

"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, and 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 Katipunán.

"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, Senior*," 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 Katipunán, 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 Katipunán, whose brand upon the arm Spain salutes with death.

In the meantime my German friend, Herr Luden-