul to be her spouse.

This vision of loveliness is his legal bride awaiting him under the nipa roof of the balcony outside the court-room.

For a moment the German measures his victim with his eye. Her attitude is emotional and Latin in its abandon, as if all hope had left her. He thinks quite merrily: "*Sapristi*, I'll soon crush the gaudy wings of this rebellious butterfly that has been given by the law into my grip."

They are quite alone; judge, lawyers and nearly all

inside, now that the court has adjourned, have got to discussing eagerly, almost savagely, the chances of the various game-cocks that compete in a grand series of combats given in Don Ulah Pico's honor this evening by the *alcaldé*. Their noise in proclaiming the merits of *putis*, *pulas* and *talisain* chanticleers, drown the low whispered tones of the interview upon the portico.

"*Ladron*, you're taking my sister from me!" cries Maud, an agony in her voice.

"My duty as her guardian," answers the German, the calm of victory in his voice, as he knocks off the ashes from his cigar.

"*Madre de Dios!* That woman is going to be cruel to Mazie!"

"You can determine dat for yourself."

"How?"

"By coming into mein house."

"Think how that would compromise me *now!*"

"Compromise you?" guffaws the German. "*Donnerwetter*, a wife compromised by going to a husband's home, a husband's love."

"And to my face you dare use that title?"

"*Mein Himmel!* I only echoes der decree of der court and der certificate of Fra Roderigo Anselmo."

"You will proclaim this accursed lie to the world?"

"*Donner und blitzen*, why not?"

"My God!" breaks out the girl, "the man who has my love, to whom I have promised my hand!"

"Oh, Herr Philip Marston, that accursed Yankee naval officer," mutters Ludenbaum savagely, rolling out an under-breath German oath.

"*Dios mio!* He'll think me untrue to him! He'll believe me worse than faithless to my vows and his love! He'll—he'll *hear* of it!"

"He *has* heard of it!"

"Oh mercy! How?" The bride is reeling before the legal husband.

"Like most Americans, dis Marston reads der papers. Doubtless dat meddling Englishman Curzon has sent him der *Diario de Manila* with dis item." As he speaks, the German nonchalantly shoves before his bride's haggard eyes a clipping of the paper similar to that which tortured Phil Marston in far-away Hong Kong.

“Oh God of Heaven, he'll—he'll think I am worse than untrue!”

“*Verdammt!* he'll know you are my wife, and, as is proper, keep away from mein threshold.”

“*Santo Dios!* You have stolen from me not only his love but his respect!” shivers the girl, a kind of ague in her limbs. “You have robbed me both of my sister and affianced.”

“You can have your sister, and der authority over her in mein house of mein wife.”

“No, no!”

“It is your only chance to see your sister. Think what you may save leedle Fraulein Mazie. German governesses are sometimes strong and strict. Frau Smoltz when she drove away looked stern as an executioner,” chuckles Adolph, though the face of the girl he mocks would make any man pity Bully Gordon's daughter save ex-Cabin-boy Max who is now avenging the rope's-end.

“Thank you for making my sister's fate depend on me!” cries the girl, a sudden ring in her voice astounding the German. The pleading Southern emotional attitude of his victim seems to change; her form grows erect; her eyes lose their pathos, the tears burn up in them. In a flash they become two stars of blue burnished steel. With Anglo-Saxon decision and American determination, she cries: “*I come!*”

“*Mein Gott, AS MY WIFE?* Adolph's eyes are lighting up with passion. His hands are outstretched to her. Then catching the shrinking of the girl's form and a repugnant horror in her face she cannot veil, his voice grows stern, he mutters: “You come no other way!”

“STILL, I COME!”

“Aha, *Gott, Himmel! Donnerwetter!*” This is a cry of triumph from the Prussian. His face is flaming with a tyrant love. With eager astonishment in his voice he suddenly asks: “Why?”

The girl answers, her cheeks pale as death save where two hectic spots burn like fire: “FOR REVENGE!”

Despite herself the words have slipped from her.

“For revenge?” echoes the Prussian with an astounded guffaw. “*Donner und Blitzen, for revenge?*”

Oho, dat is a good joke, mein *liebbling!*” Then he chuckles grimly, “Come! Bridegroom Ludenbaum wants you *mein frau*, FOR REVENGE!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

INTO THE LION'S MOUTH.

WITH triumphant chuckle, the jovial German turns from her and, running into the court-room, cries in his excited Teutonic way: “*Donnerwetter, Herr Gott, Himmel!* Your Honor, *procuradores*, frendts, *mein schatz* accepts the verdict with wifely obedience. You shall drink at my plantation this evening the health of bride and groom. *Verflucht!* she has acknowledged she has done me a cruel wrong eight years ago; but I am magnanimous. I forgive her. I take her to my heart.”

Listening to her new-made lord and master, his victim on the veranda mutters these curious words: “God be praised, that demon is making me as remorseless as he is!” She casts one sharp, searching glance at the barracks on the neighboring hillside, and from now on all Latin emotion seems to leave her.

Coming back with his friends Ludenbaum finds a brisk Yankee bride with quick actions and direct but perchance coquettish American speech.

Maud is no more the maiden of the tropics, but the girl of her father's blood and land, as they all stroll out on the veranda, and God of Heaven! congratulate her. The judge kisses her hand and wishes Doña Ludenbaum a happy wedded life; for this sapient old jurist believes he has done a very good thing for the girl, and has no doubt of the genuineness of the certificate of marriage upon which he has ruled.

To his compliments the bride replies quite prettily, and makes a little plea to this great man: “Dear Don Ulah, can I have my marriage lines?”

“*Cierto*, my child!” and the judge orders the clerk to deliver to her the original certificate with Fra Roderigo Anselmo's signature, that official having already made a certified copy of same.

With this accursed thing in her grip, looking at the

spouse His Honor has decreed her, Maud waves her white hand and lightly says: "*Adios* for a moment, Don Adolph."

"*Mein herz*, you leave me now?" cries Ludenbaum astounded.

"Only for—for a little while. You forget a lady's baggage! It is there at the house," she points her dainty hand, "where I have received the hospitality of the *alcalde*," she courtesies to that official, "for the last four months."

The others are chatting and laughing a little apart from bride and groom. Ludenbaum, who has no wish to let his prey out of his eyes, whispers to her sharply: "You will stay here! From now on I direct the family movements, *mein frau*."

"It's—it's only for a few moments—my—my dresses!" mutters Maud desperately.

"Have been already sent to my house, *mein schatz*," laughs Adolph.

"You—you don't fear I'll—I'll run away from you?" queries the girl, with a miserable attempt at lightness, for this has placed an almost fatal block upon her plans.

"Bah! You have no personal card. Without it, the first village *teniente* would clap you into jail.* Besides," he laughs, "you haven't money enough to hire a buffalo. As your husband I am by law the guardian of your person and estate. So to be very sure, *mein liebes herz*, present thy husband with your purse. I run the family finances."

For one moment Maud's eyes blaze; then a rebellion that would be hopeless not being in her line of defense, she silently passes her purse to her decreed spouse.

"Thanks for your wifely obedience. Now remember our guests!"

And the conversation becomes more general as they wait for the carromatas and buffalo-carts to be brought up, Ludenbaum having insisted they all go with him to his plantation house to his nuptial *fiesta*.

Into this project Maud goes apparently with Yankee energy, inviting *procuradores*, clerks and attorneys, even those who had a hand in her undoing.

* "Every inhabitant of the colony is compelled to carry a personal card, which answers the purpose of a passport."—*Don Pinto de Guimares in Revue des Revues*.

She is like a butterfly flitting over the lights that singe its wings. She laughs when she could break out in her agony and fly at the sapient judge and tear his hair and scream at him: "Accursed!"

Perchance she would grow hysterical, but a little hope comes to her. Ludenbaum, whose presence is ever an agony to her, has left her side and is talking to El Corregidor, whose mule team has just come up to bear him to San Isidro. And on the opposite hill she sees a Chinaman is flying a kite, the same big bat that had spoke to her before.

On its wings all letters have been erased, but its body now bears, as it waves through the air, a gigantic ? . Gazing from this, she sees the being Adolph's mandate had kept her from getting word with—little Zima.

The Negrita girl is sitting with half a dozen indolent natives near the vehicles that are now arriving to take the party to the Plantation Ludenbaum.

With this Maud's eyes fly to the little *presidio* where Chaco is putting his hundred men through evening parade and military exercise. This gives her self-command enough to extend her hand to the salute of Don Rafael Lozado as he murmurs: "Congratulate me, I am happy. *Mi amigo*, Don Adolph has promised me that your sister shall accept my offer of marriage."

"Has he? And Mazie?"

"He has promised the child shall be obedient!"

"Aha! And I?"

"You, of course, will bow to the will of your husband, Doña Ludenbaum."

"I—oh yes—of course—bow to the will of my husband. You—you needn't kiss my hand as if you were grateful," she stammers.

The Spaniard takes his leave and, going to his carriage, is driven off down the mountain road towards far-away San Isidro.

Gazing after him, Maud thinks: "One villain is eliminated from the problem of this night!" Her eyes seek the moving Spanish infantry at the *presidio*. She mutters these curious words: "I wonder if their guns are loaded now with ball cartridge." She looks on little Zima; then cries lightly: "Judge Don Ulah Pico, you shall assist me to my carriage, and shall have the honor of driving with me to my house."

"My carriage, my house?" laughs Ludenbaum, coming nearer to her. "Oh, how happy you make me, my wife!"

"Do I? Come Judge! You—you don't make brides every day!" She holds out an exquisite hand to him.

Seizing this, His Honor conducts the lady, upon whose fair limbs he has just placed the chains of matrimony, to her husband's carriage, a country barouche old and dilapidated, but drawn by a couple of stout ponies, which has just returned from delivering Frau Smoltz and poor little Mazie at the family mansion.

As the judge seats himself beside Maud, her *legal* spouse snarls to himself: "The cunning devil did that to be rid of me for another hour. Just wait *mein leedle mädchen!*"

But Maud is doing even more than Adolph guesses.

As they drive off, at her quick nod Zima, who has been looking for it, jumps up beside the Indian driver of her carriage. So, followed by quite a little string of wagons, in one of which sits Adolph, trying to keep his rage in bounds and laughing with the *alcalde*, Maud schools herself to listen to the judge's platitudes of how lucky a girl she is, and how good a wife she should be to the great merchant prince; Ludenbaum's fortune seeming immense in rural Nueva Ecija.

The ponies prance down the palm-shaded road which, after a little, turns from the mountain stream and crosses the low divide to the entrance of the great cañon in which the plantation house of Don Adolph Ludenbaum is placed, nearly three miles from Carranglan.

Turning up the defile the gorge is deep and flanked by two great precipices whose steep sides are veiled by masses of eternal verdure.

Between these sheer green walls, Maud's ponies tramp under great trees of teak, dogon and ipel, beneath whose shade flourish luxuriant ferns, curious orchids and twining parasites that, growing under the dense foliage of the forest, make a jungle on the ground, beneath a jungle a hundred feet above it in the air.

Beside the unused trail dashes a mountain torrent, which, higher up the defile, falls into the cañon by a series of cascades down a precipice on which grow, moistened by the vapors of the waterfalls, unending wild flowers.

Some half mile from the entrance of the gorge stands the big stone plantation house which has been occupied during this war of insurrection only by a few dependents of the estate. Therefore it is not in proper garb for company.

But still about it there is festivity. For orders have been sent in advance, and a hundred torches, perched upon a hundred palm trees, light up the forest that, spreading here, makes a garden plot of some half hundred acres.

The windows of Ludenbaum's residence are alight, and even from the lower ones, where the servants congregate, comes a ruddy glow into the darkness, which in these cañons falls very quickly. The sun was setting as they left Carranglan, and now the monkeys are howling in the tree-tops, the cry of the wild-cat is heard far up the forest, the fireflies are making the foliage gleam with darting incandescence ; it is a tropic night.

As Maud's ponies stop before the steps to the great entrance, the native superintendent of the estate comes to her and greets her as mistress of the mansion ; a retinue of Indian boys and girls bow down before her. A moment after the bridegroom, his face inflamed by wine and triumph, and what he calls love, flies to her and cries effusively, perchance for the ears of his guests who are gathering about his festal board upon the big balcony : "Welcome *mein lieblich* to mein home. Behold the festival to greet the coming bride !"

As she steps from the carriage, of a sudden a hundred more torches are lighted up by lithe Indian boys in the cocoanut grove, producing such a blaze that the monkeys run screaming through it, and the parrots fly shrieking through the air.

Then as the master of the house claps his hands, the Carranglan brass band, lithe Mestizo boys most of them, comes marching up playing most sweetly, on their horns, tubas and cornets made from kerosene-cans, some airs that carry Maud back with an awful start to Annapolis cadet hops.

And the girl goes nearly crazy, for the "Washington Post March" is sounding in her ears that she and Phil had often danced to in far-away America.

Then with a shiver Annapolis fades away from her, and, looking into the face of her decreed bridegroom, the

maid knows there is but one thing now that can give her to the arms of him she loves as the same girl who left the kisses of her American betrothed—as Maud Gordon immaculate!

“My sister!” she mutters hoarsely, for Adolph has approached nearer to her, and perchance would proffer bridegroom’s caress. “Half an hour with her!”

“And then, mein sweet dove?”

“And then half an hour to deck myself to make you proud of me as I do the honors of your house.”

“But first one leedle kiss, *mein lieblich*.”

“What! Before your guests?” Her eyes flash with rebellion.

“*Donner und blitzen!* You are mein legal wife, why not?”

“Not yet! For God’s sake,—not yet!” she whispers, a frantic misery in her voice. “This thing has come upon me in a moment—two hours—two short hours!”

“And den?” he iterates, his eyes aglow. “You remember the terms on which you came here. I suppose I might just as well tell you now,” he adds, “dat you can’t go way from here. At the entrance of the cañon, mein Indians have instructions you and your sister go not out; and here *I* am master!”

“Of course! I am a Catholic, I know I am yours—till death.” Her face has something in it that Herr Adolph doesn’t understand, but it is not a blush. Beware the bride who blushes not upon her wedding day.

She runs up the big steps, turns, and forcing herself to kiss her hand to him, remarks: “Your guests are calling for you. The judge suggests that they are hungry.”

So turning from his bride, Ludenbaum mutters to himself: “I’ll soon stop your pranks, my lady. A very leedle while and you will know your husband’s will is law!”

As for the threatened one, she glides into the half-deserted house, gripping as she has gripped all this time, the hand of the Negrita Zima, as if the little black savage was her Rock of Ages.

A moment later an Ilocos girl leads Maud to her room, and says: “Your chamber, Doña Ysabel.” The very home-like nature of the place affrights her; her robes are laid ready for her on the mosquito-netted Filipino bed.

“Can I bring you anything?” asks the servant.

“Nothing; my maid is here!”

“Then can I join the dance outside?”

“Yes—of course!”

“*Gracias!* You will make a good mistress. May you be blessed in wedlock.” The girl tosses two flowers at the bride and laughs: “Don Adolph’s is the next chamber!”

With a gasp Maud sinks down beside the Negrita Zima and whispers, her face pale as death: “You dear little black thing, I have two errands for you, upon which hangs my life, likewise the fate of Mazie, your dear mistress. Will you do them faithfully?”

“By Cambunian, I swear it, yes!”

Then Maud speaks into the black ear two errands, charging Zima to care, secrecy and *speed!* “For on the fleetness of your footsteps, little black thing,” she sighs, “my life depends.” Then suddenly mutters: “Will the Indian keepers let you, my maid, pass the gate of the cañon?”

“You wish me to go very quick to the Tagal, the Chinaman and the Spanish Captain?”

“Like the wind!”

“Then not by the cañon I go. That is three miles! By the tree-tops, whose upper branches spread over the cañon walls, is but a mile.”

“Ah yes, you can climb trees like a monkey!”

“Was I not once a wild Negrita?” whispers the girl. And Maud remembering, blesses God she has this little monkey for her aid.

“Your clothes will hinder you.”

“*Diablo,* I wear them not!” laughs the black minx; and Maud watching her, sees the girl speed down the staircase and glide into the shrubbery silent as a snake.

Even as she turns from this, Mazie’s arms fly around her. She whispers: “I heard your voice. You have come to save me from that brutal woman.”

“*Santos!* What has she done?”

“Nothing *yet,* but threatens *much,* if I don’t promise to wed old Don Rafaél.”

“Then quick! I want your aid!”

“For what?”

“I would be beautiful to-night.”

“Beautiful—for the sake of the wretch to whom they say you have been wedded! *O misericordia,* my sister—you

—you come here as Ludenbaum's wife!" screams the younger girl in a kind of sobbing daze.

"I could come no other way."

"*Diablo!* I despise you; faithless to your lover!"

"God! don't drive me to despair, you foolish thing," cries Maud savagely, and turns her eyes upon her sister, at which the other whispers with white lips: "*Santissima!* your face! What does it mean?"

"Nothing that you can understand, thank God!" whispers the new-made bride, her sweet voice harsh and discordant; then cries excitedly: "Deck me, to win safety for us both!"

As the robe she had worn in the court-room slips from her shoulders, the paper stained by age contrasting with the whiteness of her bosom catches the bride's glances. With a kind of curious fear in her face she carefully inspects by the light of the wax tapers, the certificate of marriage signed by Fra Roderigo Anselmo, straining her eyes as she had never taxed them before.

After a few moments of searching inspection, she gives a start and mutters: "I think I understand how this was done. It is the last nail in this scoundrel's coffin!" And from now on the girl makes her arrangements with a calmness that astounds even herself.

So something like an hour after this, Maud seizes her sister in her arms, shuddering: "Don't come with me, my dear Mazie, I fight our battle alone! Only if"—! Her kisses have a wondrous wistful tenderness and her face has that upon it, which makes Mazie retreat frightened from her.

"Go to the German woman, dear one—keep her engaged. As for me, —" Then some awful emotion chokes her, so that she cannot speak. Perchance it is unavailing rage and hideous shame, for over her neck, shoulders, arms and bosom flies a wave of flaming crimson, that changes suddenly to the pallor of death.

She utters these curious words: "I could have fled perhaps but still would have been called his wife—besides Mazie—this is the only way!"

Sweeping out of the chamber, Maud joins her husband and his guests as they sit at the big table on the veranda; the judge, the *alcalde*, the *procuradores*, and nearly all who have been in the court-room this morning. Rising, they stare, astounded, at the beauty of the bride.

For she is like the queen of night; fairy tissues of piña float about her from which arms, shoulders and bosom gleam like whitest Parian, but vibrate with the elastic graces of a sylph. Her cheeks glow with the fire of nervous excitement, her eyes glint like steel stars, brighter than the wax lights of the feast.

“*Por Dios!*” mutters the judge.

“*Santa Maria!*” whispers the *alcalde*.

“*Donner und Blitzen!*” ejaculates the bridegroom, and his eyes light up with triumph at the beauty of this woman who now must grace his home and do honor to his fireside, the beauty which is his—but perchance has not been decked for him. For once or twice even as she plays with the viands set before her by eager Ilocos table boys, and places the wine-glass to her lips, Maud turns her head, listening—as if for another cavalier.

Then they all drink often to the bride and groom, those on the portico of the house in aristocratic foreign wines and vintages, for Ludenbaum has even now in his deserted house the remnants of a generous cellar. Down below, the natives and lower Mestizos quaff the bride's health in anisette and the fermented liquor from the cocoanut; and the fête grows very merry.

Suddenly Ludenbaum, springing up, claps his hands and cries from the veranda: “Boys, lead out the girls for the wedding dances!”

With this, the Filipino band, striking up some soft native sensuous melody, the Tagals and Igorrotes of both sexes, with flying hair and yellow limbs shining with cocoanut oil, and Negritos black as the shadows of the night, commence to foot first the *jota*, and from this go into the *comitan*, that writhing dance of Malay passion. Each girl, with a glass of water on her head carried with marvelous dexterity from practise of bearing baskets of fruit in similar fashion, plays coyly with the man pursuing her, as together they sing the music of the love ditty called the *balitao*. Then the maidens, throwing coyness to the winds, the dance becomes as passionate as the hula-hula of the Sandwich Islanders.

To view this more closely the guests troop down the stairway to the ground beneath. Maud lingers on the balcony behind them. No sound comes to her strained ears from down the cañon. Her anxious eyes rest upon a little *bohie* native knife used to carve with on the table.

The next second the weapon will be concealed within her robe.

But even as her hand reaches for it, there is a firm grasp upon her arm. Ludenbaum whispers: "Come with me to our guests. *Mein leedle frau* must not forget her hospitality." With dominant manner of lord and master he leads his bride down the stairs and commands: "See that you stay here!"

Thus compelled, Maud stands near the writhing Indian dancers.

After a moment or two, a new idea flies through her brain! She turns eyes blazing with anxiety on each Tagal boy as with lithe limbs they circle about her—but sees not the two faces she seeks—and, sighing, places her hand upon her fluttering heart.

Then hope flies up in her once more; there are some Chinese Mestizos playing their never ending *panguingui*. Attempting unconcern, she strolls over to them, but not one of the gamblers looks up from his cards, no word is whispered to her to make her think Khy has received her message.

"*Ay de mi,*" she moans, "Zima has failed me! I have placed myself in the lion's mouth and they give me no weapons with which to fight! Ata, my faithful one is not here; the Chinese is a coward; the Spanish captain comes not and, God of despair—the guests are going!"

All are bidding the lady of the house adieu, though she strives to restrain them by proffer of wine, refreshments, and almost pleading eyes and words.

But the *alcalde* has whispered: "My cock-fight comes on in an hour, boys!" and combats of chickens are more alluring to Filipino gentlemen than even the hospitality of beauty or pleasures of Bacchus.

Besides, Herr Ludenbaum is heeding the maxim "Speed the parting guest," calling their carriages for them, and, in a jovial manner, half shoving his visitors into the carromatas and buffalo carts.

"You don't come with us, even for an hour?" whispers the judge to his host.

"*Mein Beelzebub,* no!"

The German's eyes turn from the lithe beauty of the native girls to the supreme loveliness of his fairy wife, who in an agony is listening for the noise of men coming up the cañon.

But suddenly the bride breaks out into little screams and struggles; the dancing girls are round her, and, laughing, have seized her in their merry Filipino way, and are unbinding her hair and decking its lovely strands with flowers of happy marriage.

As the noise of the last carriage wheel dies in the distance, Maud stands, a Filipina bride decked for husband's joy after the manner of the Island of Luzon.

The melody of the band floats away down the defile.

Then with cries of joy and shrieks of merriment and happy shouts the dancers fly from her, running down the cañon, for they love cock-fights as well as their betters, and are anxious to see which rooster shall be champion of the *pueblo*.

At their master's gesture the few native servants go sleepily into the house. The expiring lights of the festival are about them. Smoldering torches cast from the trees giant shadows. She strains her ears. No sound comes to them. Face to face, Maud stands alone with this man whom the law this day has called her husband.

"*Mein Gott*, how beautiful you are!" The German's eyes drink in her enchanting figure in all its shrinking graces. The anguish rippling her excited face gives it new beauties; her very fear adds to her loveliness, as she trembles before his ardent glances.

"And now, my darling, German economy," remarks Ludenbaum, in husband's tones, "white satin slippers will soil upon this damp ground. The lights in our apartments burn very cheerfully. Into the house, *mein suses mädchen!*"

But she breaks out at him, in despairing procrastination: "I—I have several things to speak to you about."

"And so have I, my wife, but they'll do for to-morrow."

"My sister's wrongs won't do for to-morrow!" answers the girl. "That infamous Frau Smoltz has threatened Mazie if she agrees not to marry your friend, the senile Corregidor——"

"Ah, yes, young girls always at first object to older husbands, but at the last bow their heads to them. Eh, *mein good wife?*" In playful caress he pinches the cheek that grows more pallid even under his fingers.

"But Mazie will never wed Don Rafaél!" cries his victim.

"She'll do what I tell her!"

"She'll not! I came here to save her."

"But lost yourself, mein leedle frau." He lights nonchalantly a fresh cigar. This shrinking beauty is so within his hands.

"She loves another!"

"So do you; but that won't help you." His virtuous glance reproves his erring spouse.

"God of Heaven, don't talk to me of him!" cries the bride in agony.

"No, this is the last of the accursed Yankee Marston for both you and me. You are here as my wife, in my house. My will is law, or my strong arm makes it so!" He raised his hand in gesture brutal and significant.

"God of Heaven, why do you hate me so?"

"Hate *you*? I *love* you! Listen *how* I love you. I hated your father."

"Infamous! He was your companion! But I remember now," whispers the girl. "You made him drunk so that when the Spanish troops came, he, in his liquor fought them, till they killed him. You must have been with him as he died."

"I was. As the accursed sea-bully gasped out his life he told me he had made me the guardian of your sister, and begged my care for you and her. Then I told him who I was. Perhaps you have heard your fader speak of his leedle German cabin-boy Max."

"Max? The thief-boy who stole the plums out of his comrades' duff; the sneak-boy who pilfered the medicine from the dying steward!"

"I am der thief-boy Max!"

"God of mercy!"

"For every blow your brutal fader struck my poor hide, I have sworn a revenge! I got a leedle out of him. The rest I take out of his offspring."

"And you say you love me?"

"*Yah*, it is mein revenge! The most cruel thing I can do to you, is to love you like der devil!"

"God of Heaven, you are right!" screams the girl. For he would throw an arm about the fairy waist, and take her to his dastard heart.

His eyes drive her frantic, she looks desperately about, but finds nothing ready to her hand, and pausing desperately on the first step of the stairs, raises her white arm in warning.

"You fool!" he guffaws, "I knew your spirit, and I have taken care the servants left no cutting things about except your glances." Then he goes on in stern and awful commonplace: "You know upon what conditions you came to my home—*our* home. As my wife you will have charge of my household, but I shall take husband's control of you."

"I keep no conditions with you; liar! perjurer! forger!"

"Oho, rebellious, alluring witch! *mein Himmel*, how I'll love you! Afterwards I takes der rebellion from dose saucy lips, *mein lieblich*. Come to thy husband's arms!"

She is screaming in her soul: "Philip! if he should make me unworthy of you!" Her little hand is raised despairingly to strike him, when a panting breath is upon her shoulder. The Negrita girl, nude save a breech-clout, has seized Maud's hand and drawn it behind her back, slipped an envelope into it, and is whispering: "The Chinese evidence! The Spanish captain will be here in a minute!"

With a cry of joy Maud sees Roberto Chaco come dashing up, mounted on a Filipino pony under the great trees, some twenty of his men at double time slouching behind him.

She turns on Ludenbaum and woman's mercy flying into her, speaks like a flash: "Wretch! Dastard! I give you one chance for your life. Announce here that I have never been your bride; that the paper under which you claimed me as your spouse is a lie and a forgery. Sign over to me the guardianship of my sister—and I let you live!"

"*Donnerwetter!*" guffaws the German. "Dis is funny. Give up your beauty that belongs to me by law? Never! *Mein Himmel*, not for the joys of Heaven! You said you came here for revenge, *mein frau*, you shall learn that I, your spouse am your master. I'll crush your tender loveliness till you shriek: 'Husband, forgive me! Brute that you are, I love you! Papa Ludenbaum, I love you!'" His stern hand is on her arm, his breath is on her cheek—his kisses will soon be on her lips.

With a shriek she is from him!

And Chaco is now scarce twenty steps away. She cries: "Spanish patriot soldier, what would you give to have the man who has done more ill to Spain, ay, even than Aguinaldo, in your hands for military justice?"

“My life! *Caramba!* where is the traitor?” and the ferocious captain springs off his pony.

Then breaking into a hoarse laugh, the bride cries jeeringly “CABIN-BOY MAX, COME HERE FOR PUNISHMENT!”

CHAPTER XXVII.

DIVORCE BY COURT-MARTIAL.

BUT Cabin-boy Max doesn't seem to be frightened at these words.

Stifling a curse at interruption, Herr Ludenbaum stepping to his visitor bows ceremoniously, remarking: “You come rather late for the wedding feast, Herr Captain, to which I suppose my bride has invited you. She is a little nervous and hysterical now, the agitation of the wedding day. But I'll entertain you!” and turning, he speaks with the voice of a man on his own hearthstone: “Maud, go into der house!”

“Not till I've given you military punishment. There's your prisoner, Captain Chaco!” Her white hand points straight at her spouse.

“*Mein Himmel*, Chaco, der poor leedle girl has gone out of her head!” mutters the astonished German.

“Don't fear, I'll keep my senses till I have destroyed you!” cries the bride determinedly. “You have been wedded to me by decree of law. I now claim from you divorce by court-martial! You have publicly proclaimed to the world you are my husband. I shall now by military law make myself your widow!”

“*Mein Gott*, she is insane! We must have a doctor for my hysterical darling. My dear Captain Chaco, you have a surgeon at your barracks?” And Ludenbaum would hold consultation with the officer as to medical advice, for in truth he thinks the girl has gone crazy.

But the crazy one is now speaking words that make her legal spouse open his eyes with a start.

“I can prove to you, Captain Chaco, by written receipts, that this man as agent for the German Trading Company furnished the rebel, Aguinaldo, with modern rifles in great quantities, and rapid-fire guns and fixed

ammunition with which to shoot your brothers down. Without him the rebellion would have been a flash in the pan. Now it has cost the lives of twenty thousand Spanish soldiers."

"I will accept your proofs, Señora Ludenbaum," replies Chaco, bowing before her, his eyes lighting up at the sight of her ecstatic beauty that gleams from a toilet that has been made to charm him. "But," he adds sturdily, "they must be convincing and convicting ones."

"More than papers?"

"Yes. I am a patriot, but an honest patriot. I don't shoot upon doubt!"

"Will you give safe conduct to the men who can explain how they came by them and prove the documents must be true?"

"*Diablo!* Are the men rebel outlaws?"

"Of that you must judge for yourself."

"Humph!" He thinks a minute; then says sharply: "If they can prove the things you say they can, *Por Dios*, yes! Safe conduct for a day; but no longer."

To this Ludenbaum has listened, not quite believing his ears. He now breaks in severely: "This is rigmorole and bosh. *Verdammt*, it is idiocy! Maud, go into der house! I'll teach you to jabber such nonsense. Captain Chaco, I bid you good evening."

But the Spanish patriot has now got into his head not only the vision of a beauty that he loves, but the thoughts of bloodshed which he adores. He heeds not the man, but simply says to the woman: "Señora Ludenbaum, as commander of this district I accept your offer. I'll call a court-martial, furnish me the proofs."

"You're crazy, fool!" cries the German savagely. "Apparently you don't know who I am. I am trusted by both Captain-Generals, not only by Don Primo de Rivera, but by Don Basilio Augustin, the new one. I am their intimate, their friend."

To this diatribe he gets no answer. The captain simply says: "I have brought some twenty men with me, as your words suggested, Señora Ludenbaum. Sergeant Lopez, Corporal Sanchez and myself will make a drum-head."

A grave sergeant of gloomy and morose appearance and a corporal, agile, active and fierce, step from the ranks, draw up and salute their commanding officer.

“*Gott in Himmel*, you’re mad! I am a subject of the German Emperor.”

“Your witnesses, Doña Ludenbaum!” says Chaco sharply.

And Maud raising up her voice, cries to the forest: “Ata, come to me and risk your life for your mistress’s honor!”

For a moment there is no answer and the German jeers: “Didn’t I tell you she was crazy.”

“Ata, my God! are you not there?” screams the girl, an agony in her voice. “Ah Khy, come here and tell your story—for vengeance on your father’s foe!”

At her words, from the jungle, Ata, the Tagal, glides, kisses her hand reverently and mutters, “Here, my mistress of the wild-rose breath!”

To him she says hurriedly, “The Chinaman, is he not anxious to avenge his father’s wrongs?”

“He is,” replies the Tagal, “but frightened for himself. Has safe conduct been given?”

“It has,” answers Chaco. And to Ata’s assuring call, Khy the Chinaman falters from out the thicket where he has been trying to smoke a cigarette.

“You, Doña Ludenbaum, accuse this man to me, as officer commanding this district, of having aided and assisted the rebels under Aguinaldo?” says Chaco tersely.

“I do! I swear it!”

“You are my prisoner, Senor Ludenbaum!” Three Spanish soldiers at his beckoning place themselves behind the German with ready weapons.

“This is a damned farce! You don’t know me, young man! I am the subject of the great German Emperor!” breaks in the Teuton who seemingly won’t believe; though hot passion now has left his face and it is growing pallid.

“The great German Emperor doesn’t command the district of Carranglan,” says the Captain grimly. “The court will listen to the evidence! Hold up two torches, men; that we may read!”

“Then,” says Maud, producing them, “here are three receipts written in this man’s own hand and signed by Atachio, Aguinaldo’s lieutenant!”

“*Mein Gott*, dose papers!” This is a suppressed gasp from the German.

"Aha!" cries his accuser in triumph. But Ludenbaum now snaps his jaws and gazes on in faltering, astounded silence; once or twice remarking in a dazed way: "*Ist's möglich.*"

"The first," goes on the girl consulting the papers, "is for five thousand stands of arms for Aguinaldo and three field-pieces, delivered from the *Alucia* steamer near Batangas, November twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-six."

"*Diablo!*" snarls the sergeant between his teeth.

"The second, for four thousand rifles and one hundred cases of ammunition delivered to Atachio in Manila the 25th of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

"*Caramba!* the day before the *Carabineros* mutinied and killed my brother," mutters Sanchez.

"Shut your mouth, Corporal!" commands Chaco, "or I'll blow three teeth out of your jaw with my pistol. Proceed, Señora." And he stands grimly listening as Maud goes on:

"The third is for one hundred cases of small arms and three rapid fire-guns landed at Subig Bay and given to Santallano and Del Pila."

"Del Pila! the murderous brute who burnt up poor Fra Roderigo Anselmo and the *Padres* over there!" snarls the captain in very nasty voice. "Let me read these papers!"

By the light of a burning torch which one of his men holds up for him, Don Roberto's face grows very grim as he scans the receipts. "These are true upon their face!" he says.

"God be praised!" cries Maud in ecstasy.

"But I want evidence how these were obtained. I want to know that they are genuine!" remarks Chaco, suspiciously. "Jealous women," he looks searchingly upon the fair accuser, "sometimes don't hesitate at little things for putting out of the way inconvenient husbands. I am an honest patriot!" and he glares in a bloodthirsty way at Ludenbaum, who has several times opened his mouth as if to speak, but seemingly his throat has been too dry for the effort.

"So are we!" asserts the sergeant. "Both Sanchez and myself!"

"Silence in the court!" orders his commanding officer. "Neither of you talk till I give you leave. Listen to the

evidence and vote as I tell you! I want to know how these came into your hands, Señora Ludenbaum."

Then comes the bravest act the Tagal ever did. Ata Tonga stepping forth before an enemy he knows is merciless as death, condemns himself as rebel a dozen times by telling all about the mutiny of the *Carabineros*.

Twice during the recital Chaco's hand goes to his pistol abstractedly, but the click of a gun-lock from one of his men reminds him. He sternly says: "This rebel has my word for his life. The man that injures him without my orders dies by my hand. Proceed, Señor Tonga. You say you tracked this man at night by scent. I have heard wondrous tales of the noses of your wild mountain tribes, but never tested one, because I shoot all wild mountain Indians upon sight. As for this Chinaman, let him tell his story, only let him beware he tells the truth."

And Ah Khy, setting forth the reason of his father's hatred for Ludenbaum, gives account in rather trembling voice of how he stole the receipts from the two frightened conspirators.

To this, Chaco says suddenly: "Señor Ludenbaum, I want your pocketbook!"

"*Mein Himmel*, there's not much money in it, Captain. Let me fill it for you."

"I want your writing."

"Read it, inspect it! It will show my innocence!" cries the German, joy in his mercantile face.

Glancing over the papers in it, the simple Spanish Captain looks astounded, and mutters: "The writing in the body of the receipts is *not* the same as this man's letters in his own hand." Then breaks out: "You Tagal liar testified he said they were written by his own hand. You Chinese scoundrel, for private revenge, would have sworn away this man's life. Señora, the court is not made an instrument of fraudulently getting rid of unpleasant husbands." He glances at Maud's astounded face scornfully despite its beauty. "Señor Ludenbaum, you are free. Take good care of this lady, your bride. She will probably lead you a very merry dance," he sneers.

"*Ay de me!*" comes from Maud in despairing sigh.

"I like not false witnesses!" goes on Chaco sternly.

"Neither do we!" growls the sergeant.

"Take these two scoundrels off and shoot them!"

But Ah Khy, who is fighting for his life, grabs the mili-

tary autocrat by his knees and screams: "You sabé! Ludenbaum heap deep scoundrel! Ludenbaum no damn fool! Him no write as him write other t'ings. Him used disguised hand!"

"The court has heard enough upon that point! Señor Ludenbaum, you are free," repeats the Captain, turning his eyes away from the loveliness that is beaming despairingly upon him as if to allure him from what he thinks is *not* his duty. Then he orders: "Shoot those men at once, and bring me my pony! Here's your pocketbook. *Adios, Señor.*"

The soldiers turn from Ludenbaum and seize the silent Tagal and the shrieking Chinaman.

With a bound Maud is beside Ata, and on his brow puts kiss of farewell muttering: "No devotion could give more than life, my faithful one."

"Ah, were it not in vain, mistress of the wild-rose scent!" sighs the Indian, as he is dragged from her.

And the scene becomes a hideous tableau. The men, save the firing party, are standing at ease some few steps away awaiting orders, though one is leading his pony to the officer. The half burnt torches still illuminate the place, bringing out the shadows of the jungle coming down from the mountains at each side of the little garden. Further up the glade there is an open space on which grows a gigantic banyan tree, to which they are leading the condemned, whose arms are now bound behind them.

"Thanks, Captain Common-sense," cries the German laughingly, the joy of victory in his face; adding in Teutonic grandiloquence: "Herr Captain, don't be afraid. I'll not report this matter to mein frendt Captain-General Augustin. But as for you!" His stern grip is upon his wife's bare shoulder, he is whispering to her: "Mein devil, *mein hexe*, into the house! To-night you shall sob out your penitence under the weight of husband's arm!"

"Yes, that's kinder!" she gasps. "Better your blows than your kisses."

"You shall have both!"

"O God of mercy!" But all the time she is thinking for her very life. She knows there can be no happiness for her with this man alive. She knows her only hope to go back to the arms she loves as Maud Gordon immaculate, is by this man's death *right here*—as he stands before

her triumphant, grinning, his rage turning into passion as he looks upon her beauty.

Then suddenly a Yankee idea flits through her mind. She tears herself from Ludenbaum. Running to the Spaniard, she places a despairing grasp upon Don Roberto's arm, even as he would step into his saddle and pleads: "You don't believe me, because you think I was this man's wife for eight years and refused to acknowledge it. Even in the court to-day you flaunted me with this. I never entered the bonds of wedlock before Padre Anselmo. Your eyes were deceived by this forger then, as they are duped by this same trickster now!"

"That's impossible! I know poor Fra Roderigo's signature as well as I know my own," mutters Chaco gloomily, feeling for his stirrup and resolutely keeping his eyes from a loveliness that makes him half mad with anguish.

"Of course you know Roderigo's signature; but the change in the document *isn't* his signature. Look!" She has the marriage certificate drawn from out her panting bosom. "Order a torch! I insist you examine it. You have a field-glass on you. Quick, give it to me!" She unscrews the lens nearest the eye, then reversing the instrument puts it over the document, and cries: "Look through it!"

"*Diablo*, a magnifying glass!" gasps the captain.

"*Santos*, by the torchlight, SEE!" screams Maud. "The names of the two contracting parties erased and over them written my name and that of that villain there!"

"*Caramba*, your words are true! Without words of priest over you, that villain claimed a husband's rights upon your beauty! *Santa Maria!* it would have been pollution." He makes the sign of the cross over her. There is a look of rapture on his medieval face as he mutters: "*Dios mio*, I ask your pardon humbly for ever doubting you, honored lady!"

A clicking of gun-locks and wild screams from Ah Khy, call his attention. He orders "Don't shoot the Tagal and the Chinaman till I say the word! Keep that man here!"

He points to Ludenbaum, who answers with an astounded snarl: "*Gott Allmachtiger!* You are going to try an innocent man again? Dat devil's eyes are bewitching you!"

And so they might, for never were more pleading yet enchanting glances thrown on any man than upon this Spanish captain, as he meditates on life and death.

A second's thought and Chaco commands: "Unbind and bring here those two witnesses! The court is in session again, is it not Sergeant Corporal?"

"If you say so, Captain!"

"Beware, fool! Don Basilio Augustin y Davila, the new Captain-General, will reckon with you if you harm a hair of my head," threatens Ludenbaum.

"Still," mutters Chaco, "I want more evidence; something to prove beyond a doubt."

"How can more be given?" cries Maud. "Didn't you hear that scoundrel's exclamation of affright about the papers? That showed his guilt. Haven't you learned how the receipts were obtained?"

"Yes. It is a strange story tracking a man by scent like pointer dog. Of course, I've heard the Tagals do it."

"Pooh, dis is damned nonsense! In the name of the German Emperor I defy you!" sneers Adolph drawing himself up in proud supremacy. For Germans have some funny ideas about the power of their erratic Kaiser, in other countries than his own.

"Look at his other papers in him pocketbook!" begs Khy. "Gib him me! Me sly as Dutchy." And made brave by fear the Chinaman grabs the pocketbook from the German, before Ludenbaum half guesses what's being done to him.

"*Herr Gott, Mein Himmel!* You don't know who you are robbing, lunatics!" cries Herr Adolph. And he would struggle for it.

But the Captain says hoarsely: "See what you make out of it, Chinese fox."

At this Ludenbaum's face, for a moment ghastly, grows scoffing. He mutters, "You are crazy, Captain Chaco!" but turns away as the latter signs for one of his men to hold a flambeau for the despairing Khy who goes through the documents with trembling hands but very searching eyes.

"What do you find?" asks the Captain.

"Nothing—so help me Josh—nothing!" sighs the Chinaman.

"Aha! Oho!" The Teuton is guffawing.

“Stay! Here’s a letter in German.”

“*Caramba*, who can read it?”

“I can!” screams Khy. “Took the first prize in Dutch at Yale!”

“*Ein tausend Teufels.*”

“Say! What you want better than this! This letter just received from German Trading Company says in consideration of lost receipts they have at last audited Herr Adolph Ludenbaum’s bill for arms and ammunition. They don’t say whom they were delivered to; but here’s a detail list corresponding to receipts! You sabé, Captain Chaco!”

“Do you swear to this?”

“By the Rooster’s head! If you don’t believe me, Captain Chaco, there’s a German woman in the house, ask her.”

Twice the German has raised his hand to interrupt the reading of the letter, but all the time, though his face is towards the Spaniards, he is gradually shuffling closer to the dense clump of guava bushes matted with coffee vines that runs down from the mountain side in tangled thicket, to within some five paces from his back.

As the Captain inspects the letter the Chinaman places in his hands, and the corporal and the sergeant to indicate they can read German gaze over their commander’s shoulder from respectful distance, Ludenbaum with shuffling feet, though he keeps his face turned upon his judges, backs slowly towards the jungle.

“*Caramba*, these prove his guilt beyond a doubt! Don’t they, Sergeant? How say you, Corporal?” asks Chaco sternly.

“I always knew he was guilty!” mutters the sergeant gloomily.

“I was sure we’d have to shoot the villain!” laughs the corporal savagely.

But Maud screams suddenly: “My God, he is escaping!” For Ludenbaum now feels the thicket brushing his back, and suddenly turning, with a bound disappears into the jungle.

“Shoot him!” cries Chaco.

But what are they to shoot, in the thick foliage of the virgin forest masked by the blackness of a tropic night,

The Captain and three or four soldiers spring into the canebrake, but after a minute reappear, cursing the

thorns that have torn their hands and faces, without the fugitive.

"*Santa Maria*, it's like finding a winner in the Manila lottery!" growls the corporal.

"*Carrajo*, even at daylight under these infernal trees it is black as midnight," rejoins the sergeant.

"Now for the man responsible for the prisoner's escape!" snarls their commander with such awful eyes that both the corporal and sergeant tremble. He wipes the perspiration of exertion mixed with blood drawn by scratching prickles from his brow, for he has been struggling through the undergrowth.

"God of Mercy, the court has decreed I was his wife! I have assumed in his house the position of his spouse. If that accursed villain gets to Manila, *save as his wife*, my good name is forever gone!" shudders Maud.

"Don't grieve, *mi querida!*" whispers Chaco. "I, the man who loves you, know your innocence. That's enough for me. It should be enough for you, *nina de mi alma!*"

At this the girl gives a little broken, jeering cry, for it is not Chaco's good opinion that she wants. Phil Marston will now believe she has been *de facto* the wife of Ludenbaum. If he's got a man's brains he can't help it!

As she thinks this, a shiver, cold as ice, runs through her veins, the hot air of the tropics cannot warm her.

"Dear mistress of the rose breath, you want this villain found?" cries Ata Tonga, who has looked on sneeringly at Spanish jungle-craft.

"By every hope of future happiness! I want his death now—right here! I CAN'T LIVE AS HIS WIFE!" screams the distracted bride.

"Then, I'll find him for you!"

"Pha, impossible! In the darkness of this trackless undergrowth what glance could follow an elephant?" jeer the Spanish captain.

"Not by gaze, but by scent! You sneered at the power of my nose, Spaniard. See what it will do in the impenetrable gloom of a forest night."

"*Caramba*, try it! His capture is free pardon for you and this Chinese of trembling hand and broken patois, but who reads letters easy as any clerk or monk."

"Ata, you sabé, catch him! For the love of Josh, catch Ludy!" falters Khy.

Into the jungle, taking scent like blood-hound, glides the Tagal.

They all stand breathless listening; but to them come no noises save the sounds of the forest, the chattering of some awakened monkeys, the cries of birds disturbed upon their roosts.

Suddenly from out the jungle, but a little way down the path, bursts Ludenbaum, running, and screaming: "God of Heaven, some wild beast is tracking me by scent!" And the Spanish troops spring up and seize him as the Tagal comes on the path like a hound.

"That settles it, you're a dead man, aider of Rebels! That's your vote, is it not, Sergeant Corporal?" commands Chaco, hoarsely.

"Of course, *Don Capitan!*"

"Take him to that tree!"

But here the German seeming now to understand the dire extremity in which he is, the scene becomes an awful one. His eyes are bursting from his head; he is crying: "You fool, you idiot, you dare not shoot me, der friendt of the Captain-General! Lunatic imbecile, it would be your death."

"I dare shoot anyone I condemn. Prisoner Ludenbaum, I'll give you five minutes if you wish to pray. But I have learned military discretion under Don Valeriano Weyler. His motto was: 'Do what you think best; and see that the government at Madrid never hears of it.' I am patriot enough to shoot you; and I have discretion enough never to let the Captain-General know I did it. No word goes from this district save by my permission. Say your prayers if you have any God, which Germans often have not. If you are a Catholic, here's my rosary and crucifix."

"*Verdammt*, you don't understand! *Mein Himmel*, I am one of der richest men in Manila. I am der friendt of the Captain-General. Ten thousand silver dollars; let me send a message to Judge Pico."

"I care not for the judge. I like to give the law a slap in the face."

"Twenty thousand thalers! I am very rich!"

"Don't tempt a poor man!"

"Fifty thousand!"

"It is not enough!" cries Maud, savagely. "For I'll give you, Captain Chaco, his whole estate when I am made his widow; my own, besides, if necessary!"

"But you will not be his widow?"

"I shall be by decree of court, and as such, take all his property, to which I add my own."

"And yourself?"

"*O Dios mio!*" shudders the girl, "myself?" Hope leaves her face; her eyes grow haggard.

"I mean you true as ever knight meant lady. You shall be my bride, *Cruz de Cristo!*"

But the German is faltering: "Take everything, let me escape."

"*Diablo*, you might go to your friend the Captain-General; besides I am a Spanish patriot."

Roberto turns his stern glance from the trembling prisoner; his eyes grow soft and tender as they rest upon the accusing goddess. Ah, never were scales of justice so heavily weighted down! A girl-widow, beautiful as the tropic scene in which she stands, a fortune colossal, not only the dying man's, but hers. By Heaven, it would take a hundred Kaisers to save a friend of rebels with such a lure against him from a bloodthirsty Spanish patriot soldier.

"Take him away, but as you love your lives, see he doesn't again escape. Let me hear the rattle of your rifles within three minutes! No, I'll go with you, it's safer thus!" commands Chaco, as his men handle their arms.

"Not before my eyes!" falters the girl.

"No, *mein Gott!* Plead to him, Maud! *Mein Himmel*, der captain loves you!" shrieks Laudenbaum.

"Five thousand stands of arms for Santallano and Del Pila. Remember your burnt-up priests!" cries the bride desperately.

"I avenge their sainted ashes!" answers Chaco crossing himself reverently, then orders hoarsely: "Let ten men form the firing party!"

"A hundred thousand devils, are you crazy! Dölt, you're killing yourself. Mercy for Ludenbaum the great man of Manila! Mercy for the friendt of the Captain-General! Mercy! You don't understand! Girl, I'll swear in court of justice, dis forgery has been done by me! I'll put you free before the world, I'll——"

"Take him away!"

Then, as they drag him from her into the obscurity of the forest, up into the night goes a hideous shrieking German cry: "*Herr Gott! Mein Himmel! Donnerwet-*

ter!" And a tiger-cat up the cañon answers it, thinking it is the howl of his mate, cubbing in her cave.

The Tagal and the Chinaman, not daring to press Chaco's mercy farther, have disappeared. Maud's heart is beating as if it would force its way from her bosom. She stands shuddering but deathly calm—to be made a widow.

From out the gloom of the forest night comes faintly to her the hoarse-voiced Spanish command: "*Apunten!*"

"*Mörder!*" This is a German howl.

"*Fuego!*"

On the breeze floats the rattle of Mausers and an unearthly shriek!

The girl claps her hand to her heart, gives a kind of gasp: "Philip!"

Two minutes afterwards, Chaco standing before her, doffs his sombrero and says: "Dear lady, I have the honor to announce you divorced by court-martial! How long will you wear mourning?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"DEAR ONE, YOU LOOK NOT ON MY DYING FACE!"

BUT Maud answers this only by a plaintive cry and shudders: "Not now! Within this hour, I have had a lifetime's suffering. Take me in the house, but don't let them know that Ludenbaum is dead."

"But he is!" says Chaco grimly. "They are burying him beneath the big fig tree;" then suddenly pauses and mutters: "*Dios*, curious how so many women shrink at thought of blood." For the girl has reeled and fallen fainting.

In his arms, as he bears her to the house, her lips are at his mercy, but are sacred to him; for this man has the old-fashioned Don Quixote way of regarding the lady of his heart. Perchance as he looks upon the wondrous loveliness of the fair face and feels the glorious contours of the exquisite form he carries, the temptation would be too great, did not some words murmured hysterically reach his ears, that make him shiver and cry out: "*Car-*

amba! who is this Filipino Marston? *Diablo*, have I another man to kill?"

But having aroused the sleepy household, most of whom have been awake but have not dared to venture out with Spanish troops in sight, and have lain tremblingly in their hammocks, Chaco gives his orders very sharply as they come towards him: "Arouse the sister of this lady; also that German woman! Tell them to revive the mistress of this house, Doña Ludenbaum."

"Her husband, Herr Adolph?" questions the Teuton governess in sleepy voice, as she comes upon the veranda.

"Oh, the Dutchman went first to the cock-fight, I believe, and from there journeys to San Isidro; thence to Manila. He had a letter, this mercantile man, and for a time leaves his bride for care of commerce."

"But the awful noises that I heard?" asks Mazie, getting her sister in her arms. "Those cries, those shots! and Maud fainting?"

"Oh, *por Dios*, we rounded up a Tagal conspirator and a Chinese rebel. Did you hear the poor devils crying as I gave orders for the firing party? *Diablo*, your sister doesn't love blood as well as I do. She fainted when she saw me shoot the men. Take good care of Doña Maud, Señorita Mazie. Tell her, her most obedient servant Roberto Chaco will call to-morrow to ask her commands and wishes."

So with one longing look at his love, whose blue eyes have opened dreamily under her sister's caresses and attentions, Chaco mutters: "*Buenas noches*, Señoritas," and makes a stiff military bow. A moment later he cries to little Zima, who has crept out of some tamarind bushes from which she had viewed the doings of the night, "*Aquí*, Negrita! Here's a *peso* for your swift feet. Come hither!"

And the girl going to him as he sits in his saddle he leans down and whispers: "No word of this to any one on earth. If you open your mouth Chaco cuts off your tongue!" and rides away, followed by his men, save some half-dozen that he leaves under Corporal Sanchez to keep order on the premises.

The next day Chaco is back again, and striding up to the bamboo balcony, finds the widow of his hands looking lovely, as all widows should—despite herself! For now

Maud, having used her beauty to gain her safety from one man, sees in it danger from another, and would wish to be as ugly in Chaco's eyes as the veriest hag. Unfortunately for her, nature and even herself rebel against this. Daintily robed in soft white tissues, with anxious half-appealing eyes, she looks lovely enough for any man to sacrifice upon love's altar.

Still her words are very grateful. She extends her white hand for him to place his lips upon. She murmurs: "I heard what you said last night to the servants. I have acted upon it. I am still considered the wife of Ludenbaum, not his widow. I have put that German woman in her place. She knows I am head of the household. I have told her my sister will study with her, but not the German language, for I hate its sound. Mazie must have something to do to keep her from going crazy. She loves an Englishman who has been cut off from her. Help me to make the child's life bearable in this lonely place."

"Apropos of love, dear lady," remarks Chaco, his eyes lighting up, "you answered not my question last evening. How long do you wear mourning?"

To this covert suggestion, Maud flutters bashfully: "At—at least three months. I should be criticised if I didn't mourn for him for three months *after* the world knows that he is dead; which must not be immediately."

"*Caramba*, why not?"

"Because neither you nor I dare let the news of this man's death get to Manila. Ludenbaum was all he declared himself to be, the friend of the Captain-General, the intimate of all the leading officials of the capital. The German Consul will send up a cry for warships if he knows this merchant's death came by your Spanish firing party. It was even as half German agent he imported the arms for which you shot him."

"*Madre de Dios*, how all nations want the last islands left poor Spain," says Chaco sadly; then adds: "No breath of this will get to the outside world. I love my country too well to bring more misery on her than she has with Cuba in rebellion and the accursed *Americanos* plotting to aid it." With this, he turns his eyes severely on a loveliness made piquant by bashfulness and remarks: "You in the court-room claimed to be a citizen of that infamous republic. Besides it was whispered about the

tribunal that you refused to acknowledge Ludenbaum as husband because you loved a—a Yankee sea-robber. Who is this Filipino Marston, whose name you muttered when half insensible last night?"

But here feminine artifice breaks in upon him quite haughtily, and astounds the Spanish soldier, who does not know woman as well as war. The accused mutters reproachfully: "You always seem to *desire* to think me unstable in my affections. In the court-room when you saw the forged certificate of marriage, without a question, you judged me to be a wife who refused to acknowledge her marriage vows. Now you accuse me of loving one of the Yankees that you hate."

"*Dios mio*, I wish only to think you, *mi querida*, a good Spaniard, so that I can wear upon my heart a true Spanish bride." His eyes are ardent as red-hot coals. The scowl of a jealous Fourteenth-century adoration is on his face.

Gazing on him, the girl realizes that though the German no longer stands between her and Phil Marston; already there is another in the Teuton's place. She knows she has received only respite, that she will have another battle to reach the arms she loves.

But Ludenbaum had been a satyr; Chaco is a knight bloodthirsty but chivalrous. He would butcher a rival in the lists of the duello with the delight of a bravo, but to his lady-love he will be as respectful as a Bayard; though his eyes, full of Spanish ardor, pay her the compliment of saying he wants her beauties and her graces with all the rapidity of a quick campaigner.

Therefore she goes to temporizing with Chaco, explaining that it will not be possible for her to wed him save in the usual course of things. In a little time Ludenbaum will be discovered dead. After a period of mourning——

"Then you will make me happy?" he cries.

"I suppose I'll—I'll have to," falters the girl.

"Oh, put it not in that way, lady of my heart. Say you will be joyous as Chaco when the wedding-bells sound, while you stand with me before the priest and give me the right to put the kisses on your lips that now I place upon your hand."

"Yes, but only place them upon my hand at present. Remember I am still the wife of an honored German merchant."

“*Diablo!* this is pleasantry and subterfuge! You and I know, dear one of my soul, where we have put the fellow, eh, sweetheart? Every day I shall say! ‘Where is Herr Ludenbaum?’ and you shall answer: ‘Dearest Roberto, he is dead under the big fig tree,’ eh?”

“Oh, don’t remind me of that,” gasps Maud. “Every moment that fig tree rises before me, until I could shriek and fly from this place.”

“That’s not the proper feeling for the affianced of a *Spanish soldier!*” remarks Chaco. “You should *love* to know your enemy is dead. ’Tis a fine feeling. But I respect the delicacy of your situation, a wife knowing that she is a widow, knowing that she loves another man with all her heart and soul, and anxious to break the bonds of social formula to throw herself into his arms, sighing each day, each hour: ‘My Chaco, my Roberto, I am held from you by imperious fate, but when the time comes, for every moment I’ve kept you waiting my kisses shall be so much the more passionate, my love so much the grander!’”

To this fiery proposition Maud thinks it wise to offer no dissent. In fact she has little option. She makes her arrangements to live at the plantation, as the wife of Ludenbaum, writing a few letters even as her husband’s amanuensis to his cashier and clerks in Manila. Yet all the time she is looking for a face she wants to see, but dreads to see, and shudders: “Chaco, when he and Phil meet!”

But thinking the matter over many a long night she sighs: “Of course, Phil will not come, he has read that accursed notice in the *Diario de Manila*. Why should he journey to a faithless girl, *to the wife of another man?*” And so pardoning her lover she grows savage with the affianced of her sister, muttering: “But that shouldn’t keep the Englishman from coming. Pha, he dare not risk his life to find poor little Mazie, who is crying her eyes out and sighing her heart out for Señor Jack Curzon.”

Still this inaction drives Señorita Maud nigh unto madness.

She has made up her mind to tell Chaco she must go to Manila, giving some reason of business for the journey, when one day late in the second week of May, Providence begins to shine once more upon this young lady it has

been persecuting ; not with the light rays of genial sun, but rather like strokes of forked lightning, each one of which makes her reel and quiver, yet places her nearer to the man she loves.

It is on the afternoon of this May day that Chaco rides wildly up to the house followed by Sergeant Lopez, who is swearing each time he drives his spurs into his pony's sides. The captain astonishes his lady-love by omitting to doff his *sombrero* in old time *caballero* fashion. His eyes are staring and bloodshot. He half reels as he springs off his pony, but still flies up to the bamboo balcony, and bowing before her, mutters in broken voice : "Your pardon, Belita, I must take you to Manila !"

"To Manila?" This is a cry of joy. Then the girl suddenly whispers : "*Santos*, what's happened?" For the face of the Spanish warrior is pale under its bronze. "Has Captain-General Augustin discovered that there is——?" she pauses falteringly.

"A dead man under the big fig tree up there, and wishes us to answer for our court-martial?" he breaks out jeeringly ; then suddenly moans, grinding his teeth and striding about like a crazy man : "*Diablo*, no ! Would that it were. *O Dios de mi alma*, the cursed *Americanos* !"

"The cursed *Americanos* ! What have they done ?"

"*Santa Maria* ! the news has just come by courier from Isidro, their fleet is in Manila Bay. They have destroyed the Spanish squadron under Montojo. They have not landed yet, but these barbarians hold Manila at the mercy of their murderous cannon."

"Thank God !"

"*Diablo*, what did you say, girl?" snarls Chaco in awful voice.

"I—I said thank God they have not captured Manila yet," mutters Maud, who dare not tell this man of frightful mien that she is grateful to Heaven with all her heart and soul. Then she falters : "Were many killed?"

"On our fleet? Yes, hundreds of gallant fellows who fought as they sank beneath the waves."

"Were many killed—upon—the—Yankee—fleet?" The girl's voice is slow and harsh in its intensity.

"*Caramba*, millions !"

"Oh, dear God !"

"The bay about Cavité was red with the scoundrels'

blood. But still I can't understand it. Somehow their vessels float and ours have sunk."

"They did it by firing bombs that were filled with liquid fire, think of that, noble lady!" cries Sergeant Lopez. "The demons, the fiends, the barbarians! But still we'll brush them off the face of the earth."

"What—what vessels did the work?" The girl is speaking very slowly. Her eyes have a far away look in them.

"I don't know their names. Here is *El Comercio*. Read how our gallant sailors were murdered by improved arms and great guns that *hit* when they were fired," replies Chaco and passes to her the journal.

Looking over it she sees the names of the *Olympia*, *Raleigh*—*Petrel*!

"*Dios*, you're fainting," cries the captain, "at the awful blow to Spain. Brave heart, noble lady; but fear not, I, Chaco, will protect you."

"Protect me from what?"

"Have you not read further, that these Yankee *ladrones* have captured Cavité and have armed Aguinaldo whom they brought from Hong Kong. The rebels are rising again to strike Spain in her extremity. Our garrisons are all being called into the capital. I have my orders. I depart with my men to-night. Lady of my heart, I dare not leave you here to the mercy of brutes who burn priests."

"Yes, take me to Manila," begs the girl. "Dear Captain Chaco, take me to Manila!"

But she is really crying: "Take me to the *Petrel*! Take me to Phil Marston, who must have stood upon her deck when she destroyed the Spanish squadron!"

"Will not I? Your sister too, and also, I suppose, this German woman, who is always asking about Herr Ludenbaum."

"Herr Ludenbaum!" shudders Maud. "What shall we say of him to his friends and the German Consul when we reach Manila?"

"Say of him?" laughs Chaco, who is more used to murderous secrets than the fair girl who is trembling as he whispers: "Pha, that's an easy lie now! Say that your husband has been lost as he struggled through the jungle and the rice swamps escaping from the Rebels. If any, in the famine of a blockaded town care to ask of

Señor Ludenbaum, we will whisper: 'An insurgent bullet!' Thousands will die in bush fights on their bloody road to the capital. We'll tell that story of your departed spouse. You shall enter Manila as a widow—if we ever get to the Spanish lines."

"You fear?"

"Chaco fears for nothing but your safety. He only dreads sorrow in your face, *niña de mis ojos*." He kisses her hand gallantly. "But, lady, it will be a desperate journey."

"Why so?"

"Because the nearer garrisons have all been drawn in. When we arrive at San Isidro it will be deserted by our troops and perhaps occupied by the rebels. Then we fight our way to Bulacan! That may be evacuated also! But never had *caballero* fairer lady to protect than I, Roberto Dominico Chaco. Whatever befalls him, you, *mi querida, mi alma, mi paloma*, for whom I fight with bright sword, shall, while Chaco lives, be safe!"

And right gallantly the Spanish captain keeps his word. That night, mounted on ponies, Maud and her sister and the German woman, escorted by Chaco and his hundred men, ride through the steep mountain gorge to the great plains and from there descend to the banks of the Baliuag.

Here they are delayed collecting boats, but the *comandante*, by indefatigable exertions and shooting one or two lying natives, at last obtains sufficient crafts.

Embarked on boats and canoes, they drift down the river to where the deserted railway running to Dagupan crosses it.

At this point they are joined by some Spanish stragglers. A few words of converse with them and Don Roberto coming to his lady-love, whispers: "These men say San Isidro is lost to us, but also report what is good news for us. El Corregidor, the friend of Ludenbaum, he who gave false witness as to your marriage——"

"What of him?" asks Maud sharply.

"The rebels finished him three days ago, with some other better men."

"*Santos*, that helps our story as to my—my husband's death," falters the girl, "if—if we ever reach Manila."

For now a problem is before them. Shall they take

the deserted, destroyed and unused railway track, and by it make their way towards the capital, or, journeying down the Pampanga in their boats, attempt to cross the Bay of Manila to the blockaded city?

Ah! how Maud tries to persuade the *comandante* to take the chances of Yankee gunboats and steam launches, pleading the journey by water will be so much easier for her and Mazie.

But the Spanish captain mutters: "No, I feel not at home upon the waves. I nearly tossed up my soul once on a voyage to Mindanao. Besides, it is impossible. Their boats, I have news, patrol each night the bay. *Dios mio*, do you want us to be captured by these American barbarians?"

So with his men traveling on foot and the ladies upon ponies, for Chaco has contrived for their use to bring down three of these wiry beasts in a flat-boat, they make their way over the long hot miles of the deserted railway track, fording streams, the bridges over which have been burnt. Then they are compelled to deviate from it, for it begins to be occupied by rebels in overpowering numbers. They plunge into the jungles and the rice fields. Here the poor German governess, driven one night half crazy by mosquitoes, wanders away and is found early the next morning in a swamp so eaten up by leeches, that they are compelled to leave her behind in the care of a group of wandering Tinguianes.

This seems to take a weight off Maud's mind, for the German language shrieked out by this woman in her nightly fights with insects has reminded the widow of the dead man under the big fig tree, and she hates its guttural sound.

After two or three awful days in the heat of the paddy swamps, once or twice repulsing small attacks of rebels, they finally make their way into Bulacan, to find it evacuated by its Spanish garrison.

Here a fourth of Chaco's *voluntarios* desert him, Aguinaldo's proclamation being in full display in this part of the country. Desperately he turns towards Malabon, journeying by a sneaking night march, for Aguinaldo's soldiers grow more numerous as they near Manila, which is now entirely surrounded.

So at daybreak one morning, Maud from the back of her pony, which is cautiously led by her cavalier, gives

a little low of joy ; in the dull gray of early morning light she can just discern the waters of the Bay.

Barring their path to safety and the Spanish flag, stands only one thin line of rebel soldiers, unsuspecting danger in the rear, for Chaco has led his men cautious as snakes through the undergrowth.

Immediately in front of these men the *comandante*, using his field-glass, sees a breast-work. Above this is the Insurgent flag.

But three hundred yards beyond it is a somewhat similar skirmish line, just at the foot of a little hummock, upon whose summit stands a blockhouse protecting the first railway station outside of Manila. Above it flies Spain's yellow banner.

"Now first to make you safe," Chaco whispers, "dear lady of my heart," and leads Maud and Mazie on their ponies to the protection of some great trees in a little ravine, ordering a detail of men to guard them as they love their lives, for awful stories have been whispered of insurgent barbarities upon women.

Here taking Maud's hand, he whispers: "When I have dispersed that thin line of insurgents, be ready on the instant to come with me. I'll be back to you in five minutes, or be in another world. Keep mounted to move the instant they are brushed aside; speed is our only hope. If we wait five minutes these murdering Filipinos will return reinforced and we are destroyed. Now, *adios*, lady of my love."

Waving gallant hand to her he strides off before his sixty veterans, twenty of his men having fallen on the road from Bulacan, the few Spanish stragglers he has picked up have scarce added to his numbers.

Five minutes after, Maud hears shots and shouts of combat, then prolonged volley firing.

A moment after she gives a cry of joy, for Chaco is in front of her with fifty of his men, crying: "Quick! These devils are brushed aside. Besides our brothers from the blockhouse are sallying out to meet us. *Presto!* Come!" A drop of blood flows from his mouth at every word.

"*Santos*, you're wounded!" cries the girl, who has grown almost to love this rough and ready soldier, who has watched over her with the tenderness of nurse, who has treated her with the respect of elder brother, who has

fought for her with the chivalry of medieval knight—his only crime being that he loves her.

“Yes, slightly. I—could you walk, dear lady, for the sake of one who can walk no more.”

“Oh, Heavens, they’ll butcher you with their bolas!” cries Maud. “Quick, put him in my saddle!” I’ll lead your pony, Chaco. Hold him up, men! Now come!” and for a moment the maid is leader of the party. Guided by old Sergeant Lopez they run the rebel lines from which Aguinaldo’s men have been brushed aside by this unexpected attack—but only for a moment.

Two companies of Catalonian infantry sally forth from the blockhouse to assist them, and in five minutes they are all inside the intrenchments of Manila. The wounded Spanish warrior looks upon the banner floating over him, and whispers: “Dear one, you’re safe under the flag of Spain, the flag of civilization and advancement, the flag of our Church, the only flag fit to—to die under!” He reels in his saddle and they lift him from the pony to the ground.

Half drowning his whispers is the rattle of more rifles and heavy volley firing at the front, and his men, called by the Spanish officers, run off to repel the charge of the insurgents.

So in the beautiful tropic foliage that here fringes the white sand of the beach, Maud kneeling down cries: “*Ay de mi!* God help us, Mazie, we must staunch the blood in some way,” and takes her wounded soldier’s head upon her lap.

“Water!” he gasps, “and—and a priest!” and Mazie flies away to seek them both.

Even as she holds Chaco’s fainting body, before Maud are the rippling waves of the Bay of Manila bright in the sun that is rising over the Cordilleras. Upon it, some mile away, is a little gunboat, its foremast square rigged, its main and mizzen carrying fore and aft canvas. A flag of stars and stripes is floating from her peak. Photographs of his vessel sent her by her sweetheart flit through the girl’s mind. She gasps: “The *Petrel!*” and her eyes devour it as if she would draw it to her arms.

The dying man whose head is in her lap gazes up at her and murmurs, a strange pathos in his voice: “Dear one, you look not at my face.”

Yes—," she says abstractedly—her eyes caressing the distant vessel.

"You look not at me. You listen not to my lips when they speak their last words to you."

"Oh, not your *last* words, dear Chaco!" screams the girl.

"My very last—upon this earth. Dear love, you must protect yourself from the death of that villain. Here is a statement on my breast written and sworn to by me, subscribed to by the corporal and the sergeant, stating how I executed Herr Adolph Ludenbaum after honorable drumhead had made quick sentence upon him, together with the documentary evidence that caused the doom of a scoundrel who called you wife—a dear title—I—I shall never give you—my beauty, my bird of Paradise! This document will protect you from Spanish law. It is the best that I, a dying man, can do for you. Dear—you look not on my face—your eyes are upon the vessel of my enemies. You think not of what I say."

"I do! Chaco, I do! I know you have been true to me as ever knight was to lady of his love," sobs Maud.

"Then place the Cross of Christ upon my lips and now your own. Kiss me as—as I die."

And the girl bending down to him thinks: "The man upon that deck would forgive me kissing this dying man who saved me, that I may come to him the same Maud Gordon who left his arms."

With the thought, she places her lips upon the cold ones of the dying Spaniard, who shivers a little and mutters: "Your eyes are not on me. They are on that accursed Yankee ship. *Santa Maria!* Is he there? the man whose name you uttered on that night I killed the German who would have dishonored you—the man, O *Dios*,—THAT YOU LOVE?" and sighing dies within her arms.

BOOK V.

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FILIPINO WEDDING.

(Taken from the Records of John Talboys Curzon, late interpreter of Dewey's Squadron.)

It is the end of Spain in the Philippines. From its flagstaff on the Luneta battery, the yellow flag of Castile is floating down forever; the American stars and stripes are going up FOREVER!

As the banner reaches its pinnacle and blows out upon the breeze, the sun bursts out upon it, and halos it. Then from Dewey's fleet comes, peal on peal, the national salute saying: "This is Yankeeland!" Spanish women are sobbing, heart-broken, and many an hidalgo has turned away to hide the agony upon his face.

There is a howling screaming: "Hurrah!" from the landing party of blue jackets mixed with army officers. The band of the Second Oregon, led by its fat bandmaster, is coming up the beach playing "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Seeing the flag, it pauses as if electrified and breaks into the "Star Spangled Banner."

The roll of drums and distant cheering proclaim Greene's division is marching up the *Calle Real* to the cross the *Puente de España* to the Binondo and brush out of the suburbs the looting parties of Aguinaldo's men already striving to enter it.

Into the crowd before the Luneta flag-staff, an Ilocos-boy comes running, screaming: "Where him—Admiral Dewey?"

The Americans break into laughter.

"A letter!" He holds it up. "Admiral Dewey give him to officer of *Petrel*."

"I am one of the officers of the *Petrel*," cries Marston, shouldering his way through the crowd and seizing it;

the ensign having got permission to come on shore with the first landing party.

Half crazy about what may have been Mazie's fate, I am with him; for by this time I am pretty sure she is in Manila with her sister. Some news of this having drifted to me from the English Consul's messengers, though, try how I will, I have been unable to get more definite information, the little communication which has taken place between our fleet and the city having been entirely by the various Consuls, and only on official matters. Still I have picked up from Jimmie Budlong that Doña Ludenbaum and her sister have reached Manila in safety.

Probably it is some lingering fondness for his lost love that makes Marston so anxious to get on shore.

Glancing at the writing on the envelope and crushing it in his hand, he mutters to me: "Jack, it's for me—from *her*! By Heaven, she's got the nerve to write to me!"

"For God's sake, don't tear it up!" I gasp, for he has made an angry gesture as if to destroy the letter. "Read it!"

The American's eyes devour a note in Maud's pretty handwriting, yet he shudders as he reads the signature. But being anxious about my own affair, I ask eagerly: "Mazie?"

"Oh—ah—yes; Mazie!" murmurs Phil. "This note says her sister is with her, and begs me to write to you if I know where you are. It asks me to come to her. It is signed Doña Ludenbaum." He shivers as he grinds out the name.

"Mazie, where is she?"

"In their old home, she says, on the Calzada San Miguel. That suburb will be open to us Americans in an hour or two. Greene's division are passing the Puente de España even now."

"You're coming?" I whisper.

"Why should I? She is the wife of Ludenbaum. She *was* his wife when she stole my heart from me."

"I can't believe it," I say.

"Neither could I. No other hand than hers could make me think it possible; but here's her accursed signature. What's the good of opening my wound again. I have suffered enough. I look no more upon her face."

"Rats!" I cry, having on the American fleet acquired

a good stock of Yankee slang. "You could no more keep away from her than a bear can from honey."

But Phil pays no heed to my sneer, he is questioning the boy in a nervous eager way. "The lady who gave you this, are you her servant?"

"*Si!* Doña Ludenbaum's *bata!*"

"Her husband?"

"No husband!"

"No husband! What do you mean?"

"Him dead! Aguinaldo's men kill him when him try to go to Binondo."

"Dead? A widow! By the Lord Harry, I am going to have a flirtation with a widow. A pretty widow is writing me billet-doux." Marston grinds this out with unnatural jeer. "A widow!"

"But her sister, the Señorita Mazie, she is well?" As I ask this I grab the boy.

"Who you?"

"Is there any letter for me, Jack Curzon?"

"Why should there be?" interjects Phil. "Maud—I mean Doña—curse the name, it chokes me—supposes you are in Hong Kong. How should she guess you were on the American fleet. It's natural for me to be here; natural for widows to want to flirt; natural—Here boy, take this peso, and tell the lady we'll be there as soon as our troops have occupied that suburb."

Then tears come to the poor fellow's eyes. He half reels, grabs my hand and falters: "My God, what a meeting! Did I ever fancy when she left me that I should greet my—my sweetheart whom I thought true as the compass—*after* she had been another's?" Then he breaks out into a kind of laughing snarling scoff: "A widow, a pretty widow, a damned alluring widow! Maud—Oh God of Heaven!"

Muttering he strides through the crowd and over part of it, who greet his trampling feet with sullen "*Carrajos!*" though they try to smile, deeming it wise to be polite to the conquering *Americano*.

As I walk after him I can't help pitying this broken young sailor whom his mess-mates tell me was once the light heart of the ship. Struck down by the letter signed Maud Ludenbaum, Phil Marston has recovered very slowly from the blow received from a woman's pen. The hot days had kept him back; when we had been penned

on shipboard—doing the most tedious duty naval-tactics prescribe—guarding a town that dared not fire an angry gun at us, a city waiting to be taken.

For from the day he sank the Spanish fleet, Manila lay at Dewey's mercy; though he dared not occupy it, lacking troops to police the hapless capital from marauders within or to guard it from insurgents without.

Therefore we had waited until the troops came, but all of us knew the anxiety on the Admiral's face was put there by something beyond mere lack of troops—the *neutral* German! For Dewey, though promised the *Oregon* by his government, had no armored vessel in his fleet of cruisers to pit against the iron-clad flagship of Admiral Von Diederichs who under commands, probably from his put-your-hands-in-everybody's-pie Kaiser, was doing things that were nigh unto making war upon us.

But one day, about the time the last of the troops arrived, I chance to see the American commander pacing the deck of the *Olympia*, throw up his hat in the air. The anxious look passes from his face. The strain of months is gone. The *Monterey* even in a gale that stayed the troop transports, with Carlin, the hero of Samoa, pacing her bridge as her executive officer, thumping through the water, is passing Corregidor. Dewey has one iron-clad at last! In the waters of this bay that low floating monitor with her heavy guns and massive armor, with nothing to shoot at, and lots to shoot, is more than a match for any battle-ship afloat.

So the American admiral gives notice to the foreign squadrons he wants their anchorage for his operations, and the French and German ships move sullenly to the other side of the bay, and the English and Japanese, God bless them! come sailing our way.

The fight is on and we close in upon the Spanish batteries, while, farther up the bay, with guns ready as per announcement for the Luneta batteries, but really ready for the German if he dares say "Boo!" to us, is the *Monterey* swimming low like a bulldog with the longest kind of teeth. For this day I believe many American officers would sooner turn their guns upon the Kaiser's flag than upon the Spanish.

But no Foreign power says "Boo!" and the Spanish say: "Surrender!" and we are on shore; and Greene's

division of hardy regulars and gallant western volunteers are crossing the Puente de España, as Phil and I join the staff of the First California regiment, the Colonel of which very politely proffers us his escort.

Where the Puente de España crosses the Pasig a band of Aguinaldo's rebels have been brushed aside. An Insurgent officer standing among them signals me with his sword, but is warned away by the guard.

I give a cry as I recognize Ata Tonga. Beside him, a Chinaman is jabbering at me and signaling wildly.

I beg the Colonel to halt.

But there is no chance of this. The orders are: "Cross the bridges *quick!* Garrison the Binondo! Patrol the suburbs!" for the rebels who expect this day to plunder the rich city, are breaking in towards the north.

However the news I want, is best and sweetest from the lips of her I love. So I hurry on.

Across the bridge part of the column halts. The Deputy provost-marshal of Greene's division, as he scribbles passes for Phil and me says, in fluent Western lingo: "Gentlemen, you had better hold your hosses just a little. There's trouble at Sampalog, and a wing of the First California is ordered up there!"

On the Escolta, a few companies of the First California and Eighteenth Regulars, permitted to sit down—after the hot march, go to smoking the cigarettes and cigars that are showered upon them by the Filipinos anxious to make friends of their deliverers and let them know that the tobacco of Cagayan rivals the leaf of the *Vuelta-abajo*.

After three impatient hours I give a cry. "By George! the tram cars are running again!"

Gazing at this a stalwart Irishman, Sergeant Tim Maloney of the First California, growls: "Did ye ever see the like, boys! Begorra, in good old toimes we'd be plundering the treasures and capturing the purty gurls right and left. Bad cess to modern war. We're kilt just the same, but where the divil are the pleasures of victory! No looting, no ladies!"

As he complains, a pretty Filipina girl trips to the gallant Sergeant and offers him a lot of cigars.

"Will I take 'em? Shure, an' I will, bless yer purty face! Do I spake Spanish? No, but ye shall teach me, *acushla!*" And the amorous Sergeant, as he gazes upon

the bright eyes and lithe figure of Miss Filipina, has a look on his martial face that would doubtless get it smashed if a certain stalwart Bridget Maloney, who tends his offspring on Fourth Street in distant San Francisco, could get sight of it.

Gazing at this Phil mutters : "Sergeant, what do you call this now?"

"Begorrah!" He gives Miss Filipina a sounding kiss. "Thase are the joys of pace!"

As we jump on the first car for the San Miguel suburb the men are screaming with laughter, at their gallant non-commissioned officer. A wing of the First California is already ahead of us. The place is as peaceful as if there had been no war.

So about five o'clock this evening, I lead Phil Marston into the well-known garden and look up at the old house. Little Zima is in the garden watching. She cries : "Señoritas! Englishman's here!"

Then to me comes a scream : "Jack! *Aquí! Pronto!*" Little Mazie has flown down the big staircase and is in my arms. My parting with her seems as yesterday.

As I gaze into her eyes, the past seems to float away. But between kisses I contrive to whisper : "Your sister, where is she? This is my friend, Phil Marston."

"Yes, I know the gentleman, by sight," laughs Mazie. "I have seen his photograph," adding archly "Maud I believe wishes to see him."

"Why did she not come out with you?"

"I think she is afraid to meet him."

"She well may be!" mutters Phil hoarsely.

"She well may *not* be!" cries Mazie savagely. "And don't you go in to her with that face, Señor Ensign. She has suffered more than most women could and live—for you!"

"For me? Oho!" this is a horrible chuckle. "That's a yarn with which to floor a horse-marine!"

But here a voice breaks in upon us that makes Mars on start and tremble.

"Phil!"

"Maud!" Despite himself this is a cry of longing love from the American. The young man turns towards the widow of his enemy and gazes at her.

I looking likewise, see a picture that makes me jump :

A lovely face etherealized by the sufferings of a tortured love, by the anxieties of a beleaguered city, by the care of a younger sister, made bright as the sun in Heaven now by a rapture that cannot be fought down.

She murmurs: "Phil, come to me! Let me tell you what I have endured to return the self-same girl who left your arms!"

"The self-same girl? When you have wedded and been widowed also!" answers the American very sorrowfully, yet very sternly. Then he breaks out at her: "Hang it, I'm no sea-lawyer, but I'm not fool enough to think, because he's dead, Husband Ludenbaum's a myth."

"Phil!" She wrings her hands in a kind of desperate agony.

For one moment he seems to hesitate.

"Phil!" she cries harshly, commandingly, "come here and listen to my tale! Then, if you don't believe it strongly enough to take me in your arms and *know* I am the same girl that left them, you are not worthy of me. Do you hear that, Philip Marston!"

Now this attack from a widow whom he had expected to be as Rachel to his reproaches, seems to confuse the American Ensign, who is used to war, but not such war as this. Where he had imagined the white flag, the smothered sigh, a muttered "Forgive me, darling, I—*O Dios*, they—they made me—I couldn't help it!" and tears *ad libitum*; he sees a goddess dominating, commanding, a widow looking immaculate as a vestal and virgin as an Amazon, who waves to him an arm beautiful as Aphrodite's as it glistens snowy from out the black gauzes that drape the figure of a Hebe with Diana's eyes.

"Come if you did not lie to me when you said you loved me! Come if you love me *now*!" she cries commandingly, savagely, alluringly. "It is your *last* chance to beg my pardon!"

"Maud!" falters the fellow who has raised his eyes to hers, and having caught glimpse of her beauty, seems mesmerized by the entrancing vision. He springs up the stairs, and whispers: "You—you dare to assume the injured rôle; you who have broken my heart!"

"Broken your heart! Hear my tale and see if I have broken your heart?"

"Why not? I have read the *Diario de Manila*!"

“*Santa Maria!* You believed a newspaper lie!”

“No, I did not! I told Curzon I’d swallow that tale when the world turned upside down.”

“God bless you, darling!” Tears have got into the girl’s eyes.

“But I did believe your own handwriting in the letter to the cashier of your damned husband. You signed yourself his wife! That struck me down, the only American who fell upon the day of battle.”

“Ah, you have suffered! God bless you for suffering! God let me repay you! Come in!” falters Maud; then she cries in savage tenderness: “No, don’t dare to kiss me *first!* Listen! Believe and kiss me *afterward!*”

But what lover cares for other lover’s rigmarole of foolish love. What interest have I in Phil Marston and a witch of a widow who is twisting him round her pretty finger? I, who have got Mazie in my arms deep in the banana thicket, away from the eyes of all, save the little birds. She is telling me what she suffered for me and laughing and crying and kissing; and so am I.

In such exercise time passes very rapidly.

“Where the deuce are you?” cries Marston coming down the path from the house. He catches sight of me. “Oh, ah! By Jove!”

“Well?” I say, savage at the interruption, though it is growing dark.

“Well; I’ve just heard the darndest yarn to which ever mortal man listened.”

“You don’t believe her?” screams Mazie, flying up. “*Dios mio*, idiot Yankee, you’re not worthy of her!”

“Of course, I’m not worthy of her, but I marry her next week! And you—you landlubber?” he turns on me.

“I had forgotten to speak about the—the wedding day,” I stammer.

“What! With such a little beauty? O, my poor little future sister-in-law! Perhaps he hasn’t kissed you yet. Take this from brother-in-law to keep you going!”

But the sweet voice of the lady of the house is saying: “Jack, bring Mazie up. Phil, we have got some provisions left, notwithstanding the blockade. Come in to supper! You always had a sailor’s appetite.”

Then we stroll up and make a quiet family party, in this city taken by assault this day.

There are a few shots heard farther up the Pasig. But

we know American bayonets are between us and Aguinardo's looting rebels.

Maud is saying: "There is no need of duenna now. A widow, of course can take charge of her younger sister." She steals a coquettish though apologetic glance at Phil, who chews his mustache savagely at the suggestion of his coming bride's widowhood.

So after a little we leave our darlings, blessing God that they are under the American flag, and feeling very safe, now California volunteers are patrolling the Calzada San Miguel.

Soon it goes out through fleet and army that the first social function in the new American city will be the wedding of Philip Preble Marston of the U. S. Navy and Doña Maud Ysabel Ludenbaum, the relict of the late Don Adolph Ludenbaum; also Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon to John Talboys Curzon, who has given up the profession of arms and is now installed as head of the local branch of Martin, Thompson & Co., rather to the disgust of Jimmie Budlong who has to vacate the well worn arm-chair behind the desk in the private office.

But Jimmie is quite contented, as I tell him that I shan't stay long with Martin, Thompson & Co.

"Yes, by Jove! you'll soon have too much money," laughs my bright clerk. "Old Ludy was a smart one as guardian of Señorita Mazie. He did what her father Gordon should have done ten years ago, compromised with the Spanish officials. A little cash was all they wanted." To this he adds consideringly: "By George, old fellow, you've got nerve!"

"Why so?"

"Marrying into 'Bully' Gordon's family! Not that your little girl isn't sweet-tempered as an angel—but the elder sister! By Jove, there's a German woman who's just come into town through the rebel lines who hints that on the very day she was declared his wife, Maud did old Ludenbaum up in great shape with a carving knife in the recesses of the Caraballo mountains."

"Stuff! Nonsense!" I cry. "If you tell such stories, Jimmie, I shan't invite you to the wedding."

"I'm *not* telling them; but over the way there old Ludenbaum's placid-mannered cashier is weeping for his butchered master. He has told the tale to the German Consul, Kruger and they are both going about like chick-

ens with their heads cut off. They've got you and a Chinaman and a Katipunan mixed up in the affair too in some way."

"Have they?" I mutter savagely. "We'll soon shut the German up. It has been done before in this harbor."

"Well, there won't be any trouble for you or for her under the American rule. By-gones will be by-gones," answers Jimmie. "I believe Dewey likes the English."

"Yes, they've done him a very good turn here, haven't they?" I say, thinking of the words of Captain Chichester of the English cruiser *Immortalité* which had blocked German intervention.

With this I stroll out into the town which has already become considerably Americanized. Officers of Western Volunteers are doing the polite on the Luneta and Malceon to pretty Filipina girls, every man of them learning Spanish with accents varying according to the lady teaching him. The priests knowing, now, they are as safe under the American flag as under the Spanish, are walking the *Calle Real* as in days of yore. The Escolta is as busy and as bright as it was before; only there is a mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Western Yankees in brown uniforms jostle Hidalgo-Spaniards in the white drill suits of the tropics.

During this time, Ah Khy has ventured in from the insurgent lines. In my private office where he brings Ata Tonga, who is now a colonel of Aguinaldo, he confides to me the details of an affair of which Doña Ludenbaum had never spoken, and I understand the reason of the German woman's suspicions.

"I suppose the fate of Ludenbaum will set you right with your father whom you've avenged," I remark.

"By Josh! I am at the top of the heap with Hen Chick now," laughs Khy. "The old boy would honor my draft for a hundred thousand taels, since I've finished his vendetta. But what's money when you're lonely. If I could only get into society. Damn it, Curzon, you promised you'd put me in English society."

"I'll give you a chance at it," I laugh. "Supposing you act as master of ceremonies at my wedding."

"Done! I've got a new dress suit of Bell & Co.'s of Fifth Avenue, that'll beat the band, and I've never had a chance to display it! I'll give you the greatest send-off that has ever taken place in the Philippines. Watch me! Y—A—L—E.—YALE!" and the Chinaman goes off as

excited as if he were at one of his college football games, in which he was never permitted to play.

Turning to the Tagal I remark : " Are you going back to Aguinaldo, Ata ? "

" *Santos!* I can answer that question by asking another. Is America going to give the Philippines back to Spain? If so, I go back to my Filipinos and fight to the death. Are the Yankees going to keep these islands and try to give us a decent government, and every man his chance in life ? "

" I think the latter, " I say.

" In that case I am American ! " Then he continues anxiously : " This Yankee officer who has been selected by my mistress of rose breath, for the honor of her hand. Is he worthy of her ? "

" If any man is ! "

" Ah, then he must be a good man. "

And Marston happening to drop in, the Tagal speaks to him, saying : " You smell true ! But remember, he whom my mistress of the breath of wild roses chooses to be her lord, must be a great man. See that you live up to the grandeur of your lot ! "

" Ill try to, my noble savage, " replies Phil modestly. Though most of the time he has a very wry face upon him, for the word has gone about both fleet and army that Phil Marston, though he weds a *widow*, had been engaged to be married to a *girl*.

Still I imagine, he must have some hint of the true status of his bride, for once I see him driving out with his sweetheart, to inspect upon the beach, up the Malabon way, a little white monument Maud has erected just where the glistening sand joins the feathery green of the bamboos, upon which can be read :

Sacred to the Memory of

DON ROBERTO DOMINICO CHACO

THE LAST OF THE CONQUISTADORES

Who loved like a Knight of old.

Then at last, *the evening comes!*

The big house on the Calzada San Miguel is lighted

up. The grounds are aflame with a thousand Chinese lanterns. Ah Khy has seen to that. Gathered about the house and garden are half the pretty girls in Manila, a goodly portion of the foreign colony, a detail of bachelors from the English Club, a big sprinkling of the American army and navy, half the young Filipinos in town whom Augustin has let live, and even a few Spaniards who drop in to do homage to their conqueror; for a very great sailor has kindly given us the light of his presence; Admiral Dewey considering this, the first nuptials of the colony to the mother country worthy of his attention, for more than social reasons, I believe.

So to the strains of the wedding march struck up at Ah Khy's signal by the biggest kind of Filipino band perched on the balcony amid the palm trees, two young ladies looking like fairies in bridal robes of white piña gauzes, French laces and floating ribbons, with orange blossoms in their flowing locks, one standing beside Phil Marston, the other at my left hand, are fronted by Padre de Laviga; dispensation having been very easy, the church wishing to be friendly with the conquering *Americanos*.

To the questions put to us, I and Mazie make reply, and are declared man and wife by ceremony of the Catholic Church.

But sensation comes upon us as the Padre asks: "Do you, Maud Ysabel Ludenbaum, take this man?" for the bride holding up a gleaming arm cries: "Stop!" and a quiver runs through the assemblage at this astounding interruption.

But the girl goes on in ringing voice: "I, Maud Gordon, take this man! Let it be said in that way, for I never was wed to other man and have no right to name of other man! The decree of the court at Carranglan upon this document forged on its face, and the evidence connecting me with it false! My so-called husband decreed me by court was within four hours divorced from me by military execution, a court-martial having been called upon him for furnishing arms to the insurgents by one Captain Chaco, commander at Carranglan. The documents proving these things are in my hands awaiting the demand of the proper authorities. So, as girl unwed I, Maud Ysabel Gordon, take this man for my dear husband!"

Gad, how Phil's eyes blaze with love and reverence as

he listens to his bride. His answers come sharp and strong as a rapid-fire gun, and at the close when his ring is on her fair finger, I hear him whisper as he places husband's kiss upon her lips: "God bless you for squaring me with the boys! They thought I was marrying a—a real widow."

At this Maud gets as red as fire. She turns hastily to greet the representative of the governing power of the United States, the great admiral who is stepping up to congratulate the happy couple.

Just here that mischievous devil, Captain Sam Eustace of the First Nebraska, cries from behind: "Hobson got a kiss in New York!"

"What's the matter with Dewey?" laughs rollicking Bill Goring of the Colorado troops.

Great captains are always gallant to the ladies, and as the bride with enchanting gesture and ravishing blush responds to the suggestion, she gets such a whole-souled sailor's salute, that Paymaster Milbank says it means at least two months' leave for the groom. Though I think with new husband's jealousy that sweet little Mazie, whose arch beauties make her popular as a sylph, gets the great man's tenderest buss. Anyway I am sure she deserves it.

But now everybody's hands are held out to us? I find myself saluting little Cabalo of Imus, Tommie Simpson of the English Consulate and Kellogg of the *Baltimore* with one hand; while Plunkett of the *Petrel*, and Brigham Taylor of the Utah battery are shaking the other.

Then the wine begins to flow, and the band begins to play, and the boys and girls begin to dance. Ah Khy, whose dress suit can give cards and spades to any other dress suit in the room, is footing it, by Heaven! with Phil's bride, who has given him her hand very sweetly.

Looking at this from the balcony outside, Sergeant Maloney, who with a squad of the First California, is drinking everybody's health in champagne and doing guard duty at the same time, it having been deemed wise to have a detail of soldiers about the first semi-public entertainment under the new Yankee rule, remarks in his blundering Irish way: "Begob, they say his ividence kilt her fust husband. No wonder the widder is grateful to the Heathen. Shure, ave the Chinees cut off his tail, he might be mistook fer a Jap and a gint!"

Supper is just finished when into this jubilee strides

Ata Tonga, who is acting as major domo in his dignified Indian way. He passes to Phil's bride, and whispers: "Lady of my devotion, by Cambunian, he's alive! I smell his viper stink coming up the stairway."

"Ludenbaum?" gasps the bride. "*Madre de Dios!*"

"No; otherwise I would have knifed him first and told you afterwards. El Corregidor, whom you said was dead."

At this, Mazie standing by, turns pale and clutches my arm.

"Impossible," mutters Maud, "Chaco reported Don Rafaél dead."

"Pha, trust my nose before all reports. Here he is!" And sure enough Don Rafaél is about to come mincing in.

But he never gets further than the balcony. Khy with Chinese tact has tipped Malony and the sergeant is saying: "Ave yese a card?"

"No, Señor, I only arrived in town by boat from Pampangas half an hour ago. This is the entertainment of my friend Herr Adolph Ludenbaum," replies the Corregidor. "Admit me at once!" Then chancing to glance at Mazie, and noting the orange flowers in her hair, and me standing beside her, his face grows sickly.

But the sergeant being a brisk man, says sharply: "Mistook! Your crony, Ludenbaum's kilt and planted!"

"*Santa Maria!*"

"This is the house of Phil Marston of the U. S. Navy who's jist got hitched to Doña Ludenbaum. Begob, there's her sister who's jist got spliced to Jack Curzon!"

"*Carramba*, it's impossible! *Carrajo! Diablo!* You are lying to me!"

"Howly Moses, a Grazer calls me a liar!" Biff!
"Take him away!"

I hear sounds of combat in the distance, mingled with some yells from horse-boys and coachmen in attendance in the garden below; and an officer asking Malony about the matter, he promptly reports: "One of Aguinaldo's divils putting on airs! But I smashed the Dago into next week and threw out what was left of him!"

This affair gets however little attention; for about this time Major Wharton of the Regulars and Burton of the *Raleigh* heading the rest of the boys are leading the girls out for a good old-fashioned Virginia reel, which they teach to laughing Filipina belles whose twinkling feet

flash in and out from under the gauzes of their piña skirts as they trip upon the polished floors.

Taking advantage of the hurrah, Phil gives me a pinch. Together we take our brides and sneak down the stairs, for we have secured two pretty little villas out in Ermita—where the sea breezes blow amid the palms and bamboos—for honeymoon retirement.

Two carriages await us, a little apart from the throng of vehicles.

As Phil holds the door open and Maud gathers the laces of her wedding robe about fairy ankles to step into one, and I am assisting Mazie into the other, Sergeant Malony, gazing on us, says to his squad, who are still ready with champagne bottles: "Drink the brides' health agin, lads. Tare 'an ages, I've a conundrum for yase—Why are these beautious brides loike these same blessed Dewey Islands?"

"Because they'll be almighty ticklish critters to handle," grins his Yankee Corporal.

At this Mazie gives a little giggle.

"Out upon ye, for a non-expansive Harvard Professor—Divil take ye, yer making the bride blush. Ther raison these darlints are loike these same blessed Dewey Islands is, bedad, because the German wanted 'em and *couldn't get 'em!* Drink!"

Catching this precious oration, the great man of the war, who is just stepping into his carriage, bursts out laughing.

But what do I care for politics, conquest and glory—I who have love before me! I step into my carriage where a little fluttering beauty gathers in her gauzes to make room for Señor Jack Curzon.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

ON THE WONDERFUL POWER OF SCENT IN SOME OF THE
TAGAL TRIBES.

THE acuteness of this sense of smell in certain of the Tagal tribes has been noted by Bowring, Foreman and all other travelers who have visited the interior of the Philippines. Bowring states that certain of the Tagals can discover, not only their masters and their mistresses as dogs do, but even carry their sense so far as to determine the affections of other people to them.

This sense, though probably more developed in certain tribes of the Island of Luzon than in any others, is also noticeable in other savage races; Humboldt stating that Peruvian Indians are able to distinguish by their noses, in the middle of the night, whether an approaching stranger is a European, American-Indian or Negro.

The peculiar acuteness of this sense in some of the mountain tribes of Tagals is so great that it is said the appearance of the nose itself is somewhat different to that usual in the human race, the nostrils having such power of dilation and expansion that in action they make long-drawn lines upon the cheeks reaching to the eyes.

A well known London physician who has spent many years in the Island of Luzon, says of this in the *New York Sun* Oct. 16, 1898:

“So keen is the sense of smell among the Filipinos that they say they can tell to whom any article belongs by merely smelling of it. There is a peculiar manner of kissing in vogue among many of these tribes. Instead of touching lips they press the nose against the cheek of the person they wish to caress and draw a long, deep breath.”—ED.

This delicacy of scent can also be cultivated in the Caucassian race.

“A boy, James Mitchell, was born blind, deaf and dumb, and chiefly depended on smell for his connection with the outer world. He readily observed the presence

of a stranger in the room and formed his opinions of persons by *their characteristic smells.*"—ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

THE SOCIETY OF UNITED FILIPINOS,

Known under its native name as the *Katipunan* was organized seven or eight years before the outbreak of the rebellion against the Spanish, which began in the Philippines in 1896. It was originally formed with the intention of resisting the Spanish tax exactions and oppressive local laws, and the intense influence of the *Fraile** or bands of friars and religious communities over every function of domestic life in the Philippines by political agitation.

From this it drifted into a society of immense power which included among its members the richest and most educated of the Mestizos; also a number of native priests, when it commenced its aggressive operations against the Spanish Government, and the rebellion of 1896 was inaugurated, which for sixteen months devastated the Island of Luzon with a war which for ferocious cruelties on the part of the Spaniards and fearful retaliations on the part of the Filipinos, and unutterable miseries brought upon the inhabitants of the island, combatant and non-combatant, has scarcely been equaled by any wars except by those waged by Spain in the Netherlands in the times of Alva and Alexander Farnese, and the more modern campaigns in Cuba under Valmaceda and Weyler.

Among its members were the richest and most educated of the Mestizos, the two Roxas, Pedro and Fernando, Luna the artist, Atachio, Aguinaldo, etc., also the physician, Dr. José Rizal, who was one of the professors at the Manila University, and who not only arranged the constitution of the Katipunan, but also the mystic rites of that society which, in their weird and occult blood-brotherhood, appealed to the savage and superstitious nature of the Malays and Tagals of the islands. Rizal was a Spanish Mestizo, a man of high education. He spoke a number of languages, and wrote a number of

*As to the influence of the Fraile upon the social life of the Philippines, see article in Singapore *Free-Press*.—ED.

valuable books which were chiefly political and caused his exile at one time from the islands.

The "blood-brotherhood" mark of the *Katipunan* was made generally on the left forearm, though sometimes on the left knee, by a curious knife covered with the symbols of the Society, a good many of which were taken from Masonic emblems.

The intention of the *Katipunan* was to inaugurate its rebellion by the assassination of General Blanco on September 15th, 1896, and on the day of his burial to attack the funeral procession and make itself master of the old Citadel of Santiago and the walled town of Manila with its batteries, arsenals and barracks. But this plot being discovered, some say by the wife of Pedro Roxas, who was a devotee and revealed it at confessional to her religious director who in turn made it known to the Captain General (or the more common report), by the sister of one of the printers of the documents of the Society, making it known under the confessional to *Padre Gil*, the *Cura* of the Tondo, one of the suburbs of Manila, and he in turn disclosing it to the Spanish authorities.

Forewarned, the Spanish Captain-General arrested the chief leaders in the Society during the month of August; among them the two Roxas, though one of them, Pedro, by bribing of the Spanish officer in charge of him made his escape. Rizal also fled to Spain, though he was captured and brought back to Manila and executed in the presence of a large concourse of people, many of them ladies and children, on the Luneta, December 30th, 1896.

By these arrests, the original plan of the rebellion was modified so that the insurgents made their opening attack on Manila on August 30th, and from that time until Aguinaldo's purchase by the Spanish authorities during December, 1897, made unceasing war upon the Spaniards, devastating the island. They were utterly crushed, and had not Dewey's squadron annihilated the Spanish fleet on May 1st, 1898, would never have raised arms against Spain.—ED.

* * * * *

THE KATIPUNAN MARKS ON THE BODY,

And Spain's terror of, hatred and ferocity to, this society are noted in the following extracts taken from a

letter from Manila to the New York *Sun* of October 22d, 1898 :

‘If you want to go straight to Spanish hell, you join the *Katipunán* * * * * To be suspected of being ‘*Katipunán*’ is sufficient ground for life imprisonment in the Philippines.

“Several of them frankly admitted to Capt. Moffett that they were members. They even showed him the marks which proved their initiation. All who join the *Katipunán* sign the roll in their own blood. The third finger of the left hand is pricked at the tip until the blood runs and with that blood they sign. Then as a sure sign of membership a vein is opened in the left forearm in such fashion that the wound will certainly leave a scar, or a wound is made in the left breast that will leave a round scar like a vaccination mark.”

THE SUPREME COURT OF MANILA,

Generally called by the Spaniards the high *Audiencia*, is the only offset to the power of the Governor-General, but not a powerful one, as the Governor-General is ex-officio President of it, though he very seldom appears in his judicial rôle.

The court consists of a regent and five auditors or judges, besides two fiscals or solicitor-generals, one for civil, the other for criminal procedure, and as far as can be learned from its records, is equal in *tyrannical injustice, illogical conclusions, medieval methods of procedure, barring the torture chamber, to any court ever invented to give injustice to mankind, as will be seen from the following :*

“M. Malate says the weakest part of the administration of the Philippines is that of justice. One of the great grounds of complaint is the imprisonment of the accused during the collection of evidence. This sometimes keeps a party on trial before conviction many years, it being optional for the prison to accept or refuse bail in all cases before trial, and sometimes refused on very arbitrary grounds. Thus the accused is sometimes imprisoned until he dies, yet never tried.”—DE MORGAN’S PHILIPPINES.

John Foreman in his book on the Philippine Islands, published in 1890, has the following :

“ No man can have a greater calamity than a civil or criminal lawsuit in Manila. He is generally destroyed by notaries, procurators, solicitors, and is driven to despair and poverty. Often after a case is decided, to give these hangers-on of the law more work and plunder, the case is reopened on some technical ground and gone over again. A man once accused of homicide, and tried and acquitted in a local court, came up to Manila in order to insure himself from all further prosecution. He obtained from the supreme court an affirmation of the verdict, but this simple proceeding cost him so much that he had to mortgage all his property, and finally borrow money from his friends. Still, after returning to his province, a new judge wishing to make more money reopened the case a number of years after, and the persecuted one having used all his resources, was sentenced to prison for eight years.

“ In one instance the descendants of a family who had owned and occupied land for a hundred years, its estate being claimed by the Augustins, dared to ask for a *titulio real*, or written title, and for this were all banished from Luzon.”

In regard to imprisonment without trial—without even charges entered against prisoners, the following paragraph, taken from the Manila correspondence of the *New York Sun* of Oct. 23, 1898, may give some suggestion that the case of the DAUGHTERS OF CAPTAIN GORDON was not without parallel or precedent in the Philippines under Spanish judicial methods.—ED.

“ It was when Captain Moffett began to investigate the roll of prisoners that he came across the iniquity of Spanish institutions. It stirs an angry feeling in the blood of an American and provokes a wish that after all Dewey's guns had been turned loose on the cruel Spaniards to know such things as went on in the make-believe courts of Manila. The Spaniards talk and boast of a proud old civilization. But a civilization which makes war on women and which sentences men to jail for life on mere suspicion, is no civilization. * * * * * ”

First on the roll were the women, twenty-eight of them. Engracia Tanoy led the list, and bracketted with her were Maximiana Duran, Tomasa Palupo, Felipa Quique and Gregoria Tio. The record showed, and the commitments agreed with it, that they had been in the Bilibid prison since July 11, 1889, on the order of the Captain-General, without trial, for the offense of resisting the armed forces of Spain. Five little native women in chains and the giant great heart in the Governor's palace sends them to prison for life without trial.

Then there was Dorotea Arceaga, committed on Aug. 8, 1895, for "sacrilege" after a trial by court-martial. She was the teacher of a little school for native children. Dorotea was a devout Catholic and went to mass in the old red brick church in Malate where now Aguinaldo's men house themselves.

Dorotea was comely, and the priest to whom she confessed was a devil in a black robe. Dorotea had that instinctive regard for her own honor which not even the training she had had could remove, and her father confessor found a spirit he could not defile, a will he could not break. He went to the Captain-General and said Dorotea had stolen a chalice from his church. Thereupon the good-looking little school-teacher was charged with "insurrection" and "sacrilege," and a court-martial sent her to Bilibid to end her days. Two cases showed where the despicable Spaniard had tried to cover his tracks. The second gave the date of commitment of Doña Maxima Guerrera as July 11, 1890, but it specified no crime. The Captain-General was named as the committing magistrate, and there was no record of trial. Captain Moffett called for the original commitment papers, and there the story was revealed. She had been in Bilibid since 1890. In the summer of that year, when she was fifty-one years old, she had resisted the armed forces of Spain. She was a widow. Her husband had accumulated some property, and she was worth about \$40,000. Most of it was in land, there was valuable timber on the land, and one day when the Captain-General needed some money he sold the wood to a contractor of Manila. He didn't mention the transaction to Doña Maxima, and the first she knew of it was when the contractor's men appeared and began to cut down her trees. Then she fought. The soldiers came to enforce the Captain-Gen-

eral's order and see that the wood was cut, and Doña Maxima resisted them. She made no denial of that fact. She had been in prison eight years for it, but she would do it again. The soldiers brought her to Manila, and the Captain-General sent her to Bilibid. Then he sold land as well as wood, and was \$40,000 richer, with no one but Doña Maxima to make complaint—no one but a few natives, who did not count with the Captain-General.

Fulgencia Mason was sent to Bilibid on July 11 of that year also, for no recorded offense. The original commitment papers in her case showed that she, too, had been imprisoned in 1890, when she was accused of uttering forged telegraph stamps. There was no record of any trial, but the papers did show *that she had been released in 1891* and had been at liberty for nearly a year, when she was rearrested on the old charge. She had been in the prison ever since without trial. * * * * When she had been in prison a year she found out that for \$900 the judge would liberate her. Her friends helped and with what she had she got together the \$900 bribed the judge and was let out of the prison. She had her freedom for nearly a year; then the judge went home to Spain, and a new scoundrel took his place. The outgoing judge had been in office some time and had robbed himself rich. He was satisfied with a comparatively small bribe, but the incoming thief was poor. It was a case of a brand-new Captain in a fat precinct. He wanted everything in sight. He heard of Fulgencia and demanded \$3,000 as the price of her continued liberty. He might as well have demanded \$3,000,000, it was as much within her reach. She couldn't pay and had been in Bilibid ever since.

EXTRACT FROM SINGAPORE FREE PRESS.

AUGUST 2d, 1888.

It is proper to assume that in both cases, Cuba and the Philippines, the main features of Spanish administration—call it maladministration if you will—were practically identical; and that, therefore, all the consequent grievances and disabilities that ensued, to the disadvantage of the two populations were similar in nature, and, perhaps, in intensity.

Had that been all, the mild and tractable Filipino population might never have showed intolerance of Spanish rule in the way in which their brothers in misfortune in Cuba have done. But within the Philippines there has existed for centuries a dominant power that has absolutely overridden the entire civil and military executive, and by influence over these has in effect held in the hollow of its hand the lives and fortunes of each individual Filipino beyond all hope of appeal for protection to the ordinary tribunals of the law. We refer, of course, to the great religious fraternities who sway to their arbitrary will every power of Church and State in the Philippines. Their members, in many instances, are grasping, unscrupulous and vicious. It has been related by those who know that the honor of wife or the virtue of daughter of the unlucky Filipino is held at the disposal of the Fraile, on demand. Resistance to such a demand means certain denouncement of the victim to the civil power as a "Freemason" or a "sympathizer with *insurrectos*." The civil official knows much better than to question any charge of this kind emanating from such a source, and the unlucky man vanishes, perhaps forever, from his family. What goes on in the Philippine prisons, without trial, in the way of torture, misery, thirst, starvation, mutilation and murder has been of late a common enough theme. These religious orders have, it is well known, been expelled from Spain: they have no existence in Cuba: but the unfortunate Spanish colony of the Philippines has been their happy hunting-ground for many generations.

It is against the intolerable centuries of oppression and extortion at the hands of these religious incorporations and their pliant tools of the civil power that the Filipinos have entered upon their struggle, now at last crowned with success, owing to the encouraging influence and aid of Admiral Dewey.

EXTRACT FROM INTERVIEW WITH MAJOR GENERAL MERRIT, COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES FORCES AT MANILA, AT PARIS MONDAY OCTOBER 3d, 1898.—*New York Herald*.

"In this connection it may be interesting to note that

among the complications prevailing in the religious world in the Philippines the Jesuits and their native priests are popular among the Filipinos, while on the other hand the monastic orders are bitterly hated. This is caused by their aggressions and oppressions. The monks own everything; they use the natives to cultivate their lands, and then turn them off after the land has been worked into good condition.

“The Filipinos allege that the monastic orders have also debauched their women, and I have been told some very horrible stories in this regard. I do not know anything of course, about this; I only tell you what are common reports in this respect. Every student of Blackstone knows very well what was considered in the olden times to be the feudal right of the lord over the female vassel who married on his estates. It may be surprising to many to learn that the Filipinos allege vehemently that the monastic Orders claim and exact this feudal right on the marriage of the young Philippine girls, but I must remind you that again that I am relating to you simply and solely common reports in the country.

“In any case I can assert without a shadow of doubt, what the *Herald's* readers have been previously told by its correspondents—that the people are very bitter towards the monks.

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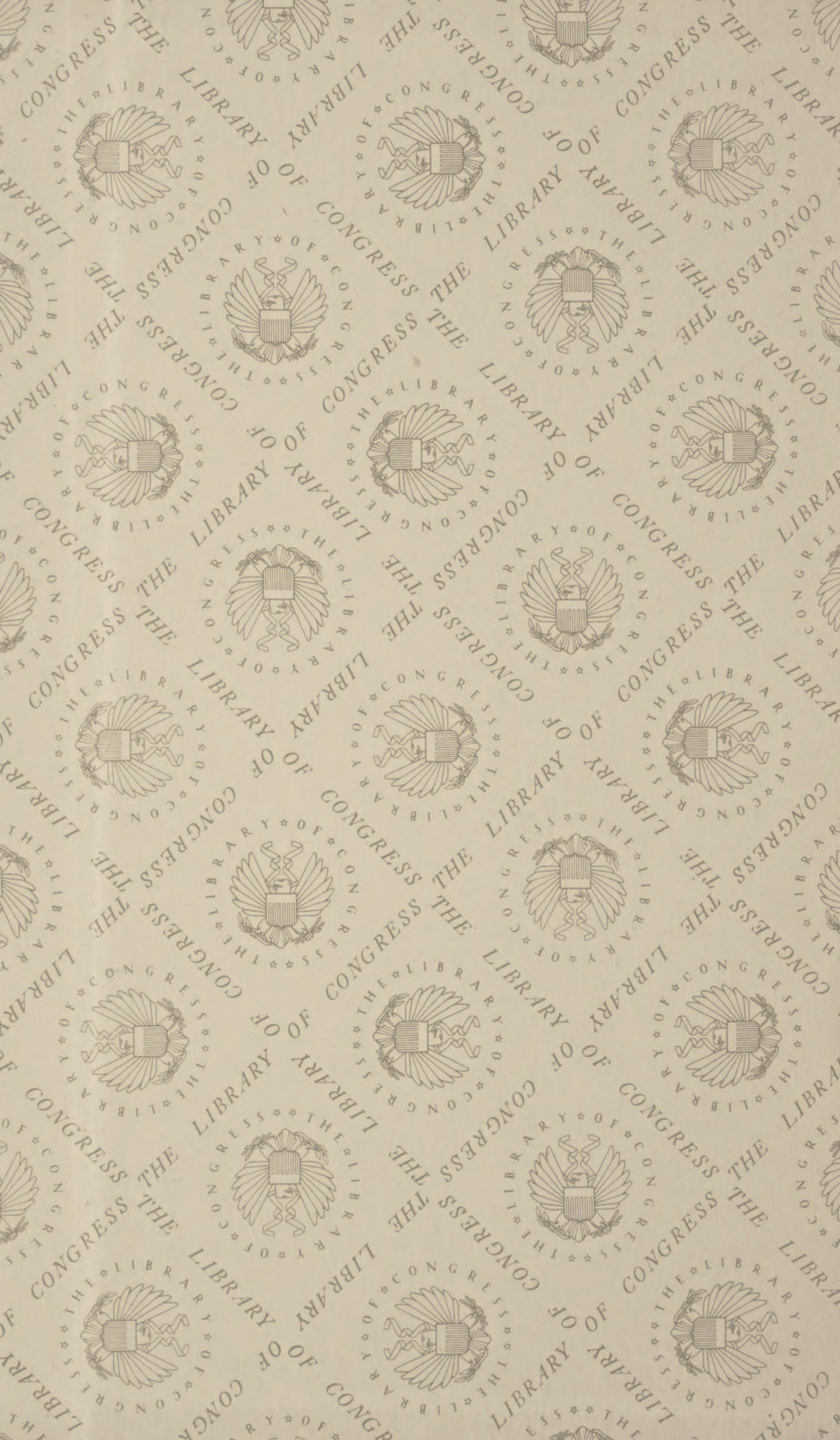
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