

"*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!" murmurs 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 Rafael 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 Katipunán. 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 Katipunán!*

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," jabbbers 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 tha'

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. *Aquí!* 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 Senorita 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!"

"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 *cigaretto* 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 bombardments 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?"