

BOOK V.
THE SPOILS OF VICTORY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FILIPINO WEDDING.

(Taken from the Records of John Talboys Curzon, late interpreter of Dewey's Squadron.)

It is the end of Spain in the Philippines. From its flagstaff on the Luneta battery, the yellow flag of Castile is floating down forever; the American stars and stripes are going up FOREVER!

As the banner reaches its pinnacle and blows out upon the breeze, the sun bursts out upon it, and halos it. Then from Dewey's fleet comes, peal on peal, the national salute saying: "This is Yankeeland!" Spanish women are sobbing, heart-broken, and many an hidalgo has turned away to hide the agony upon his face.

There is a howling screaming: "Hurrah!" from the landing party of blue jackets mixed with army officers. The band of the Second Oregon, led by its fat bandmaster, is coming up the beach playing "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Seeing the flag, it pauses as if electrified and breaks into the "Star Spangled Banner."

The roll of drums and distant cheering proclaim Greene's division is marching up the *Calle Real* to the cross the *Puente de España* to the Binondo and brush out of the suburbs the looting parties of Aguinaldo's men already striving to enter it.

Into the crowd before the Luneta flag-staff, an Ilocos-boy comes running, screaming: "Where him—Admiral Dewey?"

The Americans break into laughter.

"A letter!" He holds it up. "Admiral Dewey give him to officer of *Petrel*."

"I am one of the officers of the *Petrel*," cries Marston, shouldering his way through the crowd and seizing it;

the ensign having got permission to come on shore with the first landing party.

Half crazy about what may have been Mazie's fate, I am with him; for by this time I am pretty sure she is in Manila with her sister. Some news of this having drifted to me from the English Consul's messengers, though, try how I will, I have been unable to get more definite information, the little communication which has taken place between our fleet and the city having been entirely by the various Consuls, and only on official matters. Still I have picked up from Jimmie Budlong that Doña Ludenbaum and her sister have reached Manila in safety.

Probably it is some lingering fondness for his lost love that makes Marston so anxious to get on shore.

Glancing at the writing on the envelope and crushing it in his hand, he mutters to me: "Jack, it's for me—from *her*! By Heaven, she's got the nerve to write to me!"

"For God's sake, don't tear it up!" I gasp, for he has made an angry gesture as if to destroy the letter. "Read it!"

The American's eyes devour a note in Maud's pretty handwriting, yet he shudders as he reads the signature. But being anxious about my own affair, I ask eagerly: "Mazie?"

"Oh—ah—yes; Mazie!" murmurs Phil. "This note says her sister is with her, and begs me to write to you if I know where you are. It asks me to come to her. It is signed Doña Ludenbaum." He shivers as he grinds out the name.

"Mazie, where is she?"

"In their old home, she says, on the Calzada San Miguel. That suburb will be open to us Americans in an hour or two. Greene's division are passing the Puente de España even now."

"You're coming?" I whisper.

"Why should I? She is the wife of Ludenbaum. She *was* his wife when she stole my heart from me."

"I can't believe it," I say.

"Neither could I. No other hand than hers could make me think it possible; but here's her accursed signature. What's the good of opening my wound again. I have suffered enough. I look no more upon her face."

"Rats!" I cry, having on the American fleet acquired

a good stock of Yankee slang. "You could no more keep away from her than a bear can from honey."

But Phil pays no heed to my sneer, he is questioning the boy in a nervous eager way. "The lady who gave you this, are you her servant?"

"*Sí!* Doña Ludenbaum's *bata!*"

"Her husband?"

"No husband!"

"No husband! What do you mean?"

"Him dead! Aguinaldo's men kill him when him try to go to Binondo."

"Dead? A widow! By the Lord Harry, I am going to have a flirtation with a widow. A pretty widow is writing *me billets-doux*," Marston grinds this out with unnatural jeer. "A widow!"

"But her sister, the Señorita Mazie, she is well?" As I ask this I grab the boy.

"Who you?"

"Is there any letter for me, Jack Curzon?"

"Why should there be?" interjects Phil. "Maud—I mean Doña—curse the name, it chokes me—supposes you are in Hong Kong. How should she guess you were on the American fleet. It's natural for me to be here; natural for widows to want to flirt; natural—Here boy, take this peso, and tell the lady we'll be there as soon as our troops have occupied that suburb."

Then tears come to the poor fellow's eyes. He half reels, grabs my hand and falters: "My God, what a meeting! Did I ever fancy when she left me that I should greet my—my sweetheart whom I thought true as the compass—*after* she had been another's?" Then he breaks out into a kind of laughing snarling scoff: "A widow, a pretty widow, a damned alluring widow! Maud—O God of Heaven!"

Muttering, he strides through the crowd and over part of it, who greet his trampling feet with sullen "*Carrajos!*" though they try to smile, deeming it wise to be polite to the conquering *Americano*.

As I walk after him I can't help pitying this broken young sailor whom his mess-mates tell me was once the light heart of the ship. Struck down by the letter signed Maud Ludenbaum, Phil Marston has recovered very slowly from the blow received from a woman's pen. The hot days had kept him back; when we had been penned

on shipboard—doing the most tedious duty naval-tactics prescribe—guarding a town that dared not fire an angry gun at us, a city waiting to be taken.

For from the day he sank the Spanish fleet, Manila lay at Dewey's mercy; though he dared not occupy it, lacking troops to police the hapless capital from marauders within or to guard it from insurgents without.

Therefore we had waited until the troops came, but all of us knew the anxiety on the Admiral's face was put there by something beyond mere lack of troops—the *neutral* German! For Dewey, though promised the *Oregon* by his government, had no armored vessel in his fleet of cruisers to pit against the iron-clad flagship of Admiral Von Diederichs who under commands, probably from his put-your-hands-in-everybody's-pie Kaiser, was doing things that were nigh unto making war upon us.

But one day, about the time the last of the troops arrived, I chance to see the American commander pacing the deck of the *Olympia*, throw up his hat in the air. The anxious look passes from his face. The strain of months is gone. The *Monterey* even in a gale that stayed the troop transports, with Carlin, the hero of Samoa, pacing her bridge as her executive officer, thumping through the water, is passing Corregidor. Dewey has one iron-clad at last! In the waters of this bay that low floating monitor with her heavy guns and massive armor, with nothing to shoot at, and lots to shoot, is more than a match for any battle-ship afloat.

So the American admiral gives notice to the foreign squadrons he wants their anchorage for his operations, and the French and German ships move sullenly to the other side of the bay, and the English and Japanese, God bless them! come sailing our way.

The fight is on and we close in upon the Spanish batteries, while, farther up the bay, with guns ready as per announcement for the Luneta batteries, but really ready for the German if he dares say "Boo!" to us, is the *Monterey* swimming low like a bulldog with the longest kind of teeth. For this day I believe many American officers would sooner turn their guns upon the Kaiser's flag than upon the Spanish.

But no Foreign power says "Boo!" and the Spanish say: "Surrender!" and we are on shore; and Greene's

division of hardy regulars and gallant western volunteers are crossing the Puente de España, as Phil and I join the staff of the First California regiment, the Colonel of which very politely proffers us his escort.

Where the Puente de España spans the Pasig a band of Aguinaldo's rebels have been brushed aside. An Insurgent officer standing among them signals me with his sword, but is warned away by the guard.

I give a cry as I recognize Ata Tonga. Beside him, a Chinaman is jabbering at me and signaling wildly.

I beg the Colonel to halt.

But there is no chance of this. The orders are: "Cross the bridges *quick!* Garrison the Binondo! Patrol the suburbs!" for the rebels who expect this day to plunder the rich city, are breaking in towards the north.

However the news I want, is best and sweetest from the lips of her I love. So I hurry on.

Across the bridge part of the column halts. The Deputy provost-marshal of Greene's division, as he scribbles passes for Phil and me says, in fluent Western lingo: "Gentlemen, you had better hold your hosses just a little. There's trouble at Sampalog, and a wing of the First California is ordered up there!"

On the Escolta, a few companies of the First California and Eighteenth Regulars, permitted to sit down—after the hot march, go to smoking the cigarettes and cigars that are showered upon them by the Filipinos anxious to make friends of their deliverers and let them know that the tobacco of Cagayan rivals the leaf of the *Vuelta-abajo*.

After three impatient hours I give a cry. "By George! the tram cars are running again!"

Gazing at this a stalwart Irishman, Sergeant Tim Maloney of the First California, growls: "Did ye ever see the like, boys! Begorrah, in good old toimes we'd be plundering the treasures and capturing the purty gurls right and left. Bad cess to modern war. We're kilt just the same, but where the divil are the pleasures of victory! No looting, no ladies!"

As he complains, a pretty Filipina girl trips to the gallant Sergeant and offers him a lot of cigars.

"Will I take 'em? Shure, an' I will, bless yer purty face! Do I spake Spanish? No, but ye shall teach me, *acushla!*" And the amorous Sergeant, as he gazes upon

the bright eyes and lithe figure of Miss Filipina, has a look on his martial face that would doubtless get it smashed if a certain stalwart Bridget Maloney, who tends his offspring on Fourth Street in distant San Francisco, could get sight of it.

Gazing at this Phil mutters: "Sergeant, what do you call this now?"

"Begorrah!" He gives Miss Filipina a sounding kiss. "These are the joys of pace!"

As we jump on the first car for the San Miguel suburb the men are screaming with laughter, at their gallant non-commissioned officer. A wing of the First California is already ahead of us. The place is as peaceful as if there had been no war.

So about five o'clock this evening, I lead Phil Marston into the well-known garden and look up at the old house. Little Zima is in the garden watching. She cries: "Señoritas! Englishman's here!"

Then to me comes a scream: "Jack! *Aquí! Pronto!*" Little Mazie has flown down the big staircase and is in my arms. My parting with her seems as yesterday.

As I gaze into her eyes, the past seems to float away. But between kisses I contrive to whisper: "Your sister, where is she? This is my friend, Phil Marston."

"Yes, I know the gentleman, by sight," laughs Mazie. "I have seen his photograph," adding archly "Maud I believe wishes to see him."

"Why did she not come out with you?"

"I think she is afraid to meet him."

"She well may be!" mutters Phil hoarsely.

"She well may *not* be!" cries Mazie savagely. "And don't you go in to her with that face, Señor Ensign. She has suffered more than most women could and live—for you!"

"For me? Oho!" this is a horrible chuckle. "That's a yarn with which to floor a horse-marine!"

But here a voice breaks in upon us that makes Mars-on start and tremble.

"Phil!"

"Maud!" Despite himself this is a cry of longing love from the American. The young man turns towards the widow of his enemy and gazes at her.

I looking likewise, see a picture that makes me jump:

A lovely face etherealized by the sufferings of a tortured love, by the anxieties of a beleaguered city, by the care of a younger sister, made bright as the sun in Heaven now by a rapture that cannot be fought down.

She murmurs: "Phil, come to me! Let me tell you what I have endured to return the self-same girl who left your arms!"

"The self-same girl? When you have wedded and been widowed also!" answers the American very sorrowfully, yet very sternly. Then he breaks out at her: "Hang it, I'm no sea-lawyer, but I'm not fool enough to think, because he's dead, Husband Ludenbaum's a myth."

"Phil!" She wrings her hands in a kind of desperate agony.

For one moment he seems to hesitate.

"Phil!" she cries harshly, commandingly, "come here and listen to my tale! Then, if you don't believe it strongly enough to take me in your arms and *know* I am the same girl that left them, you are not worthy of me. Do you hear that, Philip Marston!"

Now this attack from a widow whom he had expected to be as Rachel to his reproaches, seems to confuse the American Ensign, who is used to war, but not such war as this. Where he had imagined the white flag, the smothered sigh, a muttered "Forgive me, darling, I—*O Dios*, they—they made me—I couldn't help it!" and tears *ad libitum*; he sees a goddess dominating, commanding, a widow looking immaculate as a vestal and virgin as an Amazon, who waves to him an arm beautiful as Aphrodite's as it glistens snowy from out the black gauzes that drape the figure of a Hebe with Diana's eyes.

"Come if you did not lie to me when you said you loved me! Come if you love me *now!*" she cries commandingly, savagely, alluringly. "It is your *last* chance to beg my pardon!"

"Maud!" falters the fellow who has raised his eyes to hers, and having caught glimpse of her beauty, seems mesmerized by the entrancing vision. He springs up the stairs, and whispers: "You—you dare to assume the injured rôle; you who have broken my heart!"

"Broken your heart! Hear my tale and see if I have broken your heart?"

"Why not? I have read the *Diario de Manila!*"

"*Santa Maria!* You believed a newspaper lie!"

"No, I did not! I told Curzon I'd swallow that tale when the world turned upside down."

"God bless you, darling!" Tears have got into the girl's eyes.

"But I did believe your own handwriting in the letter to the cashier of your damned husband. You signed yourself his wife! That struck me down, the only American who fell upon the day of battle."

"Ah, you have suffered! God bless you for suffering! **God let me repay you!** Come in!" falters Maud; then she cries in affronted tenderness: "No, don't dare to kiss me *first!* Listen! Believe and kiss me *afterward!*"

But what lover cares for other lover's rigmarole of foolish love. What interest have I in Phil Marston and a witch of a widow who is twisting him round her pretty finger? I, who have got Mazie in my arms deep in the banana thicket, away from the eyes of all, save the little birds. She is telling me what she suffered for me and laughing and crying and kissing; and so am I.

In such exercise time passes very rapidly.

"Where the *deuce* are you?" shouts Marston coming down the path from the house. He catches sight of me. "Oh, ah! By Jove!"

"Well?" I say, savage at the interruption, though it is growing dark.

"Well; I've just heard the darndest yarn to which ever mortal man listened."

"You don't believe her?" screams Mazie, flying up. "*Dios mio*, idiot Yankee, you're not worthy of her!"

"Of course, I'm not worthy of her, but I marry her next week! And you—you landlubber?" he turns on me.

"I had forgotten to speak about the—the wedding day," I stammer.

"What! With such a little beauty? O, my poor little future sister-in-law! Perhaps he hasn't kissed you yet. Take this from brother-in-law to keep you going!"

But the sweet voice of the lady of the house is saying: "Jack, bring Mazie up. Phil, we have got some provisions left, notwithstanding the blockade. Come in to supper! You always had a sailor's appetite."

Then we stroll up and make a quiet family party, in this city taken by assault this day.

There are a few shots heard farther up the Pasig. But

we know American bayonets are between us and Aguinardo's looting rebels.

Maud is saying: "There is no need of duenna now. A widow, of course can take charge of her younger sister." She steals a coquettish though apologetic glance at Phil, who chews his mustache savagely at the suggestion of his coming bride's widowhood.

So after a little we leave our darlings, blessing God that they are under the American flag, and feeling very safe, now California volunteers are patrolling the Calzada San Miguel.

Soon it goes out through fleet and army that the first social function in the new American city will be the wedding of Philip Preble Marston of the U. S. Navy and Doña Maud Ysabel Ludenbaum; also Señorita Mazie Inez Gordon to John Talboys Curzon, who has given up the profession of arms and is now installed as head of the local branch of Martin, Thompson & Co., rather to the disgust of Jimmie Budlong who has to vacate the well worn arm-chair behind the desk in the private office.

But Jimmie is quite contented, as I tell him that I shan't stay long with Martin, Thompson & Co.

"Yes, by Jove! you'll soon have too much money," laughs my bright clerk. "Old Ludy was a smart one as guardian of Señorita Mazie. He did what her father Gordon should have done ten years ago, compromised with the Spanish officials. A little cash was all they wanted." To this he adds consideringly: "By George, old fellow, you've got nerve!"

"Why so?"

"Marrying into 'Bully' Gordon's family! Not that your little girl isn't sweet-tempered as an angel—but the elder sister! By Jove, there's a German woman who's just come into town through the rebel lines who hints that on the very day she was declared his wife, Maud did old Ludenbaum up in great shape with a carving knife in the recesses of the Caraballo mountains."

"Stuff! Nonsense!" I cry. "If you tell such stories, Jimmie, I shan't invite you to the wedding."

"I'm *not* telling them; but over the way there old Ludenbaum's placid-mannered cashier is weeping for his butchered master. He has told the tale to the German Consul, Kruger and they are both going about like chick-

ens with their heads cut off. They've got you and a Chinaman and a Katipunan mixed up in the affair too in some way."

"Have they?" I mutter savagely. "We'll soon shut the German up. It has been done before in this harbor."

"Well, there won't be any trouble for you or for her under the American rule. By-gones will be by-gones," answers Jimmie. "I believe Dewey likes the English."

"Yes, they've done him a very good turn here, haven't they?" I say, thinking of the words of Captain Chichester of the English cruiser *Immortalité* which had blocked German intervention.

With this I stroll out into the town which has already become considerably Americanized. Officers of Western Volunteers are doing the polite on the Luneta and Malceon to pretty Filipina girls, every man of them learning Spanish with accents varying according to the lady teaching him. The priests knowing now, they are as safe under the American flag as under the Spanish, are walking the *Calle Real* as in days of yore. The Escolta is as busy and as bright as it was before, only there is a mixture of Anglo-Saxon; Western Yankees in brown uniforms jostle Hidalgo-Spaniards in the white drill suits of the tropics.

During this time, Ah Khy has ventured in from the insurgent lines. In my private office where he brings Ata Tonga, who is now a colonel of Aguinardo, he confides to me the details of an affair of which Doña Ludenbaum had never spoken, and I understand the reason of the German woman's suspicions.

"I suppose the fate of Ludenbaum will set you right with your father whom you've avenged," I remark.

"By Josh! I am at the top of the heap with Hen Chick now," laughs Khy. "The old boy would honor my draft for a hundred thousand taels, since I've finished his vendetta. But what's money when you're lonely. If I could only get into society. Damn it, Curzon, you promised you'd put me in English society."

"I'll give you a chance at it," I laugh. "Supposing you act as master of ceremonies at my wedding."

"Done! I've got a new dress suit of Bell & Co.'s of Fifth Avenue, that'll beat the band, and I've never had a chance to display it! I'll give you the greatest send-off that has ever taken place in the Philippines. Watch me! Y—A—L—E.—YALE!" and the Chinaman goes off as

excited as if he were at one of his college football games, in which he was never permitted to play.

Turning to the Tagal I remark: "Are you going back to Aguinaldo, Ata?"

"*Santos!* I can answer that question by asking another. Is America going to give the Philippines back to Spain? If so, I go back to my Filipinos and fight to the death. Are the Yankees going to keep these islands and try to give us a decent government, and every man his chance in life?"

"I think the latter," I say.

"In that case I am American!" Then he continues anxiously: "This Yankee officer who has been selected by my mistress of rose breath, for the honor of her hand. Is he worthy of her?"

"If any man is!"

"Ah, then he must be a good man."

And Marston happening to drop in, the Tagal speaks to him, saying: "You smell true! But remember, he whom my mistress of the breath of wild roses chooses to be her lord, must be a great man. See that you live up to the grandeur of your lot!"

"I'll try to, my noble savage," replies Phil modestly. Though most of the time he has a very wry face upon him, for the word has gone about both fleet and army that Phil Marston, though he weds a *widow*, had been engaged to be married to a *girl*.

Still I imagine, he must have some hint of the true status of his bride, for once I see him driving out with his sweetheart, to inspect upon the beach, up the Malabon way, a little white monument Maud has erected just where the glistening sand joins the feathery green of the bamboos, upon which can be read:

Sacred to the Memory of
DON ROBERTO DOMINICO CHACO
THE LAST OF THE CONQUISTADORES
Who loved like a Knight of old.

Then at last, *the evening comes!*
The big house on the Calzada San Miguel is lighted

up. The grounds are aflame with a thousand Chinese lanterns. Ah Khy has seen to that. Gathered about the house and garden are half the pretty girls in Manila, a goodly portion of the foreign colony, a detail of bachelors from the English Club, a big sprinkling of the American army and navy, half the young Filipinos in town whom Augustin has let live, and even a few Spaniards who drop in to do homage to their conqueror; for a very great sailor has kindly given us the light of his presence; Admiral Dewey considering this, the first nuptials of the colony to the mother country worthy of his attention, for more than social reasons, I believe.

So to the strains of the wedding march struck up at Ah Khy's signal by the biggest kind of Filipino band perched on the balcony amid the palm trees, two young ladies looking like fairies in bridal robes of white piña gauzes, French laces and floating ribbons, with orange blossoms in their flowing locks, one standing beside Phil Marston, the other at my left hand, are fronted by Padre de Laviga; dispensation having been very easy, the church wishing to be friendly with the conquering *Americanos*.

To the questions put to us, I and Mazie make reply, and are declared man and wife by ceremony of the Catholic Church.

But sensation comes upon us as the Padre asks: "Do you, Maud Ysabel Ludenbaum, take this man?" for the bride holding up a gleaming arm cries: "Stop!" and a quiver runs through the assemblage at this astounding interruption.

But the girl goes on in ringing voice: "I, Maud Gordon, take this man! Let it be said in that way, for I never was wed to other man and have no right to name of other man! The decree of the court at Carranglan upon this document forged on its face, and the evidence connecting me with it false! My so-called husband decreed me by court was within four hours divorced from me by military execution, a court-martial having been called upon him for furnishing arms to the insurgents by one Captain Chaco, commander at Carranglan. The documents proving these things are in my hands awaiting the demand of the proper authorities. So, as girl unwed I, Maud Ysabel Gordon, take this man for my dear husband!"

Gad, how Phil's eyes blaze with love and reverence as

he listens to his bride.* His answers come sharp and strong as a rapid-fire gun, and at the close when his ring is on her fair finger, I hear him whisper as he places husband's kiss upon her lips: "God bless you for squaring me with the boys! They thought I was marrying a— a real widow."

At this Maud gets as red as fire. She turns hastily to greet the representative of the governing power of the United States, the great admiral who is stepping up to congratulate the happy couple.

Just here that mischievous devil, Captain Sam Eustace of the First Nebraska, cries from behind: "Hobson got a kiss in New York!"

"What's the matter with Dewey?" laughs rollicking Bill Goring of the Colorado troops.

Great captains are always gallant to the ladies, and as the bride with enchanting gesture and ravishing blush responds to the suggestion, she gets such a whole-souled sailor's salute, that Paymaster Milbank says it means at least two months' leave for the groom. Though I think with new husband's jealousy that sweet little Mazie, whose arch beauties make her popular as a sylph, gets the great man's tenderest buss. Anyway I am sure she deserves it.

But now everybody's hands are held out to us? I find myself saluting little Cabalo of Imus, Tommie Simpson of the English Consulate and Kellogg of the *Baltimore* with one hand; while Plunkett of the *Petrel*, and Brigham Taylor of the Utah battery are shaking the other.

Then the wine begins to flow, and the band begins to play, and the boys and girls begin to dance. Ah Khy, whose dress suit can give cards and spades to any other dress suit in the room, is footing it, by Heaven! with Phil's bride, who has given him her hand very sweetly.

Looking at this from the balcony outside, Sergeant Maloney, who with a squad of the First California, is drinking everybody's health in champagne and doing guard duty at the same time, it having been deemed wise to have a detail of soldiers about the first semi-public entertainment under the new Yankee rule, remarks in his blundering Irish way: "Begob, they say his ividence kilt her fust husband. No wonder the widder is grateful to the Heathen. Shure, ave the Chinees cut off his tail, he might be mistook fer a Jap and a gint!"

Supper is just finished when into this jubilee strides

Ata Tonga, who is acting as major domo in his dignified Indian way. He passes to Phil's bride, and whispers: "Lady of my devotion, by Cambunian, he's alive! I smell his viper stink coming up the stairway."

"Ludenbaum?" gasps the bride. "*Madre de Dios!*"

"No; otherwise I would have knifed him first and told you afterwards. El Corregidor, whom you said was dead."

At this, Mazie standing by, turns pale and clutches my arm.

"Impossible," mutters Maud, "Chaco reported Don Rafaél dead."

"Pha, trust my nose before all reports. Here he is!" And sure enough Don Rafaél is about to come mincing in.

But he never gets further than the balcony. Khy with Chinese tact has tipped Malony and the sergeant is saying: "Ave yese a card?"

"No, Señor, I only arrived in town by boat from Pam-pangas half an hour ago. This is the entertainment of my friend Herr Adolph Ludenbaum," replies the Corregidor. "Admit me at once!" Then chancing to glance at Mazie, and noting the orange flowers in her hair, and me standing beside her, his face grows sickly.

But the sergeant being a brisk man, says sharply: "Mistook! Your crony, Ludenbaum's kilt and planted!"

"*Santa Maria!*"

"This is the house of Phil Marston of the U. S. Navy who's jist got hitched to Doña Ludenbaum. Begob, there's her sister who's jist got spliced to Jack Curzon!"

"*Carramba*, it's impossible! *Carrajo! Diablo!* You are lying to me!"

"Howly Moses, a Grazer calls me a liar!" Biff! "Take him away!"

I hear sounds of combat in the distance, mingled with some yells from horse-boys and coachmen in attendance in the garden below; and an officer asking Malony about the matter, he promptly reports: "One of Aguinaldo's divils putting on airs! But I smashed the Dago into next week and threw out what was left of him!"

This affair gets however little attention; for about this time Major Wharton of the Regulars and Burton of the *Raleigh* heading the rest of the boys are leading the girls out for a good old-fashioned Virginia reel, which they teach to laughing Filipina belles whose twinkling feet

flash in and out from under the gauzes of their piña skirts as they trip upon the polished floors.

Taking advantage of the hurrah, Phil gives me a pinch. Together we take our brides and sneak down the stairs, for we have secured two pretty little villas out in Ermita—where the sea breezes blow amid the palms and bamboos—for honeymoon retirement.

Two carriages await us, a little apart from the throng of vehicles.

As Phil holds the door open and Maud gathers the laces of her wedding robe about fairy ankles to step into one, and I am assisting Mazie into the other, Sergeant Malony, gazing on us, says to his squad, who are still ready with champagne bottles: "Drink the brides' health agin, lads. Tare 'an ages, I've a conundrum for yase—Why are these beautious brides loike these same blessed Dewey Islands?"

"Because they'll be almighty ticklish critters to handle," grins his Yankee Corporal.

At this Mazie gives a little giggle.

"Out upon ye, for a non-expansive Harvard Professor—Divil take ye, yer making the bride blush. Ther raison these darlints are loike these same blessed Dewey Islands is, bedad, because the German wanted 'em and couldn't get 'em! Drink!"

Catching this precious oration, the great man of the war, who is just stepping into his carriage, bursts out laughing.

But what do I care for politics, conquest and glory—I who have love before me! I step into my carriage where a little fluttering beauty gathers in her gauzes to make room for Señor Jack Curzon.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

ON THE WONDERFUL POWER OF SCENT IN SOME OF THE TAGAL TRIBES.

THE acuteness of this sense of smell in certain of the Tagal tribes has been noted by Bowring, Foreman and all other travelers who have visited the interior of the Philippines. Bowring states that certain of the Tagals can discover, not only their masters and their mistresses as dogs do, but even carry their sense so far as to determine the affections of other people to them.

This sense, though probably more developed in certain tribes of the Island of Luzon than in any others, is also noticeable in other savage races; Humboldt stating that Peruvian Indians are able to distinguish by their noses, in the middle of the night, whether an approaching stranger is a European, American-Indian or Negro.

The peculiar acuteness of this sense in some of the mountain tribes of Tagals is so great that it is said the appearance of the nose itself is somewhat different to that usual in the human race, the nostrils having such power of dilation and expansion that in action they make long-drawn lines upon the cheeks reaching to the eyes.

A well known London physician who has spent many years in the Island of Luzon, says of this in the *New York Sun* Oct. 16, 1898:

"So keen is the sense of smell among the Filipinos that they say they can tell to whom any article belongs by merely smelling of it. There is a peculiar manner of kissing in vogue among many of these tribes. Instead of touching lips they press the nose against the cheek of the person they wish to caress and draw a long, deep breath."—ED.

This delicacy of scent can also be cultivated in the Caucasian race.

"A boy, James Mitchell, was born blind, deaf and dumb, and chiefly depended on smell for his connection with the outer world. He readily observed the presence