

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-

baum, being of sterner mould, has apparently satisfied himself that whether his receipts for arms blew away, or were destroyed, or whatever happened to them, there is not much danger of their now rising up against him in Manila.

So the German warship *Ancona*, having made her cruise among the southern islands of the archipelago, anchoring again in the bay, Herr Adolph comes ashore, takes his place at his business house on the Plaza de Cervantes, resuming at the same time his father-like attentions to the beautiful young lady on the Calzada San Miguel. Of this, however, I don't see quite so much as formerly, the English Club having moved to the Ermita, south of the old city, to get nearer sea breezes, and compelling me to travel farther to the villa which holds my divinity.

During this time, the conflict drifts away from Manila. The town grows quiet again; that deathly calm produced by martial law, where men don't say much for fear of their words bringing them to a military justice which seems a Siva in its lust for blood. Yet all this while, the social gaiety of Manila—God knows, nothing but famine will stop Spanish mirth—goes on; the band plays on the Luneta as sweetly; the ponies prance as spiritedly; the *caballeros* doff their hats as gallantly, though the rebellion still rages like wildfire in the outside districts.

The cool season drifts into the hot, the hot into the wet. During this interval, Polavieja is replaced as Captain-General by Primo de Rivera. This warrior brings with him from Spain six thousand fresh troops, and, better than the soldiers, a lot of money raised by a loan guaranteed by the customs. For, though Cavité has been recaptured by aid of the fleet, the insurgents are still in arms at Imus, and in scattered bands all over the country impress themselves upon the Spaniards with blood, fire and torture.

And all this time the nasty complication about the Katipunan note, on the day of the outbreak of the *Carabineros*, affects disastrously my suit to Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon. Though Maud has patched up a truce for me, and Mazie has said sighingly: "Of course, I must believe!" still her manner to me is different, her lips don't love mine as they used to,

This kind of conduct from my affianced drives me to a savage, surly, bull-dog determination to marry her at once. That shall dispel any doubts Miss Mazie may have of my love, likewise of her sister's supreme indifference to me. Though of this the beautiful Señorita Maud about this time gives ample proof, by permitting the intense devotion of another.

With concern for the young American officer absent in North China waters, I note that his affianced enters into a flirtation bordering upon the dangerous with the dashing and amorous widower of the Supreme Court of Manila, Judge Don Amadeo de Torres, whose liveries are frequently seen in the garden before the house on the Calzada San Miguel. For by this time this dignitary's attentions to the eldest daughter of "Bully" Gordon at *tertulias*, receptions, dances, the theater, the opera, the Luneta, are so marked that fashionable Manila is talking its tongue out of its mouth.

Herr Adolph notices the affair also with affright. At least a rueful conversation of his with the Corregidor that I by chance overhear as I sit in the shade of a palm on the veranda of Gordon's house one evening, indicates it.

The two are smoking by themselves; Miss Mazie being at the piano in the salon, her thumping being vigorous enough, they probably think, to prevent my overhearing them, Señorita Maud is some distance away, holding a low conversation, apparently over her photographs of New York city, which she draws one by one from the big portfolio, with Don Amadeo de Torres, the judicial autocrat.

"*Himmel, Kruez, Donnerwetter!*" growls the German under his breath. "Did you see dot, Don Rafaél. Dey pretend to examine photographs, so dot der amorous hands can touch each oder. The damned duenna is always asleep. If His Honor of the Supreme Court takes affectation for dot designing loveliness, what will become of poor papa Ludenbaum?"

"*Caramba!* What will become of El Corregidor?" replies Don Rafaél, knocking off the ashes of his cigar uneasily. Then he whispers, his lips seeming to grow pale: "The judge will brush us out of the way like so many flies off his sugar. *Dios mio*, by her arts Señorita Maud may induce him to pursue and persecute

us. You remember what happened to those who sued for the property of the beautiful Doña Florencia de Guzeman. *Santa Maria*, they who would have ruined her fortune in the Supreme Court of Manila became beggars themselves."

"*Verflucht!*" mutters Adolph. "Then we must turn our attention to the father. Drink has destroyed his subtleness, but mein leedle Maud, she is as deep as der sea, as beautiful as a Rhine daughter, and as wicked and determined as dot Brunehilde."

"Wicked and determined?" whispers the Corregidor. "It is her superb beauty that I fear. No woman has struck fire from Don Amadeo's icy heart but those whose loveliness have been tempting as Cleopatra's. For them only this judicial Cæsar draws his sword of justice. But God help us if she induces him to flash his blade on us. *Diablo!* Every entreating look from those exquisite eyes will mean a mortal blow to us. It is Señorita Maud's charms we must dread. Is she willing to present them to His Honor for our undoing? *Dios mio!* Sometimes I think she is too good for us to fear."

"Too good? Bah! Impossible! She has her fader's blood in her," whispers the German, a venom in his voice that astounds me. "How can she be anything but wicked as a pirate?"

But I agree with the Corregidor.

Then, the conversation of these two gentlemen becoming too low for me to distinguish any more of it, between puffs of my cigar I gaze at the exquisite girl, who seems deeply in earnest as she, exhibiting the various photographs, whispers to the judge whose cold eyes light up in a burning and greedy longing as they follow her graceful gesticulations.

For a kind of unearthly beauty blazes in Maud's face, not that of passion, but of feverish excitement; not that of healthy spirits nor enthusiastic youth, but that frenzy of the gamester who is staking her all, who is throwing her last throw, who is playing her final card.

From this I turn away with a sigh.

Appearances seem to be against this most fascinating young lady.

As for the German and his Spanish friend this affair

of the judge seems to strike them with dismay and panic. From this time, a curious change seems to take place in their demeanor. They pay less attention to the young ladies and more to their father, who likes company in his cups.

During the coming month, while Don Amadeo de Torres makes use of his judicial arts to captivate the beautiful Señorita Gordon, Herr Ludenbaum and the Corregidor pass many convivial hours with the old ex-sea-captain, gradually insinuating themselves into his drunken affections, and apparently putting some very nasty ideas into the besotted father's head about the autocrat of the Supreme Court.

This is indicated to me in a little conversation with which the ex-sea-dog favors me on a sunny afternoon, after the young ladies have come in from their drive to the Luneta, Don Amadeo's carriage apparently having followed them home. Bully is striding about his garden nervously and comes to me as I drive in from the Calzada.

"My little girls are in the dining-room dealing out chocolate and *bunuelos* to his judicial nibs," he remarks, in low and savage voice. "*Caramba!* I mean damn it! I'd like to poison him. You'd better go in there and hang on to your gal, my boy. Old Amadeo will be making love to both of them. Everything is fish that comes to his net."

"Aren't you coming into the dining-room with me?" I suggest.

"No, *Por Dios!* I mean by Heaven, I eat nothing now," says the poor fellow. "Tonics are what I need. Four fingers of brandy does me for breakfast; two or three nips of whiskey make my lunch; I dine when I get the brandy bottle in front of me again. Come in and have a tippie with me. Old Ludenbaum has become a jovial fellow once more, and even Don Rafael now takes his toddy regular with me." To this he adds: "Go in, Jack, and take a look at Maud playing her little game. God of Heaven! It is her last stake, and the poor girl is doing it to save papa and sister, eh?" Then his eyes blaze up as they did on the quarter-deck of his vessel thirty years before, and he shocks me by whispering in my ear in drunken pathos: "By the Eternal! If my daughter wins her

little game, damn me if I don't kill the judge of the Supreme Court of Manila."

From him I turn away with a shudder but, thank God, think better of Maud than her drunken father does, for I can't bring myself to believe that for any stake on earth, even her own life, Maud Ysabél Gordon would do aught that would make her despise herself.

I go in. My dear little Mazie in her white gauzes and laces looks pure as the dove of Heaven. Señorita Maud in more brilliant colors, is like a floating rainbow. She is laughing with the judge, who is taking his *bunuelo* and chocolate quite docilely from her white hands—likewise some American commercial pamphlet. She is saying to him: "Don Amadeo, I'm glad you ran in. Here is what I promised you."

I glance at what she promised him, and it is entitled: "American investments, published by John H. Davis & Co., bankers and brokers, Wall Street, New York."

Has this beautiful creature concealed in this book of finance some note of love! The judge looks delighted as he receives it—Why shouldn't he? Maud's lovely fingers have touched his amorous palm? Still, I can't believe it, the girl has so true a face.

But all this family uncertainty makes me doubly resolved, as each day passes, to call Mazie mine. So one bright evening after the typhoon season, as we are sitting in the *caida*, the Japanese screen and some palms giving us privacy, I press my suit, adding to it many subtle arguments such as: "The fiancée is jealous, but the wife must know she has the whole heart of the husband. After I have married you, dear Mazie, you cannot doubt there is no other woman on this earth for me; no eyes like yours; no lips like yours!"

"Dios, how I wish I believed," whispers the girl. "But since my sister came bearing the graces of the modern swim—that's what she calls it—I feel I am not like you, my Jackey, a citizen of the world."

"That I wouldn't have you, for the world. Your innocent naiveté has greater charms for me than any fine lady airs." I glance at Señorita Maud, who, surrounded by two or three *caballeros*, is displaying the latest New York fad in costumes, the big puff sleeves

of an evening robe that droop below her white shoulders and bulge out from her snowy arms like great gauzy balloons.

"Santos, yes. Isn't that frock horrible?" jeers Mazie; then cries: "No, I love it! It is of the modern swim. Maud has brought me one like it, though I never dared to wear it, it is so peculiar."

"Pish, English women wear them."

"Ah yes, but I am not English."

"You will be when you marry me, dear one."

"But I have been told I mustn't marry you, Señor Heretic."

"Aha, Padre de Laviga has spoken to you!" I snarl.

"My confessor has told me to marry only the man I love."

"And that's I."

"Caspita, what a guesser you are," says my sweetheart archly. "But I have been told," here tears come in her eyes, "that I'll ruin my family if I wed you."

"Who gave you that precious information?"

"El Corregidor."

"Pooh," I sneer, "what does Don Rafaél amount to? Now that Don Amadeo is here, *El Corregidor* sneaks back to your father's sanctum."

"Yes, and gets drunk with him," whispers Mazie.

"And that Don Amadeo—I—I fear him! Jack, speak to Maud—reason with her. He comes every day now. They talk of things I don't understand." Her eyes are open in a kind of pathetic terror. "And Papa curses every time he sees him, but under his breath, and oh dear—he—he is coming now." With this my sweetheart grows palely nervous as a Filipino servitor announces Don Amadeo de Torres, and the judge strolls in to pass a quiet evening under the smiles of Señorita Maud, who turns from the *caballeros* on the balcony, a piquant witchery upon her face, and gives her judicial swain a veiled look that would fire the heart of an anchorite.

In a few moments this judicial Romeo has a fair field to himself.

Very shortly the gentlemen about Miss Maud make their bows and take hasty departure, for by this time

the apparently pronounced position of a man of his almost supreme power makes Mestizo *caballeros* quite shy of affronting His Honor. They fear to be in contempt of a court whose rulings are at times so curious and erratic that they would make Blackstone shake in his grave and even a New York Police Justice roll his eyes and wonder "Why the Boss had ordered it, and if the Bar Association wouldn't impeach him for it."

As for the gallant Colonel Robles, he probably would have cared naught for the judicial ermine, and stroked his long mustachios debonairly, and fought his battle in dashing military style for the favor of the Señorita whose eyes he loved, but he has gone to join the ranks of dead Conquistadores; cut down by a Filipino bolo in a bush fight in Pampangas.

So, perhaps moved by a kind of sickening sympathy for the absent American naval officer, I determine to favor the young lady with the advice of a man of the world. In this resolve I am strengthened by the despairing pathos of Maud's soft voice as I chance to overhear her whisper to the ardent judge: "*Dios mio*, anything is better than—than Spanish bonds."

Still I only dare approach the subject in a round-about, ambiguous way, for the beautiful and reckless one has now a very haughty gleam in her bright eyes whenever any one mentions Don Amadeo de Torres. Doubtless she has heard something of what Manila is whispering, though probably not very much, gossip of this kind being strictly the behind-your-back business.

So His Honor having taken an amorous yet stately leave, I, who have been lingering with Miss Mazie on the balcony among a lot of convenient palm trees, whisper: "*Querida mia*, you wished me to speak to your sister about a certain gentleman, eh, Mazie?"

"Oh, so much. I have not dared to open my lips to Ysabél because—because—you see how she looks. But people say such awful things. The other day, at Señora Mendez' house, I heard—of course, they didn't mean it for my ears, people never do, you know, your friends never wish to break your heart," she adds with a little whimper—"that the beautiful Señora de Guzman who won her suit at law by Don Amadeo's decision had to give up her good name for his favor. Such a

fearful insinuation I dare not mention to Maud, but, Jack, you might hint, suggest or beat about the bush. You—you are such a man of the world, so diplomatic, so astute, so at times mysterious."

"By Jove, you don't fear that burnt up letter now!" I say grimly.

"Who could fear a little piece of paper when Maud is making such a fool of herself with that horrible old Don Amadeo. So if you dare speak out what I dare not, just wander over to her. She looks romantic now and softer."

"For a kiss I'll do it, Mazie," I remark.

"Well take it now, otherwise you might demand—what's that you commercial men call it—interest, compound interest." And two sweet little lips come to mine and make me wish that they would stay upon mine forever.

"Quick," says the girl, "catch Maud while she is in the moonlight. The moon generally makes women tender. Touch her up about that gallant officer of whom she used to speak so much, but now, *Santa Maria*, scarce mentions!"

"I will," I say. Mentally thanking little Mazie for her astute hint, I conclude the best way to approach the subject of Don Amadeo is by the route of Phil Marston of the U. S. Navy.

So I step along the big balcony, dodging three or four potted flowering plants and a few mosquitoes on the way, to arrive by the side of the haughty sinner, who seems to have a loveliness that might soften any one, even Phil Marston if he knew Miss Beauty had been playing with dainty fingers with the fire that burns.

"I notice," I say softly, "that your eyes are now turned always towards the north, especially at romantic moments when the soft breezes of evening play about you and the moonlight adds sweet softness to a young maid's thoughts."

"What are you driving at?" asks Maud with such a fierce directness, as she turns upon me, that I, for the moment, gaze upon her abashed.

But as she has come to business, so will I. "Phil Marston," I answer, "up in North China waters! Hang it, if he could see you, looking as you do now

with that pearl fan tapping those coral lips, I don't think he'd stay there long."

"Why not? A naval officer, and especially a young one on his first cruise, can't easily get leave."

"He could if he's the ardent lover Phil ought to be. Even commodores are not always stern," I say; then suggest, a little banter in my tones: "Thirty days' leave. Six days from North China to Hong Kong, three days to come here, nine days to get back, two weeks of ecstasy at Manila."

"*Santissima!* don't torture me," mutters the girl, giving me an awful yet entreating look. "God knows I would give my soul to see him. But thank God I have strength enough to keep him from me! Do you suppose I let my gallant Phil know the fight I am making, when it would bring him, perhaps without the leave of his commander to fight my battle with me, for me. O foolish Englishman! Do you guess I write to him who has my heart, about daily executions on the Luneta. Do you imagine I say to my sailor-boy: 'Your affianced has been refused permit to leave this island; she and her poor sister are chained here on a specious plea by the accursed Supreme Court, that they may be naked to their enemies; that my poor father is drinking himself to death in despair at the fate that he feels is coming on his family.' Pha, my darling would be here to die perhaps for me! Nonsense! Phil doubtless believes that half of the few reports which escape the censor's pencil from this distracted island to the outer world are *lies*."

"For this is what his sweetheart writes to him on paper blotted with her tears. 'Everything is happy here and *peaceable*. The insurrection amounts to naught. Some savages up in the mountains, a hundred miles away, are doing a little fighting with the troops. Don't fear for me, adored of my heart, I am as safe as I would be in great New York when an Indian raid takes place in Arizona.' *Dios mio!* to keep him quiet I have written: 'In three months your affianced will be in Hong Kong. In three months you shall lead me to the altar. Don't sacrifice your career to come here for a week and kiss me, when my next kisses to you will be a bride's kisses.' And every line is a vile lie that breaks my heart!"

In the moonlight her face is very pale, her eyes seem to be far away, I think, on the quarter-deck of the *Petrel* which her affianced is pacing in North China waters. Suddenly she turns to me, and says with that supernatural subtlety that women have: "What was your *real* reason for talking of my fiancé?"

In Señorita Maud's present state of mind I don't think it wise to approach the real reason. Therefore I answer her with one of her imported Yankeeisms, and laughingly remark: "Guess again!"

"Guess again? I *can* guess!" she shoots out at me. "I know of what Mazie is frightened; I know what makes my poor drunken daddy curse so awfully. But don't *you* dare hint it!" Her eyes blaze in haughty innocence. Then her beautiful face softens, she murmurs: "You have been a good sweetheart to Mazie, Jack, and true friend to me, and as such, be assured Maud Ysabel Gordon, when she goes to her lover's arms, will go as pure in spirit and in body, and just as full of love as ever bride whom orange blossoms blessed." Her face has an awful blush upon it but she goes on in a kind of sneering, diplomatic tone: "As for this petite affair of mine with His Honor, it is too deep for even your commercial head to fathom, just yet. Your Anglo-Saxon mind would never guess the subtleties of Spanish methods. I fight—" she waves her hand towards the back of the house from which sounds of joviality come, her father's drunken chuckle, the German's snorting laugh, the Corregidor's suave merriment—"those treacherous villains with their own ignoble weapons. But don't you dare hint that the dagger which I am driving deep into those two unsuspecting scoundrels' backs, will sully my hand when I place it in my gallant Phil's for him to place upon it the ring of marriage. By Heaven, that's what I am fighting for,—my happiness; your happiness too, my Cyclops, so that your bride can come to you."

"What do you mean?"

"What I have always meant. El Corregidor! Blind one, can't you see? *Buenas noches*. Forgive me, you made me a little angry. And Jack, you got that packet that came for me to-day from New York via Hong Kong safely through the custom house?"

"Why, yes; of course!" I say. "It contained only records of street railways and electric cars, together with some broker's remarks about stocks. What the deuce do you want with them. Did you make some investments when you were in Yankee Land in case you should fly this island?"

"No, hardly that!" she half laughs, a curious look coming into her fair face. "But please send them up early to-morrow. Run and give Mazie a kiss, then—it is quite late—be a good boy and go away to play bad whist or worse poker at the English Club; for I know even your matter-of-fact mind is not entirely at ease. *Adios.*" She waves half mockingly to me her dainty hand.

So I walk across the balcony to give my sweetheart a good-night kiss.

"You have spoken to Belita, what did she say?" asks Mazie anxiously.

"Nothing! Chiefly asked if I'd got a package through the custom house for her. Only be assured your sister's soul is as white as your hand, dear one, and that is the whitest in the world."

But as my ponies trot along the Malceon to the English Club, I can't help muttering: "What the deuce is Maud driving at with her Spanish methods and stabbing those two scoundrels in their unsuspecting backs, and—deuce take it—commercial reports from Uncle Sam's dominions."

These commercial reports come up in my mind again some week or two later, when one day after the siesta hour, as it is just growing dusk, I chance to see the eldest daughter of Don Silas Gordon step out of her victoria, leaving her duenna half asleep on the luxurious cushions of the carriage, and wander into the agency of the Hong Kong Bank.

Hoping to get some news of my dear Mazie, I cross the street and wake up Señora Valrigo by suggesting laughingly: "Señorita Maud is quite a business woman, eh?"

"Oh, God have mercy on us, yes!" murmurs the duenna. "The child brings me here into dusty Binondo quite often when the Luneta has its breezes, though I prefer a quiet cigarette on our palm balcony at home."

"You—you drive often to the Hong Kong Bank?" I return astounded.

"*Diablo*, three times within a week! *Santa Maria!* I am getting tired of commerce and money changing," mutters the poor Spanish woman, who seems to be uncomfortable deprived of her afternoon smoke. With this she looks drowsily at me as if she would like to go to sleep again.

But I, anxious always to hear of my darling's affectations, piquancies and witcheries, go to questioning Señora Valrigo as to Mazie's movements this day. With this the duenna goes to giving me a wondrous account of a fight between Mazie's new cat and a pet monkey of which I had made present to my sweetheart.

The lady has perhaps killed five minutes of time in her recital, and I am just taking off my hat and bidding her "*Adios!*" when suddenly I give a little start and drop my sombrero into the dirt of the street.

Señorita Maud, looking fresh and sweet as a wood-violet despite the heat, comes tripping out of the private office of the Hong Kong Bank, and, holy poker! whispering into her very ear, a kind of contented ecstasy in his fish-like, avaricious, yet ardent eyes, is Don Amadeo de Torres.

With averted head I grope for my hat under the prancing ponies' feet and pretend not to see the judge as he walks away with his Cæsar-like nose and haughty Castilian step, though I can't help noting that Miss Maud Ysabel Gordon's face is as red as fire as she steps into the victoria.

Here she contrives to say lightly to me: "Oho, Señor Jack, have you been giving Madam Valrigo a message for your sweetheart?" Then looks me searchingly in the eye, and bending over as I stand beside the carriage, she whispers in low pleading voice: "I know you saw him, but don't mention it to——"

"To whom?"

"To any one!"

And she drives away, I looking after her wondering and muttering to myself: "By the Lord, three times within the week!"

Suddenly I think: "A rather curious place for rendezvous, the private office of the Hong Kong Bank."

But just the same I know this afternoon meeting of a young girl with any man would condemn her under Spanish eyes and etiquette to—the ranks of the nameless!

## CHAPTER XV.

“I’LL KICK THE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MANILA DOWN MY STEPS.”

So gradually the affair moves on to a climax the mind of man would scarcely guess.

During this time Captain-General Primo de Rivera discovers that Spanish gold is more potent than Spanish arms, and not being able to crush the rebellion by the fire of musketry, proceeds to throw silver dollars at the patriot Aguinaldo and his chief men, a much more demoralizing bombardment than even that of Mauser bullets.

Thus it comes to pass about this time—it has now approached the end of November—that the Rebels discover they don’t care about fighting the disciplined troops of Spain; and Señor Aguinaldo with one or two more of his principal officers, under free passport and safe conduct from the Captain-General, journey into Manila and meet the Spanish officials to arrange for a pacification of the Insurgents. This *pacification* is six hundred thousand silver dollars, part paid the Rebel leader in advance, together with free and safe passport for him and some other of the high lights of his following to Hong Kong, where the balance of the money will be put to the patriot’s credit. All this General Don Emilio Aguinaldo—as he calls himself now—stipulates shall be done before his insurgents lay down their arms.

But this surrender of the Rebels and the apparent approach of the end of the Rebellion seems to have a by no means tranquillizing effect upon poor old “Bully” Gordon, who meets me one evening early in December in the garden of his residence as I step in from the Calzada San Miguel, and whispers in his half drunken way: “You have h-heard the news, have you, Se-señor Jackie? Aguinaldo’s g-going to lay down

his arms. This rebellion will soon be in—in Kingdom come. This is my f-finish!”

“How so?” I ask.

“Because, *Ca-caramba!*—there won’t be any more rebels to round up, and they’ll bring me to the mast sure, before they l-lose the *chance* of calling me a conspirator. My time is coming,” he grinds his teeth together, “but hang me, if I don’t have one go at that devil of the Supreme Court of Manila.”

To this I pay little attention as the old sea-dog has whispered somewhat similar threats several times, and go up the stairs to the *caida* where Miss Mazie meets me, a rather frightened look upon her face.

“Don’t go into the salon yet, Jack,” she whispers.

“Why not?”

“Maud is there with Don Amadeo. He—he brought a lot of papers with him.”

“Hang it, what of that? Don’t they always look at photographs?” I grin. “Isn’t the duenna asleep in the far corner of the parlor?”

“No, I think Maud has contrived to get Señora Valrigo out of the room. They are talking very low and very earnestly together.”

“Well, supposing we talk very low and very earnestly here,” I whisper, and draw Mazie into the well-known retirement of the Japanese screen.

But we haven’t kissed more than four or five times before I hear hasty steps coming from Don Silas’s room, which is at the other side of the house.

That sea-dog, apparently inflamed by wine and in a very nasty humor, kicks an unfortunate cat out of the window over the balcony into the yard below as he comes cursing and striding along. I notice El Corregidor glance mockingly after him out of the doorway where the two have been apparently taking a quiet nip together.

“Oh, what’s Papa going to do?” whispers Mazie. “*Dios mio!* He is swearing in English!” For the burly sea-captain, whose six feet in height is but little lessened by the stoop of debauchery and years, stamps straight into the main salon.

I spring up to follow him and am just in time to see the opening of a most extraordinary interview,

Even as I look in, Maud is standing beautiful as a