

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 **darsn't** 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 chanticlers 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, Señor Ingles, 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 *retiarü* 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 all houses 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 displaced 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?" remarks 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 questions: "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 shoved 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!"

"*Caramba*, 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 Katipunan!" 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 Filipinos 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 Katipunan, 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