

ship had that lost day, for making Americans buy the privilege of sleeping on deck by working along with alien, rat-eating Chinamen, who are paid for the work. If it were not for that lost day, I would wish the foregoing enemies of the private soldier in a place a thousand fathoms deep, but a kind Providence has made it possible to wish them something infinitely worse, August 8, which we have just lost in the Pacific.

Since beginning this letter an hour ago, we have crossed the 180th longitude, and have skipped from August 7th to August 9th. If we had skipped two or three hundred miles of ocean travel instead of the three meals we would have eaten on the 8th, had we not lost that day, and for which we are sorely in need, there would be great rejoicing among us. True, we are grateful for the loss of a day, for we are intensely weary of this voyage and the treatment we receive. Still, the thought of the pork and beans we didn't get on the day we lost, and mars somewhat the— But the bugle calls to battle. We must strip, clean and filthy together, diseased and healthy alike must strip, and together like so many swine, revel in the delights of a shower bath, to the disgust of many and amusement of officers. Every private aboard is compelled to take a bath each day, and for his purpose there are two showers. We battery fellows, 105 in all, have just half an hour to bathe in.

NOD RESSUM.

#### A FILIPINO'S WRONGS.

The "National Review" for August contains "A Reminiscence of Manila," by Frank T. Bullen, which recites things interesting and amusing. One of his acquaintances described was a half-breed soldier. After telling of their meeting the writer goes on to say:

After a while my friend grew confidential about the difficulties of his life ashore, until I interposed with the innocent remark, "You don't seem to love the Spaniards over much." Then a change came over the man dreadful to see. From a meek, spiritless creature he became to all appearance a blood-thirsty demon, with distorted features that would have served as a model for a statue of hatred. With a string of those unutterably horrid blasphemies in which Spanish-speaking people are so proficient, he assured me that no death could be sufficiently dreadful, no torture that could be devised painful enough for the punishment of that thrice-cursed race, in his opinion. His vehemence was painful to witness, the epithets hissing through his clenched teeth, and his eyes glaring like those of a maniac. Presently he calmed down somewhat, and, taking my arm, he pointed along the coast to a low point where I could just distinguish a few twinkling lights.

"There," he said, "lies the little village where I was born. My father was a Spaniard, who boasted that his race was too noble for anything so degrading as work, but who thought it quite fit and proper that my mother, a native of Luzon, should labor both for him and his miserable offspring. I was the youngest of five, four boys and a girl, each of whom, as soon as they grew old enough to walk, let alone work, were taken away from my mother's side. She never saw them again. Fortunately for me, my father was killed before I was old enough to know what his crimes were. I rejoice at the thought that he received his deserts at the hands of one of my mother's people, who waylaid him and hacked him to pieces one night after he had

brutally flogged my poor mother, and left her bleeding and insensible on the floor of our hut. After this act of righteous justice we were left in peace for many years. I grew up into a strong, healthy lad, as passionately fond of my mother as she was of me, and able to help her, so that her hard life was no longer so bitterly severe as it had been. She was a cripple, having had her leg broken by my father before I was born, and been left to die or recover, as it might happen, just like a wild animal. The one fear that never left us both was that I should be torn away from her, as we had seen so many others hurried to Manila by the soldiers, for what purpose we never knew, but they never came back again. But by some strange oversight, which I do not even now understand, I was overlooked until I was 20 years of age. The ever-present terror was no less than it had been, but somehow I felt a proud confidence (quite groundless) in my ability to defend my liberty or escape if ever I should be seized, and I vowed to our ancient gods that nothing should keep me from my mother's side. Another tie came also to bind me to my little home still closer, if that had been possible. The daughter of one of my mother's oldest friends was left an orphan, and to save her from the fate that in such a village as ours, so near Manila, always overtakes our young women, mother contrived to give her a shelter with us. I fell in love with her, and we were married, although I was sorely put to it to pay the priest's fee, which I was bound to do to have even the shadow of right to my own wife. Our marriage made no difference to our mode of living, as we still occupied the same little hut, and all toiled hard to get a bit of food. She was almost as fond of my mother as I, and although we had a hard struggle for a bare existence, we were free and very happy. Our people want so little beside liberty. Then—then; how can I tell you?" and he suddenly burst into a passionate fit of weeping, which seemed as if it would tear him to pieces. I was distressed myself to see his agony, but could offer no comfort.

At last he calmed down and proceeded: "In spite of the gloomy prospect of difficulties in finding food for another mouth, I was overjoyed when Leequa whispered to me her hopes, and went about my work feeling bigger and stronger, and swelling with importance. But it was only the next day after I had heard the news, that as I was returning home for the siesta, Leequa sprang out from a bush near the hut looking mad with fright. 'Hide, hide,' she said, 'the soldiers are in the village, I'm sure they'll take you away from me.' I was stunned for a moment and unable to think. Before I had recovered myself sufficiently to form any idea of where to go or what to do, those infernal wretches had surrounded us. Then, too late, I made a dash for liberty, fighting like a tiger; but what could I do? In a minute I was overpowered, tied hand and foot, and thrown into a stupefied heap on the ground. They hit my poor girl, my Leequa, before my eyes, and at the sight I went mad. I remember no more until I found myself in a filthy den in Cavite, my head shaven, and my whole body aching and smarting with bruises and cuts. They had been flogging me to hasten the recovery of my reason. All my spirit was gone. I was no longer a man but a thing, and the happy past was only a foolish dream, impossible ever to have been real. Well, with hundreds of other unfortunates, like myself, all wolfish

with hunger, beaten, spit at and trampled upon continually, I was drilled and made into a soldier. We were driven like cattle to fight, to shoot down our own countrymen wherever they, goaded to desperation, had risen against their hellish masters. You may perhaps wonder why we did not sooner die than consent to march against those who were fighting for our rights, who were brave enough to stand against their oppressors. I can't answer you except by saying that we were no longer human beings; we even spied upon and betrayed one another, in the hope of being favored with a little more consideration, a full meal or so now and then. Pay we had none, or any hope or release except by death. And I believe that quite as many of us were killed by our own officers, and by the Spanish soldiers that always went with us, as ever we had the misfortune to slay of our unfortunate compatriots.

"Were I to tell you what I have seen during this last ten years, reproduce for you the scenes as they have occurred, I believe you would die with horror; for I have often heard that in your country you are really free, and choose your own rulers, who govern with justice and truth, and that you may really enjoy your lives without fear of being robbed or beaten. But not even Sabán himself could surpass the unutterable cruelty and rapacity of the Spaniards in these islands. Even their own countrymen fare little better at their hands than the natives. They seem to have no humanity left except that which is vile, full of lust, greed and cruelty. I have heard that in their own country there are great and good men, Englishmen and Americans have told me so; how is it that none of them ever come here? We were a gentle, kindly race, simple in our wants, peaceful and happy in our lives, and they have made our islands a very inferno for hundreds of years. I pretend to worship his God, but in my heart I hate him; for if He were not as they are, why does He let them continue to blight us?"

"I never heard of my mother or my wife again. Years ago I lost the last faint hope that I ever should, and I no longer think of the possibility of such a thing. I am now better off than thousands of my fellows, for I often get long spells like this on board English and American ships, where I am well fed and kindly treated because you are men with hearts. And the long silences do not hurt me, for I do not think, I just bask like a well fed animal. But it makes the starvation ashore very hard to bear when I have to go back to it again."

Of course, it is impossible for me to indorse this poor wretch's sad story, nor could I venture to reproduce it in his own words, bristling with blasphemings and cursings. If it sounds harsh or exaggerated, it may be remembered that my version is as milk and water to vitriol, compared with the corrosive virulence of his words. As far as I am concerned, my previous experience in Cuba had prepared me for some such testimony about Spanish rule, although I never heard before so much harrowing detail.

Herman Singletary, posing as a wealthy plantation owner, married Miss Alice Hazen at Cheyenne a few days ago and while making a trip East an officer appeared on the scene with a warrant for his arrest on the charge of embezzlement. He escaped arrest and skipped out leaving his wife of a few days penniless and alone. It now appears that Singletary is a scoundrel, has another wife living, and has been misappropriating money belonging to Howard Cole and Co., a Shreveport, La., real estate firm, for whom he has been working.