

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 sweet-heart. For Don Rafael'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 Rafael 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.

"When 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?" queries 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," replies 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 Señorita Gordon?"

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

"Tell it to me," I suggest.

"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 meditate, "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 counter-signed 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 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. *For 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 *car-amba!* 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," remarks 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 *caída* 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 continues: "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 dissent 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