folk, had been invited. The married ones came with their wives and children, and the bachelors were invited with their sweethearts.

Judica and Miss Fritz arrived in the morning, received with firing of salutes from Tony and Stigel. I had the table decked on the shore and had ordered that only Tony and Stigel should attend us, a deadly insult to my noble valets and lackeys, who, I half expected, would hand me their resignations at once. But the creatures showed themselves to be more servile than ever.

Judica was in a simple white dress with a bunch of roses at her breast. Miss Fritz wore her finest costume, a magnificent apron of violet silk over the pleated black skirt, a velvet scarf billowing from the stiff waist with its silver buttons, silver chains wound many times around her neck and golden cords with heavy tassels on the hat. And this dress of a wealthy peasant she wore with a dignity that would have impressed even a Royal Lord Marshal.

Now I thought that the right moment had come to open the doors and windows of the King's House in which the dead King had slept in his coffin, and to let the presence of the child hallow it anew.

After I had shown them the Cavaliers' House, the kitchen and all else, I led them into the King's house. And we all became silent and very grave. I decided to ask my brother for permission to tear down the building and erect a new one, for I intend to reside a great deal on the Sea-Alp, the greater part of the year if possible.

We had not finished our meal when the boats began to arrive. Boat followed boat, and at last there were so many that Judica pulled my sleeve and whispered: "Have you enough to eat for them?"

Even Miss Fritz looked serious. I pacified them by telling that there was no danger that any one would hunger or thirst on my engagement day.

At the landing place I took my position with Judica. As soon as a boat came in sight the occupants fired their guns, waved handkerchiefs and scarfs, cheered and shot again and again.

As they stepped ashore each one held out a hand and took first mine and then Judica's. I shook each hand as hard as I could and said:

"Good that you have come! And here is my dear bride."

And this is what they would say to me: "You have picked out a fine one! I'll believe that she makes you glad!"

And some said a little warmingly: "Be sure to be nice to her." And the most polite ones added: "Don't get angry. We just say what we think."

And I assured them all that I would not get angry.

And even more boats! Even more shooting, cheering, saluting! Then everybody settled down on the meadow and there were coffee and cake for the women and children, sausages and beer for the men. The coffee was brewed in mighty kettles, and the sausages were cooked in no less mighty caldrons.

After the first hunger and the first thirst had been satisfied the games began. The men climbed a greased pole for prizes, raced, wrestled and engaged in a hundred different contests. My fine Count participated in them all as if he had been born a mountaineer, and in the wrestling he threw the best of them. I noticed very well that the prettiest girls looked at him secretly.

Miss Fritz superintended the catering that really began only after the games, when roasts, hams, tongues and other mighty meats were served. All ate as much as they could and all got enough.

And my little Judica! Where was she all this time? Always among the children. Always in their very center.

In her white dress she seemed a Queen of Fays who had come to play with the little ones. She raced, ran and laughed with them. At last they proclaimed a little King and Queen. Judica crowned the tiny rulers with flowers, and then, with the musicians at their head, their little Majesties led a ceremonial march around the meadow.

Judica walked between the two, finally leading them to me. The small colleague of my Royal brother audaciously wished a long life to "the dear Mr. Prince and his dear, good Princess."

All the little ones shrieked "Hurrah!" all the big ones joined in and shrieked "Hurrah!" the musicians played their best and everything and everybody was happy.

Heaven gave us moonlight that evening, and we had a ball on the flowery meadow. I opened the ball, and not with Judica. The oldest grandmother was led to me, and Judica danced with the oldest man. Everything was done with a stiff ceremony, from which even the Royal Lord Marshal might have learned something.

Dance after dance followed. And every time that I thought: "Now you can go to Judica," a new partner was brought to me; first, all the old ones, at last all the young ones. I had to dance with each, even if I went around only once.

It was the same with Judica. We could not get together. There were too many dancers. Even Miss Fritz had a dance. She danced with a gravity, a dignity such as I never observed before. But gravity and dignity belong to the peasant dances.

So long as the world has been, no bridal pair has had such a ball room. Over the snowy peak of the White Emperor stood the moon. The higher it rose the more did the gray walls shine, more broad and golden became the night. The wild rock-world transformed itself into a vast hall with silver walls. The starry sky formed the ceiling.

Then Judica escaped from her partner, ran to me and cried:

"Now I will dance with my bridegroom."

Then we danced. And no others danced with us. We glided through the moonlight like two solitary, blessed spirits.

(To be continued.)

Young Filipino Napoleon of the Orient

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In a hot, dusty office in one of the government buildings of Manila, P. I., sits a young Filipino, not quite 24, dark, even for a native, thick lipped, but with intelligent features. Carefully he pores over the dry administrative documents before him. A quiet, modest young native he seems, but few of his fellow countrymen have had a more strenuous life, so brilliant a career; certainly none of his years. For this is the ex-insurgent chief, the famous guerrilla leader, General Tino, who was a colonel at 18, a general at 19, and who, at 20, conquered Northern Luzon from the Spaniards and brought it under native rule. This lad it was, also, who for over a year defied the new commander of the United States army, General S. B. M. Young, when the latter was military governor of Northern Luzon. No other insurgent leader gave General Young half the trouble that this boy did.

Tino's character is a strange one. His enemies among his own people are numerous; some call him cruel and bloodthirsty, some weak and foolish, and others denounce him as an unscrupulous brigand. His friends naturally maintain that he has within him all the possibilities of a Napoleon. Tino, they say, when in his own forces, while Napoleon was four years older when he simply captured a fort. Napoleon, they further contend, had behind him Europe's best soldiers; Tino fought with a ragged battalion of raw recruits who never before had fired a gun. Napoleon was a trained tactician; Tino rose from civil life, from the school room.

A Friend of Aguinaldo.

The most warlike of the Filipinos have been the Tagalogs. This is not because their natures are more aggressive, but because Manila, which was the center of Spanish tyranny, is the heart of the Tagalog district. Oppression has made them what they are. Tino is a Tagalog, born in the province of Cavite, as was Aguinaldo.

When the first insurrection against the Spaniards broke out in 1897, Tino, then a mere schoolboy, joined the insurgents, and so distinguished himself for bravery and military skill that Aguinoldo in rapid succession raised him to a colonelcy and then conferred on him the rank of brigadier general, and made him one of his personal advisers. Later on, when the Tagalog chief was banished to Hong Kong, Tino went with him. Thus they became warm personal friends.

When the Americans, in 1898, invited Aguinaldo to return to his native land, Tino accompanied his chief, and joined him in conquering the Tagalog territory from the Spaniards, whose garrisons were driven northward, where they gathered into quite an army. Then when Aguinaldo had established himself in Malolos, near Manila, he said to Tino:

"Take 500 men and march north."

The boy general obeyed. Without taking time to drill the 500 peasants given him, he struck out on his march, fighting every day, beating back the Spaniards and conquering each town he advanced on. As his soldiers fell he replaced them with other peasants, recruited from the country through which he marched. The prisoners he took he sent back south under escort of bolo men—militia armed with only long knives. At no time did his army number over 800.

His Rout of the Spaniards.

His march was unimpeded by any serious resistance on the part of the Spaniards until he reached the banks of a large river that divides the province of Union from Ilocas Sur, over 200 miles north of Manila. Here the Spaniards had determined to make one last stand. They numbered about 1,700, were armed with modern Mauser rifles, and were under command of old experienced officers. Several companies of the Ninth Cazadores, Spain's finest colonial troops, made up the force.

On the banks of this river stands the town of Tagudin. There the river is several hundred yards wide and much too deep to be forded. On the far bank the Spaniards threw up earthwork trenches that stretched half a mile on either side of the ferry.

On came the boy general with his mob of Filipino patriots, armed with old-fashioned Remington rifles and less than a hundred captured Mausers. Arrived at the river, he was met by the volleys of the Spanish troops. He knew that it was useless to make a frontal attack. In one night he marched up his side of the river ten miles, where he forded, and by dawn next morning he fell on the left flank of the entrenched Spaniards and utterly routed them. The Spanish commanding officer deserted his men and escaped off the coast in a boat, leaving most of his force prisoners.

That was the last organized resistance made by Spaniards against Tino. What was left of their decimated ranks retreated northward with Tino close on their heels, picking up stragglers. On August 13, 1898, the day the American flag was hoisted in Manila, Tino entered the important northern town of Vigan, next in size to Manila on the island of Luzon. The Spaniards had passed through the day before, taking with them the local garrison and the bishop of Vigan and his monks, the bishop having under his care several carreton loads of treasure in silver dollars.

Tino raised the insurgent tri-color over the bishop's palace, left a small force to garrison the town, and, after only a few hours' sleep, continued his pursuit of the fleeing Castilians. It was simply a contest of endurance and the boy of 20 won. It was the rainy season and the soldiers marched in slush to their hips. At a town called Loag the Spaniards were too exhausted to continue the killing pace and they fortified themselves in a local convent.

Tino's Claim of Personality.

When Tino came up they hung out a white flag and asked for a parley. Tino walked boldly into the convent and told the commanding officer what terms he would grant him—unconditional surrender. The Spaniards agreed and all delivered over their arms to the insurgent leader. Then they were paroled and allowed to scatter about among the villages and to live among the native householders. The officers and monks returned to Vigan, where Tino established his headquarters. There he was in constant telegraphic communication with Aguinaldo in Malolos, and there he remained until the northern march of the Americans began.

It was in Vigan that he held as prisoners of war Lieutenant Gillmore and thirteen other Americans. He kept them in rigorous confinement, but still did not treat them with the severity of personal animosity. Lieutenant Gillmore, in speaking to the writer, told of a visit that he received from Tino, and described him as having most unattractive features, but a powerful personal magnetism that compelled one to like him. His smile, Gillmore said, was as winsome as any girl's.

Tino has often been accused of tyranny, but the fact remains that he established a court before which Spanish prisoners could claim redress against natives who had pillaged or otherwise ill-treated them. One case that occurred in Vigan illustrates Tino's ideas of justice and discipline.

How He Punished a Tyrannical Judge.

The chief justice of the court of first instance in Vigan was a Spanish creole who had made himself intensely disliked among the natives by his aristocratic ideas. He exacted the most abject respect from the citizens, and those whom he met on the street who did not greet him with a military salute he did not hesitate to assault with physical violence. Naturally, the chief justice was not a favorite with the populace.

When Tino drove the Spaniards from Vigan and the judge had fled with the retreating Cazadores, his household effects were left behind. Next day his house had been looted bare.

When the chief justice returned as a prisoner he entered complaint with Tino, and the general ferreted out the culprits, obliged them to restore all the looted property, and punished them severely besides.

Then came a counter charge from the citizens against the judge, in which he was accused of tyranny in former days. This was rather an indefinite charge, but Tino, not having a legal turn of mind, found it quite sufficient. He had the judge tried, found him guilty and sentenced him to stand one whole day in the public plaza and to salute each person who might pass and demand it. Refusal meant a cut from a bamboo cane in the hands of a muscular native corporal. All day long the formerly oppressed natives passed by in single file,