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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

The three-century rule of Castile and Aragon was ended. The yellow and red of Spain were supplanted by the scarlet, white and blue of America, and in a new glory of its own "Old Glory" unfolded to the faintly rising breeze, and all along the curving shore and over the placid waters rang out the joyous, life-giving, heart-stirring notes of the Yankee reveille.

For long hours later there came launches, bancas and cascos from fleet and shore. The debarkation of the cavalry began in the afternoon. They had left their horses at the Presidio, 6,000 mules and were troopers only in name. The officers who came as passengers got ashore in the course of the day and made their way to the Ayuntamiento to report their arrival and receive their assignments.

The Red Cross nurses looked in vain for the hospital launch that, it was supposed, would hasten to convey them to comfortable quarters adjoining the sick wards or convalescent camps. They listened with the deepest interest to the description of the assault of the 13th of August that made Merritt master of Manila, and the elders, masculine and feminine, who knew something of what battle meant when American was pitted against American, looked at each other in wonderment as they heard how much had been won at cost of so little.

Sandy Ray, kissing Marion good-by and promising to see Stuyvesant in the near future, went over the side with his troop and, landing at the stone dock of the foot of the Paseo de Santa Lucia, found himself standing at the head of his men under massive walls nearly three centuries old, bristling with antiquated, highly ornamented Spanish guns, and streaked with slime and vegetation, while along the high parapets across the moat thousands of Spanish soldiers squatted and stared at them in sullen apathy.

Maidie's knight and champion indeed! His duty called him with his fellows to a far-away suburb up the Pasig river. Her duty held her to await the movements of the sisterhood, and what she might lack for sympathy among them was made up in manifold yet embarrassing interest on part of the tall young aide-de-camp, for Stuyvesant was bidden to remain aboard ship until suitable accommodation could be found for him ashore.

Under any other circumstances he would have objected vehemently, but, finding that the Red Cross center was to share his fate, and that Miss Ray was one of the dozen condemned to remain, he bore his enforced lot with Christian and soldierly resignation.

"Only," said Dr. Wells, "one would suppose that the Red Cross was entitled to some consideration, and that all preparation would have been made for our coming." It was neither flattering nor reassuring, nor, indeed, was it kind, gaunt, austere, but so slighted, said the sisterhood that evening; but worse still was in store, for on the morning, early, the Esmeralda came steaming in from Hong-Kong, where, despite her roundabout voyage, the Belgic had arrived before the slow-moving Sacramento had rounded the northern point of Luzon, and on the deck of the Esmeralda as she steered close alongside the transport, and thence on the unimpeded way to her moorings up the Pasig, in plain view of the sisterhood, tall, gaunt, austere, but triumphant, towered the form of the vice president of the Patriotic Daughters of America.

For two days more the Sacramento remained at anchor in the bay over a mile from the mouth of the river, and for two days and nights the Red Cross remained aboard, unsought, unsummoned from the shore. The situation became more strained than ever, the only betterment arising from the fact that now there was more space and the nurses were no longer crowded three in a room.

Mrs. Dr. Wells moved into that recently vacated by the cavalry commander, and Miss Ray and her own earnest friend, Miss Porter, were relieved by the desertion of their eldest sister, who preempted a major's stateroom on the upper deck.

But stirred up a new trouble by promptly coming to Miss Ray and bidding her move out of that stuffy hole below and take Maj. Morton's quarters, and bring Miss Porter with her "if that was agreeable."

It would have been, very, but "Miss Ray's head was level," as the pursuer put it, and despite the snippy and exasperating conduct of most of the sisterhood, that wise young woman pointed out to the shipmaster that there was a semi-military organization, and that the senior, Mrs. Dr. Wells, and one or two veteran nurses should have choice of quarters.

By this time Miss Porter's vehement championship of her charming and much misjudged friend had excited no little rancor against herself. The more she proved that she had done Miss Ray injustice, the less they liked Miss Ray's advocate. It is odd but true that many a woman finds it far easier to forgive another for being as wicked as she has declared her to be than for proving herself entirely innocent.

One thing, anyhow, Miss Porter couldn't deny, said the sisterhood—she was accepting devoted attentions from Mr. Stuyvesant, and in her capacity as a Red Cross nurse that was inexcusable.

"Fudge!" said Miss Porter. "If it were you instead of Miss Ray he were in love with, how long would you let your badge keep him at a distance?" The sun went down on their unappreciated wrath that second night in Manila bay, and with the morrow came added cause for disapprobation. Before the noon hour a snow-white launch with colors flying fore and aft steamed alongside, and up the stairs,

resplendent, came Stuyvesant's general with a brace of staff officers, all three precipitating themselves on the invalid and, after brief converse with him, all three sending their cards to Miss Ray, who had taken refuge on the other deck.

And even while she sat reflecting what would be the wiser course, the general himself followed the card-bearer, with all the honors of his victorious entry fresh upon him, inclined his handsome head and begged that he might present himself to the daughter of an old and cherished friend of cadet days, and seated himself by her side with hardly a glance at the array of surrounding femininity, and launched into reminiscence of "Billy Ray," as he was always called, and it was some little time before she could say:

"Will you let me present you to Dr. Wells, who is practically my commanding officer?" a request the general was too much of a gentleman not to accede to at once, yet looked not too much pleased when he was led before that commanding dame, and then distinctly displeased as, taking advantage of her opportunity, the indignant lady burst forth with her grievance:

"Oh! This is Gen. Vinton! Well, I must say that I think you generals have treated the ladies of the Red Cross with precious little courtesy. Here we've been waiting 36 hours, and not a soul has come near us or shown us where to go or told us what to do, while everybody else aboard is looked after at once."

"It is a matter entirely out of my jurisdiction, madame," answered the general with grave and distant dignity. "In fact, I knew nothing of the arrival of any such party until, at the commanding general's this morning, your vice president—is it?—was endeavoring to—"

"Our vice president, sir," interposed the lady, promptly, "is in San Francisco, attending to her proper functions. The person you saw is not recognized by the Red Cross at all, nor by anyone in authority that I know of."

Gen. Vinton reddened. A soldier, accustomed to the "courtesies indispensable among military men," ill brooks it that a stranger and a woman should take him to task for matters beyond his knowledge or control.

"You will pardon me if in my ignorance of the matter I fancied the lady in question to be a representative of your order, and for suggesting that the chief surgeon is the official to whom you should address your complaint—and rebukes. Good morning, madame. Miss Ray," he continued, as he quickly turned and led that young lady away, "two of my staff desire to be presented. May I have the pleasure?"

There was no mistaking the general's disapprobation of the official head of the sisterhood as represented



"IT IS A MATTER ENTIRELY OUT OF MY JURISDICTION, MADAME."

on the Sacramento. Though he and his officers remained aboard an hour, not once again would he look towards Dr. Wells or seem to see any of the party but Miss Ray—this too, despite the fact that she tried to explain matters and pour oil on such troubled waters.

Capt. Butt sent up champagne to the distinguished party, and Miss Ray begged to be excused and slipped away to her stateroom, only to be instantly recalled by other cards—Col. and Mrs. Brent, other old friends of her father and mother. She remembered them well, and remembered having heard how Mrs. Brent had braved all opposition and had started for Hong-Kong the day after the colonel steamed for Manila; and their coming with most hospitable intent only added to the poor girl's perplexities, for they showered welcomes upon her and bade her get her luggage up at once. They had come to take her to their own roof. They had secured such a quaint, roomy house in Ermita right near the bay shore, and looking right out on the Luneta and the parade grounds.

She stormed at her companions. They bade her send for Miss Porter, and included her in their warm-hearted invitation; but by their time Maidie was able to get a word in edgewise on her own account, and begged them to come and meet Mrs. Dr. Wells and the Red Cross sisterhood, they demurred.

The general, in Marion's brief absence, had expressed his opinion of that official head, and the Brents had evidently accepted his views. Then Vinton and his officers loudly begged Mrs. Brent to play chaperon and persuade Miss Ray and Miss Porter to accompany them in their fine white launch in a visit to the admiral on the flag ship, and said nothing about other purchases. She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sullen Irish girl, but was unwilling to accuse her. After some thought she wrote on a slip of paper: "Neither Bridget nor Celia must take any money from this purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver and awaited developments.

Two days later Bridget came to her and gave "warning."

"What is the matter?" asked her mistress, innocently.

"I'll be going to another place," said Bridget, vindictively, "and it's yourself that knows the reason. I'll not stay in a house where I'm accused of stealing money out of a little old purse that's never had more than half a suran in it since I took service here!"

mento, and Kate Porter cried herself to sleep after an out-and-out squabble with two of the band, and the emphatic assertion that if she were Marion Ray she would cut them all dead and go live with her friends ashore.

But when the morrow came, was it to be wondered at that Miss Ray had developed a high fever? Was it not characteristic that before noon, from the official head down, from Dr. Wells to Dottie Fellows, the most diminutive of the party, there lived not a woman of their number who was not eager in tender services and in desire to be at the sufferer's bedside? Was it not manlike that Stuyvesant, who had shunned the sisterhood for days, now sought the very women he had scorned and begged for tidings of the girl he loved?

CHAPTER XII.

October had come and the rainy season was going, but still the heat of the midday sun drove everybody within doors except the irrefragable Tanke colliery, released, or pass—from routine duty at inner barracks or outer picket line, and wandering about this strange, old-world metropolis of the Philippines, reckless of time or temperature in their determination to see everything there was to be seen about the whilom stronghold of "the Dons" in Asiatic waters.

Along the narrow sidewalks of the Escalita, already bordered by American signs and sahoons—and rendered even more than usually precarious by American drinks, the blue-shirted boys wandered, open-eyed, marveling much to find 'twixt twelve and two the shutters up in all the shops not conducted, as were the bars, on the American plan, while from some, still more oriental, the sun and the shopper both were excluded four full hours, beginning at 11.

South of the walls and outworks of Old Manila and east of the Luneta lay a broad, open level, bounded on the south by the suburb of Ermita, and in the midst of the long rows of Spanish-built houses extending from the battery of huge Krupp at the bay side, almost over to the diagonal avenue of the Nozalada, stood the very cozy, finely furnished house which had been hired as quarters for Col. Brent, high dignitary on the department staff.

His lover story of cut stone was pierced by the arched driveway through which carriages entered to the patio in front, and as in the tenets of Madrid the question of Spain is possessed of no personal means of locomotion, so possibly to be Spanish dame of high degree itay she the power, to walk.

No other portal, therefore, either for entrance or exit, could be found at the front. Massive doors of dark, heavy wood from the Luzon forests, trapped with iron, swung on huge hinges that, unless well oiled, defied the efforts of unmuscular mankind. A narrow panel opening in one of these doors, two feet above the ground and on little hinges of its own, gave means of passage to household servants and, when pressed for time, to such of their superiors as would condescend to step up and stoop low.

To the right and left of the main entrance were store rooms, servants' rooms, and carriage-room, and opposite the latter, towards the rear, the broad stairway that, turning upon itself, led to the living-rooms on the upper floor—the broad salon at the head of the stairs being utilized as a dining-room on state occasions, and its northward end as the parlor. Opening from the sides of the salon, front and rear, were four large, roomy, high-ceilinged chambers.

Overlooking and partially overhanging the street and extending the length of the house was a wide inclosed veranda, well supplied with tables, lounge chairs and couches of bamboo and cane, and a floor covered here and there with Indian rugs, its surrounding waist-high railing fitted with parallel grooves in which slid easily the frames of the windows of translucent shells, set in little four-inch squares, or the dark-green blinds that excluded the light and glare of midday.

With both thrown back there spread an unobstructed view of the parade ground even to the edge of the distant glacia, and here it was the household staff to watch the military ceremonies, to receive its guests, and to read or doze throughout the drowsier hours of the day. "Camp de Bagumgayay" was what the natives called that martial flat in the strange barbaric tongue that delights in "igs" and "ags," in "ings" and "angs," even to repetition and repetition.

And here one soft, sensuous October afternoon, with a light breeze from the bay tempering the heat of the slanting sunbeams, reclining in a broad bamboo easy-chair, sat Maidie Ray, now quite convalescent, yet not yet restored to her old-time vigorous health.

[To Be Continued.]

BRIDGET'S GRIEVANCE.

She Went to Her Mistress' Purse and Found Herself Accused of Theft.

The wife of a clever detective is said to have powers nearly equal to those possessed by her husband, says London Tit-Bits. Not long ago she began to notice the disappearance of shillings were daily disappearing as if by magic from the "change purse" in which she kept silver for small purchases. She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sullen Irish girl, but was unwilling to accuse her. After some thought she wrote on a slip of paper: "Neither Bridget nor Celia must take any money from this purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver and awaited developments.

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MINNESOTA NEWS.

Bishop Whipple is Dead.

Right Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Minnesota, died at his residence in Fairbairn, Sept. 16, after an illness of several days. The bishop's death was a shock to the people of Fairbairn, where he has lived over forty years, although it was known that his illness was serious. He rested easily during the day, but lapsed into unconsciousness during the early hours of the night, and shortly after midnight it was evident that he could not linger long. His death was peaceful and painless.

Henry Benjamin Whipple was born at Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y., in 1823. He was a member of the Episcopal church of New York, and a staunch supporter of the white party. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Weger. She was the daughter of Henry Weger, a prominent merchant and banker, and the secretary of the United States. Of the ancestors on both the father's and mother's sides were officers in the revolutionary and colonial wars. Bishop Whipple was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars of the United States, and also the chaplain of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was educated in the private schools of New York state, and received the college degrees of B. D. from Hobart and William Smith, and D. D. from the University of the South. A year after the organization of the diocese of Minnesota he was elected first bishop by a unanimous vote in 1853, and consecrated in St. Paul, Minn., by Archbishop John Hughes. Bishop Whipple was a man of high character, and a devoted worker for the cause of the oppressed. He was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a member of the Society of the Friends of the African Race. He was a man of high character, and a devoted worker for the cause of the oppressed.

Two years suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, unable to work on account of the severe pain; could find no relief from medical advice; gave Peruna a trial and was promptly cured—such was the experience of John Herziger, of Wisconsin.

This experience has been repeated many times. Not only in Wisconsin but in every state in the Union. It was a lucky day for this young man when his attention was called to Peruna. What would have been the result?

Australian Mail's Record Trip.

The most important mail that has left Australia in years for London recently made a record-breaking trip. The mail consisted of 347 sacks and contained many documents for the British parliament. At Sidney it was put on board the steamship, the Oceanic, which sailed under the American flag and built only last year for the Oceanic Steamship company at the Cramps shipyard in Philadelphia. The trip across the Pacific occupied just 21 days, the former time having been 26 days. From San Francisco the mail was carried east on special trains on the Southern Pacific (Golden Gate line), Union Pacific, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads, but arrived in Chicago too late to connect with the fast mail train of the Lake Shore and New York Central, which is a 24-hour train from Chicago to New York. A special train was made up and attached to one of the fastest engines on the Lake Shore line. The regular train was overtaken at Toledo, and the hour and a half lost time was made up. At Buffalo the regular train was made into two sections by the New York Central with the mail cars, including the Australian mail, in the first section. For London it was three minutes ahead of schedule time. New York the mail was delivered to the Albatross, and that vessel left on regular time for England. It will be delivered in England in several days shorter time than ever before.

Widening the Breach.

"I wish you and May would become friends again," said the would-be peacemaker. "Well," said Fay, "if I'll make up my mind to do that, you must do that, and she said: 'The idea! It's easy for her, I never saw her when she wasn't made up.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Big Forgery of Railroad Tickets.

As a result of the arrest, on August 15, of a ticket broker's concern at St. Louis, charged with swindling a customer, a gigantic railroad ticket counterfeiting scheme was uncovered. After the arrest of the brokers their office was ransacked and an immense number of tickets and passes found. It was almost impossible to trip across the country on the value of the tickets recovered, but it is stated by railroad authorities that \$200,000 worth of counterfeit tickets were found. It is believed that many of the tickets and passes were forged.

At Buffalo a number of ticket scalpers have already been put in jail on account of fraudulent manipulation and forgery of railroad tickets. These instances are so numerous that the public take pains to see that their tickets are purchased only at the authorized offices of transportation lines. This avoids all complication and trouble to the passenger and assures him that the railroad tickets purchased are valid and will be honored as printed.—Exchange.

GENERALITIES OF INTEREST.

Wheat is mentioned 28 different times in the Bible.

Europe has had 321 monarchs since the battle of Hastings.

Only 24 doctors reach the age of 70 for every 42 clergymen.

Germany holds the record for the first daily paper. It was printed in 1524.

Four bushels of potatoes contain the same amount of nourishment as a bushel of wheat.

In 1840 English people used 1 pound 3 ounces of tea a head. This has grown to 5 pounds 14 ounces.

A boy-baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. When he is five years older, his chances of living have increased to 51 years 6 months.

Among the ruins of Pompeii have been found chafing dishes of exquisite workmanship, which gives undisputed proof of the use in the city which contained villas of many wealthy Romans.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Bath, N. Y., Sept. 16th.—There is now a hole in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home here an old soldier who has been nearer death than anyone who has lived to tell the story.

His name is A. E. Ayers. For many years he lived in Minneapolis, Minn., where he is well known.

Four physicians of that city once told Mr. Ayers that he could not live four days. He had Bright's disease.

As a last resort he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. He is strong and well to-day.

CATARRH OF KIDNEYS Quickly Develops Into Bright's Disease. (PE-UR-NA CURES CATARRH WHEREVER LOCATED.)



John Herziger, son of Alderman Herziger, of Neenah, Wis., and Vice President of the Neenah Young Men's Club, writes in a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, the following:

"After suffering for two years with kidney trouble I received relief and a cure from using your wonderful medicine, Peruna."

"For months I was unable to work on account of a severe pain in my back, and when I was able to do anything I was in pain and distressed most of the time."

"Hearing so much of the good results people had obtained through the use of Peruna I determined to give it a trial and was a lucky day for me when I did so. I am well now and it only took a few bottles of Peruna."—John Herziger, 307 Commercial street, Neenah, Wis.

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Suffered Somewhat.

Doctor—Do you ever have ringing sounds in your ears? Patient—Certainly. I'm a telephone girl.—Philadelphia Record.

1 2 3 PAINT

When you paint you want it, 1 to last; 2 look well; 3 protect your house. Some paint does 1, not 2 or 3; some does 2 while, not 1 or 3; lead and oil does 2 well, 3 fairly, 1 badly.

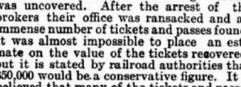
Better have it all; 1 2 3 paint: Devoe ready paint; the best isn't too good.

Get Devoe of your dealer; take nothing less. Pamphlet on painting sent free if you mention this paper.

GOOD-PAINT DEVOE, CHICAGO.

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE

OUR GUARANTEE IS THE BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK TOWER'S



FISH BRAND

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BOSTON, MASS.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Peruna is a sure cure for incipient Bright's disease of the kidneys. Taken in the early stages of this disease, it cures permanently. Bright's disease always begins with catarrh of the kidneys. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Congressman Haskins' Statement.

Congressman J. H. Haskins, of Alabama, one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., gives his indorsement to the great curative remedy, Peruna, in the following words:

"Your Peruna is one of the best medicines I ever tried, and no family should be without your remarkable remedy. As a tonic and a catarrh cure I know of nothing better."—J. H. Haskins.

Samuel R. Sprecher, Junior, Beale Court, Angelina No. 3422 I. O. O. F., 205 High St., Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

"I came here a few years ago suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, in the climate of my home, and I thought that the climate would cure me, but I found that I was mistaken, but what the climate could not do Peruna could and did. Seven weeks' trial convinced me that I had the right medicine and I was then a well man. I know of at least twenty friends and members of the lodge to which I belong who have been cured of catarrh, bladder and kidney trouble through the use of Peruna and I have a host of friends in this city."—Samuel R. Sprecher.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Do not be misled by cheap imitations. Buy Peruna of the following dealers:

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FISH BRAND

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BOSTON, MASS.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the quality and price of the shoes.

Advertisement for Sawyer's Slickers, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the waterproof and oil-resistant properties of the clothing.

Advertisement for Rag Dolls, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing the quality and variety of the dolls.

Advertisement for Piles, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the effectiveness of the treatment for hemorrhoids.

Advertisement for Miracles of Today, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the various medical treatments and their benefits.

Advertisement for Cascarets, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the effectiveness of the laxative for various ailments.

Advertisement for Cascarets, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the effectiveness of the laxative for various ailments.

Advertisement for Woodward & Co., Grain Commission, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the company's services in the grain trade.