

FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY Gen. Chas. King.

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Summary of Proceedings Chapters.

The story opens with a scene in the regimental camp on Presidio Heights, overlooking San Francisco. A number of moving orders to Manila and the arrival from New York of lady visitors of the camp.

The victors are in search of a runaway deserter who is believed to have entered the army, and Lieutenant Gray, the most popular young officer in his regiment, through a mutual acquaintance with one of the visiting party, Miss Amy Lawrence, is invited by her to accompany her to Manila.

He accepts her invitation, and Gray, who is a member of the Red Cross society, is arrested on a charge of desertion. He is arrested on a charge of desertion, and is taken to Manila.

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was the case with the Primeral Dudes on the other side of the Pacific, lining the banks of the crooked estuary that formed the Honolulu we were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the tenth in the dense bamboo thicket to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, while the latter's equally studious avoidance of Mrs. Garrison had become observed throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her unaided self the best, the strictest and by far the largest room on the steamer—a cabin de luxe, indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while here for a sea voyage of three months she had secured a room of her own, and while other and worthier women were awaiting their turn in a stuffy box below, it had cost but a smile. The captain had repeated him of his magnanimity before the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. The general ledger to realize nothing in it, and she made a cat-paw of and, his armor being being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of men that became comical when complicated with the quaine of seafolkness. There was even noticeable avoidance in part of some of the officers of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the women, from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the views entertained by these ladies. Quick to see, if slow to seem to see, Mrs. Frank Garrison followed her from place to place, and in such a way that she was able to get the young soldier wives to share her big state-room and broad and comfortable bed, and the lady preferred the heat and discomfort between decks to separation from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison tendered both the run for the day and the day and evening, suggested, indeed, that she might like to come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch; and they thanked her, but never came. She coddled the general with cool champagne cup when she was in the room, and she held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most serious trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, Armstrong's mild amaze, as has been said, and when he could not get with her, he was moody, even fierce and ugly tempered—his whose disposition had been the sunniest in all of that gray, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp. But once fairly settled in Manila, the White sisters began to gain the old ascendancy. Colonel Frost had taken a big, cool, roomy house, surrounded by spacious grounds down in Malate and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city, but every evening, after the drive and the walk, he would come home, and all of White's witheriness were called into play to charm them into blindness and to cover Nita's firm and nervous moods, now almost painfully apparent. Frost's face was at times a thundercloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that the strong woman had been replaced in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over twenty miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the regular divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city, and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broad fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malayan race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that despite their throwing up carbomks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our faces, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods and long before the Christmas bells had changed their greeting to that universal feast day and the boom of the cannon ushered in the new year, all doubts of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and their troops grew more insolent and defiant. Careless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-breed regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with the regiment that lay out toward the waterworks at the east. Such

the test, and he had failed her. Believing, as she did, that the boy well knew the whereabouts of the attempted deserter, Morton and his friend, Nita's reckless lover, she had counted on him to bring from the letters that Latorbe declared he still possessed; but the three weeks had passed without a sign, and it was becoming evident to her that Gray had lost track of them entirely.

One brilliant afternoon, as she lay on the broad, cane-bottomed bedstead, with its overhanging canopy of filmy netting, she drowsily heard the corporal posting the new entry in the market corridor below, and then marching the rest of the great gate opening to the beach. Nita was already up and moving about in her room. Margaret heard the rustle of her skirts and the light patter of her tiny feet as she sped over the hardwood floor of the main saloon, and then throwing back the sliding shutters that kept out the glare of the sun in the morning hours, and knew that she was gazing out where the guard lounged through the warm afternoon. All of a sudden, quiet and striking, a huge revolver over on the Calle Nueva, where the North Dakota had a strong detachment. The roll was repeated, and army woman though she was, she did not recognize it. She could not remember ever having heard it before. Then up the street, from the Engineer barracks, there came the thrilling echo, and there was a sound of movement and excitement along the dusty thoroughfare. She heard Nita calling her name, and then the child's nervous step along the hallway toward the stairs. Then came a sudden stop, a gasping, walling cry, and, springing from her bed and to the door, Margaret found her sister cowering before a tall, slender man in the rough dress and field equipment of a private soldier. With a little packet—letters, apparently—held forth in one hand, while the other grasped her wrist, Billin Latorbe stood sternly gazing at the girl shrinking at his feet.

The tableau was over in another second. Springing up the broad marble stairs came Billy Gray, the corporal of the guard at his heels, and Latorbe saw his danger in a flash. Throwing little Gray aside as he would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Latorbe bounding over the tumbling form.

That was a miserable evening. Margaret Garrison was the only member of the household who seemed to have her wits about her and her nerves under control, for Frank, her huge lord, had his duty elsewhere, and not until hours later, trotted slowly home. Margaret plainly let Gray understand how he had fallen in her estimation at being so easily tossed aside. A warning finger was laid upon

insurgents, yet only by the incessant rattle and whine of their deadly muskets and the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire could this be determined, for with their smokeless powder and their Indian-like skill in concealment, nothing could be seen of their army. Over to the westward on the placid waters of the bay the huge Moradnock was driving shell after shell into the dense underbrush across the abandoned rice fields and the marshy flats that lined the shore. Over to the east resounding cheers and crashing volleys, punctuated by the sharp report of field guns, told that the onrushing brigade was heavily engaged and apparently driving the enemy before them. To the right and left the volunteer supports were banging into the brush with their heavy Springfield; and still there seemed no symptom of weakness along the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything, the fury of the insurgent volleys increased as the sun slipped higher and all along the blue-shirted line men grit their teeth and swore as they crouched or lay at full length along the roadside, peering through the filmy veil that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfield fields of the volunteers. To lie the danger with the bullets buzzing close overhead or with the bullets into the low embankment, some of the volunteers were at times tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the hours gone by. To rush headlong across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools, over the mud ditches, and hurl themselves upon the line, had been the ardent longing of the brave men, but do not advance, said the general's message; and the whole party lay behind us, and the chief may need us there!

But, as 8 o'clock passed with no word of an uprising in the rear, and the cheering over toward Santa Ana grew louder and louder, the nerve strain of the regulars became well-nigh intolerable. "For God's sake begin to do something instead of lying here firing into a hornet's nest!" was the murmur that arose in more than one company along the impatient line; and the gruff voices of veteran sergeants could be heard ordering silence, while, moving up and down behind them, the line officers cautioned against waste of ammunition and needless exposure. "Lie flat, men. Keep down!" were the words. "We won't have to stand this forever. You'll soon get your chance."



THE YOUNG ATHLETE WHIRLED ON THE SPALWART REGULAR.



CHAPTER XVI.

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That was a wild day in Manila. Far over the Escolta somebody shot at a vagrant dog lapping water from a little pool under one of the many hydrants. The soldier police essayed an arrest; the culprit broke and ran; the guard fired; a lot of cookies, taken from the commissary, were scattered about the streets, looking for trouble any moment, rushed to their homes. Some soldiers on pass and unarmed tumbled over the tables and chairs in the Alhambra in their dash for the open street. A stampeded sergeant, holding a bugler to sound alarm, and in the twinkling of an eye the call was taken up from barrack to barrack, and the news went flashing by wire to the extreme front. The shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters and bolted their doors. Carriages, quick and prompt even the street cars, were instantly seized by the soldiers scattered all over town, and utilized to take them tearing back to their regiments. In five minutes the business streets down town were deserted. Chinese covered within their crowded huts. The natives, men and women, either hid within the shelter of their homes or fled to the sanctuary of the many churches. All over the great city the alarm spread like wildfire. The battalions formed under arms, those nearest the front lines being marched at once to their positions in support, those nearer the walled city waiting orders. Foreign residents took matters more coolly than did the Asiatic; German phlegm, English impassiveness and Yankee devil-may-careness preventing a panic. But those who had families and owned or could hire carriages and launches were not slow in seeking for their households the refuge of the fleet transports lying placidly at anchor in the bay, where Dewey's blue-jackets shifted their light guns, and were looking for a crowd about their guns, quietly awaiting further developments. In an agony of fear Colonel Frost had

and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor and vanished into the street, and the beach. And now all along the Calle Real the bugles were sounding "To arms!"

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CHAPTER XVII.

Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were every evening with the music of the regatta, and the strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over twenty miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the regular divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city, and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broad fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malayan race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that despite their throwing up carbomks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our faces, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods and long before the Christmas bells had changed their greeting to that universal feast day and the boom of the cannon ushered in the new year, all doubts of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and their troops grew more insolent and defiant. Careless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-breed regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with the regiment that lay out toward the waterworks at the east. Such

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