WILD CHASE FOR LUKBAN.

GEN. KOBBE'S EXPEDITION TO CAPTURE A FILIPINO DESPOT.

His Headquarters Were in Catbalogan—The Town Burned When the Americans Came—An Exciting Time by the Soldiers and Sailors in Saving Two-Thirds of It—Troops Fired on From the Hills—Splendid Shooting From the Gunboats—A Stirring Night Scouting Party With a Fierce Hand-to-Hand Combat—A Long Chase Upon a River With Waterfalls and Gorges After the Rascal Lukban—Stream Lined With Abandoned Household Goods—His Almost Inaccessible Arsenal Found—Part of His Money Abandoned—Soldiers Left Hot on His Trail.

MANILA, Feb. 17.—Trouble had been promised to the Americans when they came to Catbalogan, and for once Lukban kept his word. He is a renegade Japanese Mestizo, and by all reports a rascal fit for Oswald's description, "nothing but the combination of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, thief," and all the rest of that able denunciation even to "worsted stockings." It was almost a year ago that the stories began to come up to Manila of the doings of this Vicente Lukban, the insurgent commander for the islands of Samar and Leyte. One of our gunboats visited Catbalogan and brought back accounts of the conditions there which showed that the people would not long be happy under Mr. Lukban's style of independence. So it went from bad to worse. There were reports of extraordinary measures to derive revenue, and of the amassing of a very large sum for the personal profit of Lukban. For a time he made his headquarters at Tacloban, in Leyte, but the final choice was Catbalogan.

When Gen. Kobbe left Manila a month ago with the expedition destined to open the hemp ports his information was to the effect that Lukban would endeavor to fight at Catbalogan, and when he was whipped would set fire to the town. Gen. Kobbe desired very much to prevent the destruction of the place, and finally determined, against his inclination, to send in a flag of truce and see if Lukban could not be brought to some sort of terms. We steamed into the little harbor very early in the morning, soon after daylight. The Nashville, with Gen. Kobbe on board, the Helena and the Mariveles led. Then came the Venus, with Major Allen's battalion of the Forty-third, which was to garrison the place. After that were the Salvadora, with Col. Murray and the rest of the Forty-third; the Aeolus, which had left Gilmore's battalion at Calbayog the day before; the Castellano, and the big Garonne, with the horses and artillery.

Early as it was they were astir on shore. As we drew well in we made out the British red ensign floating over a big building down on the beach, with a sign out which proclaimed to be the property of Smith, Bell & Co., a Manila house. Then as if the red ensign were not enough they ran up a white one at the beach corner. What they were doing with a British man-o'-war flag we never found out. It was a very pretty town, the best we had seen in the islands. Well sheltered from the seaby a deep bay, protected by several small, heavily timbered islands, it lay in the lap of the hills that stretched in a ring all about it an almost three-quarter arc of a circle.

The little level spot where the town stood was hardly more than a mile in length or breadth. The hills rose, precipitous and rough, within easy range of the gunboats. As a general thing they were covered with a thick tangle of tropic vegetation, but no very large timber. Two of them were bald. Aboca had been grown on their crests. The plants had been stripped recently. As we came close to the shore we saw a collection of substantial, well built houses, most of them of stone or wood, with iron roofs. The church seemed well kept and the convent was large, with an ornamental bell tower at one corner. It seemed a prosperous self-respecting town.

The ships stopped and we saw men in the windows of the English house and men in the streets. Some women were there also, but most of them were moving out with their household goods in bundles on their heads. At the left, or north end of town, a bridge showed where the river came down from the hills. At its left rose a little hill on the top of which stood a flagless staff, near what looked to be an emplacement for guns. Some of the men in the streets were in uniform and one wore shoes, the distinguishing mark of an officer. The boats were lowered away and the men got ready to take their places in them. A steam launch from the Nashville came alongside for Major Allen. Gen. Kobbe was in it. It took Major Allen over to the Mariveles, which was lying close to the beach in front of the English house. Then we made out a small white flag down at the street corner near where the British white ensign was flying. It looked like a good sized handkerchief stuck up on a long cane.

As a small boat with a white flag at the bow pulled away from the Mariveles the men on the Venus began to get into the boats. They carried belts and canteens with one day's rations in their haversacks. Major Allen was in the boat going ashore. We watched him reach the beach and meet the insurgent officer. They shook hands and disappeared into the Englishman's house. A man came down the street and replaced the handkerchief with a large white flag. It looked like a table cloth. The morning was cloudy and cool, with occasional splashes of mist and occasional rifts of sunshine. A strong breeze was blowing straight off shore from the hills.

Major Allen found that the officer who met him was a Second Lieutenant. When asked where Gen. Lukban was, he said he didn't know. Nor could he tell why Lukban had not remained to meet the Americans, or when he or where he could be reached by a messenger. He wanted to know what the Americans wanted and Major Allen told him they wanted the town, and peaceably. Then the Major told him something of the extent to which our cause had been successful in Luzon and elsewhere, and how thoroughly the insurrection was broken. The Lieutenant said that he had no authority to treat for the surrender of the town, nor would he give it up. They would fight to the last. Major Allen saw that it was simply a scheme to gain time, and suspecting that they were already at work firing the town, he went back to his boat and pulled with all speed for the Mariveles. As he shoved off a man came out of the street and knocked down the pole with the white flag. The launch was waiting for the Major and he jumped in and came quickly toward the Vernus. One line of boats had been made fast to the one of steam launches already, and was straightened out ready to start in. The other boats were ready as soon as the line could be passed. The Major's launch came by the head boat of the line and the Major jumped in. A hoarse voice was shouting from the Nashville, "Steam launch there, land the troops at once." Some one shouted as the line was passed, "Look there, see the smoke!" and we were off. Gen. Koppe who had gone back to the Nashville when the Major started ashore, had got the signal from the Mariveles and had given the order to land. The launches started ahead under jingle bells and as we passed under the bow of the Nashville we saw smoke rising in three places in town. Then flames burst from the windows of what looked to be the finest house in the place.

DASH FOR THE SHORE.

The Nashville drew off a little to the north and manned the starboard battery. The Helena lay well down at the south, on the right, and the Mariveles came close in to the beach protecting the boats. The boats went straight in. The 1-pounders in the bows of the launches were manned and ready, and the men in the boats loaded their rifles and magazines. Some one in the forward boat passed the range, "400 yards!" Soon it went down to 300, then 200, then point blank. Smoke kept coming up in new spots in the town, and the men began to swear at the scoundrelly work. The launches were doing their best, but with five or six big boats in tow, went in very slowly, although it seemed longer than it really was before the launches cast off their tows. The oars were ready and with a few strokes the boats hit the beach. Instantly the men were leaping into the water, not waiting to run forward to get it as shallow as possible, and splashing and yelling, we all ran ashore and spread out along the beach. Major Allen's long legs helped him out of the water about the first man.

No time was lost in getting to work. It was as if Major Allen had practised the thing beforehand. Detachments went out of the different streets on the run after the few insurgents who disappeared into the forest as we came up from the beach. All those who were not sent on this chase went at the fire on the jump. In the heart of the town one large stone building was covered with signs, showing it to have been a drug store and a store house for paints and oils, and tar. Smoke was pouring from its upper story, but the men hammered in the lower doors and made a gallant effort to get out what property they could. A glance showed how thoroughly the scoundrels had done their work. The whole town, with the exception of the Englishman's house, was shut and locked up. In many of the big houses fire had been started and the smoke was curling out of cracks and crevices below and aloft. Three or four were so far gone that nothing could be done but let them burn. The men had nothing with which to work except their hands. They broke open houses as fast as they could and in some cases were quick enough to get the fires out.

The rascal incendiaries had made bundles of straw bedding mats saturated with oil and used them as kindling. But it takes a lot to start the hard wood used in these houses and many more were saved than seemed possible at first. Many were lost simply because of the high wind. The Englishman said that in a residence of several years he had never known it to blow so hard. The convent was soon a mass of flames and there were several fires in the old church. Every altar had its bundle of blazing bedding, but the men got them out. Finally a party of sailormen came with axes and climbed along the roof girders cutting away the fire which had crept in from the convent. So late in the afternoon the church was saved to give some Atkinsonite a chance to howl about its desecration by vandal feet.

As soon as the boats were free they went back to the Venus for the rest of Allen's battalion, and a little later part of Andrews's battalion was landed to help fight the fire. The streets became intensely hot, and were filled with flame and masses of black suffocating smoke. Fortunately the centre of the town was all iron roofed, so that the fire did not spread with anything like the rapidity it reaches in thatched districts. The men got such beams and heavy timbers as they could use and begin to batter down buildings in the path of the fire, but it soon became evident that it would go before the wind clear to the beach. It was too hot to fight it from leeward. At cost of some desperate work in heat and smoke the men saved a lot of baled hemp from the lower story of one doomed building, rolling it up the street for safety. They watched closely the side streets where it seemed that the fire could be confined, and kept it within those limits, losing only one building outside them. They made a brave, hard fight for the Englishman's house, but it stood where it caught the full force of the whole mass of fire inland of it and nothing could save it. Meanwhile the scoundrels who had run away had crawled part way up the hills to the north and east and were potting into the streets with Mausers. The result was that every now and then a small detachment of fire fighters had to quit their work, pick up their rifles and chase these rascals back, or scare them into quiescence.

While all this was going on the men who were going after the insurgents were having hard and exciting work. The "Gugus" had fled up the hills to the east and south and our men went after them. The trails were narrow paths, crooked as a thief's conscience, and slippery from the heavy dew. Sometimes it took hands and feet both to get up there. The slopes were very steep and the pace was heart-breaking. On top of the hills the insurgents had mounted a lot of old muzzle loading cannon, which they kept firing. The charges all went over the heads of our men sweeping up the stiff slopes, but they filled the air with wild, disconcerting noise. Whenever one of these guns was fired a series of answering roars would come from the bay, and the Nashville and Helena would send their 4-inch shrapnel shrieking after the scoundrels. Throughout this the men worked with hearty good will and it was cheerful and inspiring to hear them swear as they described the various kinds of punishment with which they would like to reward Lukban and his gang. Shooting was hardly ever thought of as anywhere near adequate. From the town they could be heard crashing and swearing and cheering up the hills, yelling like football crowds when the navy shrapnel landed ahead of them, and all the time keeping a terrific fire from their Krags, searching out the brush before them. At last the noise from the hills stopped, and the town knew that it was over so far as that sort of fighting was concerned.

FINE NAVAL SHOOTING.

Some of the naval gun practice had been superb. One instance occurred on one of the bald knobs east of town, straight in from the bay. A man with a rifle started to use it. A little behind him came two others. The hill was high and commanded a perfect view of the town. The men on it could see all our fellows at work at the fires, and if the guns they had were Mausers they could reach us. They went well out on the cleared space and sat down. Some one on one of the gunboats had seen them. There was the bark of a 6-pounder and a shell whistled up on the hill. Then another came along and struck a few yards below where the three men sat. Two of us with powerful glasses were watching the thing intently, and we saw no one move after the three men sat down. A third shell came and both of us who were watching exclaimed together, "It lit in his lap." The fourth shell struck a little at the right of the third, and the fifth a little at the left. There was no more firing. Nor was there any movement on the hill.

None of our men had been sent across the river into the hills to the north of the town, and all day there was occasional firing into town from that direction. The gunboats replied spasmodically with all sorts of guns, and the Nashville's launch went in close and had fun with her 1-pounder. Late in the afternoon, when the sun had come out and the air was clear the Nashville made out some men with rifles moving through the brush on the northern hills. She went in pursuit with 4-inch shells and the next afternoon they gathered up some insurgent fragments up there and gave them decent burial.

By a little after noon it was evident that the fire had reached its limits. The old church was the only building still threatened which might be saved, and appeal was made to the gunboats for a landing party of sailormen. Men began to come back from the hills and report what they had seen and done. We had lost a man killed and one badly wounded. There was no telling what had happened to the insurgents. They had left eight or ten old guns in their emplacement on the crest of the southern hills and a house packed full of all sorts of plunder, including the finest Filipino clothing for both men and women, quantities of rice, cloth and shoes and household decorations. It was a store that would have held half the town possessions, and the heap looked as if they were all there. Around the crest of the hills a narrow footpath ran through the brush.

Major Allen ordered nearly the whole of two companies to stay up there and stand outpost along that trail. The Englishmen in town had told him that it had been Lukban's plan all along to burn the town and get out into the hills, where our outpost line would necessarily be very long and slender. Then he would attempt to rush the place at night. Having carried out the first part of his plan so strictly, Major Allen felt the necessity of guarding against the execution of the second part of it. The men who stayed in town were assigned to quarters as quickly as could be done, and by the middle of the afternoon were polishing up their barracks and getting them into liveable shape. Then there was the hard work of getting the supplies up. The boats had been busy all the time. As soon as they had finished taking men ashore, they had begun on the stores and baggage. Thirty days' rations for a battalion with all the battalion and company baggage makes a mighty big pile heaped up along a little stretch of beach. It kept the sailormen and a small detachment from each company busy getting the stuff on shore.

EXCITING SCOUTING AT NIGHT.

Late in the afternoon some of the men from the Salvadora were sent ashore to help on the outpost work for the night, for Allen's men were nearly worn out. Major Andrews went out with his men, and they had a fearful "hike" over the hills, but met no enemy and had no work but the "hiking." Lieut. Gordon Johnston—son of the Confederate General Johnston of Alabama—the chief of scouts, took his men out on a trail where none of the Americans had been. It was absolutely black darkness, and the trail over the steep hills was narrow, slippery and crooked, and full of stakes and other obstructions. Much of the way the scouts were down on their hands and knees, crawling. Once the searchlight of the Nashville found them and gave them a bad scare. They were so far away they feared they could not be distinguished as Americans, and they had no desire to be the target for the gunboat's shells. They all stood up in a bunch and did not move. The Nashville examined them curiously for a few minutes, and apparently satisfied herself of their identity, for she did not fire. Then she went on searching out the dark places in the hills. She and the Helena kept at it all night.

The first man in Johnston's little procession was Sergt. Ebbert, a huge Tennessean. Johnston followed him. As they reached the top of one hill and came to a little open place they made out a small shack under a good-sized tree. Their eyes had grown accustomed to the blackness, and Ebbert whispered to Johnston that he thought he saw a man's hat in front of him. The scouts had been advancing in absolute silence. Indian stalking was more exciting than going after deer would have been. Ebbert slid forward cautiously and reached out to see what was under the hat. He put his hand fairly in the face of a man sitting on the ground with his back against a small sapling. Before the man could make a sound or a motion the hand of the big American had slipped down to the throat and shut up like a steam vise. There wasn't a sound from the insurgent sentinel. But in the effort to secure him thoroughly with cords the Americans made a noise that startled the rest of the outpost. Several men sprang up from about the tree and ran into the shack, and began to fire at random out of the windows. Johnston ordered his men not to fire back. He wanted to catch the whole outpost alive. They tied up Ebbert's man so he could not run, and then, to give them some light, they made a fire in front of the shack, getting out of the way very quickly after it was lighted so as not to give the men in the shack a good target.

As soon as the fire blazed up Ebbert and another man went into the shack. Instantly there was a mix-up. Five or six Filipinos were there, some with rifles and some with bolos. The riflemen made a dash out of a window and tried to run into the brush, but two of them were shot by the Americans. Two bolomen stayed in the shack and came at Ebbert and his mate viciously. Both Americans clubbed their guns, but they were unequal to that sort of fighting, and quickly found it out. So they got out. A little chap with a big bolo was hot after Ebbert. The big sergeant jumped down the steps from the door. A soldier was standing beside the steps with his clubbed rifle ready, and as the little insurgent came down, the soldier struck at him beside the head a blow that left him unconscious for hours. The other boloman was badly battered up also before he was taken.

When it was all over the Americans had three prisoners and two dead men. They could not tell how many, if any, escaped. Some of them stayed to guard the prisoners and the rest kept on the trail, but finding nothing more they came back and sat under the tree until daylight. Then they started back to town. The first man captured was a stocky little fellow who looked to be in the best sort of condition, but when they got ready to move he was dead, dead as a mackerel, absolutely lifeless, except that he had to breathe. If he only could have held his breath a little longer they might have left him with the other two dead men. But they detected the slight motion of his chest, and they felt his pulse, and they heard his heart beat. It didn't work, although it came near being a good game. He was alive all right, but he couldn't be persuaded to move. Not even the convincing application of a gad to the soles of his feet could influence him. He steadfastly refused to help himself in any way. The two who had been belted over the head were made to carry him finally, and with one at his heels and one at his head, they started down. It was a hard load for them, and both had been used hard at the time of their capture. They protested to their burden, and seemed to be informing him that he was a cheat, but he kept on cheating. The Americans only laughed and made them hurry up.

Finally they devised a great scheme. They bumped the play dead against the trees they passed, and once or twice dropped him unceremoniously at rough places. At last they picked him up by the arms and let his legs drag. That annoyed him for he opened his eyes, and when he tried to close them again the lids fluttered in spite of him. Finding that this wouldn't work the two bearers changed ends with him. One took one heel and the other the other. They started off with a grin and a yell, and brought up quickly with a yell from the victim. Having his head dragged over a trail as rough as that was too much even for a dead man, and he came to life quickly and got on his feet. For some time he made orations angrily to the bearers, who only grinned and made sarcastic replies in monosyllables that stirred his speech to greater fury. When he had exhausted his imaginative account of their bringing up and ancestry he lapsed into sulky silence. But he walked, that was the main point. When the party got to town and found an interpreter, it turned out that this chap was the sergeant who had been in command of the outpost. He had served a year in the army of Lukban and knew all the country about Cathalogan. Major Allen determined to use him as a guide.

This day the outposts were cut down considerably, Major Allen deciding from the night's experience that there was not so much danger of an attempted rush as he had been told. It had been a very quiet night with hardly a shot from the outposts. The whole day was spent in getting things into shape in town and getting the stores and baggage housed. A large building where Lukban had lived was taken as a hospital. Major Allen chose the building that had been used by Lukban's club for his personal quarters. The companies occupied other large houses, and the old insurgent headquarters was taken for the guardhouse. Fifteen or twenty prisoners had been picked up the day before and they were put to work sweeping the streets and cleaning up generally, lugging up stores from the beach, and getting the debris of the fire piled up out of the way. About a third of the town was in ashes, the central section, which had been the most substantial. The horses were unloaded and a big four mule wagon was soon at work getting the stores and baggage up from the beach. Blanket rolls were sorted out, stoves set up, and the men got a square meal and a place to put in a good sleep at night. An immense amount of hard work was accomplished, for the Major meant to get his place settled as quickly as possible and then go up the river after Lukban, who, all reports agreed, had fled that way to an arsenal in the hills, a perfectly impregnable position where he could give us a hard fight. After supper that night the Major sent word to all company commanders that he wanted every available man for the "hike" next day. He would start at daylight. They were to take only fifty rounds, because it would be easier for the men with one day's rations in the haversacks.

The insurgent sergeant was to go as guide. He had found a tongue which talked first rate Spanish and had begun to show a willingness to use it. He was told that he must guide the column to Lukban's arsenal and that if he did not he would be shot. If he did his work well he would be paid well. Also another guide would go along to see that the sergeant did not lie. Thereupon the sergeant demanded to be clothed like an American soldier. He didn't want either side to mistake him. That seemed to be a good sign and a reasonable desire, so the clothes were produced, brown trousers, blue flannel shirt and campaign hat. A Chinaman who had lived long in Cathologan and knew the country well, was glad to go along to check the sergeant. He had been assessed somewhat grievously by Lukban, and he grinned at the prospect of helping to even things u .

THE "HIKE" FOR LUKBAN.

Reveille went at half-past 3 and the dawn came gray and drizzling. Nearly two hundred men started with the first light to follow Major Allen. The way led across the bridge and then eastward up over the hills. Branches beat the men in the face; creepers tripped them up; stumps and stakes made them stumble, and the heavy clay of the trail had been made wet and slippery by the dew, so that a man walked half as far again as he travelled. The pace was terrific, and the line scrambled along too breathless even to swear. Past the outpost where Johnston had captured the guide, on up another hill, then up one still higher, we went, and when the day was wide awake Cathologan and its ruins lay far below us. At the foot of the hill where we were the river ran, and a curious spectacle was presented. Its course was lined with the clothing and household goods of those who had run away. Sometimes the boxes and bundles were piled in confusion on the bank. Sometimes they were in small boats that had been run ashore. Sometimes the boats were adrift, wandering aimlessly up and down with the tide. Far across the valley, on the hilltops on the other side we saw our outposts. The heavy clouds hung low and occasionally dropped a few moist remarks to assure us of their presence and attention. We crossed the crest of one hill and came through a large aboca plantation. The men, who had never seen the like, began to talk about the bananas. The two plants are very much alike, simply different members of the same family. Loose hemp was scattered all about, freshly stripped. The workmen had run away from their little stripping shelters, sometimes leaving piles of fresh cut stalks unstripped. The little drying yards were full of the loose, wind scattered fibre, and occasionally there was a small shock with a pile of the bright shiny stuff ready to be twisted and baled to go to market. It was a revelation as to the possibilities of these islands, for the land where this richest product of the Philippines grew in such profusion, was so rough and inaccessible that one could not imagine another thing for which it could be used.

Nothing could be worse than this fearful hill climbing, and it was very willingly that we turned down into the river bed on the assurance of the guides that that was the easier route. The descent was long and difficult, for the path was exceedingly slippery. But at last we struck the stream. It was a narrow tortuous channel. Sometimes the bottom was mud, sometimes sand, sometimes boulders. Sometimes the water was deep, sometimes shallow, sometimes swift, sometimes almost stagnant. Through mud water and sand and over the boulders the long line struggled, splashed and stumbled. Occasionally there was a halt while patrols were sent to force their way to the tops of the hills on each side to see what they could make out. At first these patrols tried to keep even with the column in the river bed, but the work was too much for them. One patrol, under a lieutenant, got away from the column and couldn't get back, so it returned to town.

PARADISE FOR NATURALISTS.

The sun broke through the clouds at intervals in the early forenoon, but by 10 o'clock the day turned definitely lead color. The gorge was magnificent. Its sides rose at times almost vertically and always they were covered with heavy growth of timber and underbrush. As we got further up inland the timber increased in size. Many trees rose apparently a hundred feet in the clear, their straight trunks unbroken by branches until they reached a thick bunch at the top. They were covered with vines and creepers and all sorts of parasitical life. It was the old homestead of orchids. The captain doctor walked on air. His eyes were above him all the time. He saw life in a thousand forms that day of which he never had dreamed. He took the pitfalls and stumbling blocks of the heavy trail utterly regardless of consequences. His naturalist's soul was in an ecstasy which took no heed of such inconveniences. There were strange beautiful birds flitting about and dozens of great black fellows in the tall trees, with gorgeous bright wings and tails, and hoarse sepulchral voices with which they called to their fellows around the next turn a raucous warning of the invasion. Two or three times wild monkeys scrambled about in the trees. Once, from under a slimy rock, well back from the stream, a heavy green cactus-like plant thrust out a long, slender arm with a beautiful, deep red flower at its end. Fine black lines tipped the deep petals, and the heart was a soft gold yellow. The captain doctor scrambled up to pick it and sat down in a puddle of water to examine it. It seemed as if the air was alive with butterflies. I had seen a great collection of them caught in central Luzon, and marvelled at their beauty, but here were those which seemed far to excel in gorgeousness and splendor anything in the Luzon lot. They were of all sizes, but there were hundreds of huge black fellows with magnificent reds and yellows in their makeup. What fun there is in store for the captain doctor! He wouldn't exchange assignments with any man in the army.

If the river banks had been lined near the mouth with the discarded valuables of fugitives, there were places now where it was nearly blocked. It was amazing that so much could have been taken from so small a town. And it was evident that the work had been going on for some time, or else the whole island had turned out to help. Major Allen saw the evidences of flight and demoralization and sent back word to take in the outposts from the hills and give the men a chance to sleep. There was no danger of an insurgent attempt at rushing the place. A lot of very hard work had been done in getting the boats of stuff so far up the river, and advantage had been taken of the tide, which backs up the river for a rise of several feet. We came upon some boats big enough to cruise about the island loaded full of trunks and boxes and bundles. The Chinese guide let out a howl of glee at sight of one of them and claimed it was his own. It had been stolen from him, he said, by Sinko, the Chinese mestizo, who was Secretary of Lukban's monarchy. Sure enough, the goods in it were in boxes and trunks bearing Sinko's name. Just beyond that there was a big house full of band instruments and music. The sergeant, who had become more and more communicative as the line advanced, volunteered the information that these were the instruments of Lukban's military band. There were about forty of them, of good French make and well selected.

The guide said that part way up the side of the gorge in a certain place was a house where Lukban had had a lot of leather stored, for use in making shoes, belts and harness. A patrol went up, found the house and 200 tanned hides. A little further along we came to a perfect fleet of boats, some of which had part of Lukban's government records in them. Just beyond this, the guard said, we should find a house at the right where there had been a sergeant's outpost. It was a halfway store house where goods brought up in boats at high tide were unloaded and transferred to the packers, who toted them on to the arsenal. We found the house and many boxes of all sorts of stuff. There was a stack of orders from Lukban to the sergeant in command accompanying many lots of one sort or another of produce or plunder. Besides, there was a poor little dog nailed to a box by a big spike through his left hind foot. Three different soldiers tried to set him free and he bit each one. Then as the Major wouldn't allow him to be shot, he was left alone in his agony. The Major ordered that on the return the place should be burned. There was a lot of petroleum in it.

The trail had been getting rougher and more difficult as the bed of the stream narrowed, and the gorge had been growing more wonderfully beautiful. Now we heard a roar on ahead and the guide said we should come to a waterfall. He stuck to it that there was no road over the hills except such a little footpath as we had left for the stream, and that this was less difficult than that. The Chino agreed with him, and we had the abundant evidence that this was the way the insurgents themselves, and their friends, had fled. Around a turn we came on a place where the water shot over a 25-foot cliff and fell with a roar into a deep pool. At one side of the fall the natives had built a ladder across the slimy, slippery face of the almost vertical rock. We were nearing the arsenal, and this was the place if the Lukbanites ever intended to make a fight. The sides of the gorge were so precipitous and so covered with tangle of brush and undergrowth that ascent of them was out of the question. There couldn't have been a better trap. But the insurgents were getting out of a trap themselves and had no time to consider attempts to get any one else in. The scouts went up the ladder cautiously and advanced slowly along the narrow path at the top. Then one came back and signalled the rest of us to follow. We kept climbing steadily for some time now, with frequent small falls of four or five feet to scramble by. Once there was a big one, with a double ladder, that led half way up to a landing and then on to the top. Beyond that a half mile or less the guides stopped and exclaimed, "Seven minutes!" pointing ahead to another fall, the biggest we had seen.

The stream here was less than half as wide as the channel it had cut over and through the rock. The men were gathered up as closely as possible and the scouts went on to try to reconnoitre above the fall without trying the long ladder that led up at the left side. From where we stood below the fall we could see the thatched roof of a shack above us. The guide said softly that that was the arsenal.

One of the patrols winding up a hill behind us had caught a man at work with a clearing hook cutting down brush. He was brought down and the Chino said he was a soldier. The guide shook his head and denied it.

"How do you know?" asked Major Allen. "He doesn't belong to either the First or Third company," said the guide. "I know them all."

"But he may belong to the Second Company," said the Major.

"No," said the sergeant, "that is in Calbayog."

We knew that was the truth for we had found the roll in Calbayog, so the prisoner was turned loose after a while.

THE ARSENAL REACHED.

While this was going on the scouts had got above the fall and found the arsenal deserted. So we went up the ladder and into the place very cautiously, lest it be an ambush. But it wasn't. It was flight and nothing more, except that they had burned all the huts that had surrounded the arsenal. There were two long, wide sheds in the arsenal, one on each side of the stream, with a 25-foot waterfall between them. In one was a lot of heavy machinery, drills, punches and lathes. Here were about fifty work tables for reloading shells, and there was much copper and brass and tin lying around from which shells had been made. Many old balls were lying about, and the furnace showed that others had been melted up, though for what purpose we did not find out.

There were a lot of bolos unfinished and some swords, with many guns of one kind or another that needed repair. We had found some 12-gauge shells loaded with slugs at Cathalogan, and one man had been hit by one of the slugs. Here many more shells were found, both loaded and empty, and some of the guns.

There were several furnaces and forges. In the other building there were several barrels of material for making powder, and a large wooden vise, two beams of heavy, hard wood that looked like native mahogany, operated by a great screw of the same wood. The beams were fourteen feet long, by a foot thick and a foot and a half wide. This building was fired at once with all the barrels and stuff that could be got where they would burn. In the other building the machinery was smashed and the forges and furnaces destroyed. It took a lot of hard pounding with sledgehammers to break up the machinery. All the melting pots were smashed, and a general wreck was made of the whole place.

In one corner of this building were half a dozen or more boxes and trunks full of personal effects. Following his rule which had permitted none of this stuff to be disturbed all the way up the river, Major Allen had these boxes lugged to a little hut that stood beside the stream. Then we all sat down to eat the hard tack we had stowed in our pockets before starting. Some of the men had gone on up the stream and while we were eating word came back that at the head of a fall about a quarter of a mile up were seven boxes containing money, five marked $2,000 and two marked $4,000. There was $18,000 of Lukban's hoard. He must be hard pressed when he gave that up. Everybody got up and the column moved off at a lively gait. The money was there all right, and with it a pig killed so recently that it was not yet cold, and half a dozen chickens with their necks just wrung. The men did not stop to look at the money, but hurried, every one hoping to be in at the capture of the old arch scoundrel himself.

The Major detailed a sergeant and a dozen men to get the money back to town and then hurried on with the column. The trail grew rougher and harder. There was more mud and we were out of the bed of the stream most of the time. We were so far up in the hills that there were many waterfalls and rocky places to get around. Finally we came across an old Chinaman who swore that only individuals, "*particulares*," he said, had fled that way, the soldiers had all gone the other way, and most of them had fled the preceding morning. The sergeant guide had done so well that Major Allen had given him a regular job at a soldier's pay. The boy was a bit slow to accept at first, but when he heard that his pay would be $30 a month his eyes opened very wide and he assented very quickly. From that minute he was ours in sympathy, and he went at the old Chino with a series of rapid questions which soon showed him to be a liar. So the Major hurried on again. Another mile of desperate work brought us to a little house on the hillside. It was filled with men and women who could go no further in their wild flight, and who thought the Americans never would get so far. The Chino guide gave a howl of delight as he recognized Sinko, the hated secretary who had stolen his boat. He pointed out another man as the Chief Justice of Lukban's government and several others as officials. The whole party, numbering about forty, were started back and the Major went with them. He took what men wanted to go, but let one company keep on. They were eager to make the capture, and the men although nearly worn out, and with no rations or blankets, were willing to go ahead and stand the hardship on the chance of getting Lukban. The Major promised to send them rations early the next morning, and they stepped out again with hearty good will.

MONEY DETAIL DISGUSTED WITH SILVER.

Meanwhile the money detail was having a hard time. The Major had made the sergeant personally responsible for the money and he didn't propose to have any of the boxes broken open. But there were too few men in the detail to do the work. A $2,000 box of silver money weighs about 140 pounds. It is a foot and a half long about, by eight inches square, outside measurements. It is as awkward a thing to handle as can well be imagined. The trail was slippery, as I have said several times, but mere saying so conveys no adequate idea of its condition. Besides it was sharp and rough. The first twenty yards of their journey took these seven boxes down a twenty-five-foot drop. The sergeant posted a man below the first box, got a rope around it, took the rope around a sapling and started to slide it down the top of the rock. The rope slipped and the box got away. By the narrowest kind of margin it missed taking with it the man posted to steady it. It slid to the bottom with a grinding, grating noise and brought up with a thump. By a miracle it did not break. I had been looking to see the whole $2,000 go plump into the deep pool below the fall. The sergeant looked at the box thoughtfully a minute or two, and then turned to the men of the detail who were standing behind him.

"Get a hold here," he said, as he picked up another box. "Get a hold here, you Bryan men, and get your goldarned money down there!"

Before they had finished the quarter of a mile to the arsenal there wasn't a man in the lot who would have undertaken to get the smallest box to town for it.

"And to think," said one of them, "that when you get it there it's only $500 real money. That's a devil of a kind of money."

It had been raining heavily since noon, in the easy, continuous way so natural to the Philippines. The men were wet, muddy and very tired, but they got the seven boxes to the arsenal intact, having found a small banca in which they floated it part way. Then the Major overtook them and the men of his lot of prisoners were straightway put to work on the money. They knew how to make slings and get the boxes suspended from poles, so they made easier work of it than the soldiers had.

While the Major had been gone up the stream some of the men left behind had overhauled the boxes which had been found in the arsenal. They turned out to be the personal property of Lukban and his wife and of Juan Merchan, his secretary. There were many beautiful dresses for the madame, and the big scoundrel's evening clothes, the trousers of which the Chin guide appropriated and proudly wore back to town. Lukban's personal letter book was found with many cards and notes to him from insurgent officials in other towns and provinces. Also, there were the cards of an American newspaper man and several of our officers. There were several photographs of Lukban and two of his principal officers. Major Allen had part of the stuff taken back to Cathalogan and the rest packed up in the hut, ready for Lukban whenever he should come after it.

Then we started back to town. It was much easier going down, and we found the tide up so high that we got alcance from the place where the band instruments lay. They were taken along and the Major planned a native band for the amusement of his town and his soldiers.

All the men taken up beyond the arsenal said that Lukban had fled to the inland town of Gandara. That made our Chino guide chuckle, for he said it was easy to get to Gandara. It was on a river up which steam launches could go without trouble and men could be landed behind the town and take the old thing unawares. We got back to Cathalogan just at sundown and found two Englishmen who had sailed down from Calbayog to tell Major Allen that Major Gilmore was contemplating sending two companies up the river to Gandara. They were taken out to see Gen. Kobbe on the Nashville, and he sent the Mariveles to take them back to Calbayog, towing their boat. They took orders to Gilmore to get to Gandara with all haste, and they were in great glee, for young Lukban, the Calbayog commander, had assessed them $8,000 just before the Americans took the town and our arrival saved them the money. They were keen to have the thief caught and put to work on the streets. Allen sent fifty picked men on the Helena at daylight, but we had sailed for Tacloban and have not heard how it came out.

HER OPINION OF BUTLERS.

Suggested by the Armenian Servant Question Now Being Agitated in Boston.

The woman who always talks about servants had not been able to get in a word, but she pricked up her ears when the word Armenian was mentioned at the other end of the lunch table. Then she leaned forward and put a vigorous oar into the conversation.

"Isn't that Boston woman absurd," she said, "to talk about Americans employing Armenians and by that she means Armenian men to work as domestic servants in American families? Personally, I would never have a manservant of any kind. He might be the most experienced butler in the world. He might set a table and preside over dinner with more efficiency than half a dozen women, but he could never come into my dining room and have charge of it. I have had my experiences with him. Even with the necessity of having a butler if one wants to be fashionable I gave up the attempt in disgust. They are too untidy. If I could keep a maid following him around, seeing that the plates really were clean when they were put on the table and watching to discover if the dirt really was washed off and not merely smeared over with a damp napkin I should be satisfied to have a man to control the dining room, but it needs somebody to act the detective in just that way.

"I can always tell when I see the silver in my friends' dining rooms whether they employ a man or a woman. When it is dull and clouded instead of bright and shining and the china has a damp greasy rather than a clean dry look I know that to be the work of a butler. I went through it all. I tried a Frenchman first and he was the cleanest of the lot. I felt perfectly satisfied with him until one day I found a collar and cravat in an unused soup tureen. I don't know how much more of his wardrobe he kept in the dining room, but I know it took him some time to pack his clothes before he left the house that day and I had a vague uneasiness for months afterwards as to the disposition he had made of his wearing apparel in my house.

"The next man I had was a negro; he had been trained in the South, was very efficient, and was not to be judged so far as cleanliness went in the same way that the others were. The French man was clean for a manservant, but the negro was absolutely clean. He kept the glasses shining as brightly as silver and there was a delightful sense of security so long as he was about. He had no style and looked rather ridiculous in his blue livery, but I would have had him yet if he had not proposed to the waitress. She was a Swede and accepted him promptly. I explained to them that I couldn't prevent their marriage but I could refuse to allow anything of the kind while they were in my service. So they went.

"His English successor had a splendid recommendation. He was a solemn looking person that gave an air of distinction to any dining-room. My husband always objected to him because he said he felt as if being waited on by a bishop. Every time, his brother came he declared that he felt as if he had come to confirmation and was dreadfully afraid that he would ask him something out of the catechism. I never minded those things about him, but the silver and china were always dull and smeary to a most unsatisfactory degree. He had to go after I found a piece of soap in the bottom of a teacup and he tried to explain with far too much emphasis and an alcoholic insistence on its correctness that the soap was nothing but tea leaves and any lady accustomed to anything would know that.

"I should have gotten along very well with the young Irishman who came next because he was polite and fresh faced, if it had been possible to convince him that grease spots were in the least way detrimental to the neatness of his appearance. I had given up relying on him for the cleanliness of the dining-room and he seemed to take that as permission to look as dirty himself as he wanted to. I remarked at breakfast that his livery was untidy and he would politely agree. At lunch he would swear that the grease spots had all been removed although they were as much in evidence as ever. They were there still at dinner time on all occasions there were more grease spots. Whether he ever took them off or not, I never discovered, but it scarcely seemed possible that he could accumulate so rapidly. New liveries did nothing to relieve the situation, so I gave up struggling with men.

"Whether it be Chinaman or Japanese or any other male servants so highly recommended, it is a certain thing that none of them except in the case of the negro I had would be as clean as women. The neatness that ought to be a part of the dining room is too fine for them to realize. If they can take a damp towel and make things look moderately tidy they are satisfied and expect that everybody else will be, for it is impossible for them to realize that what they have done is not all that is needed. It is easy to tell in restaurants when men or women are employed in the kitchen as it is always from the women that the best in the way of neatness and cleanliness come. I shudder to think of what an American might do, but I doubt that he could be worse in the detail of cleanliness than the highly recommended English butler, who is no doubt excellent of his kind, but the kind is poor."

A FRENCH FLING AT KIPLING

MME. BLANC DEPLORES HIS INFLUENCE ON BRITISH CHARACTER.

She Thinks That His Writings Appeal to the Worst Instincts of the Anglo-Saxon and Teach Him to Glory in the Brutalities of War—Americans Included in Those Thus Harmfully Influenced, She Says.

Mme. Marie Therese Blanc, better known as "Th. B