ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1911.

DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

for anything better-I am chasing the

very shadow of hope, and when God-

after which I must make Fairy a suc-

cess in the ballet, or starve with her."

ma'am." purred Hannah Johnson

"Time works wonders. Have pa-

while the child Fairy was growing.

night, full of storm and darkness.

Six o'clock-the dinner hour at the

villa-had struck, and Godfrey Grey-

lock stood in the warm, bright draw-

The wind roared around the brown

tower, and smote across the plate

on the panes. He could hear the

groaning of the great trees in the ave-

Presently Hopkins appeared at th

"Miss Greylock begs you will excuse

tempest seemed to grow in violence.

"It's a hard evening for travelers

sir," the servant who waited at his

He stared in blank amazemen

neck, and the storm had drenched her

snow. She looked like some bright

Godfrey Greylock put down his

back at him. He was not dreaming

nor laboring under any hallucination

It was his despised and rejected grand

she was sitting before him at his ta-

er's eyes. He turned to the servant.

"Who sent you here in this storm?"

"Leave the room," he said.

"Nobody." she answered.

The man vanished.

around the table, and climbed

elbow ventured to say.

wreck and disaster to the coast.

door with a message:

comes around."

tience.

join him.

"You're too easily discouraged,

satisfactory as it was, she was more CHAPTER XIV. than anxious to keep Fairy's Fortunes. Sometimes she was consumed by an inward fury which not even Hannah

Miss Pam went no more to Rose Cottage, but on the day following her vant to that pretty hermitage with a cage, in which was a big green par- she would caress Fairy; at another rot, destined to console poor Fairy for the lost pet of her less fortunate her. days-the Polly for which she still la-

At sight of this gift Mrs. Iris went off into paroxysms of laughter, in everything that gives color to life! It which she was joined by Hannah is useless, Hannah Johnson, to wait

Johnson. "How good-how kind of Miss Greylock!" cried the ex-danseuse, as frey Greylock dies, the English heir soon as she had breath to speak. "If will thrust me out of our shelter here, there is anything on earth that I detest, it is a parrot. Nevertheless, the dear bird shall have a place in my boudoir, and we will listen to her dulcet voice the day long. Come, Fairy, come my precious child, and behold your lost Polly."

Fairy put her fingers in her mouth and scowled. "That's not Polly!" she answered.

saucily. "Ah, yes it is," said Mrs. Iris, in

coaxing tone. "Just listen!" "Polly! Polly! I'm Polly!" croaked the green bird.

"Give her the finest cake in the house, Hannah," commanded Mrs. "And now, my Fairy, come and take your dancing lesson. By this means we shall yet force our Grand ing room waiting for Miss Pam to Mogul to listen to justice and reason. Ah, me! time was when I could have danced with you, you pretty elf, but now mamma's day is over-only with glass windows; sleet pattered sharply great difficulty can she show you the simplest steps."

Fairy forgot Polly instantly, as the nues. This was a night sure to bring artful speaker knew well she would, for the child had developed a wonderful passion, a marvelous talent for Mrs. Iris's "dear, lost art." In a pocket diary of the ex-danseuse these lines might have been found:

"In a fit of ennul, when the deadly duliness of Rose Cottage seemed quite unbearable, I began to learn Fairy to dance. What was my delight to find her take to the business as naturally as a duck to water! She is flexible beyond belief, and phenomenally most charming movements with no ed himself at his sumptuous board, take care of me, you know." Nature has gifted effort whatever. her with a suppleness and grace that The lights burned brightly, the blaze are really wonderful. If Godfrey Greylock remains obdurate-if he will not make her his heiress, I will consign her to a proper master, and she shall go upon the stage and become a premiere danseuse.'

Hannah Johnson placed the parrot in a window, while Mrs. Iris proceed-

ed to give Fairy her dancing lesson. it cost her severe physical pangs, but she went about it with a stubborn de- Miss Pamela's empty chair. Fairy stood on her heeis, her toes-everything but her of lifting a glass of wine to his lips-Her lithe body the golden liquor splashed down on pretty, curly head. assumed amazing angles. She bent the board. and twisted and twirled, she floated and fluttered, and swayed and swung, while Mrs. Irls struck the gay notes from the piano, and beat time with gazed back at him across the shining her one sound foot.

"Poor papa used to say inch of a dancer's body should be trained," she sighed; "even to the sunny hair, and torn it out in counteyes, the fingers, the facial expression. less rings and tendrils. The little Now, Fairy-one, two, three. No; jacket that protected her small that will not do. Try again. Bravo, child! Your poise is delightful-yes, you have the real, artistic faculty. winged bird blown by the rude temp-Let us try the little Spanish dance that I learned you yesterday."

The parrot cocked her green head to one side and croaked: "I'm Polly! I'm Polly!"

Hannah Johnson grinned from When it was over, Mrs. doorway. Iris, for once, embraced her daugh ter with ardor.

"You're a beauty, Fairy," cried, "and a genius, also. You dance versary of Robert Greylock's death as naturally as a bird sings. There's a future before you. Kiss mamma." After this all intercourse between

the villa and cottage ceased-only Mrs. Iris sent her bills with delightful regularity to her banker, as she called the master of the Woods. Formidable bills they often were, for she the golden hair and blue eyes oppodid not confine herself to necessities; site. but Godfrey Greylock paid them in grim silence.

It was Hannah Johnson who purchased everything for her mistressthe town, and frequently to distant cities, on Mrs. Iris's errands. But either from choice, or because she would not stoop to ask favors from repast with appetite, yet in a dainty her stern father-in-law, Robert Grey- way, that showed her table manners lock's widow never passed the gate of had not been neglected. He watched consigned to her servant Hannah, recluse behind the vines of Rose Cot-

Month after month went by. She chafed and fumed and waited in vain gave him a little nod of thanks. for a change in the aspect of affairs. mean to relent? Would not that prim Robert's daughter? No. The summer dwindled into autumn. Life abundance, and new music, and there were the dancing lessons, which went her active mind.

"Ah!"

He spoke not a syllable. The fire Johnson could soothe. She would storm beat across the windows, and her to one who is, and will always be, evening visit she despatched a ser- limp about her pretty rooms, like a the yellow-haired child gyrated hithwild creature in a cage. At one time er and thither, spinning like mad on all hope of a professional career for she would not tolerate the sight of Godfrey Greylock put out an her. authoritative hand at last. "I cannot bear it!" she would al-

"Stop!" he commanded; "no mor of these antics. She stopped, but with a scowl.

"Don't you like my dancing, grand-"No:

This was more than she could bear She snatched up her jacket, and turned on him like a wasp that had been brushed rudely.

are rude-you are horrid. I shall go one thing more, madam. Do me the on the stage and dance to thousands favor to discharge from your employ So the months went on. A year of people, and make mamma's fortune the woman called Hannah Johnson. passed, and Mrs. Iris had never once and my own. And I do not want any encountered the inhabitants of the of your money-you need not think l Near as they dwelt together, do. I'd stamp on it, I'd throw it to they were yet as far apart as if the dogs. You are a Grand Mogul, oceans rolled between them. Mean- and an old peacock, just as Hannah Johnson says. Now, I'm going home It was the eighth anniversary of and I shall not come to see you ble! I cannot part with her."

> She marched grandly to the door but by the time she reached it her wrath seemed to subside. She looked wistfully back.

She drew nearer to him

pa, I'll give you a good kiss." more than half way; so she climbed on his chair, and, drawing his proud her, sir," she said; "she's had a bad turn and is quite upset. And will you her fresh young lips to his cheeks

"I was very impolite, grandpa. without her? She's never herself, you hope you'll forgive me," she said, know, sir. when this anniversary meekly, "and send one of your dogs home with me. I saw one in the hall Yes, he knew. Eight years had passed since the tragedy, but how as I came in. It is very dark under the trees, and the wind makes a great well he remembered all its dreary destrong and agile. She executes the tails! In solitary grandeur he seat- noise, and the snow is deep-he'd

Godfrey Greylock started to his feet Miss Pam's empty chair. and rang the bell sharply. Hopking of a wood fire flashed on the glass and answered it.

kins?" he asked, sternly.

"Lord bless you, sir-yes, I did," she stammered. "I couldn't help it She was standing at the door all cov He had barely got beyond the soup and fish, when, without warning of ered with snow, and she says, in her any kind the door flew open, and sweet little voice, 'May I come in and something darted into the room, ran see my grandpa?' and 'twas eight into years ago this very night"return I will give you further instruc

Godfrey Greylock paused in the act Hopkins looked as though the skies

Over the damask cloth arose a head the villa into the wild night. like a sunbeam, and two big blue eyes

there in Miss Pam's high, carved chair, and the object gazed steadily and well, madam, and I am here ask for a few words in private."

daughter, and on this dreary annible, and looking at him with her faththe pink boudoir and closed the door. "Well?" she said.

"For nearly two years, madam, you Godfrey Greylock then demanded of have lived in this cottage under limidistasteful. Tonight I have walked ors." half a mile through storm and darkaway. I wish you would give me ness to propose a change in your mode some supper. I was so angry at Hanof life. Without wasting words, I nah Johnson that I would not eat any simply say. I am convinced that you at home, and she said, 'Very well, I are unfit to exercise authority over your child. Give her up to me, and I He filled a porcelain plate with the will educate her in a manner which choicest morsels on the table, and befits a daughter of the Greylocks; will place her with proper associates I will make her my future heiress." flight of an angry, audacious child

All her outside affairs her silently. She had grown much in little tiff with Hannah Johnson, the the last twenty months, and her beauand with her child remained a strict ty had put on a high-bred look, which from Rose Cottage straight to the forsuited well a daughter of the Greylocks. When her hunger was appeas ed she pushed the plate away, and "Who came with you from Rose of the matter; but now she only said, Did that autocrat at the villa never Cottage at this hour?" he demanded, with an air of indignant sadness:

"Is it possible that you wish to sepsternly. swered. He thought of the long half-mile through the woods, of the darkness

"Do you know that I have strictly on with determined regularity; but forbidden the inmates of the Cottage were not engrossing to approach this house?" he cried. "Oh, yes," she replied, airily, "mam-She ma told me; but she had a headache had rich toilets direct from a city mo- tonight, and I couldn't stay with Hanservants to do her bidding-ev- nah Johnson. She slaps and pinches ery reasonable luxury surrounded her, me, and I hate her. So I thought but still, she was not content. Her that, being my grandpa, you wouldn't restrictions mind if I paid you one little, small.

"Hannah Johnson calls you a Grand authority, or attempt to pass the Mogul," she went on, with the terrioundaries which he had set for her. ble communicativeness of childhood; She feared the man, and the ground "a proud old peacock, with no more

with you yet, and that everything here ought to be mine; and she could wish an earthquake could swallow it before passes to the English boy. She says upport myself and her. Would you ed by the conversation. ike to see me dance, grandpa?" And without waiting for an answer she off her jacket and whirled away over

most shriek; "this pretty prison, this suspense, this loneliness, this lack of

Robert Graylock's death-a winter again.

"I would kiss you, grandpa, if you vanted me to," she said. "That is kind, Miss Greylock," he nswered; "but I am not in the least particular about it."

"If you'll stoop your head, grand

be so good as to sit down to dinner and kissed him.

silver of the table; but outside the

"Did you admit this child, Hop-Her face betrayed her guilt.

were falling around her.

hat and overcoat and strode out of ments."

He took the way to Rose Cottage The furious storm pelted him, the read it." table, like audacious moons. The darkness was intense; but he went hood was pushed back on her pretty saw lights flashing from window to Gervase Greylock had lost a million window, and the shadow of hurrying or more in American lands and monfigures on the curtains. The child had ey. shoulders was covered with sleet and been missed, and Mrs. Iris and the est of the night into this luxurious vas white with consternation.

"Fairy!" she gasped, falling back, glass. He gazed steadily at the object

"Calm yourself," he answered, cold-"Your child is at the villa, safe Then she knew that a crisis had and Godfrey Greylock at Rose Cot-

She could have screamed aloud in her surprise and exceeding joy. A bidden villa, and lo! here was the re sult for which she had vainly worked and hoped long, weary months! At a later day she would learn the details

arate me from my one only child?" "Not altogether. She will be per nitted to see you as often as she desires: but I must be her guardiannot you. To my word she must listen -not to yours. My influence and one other must surround her, and we must have no more of this dancing business." Mrs. Iris smiled covertly.

nistress of your own movements, with a deed to Rose Cottage, and ar ncome of ten thousand dollars per year. Friends you and I can never b -there are too many unpleasan nemories between us-but for the child's sake, my aversion to you shall from this time henceforth take the

orm only of simple avoidance." Her black eyes shone, the blood she had gained in her dominions, un- heart than a mile-stone—a monster. ashed into her pretty, faded face.

voice, harsh, sudden, ominous: "Polly! Polly!" it cried; "where is

Polly?" Iris Greylock started and screamed must dance to torment you, and that in nervous fright, then she broke into answered Miss Hale, with the defershe will put my name in full on the an hysterical laugh. It was the parplaybills when I go on the stage to rot, whose slumbers had been disturb-"That wretched bird!" she gasped

"I shall wring its vile neck some day." sprang out of Miss Pam's chair, cast She fell trembling into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. "It the bare, polished floor, like a small is very hard, very cruel, to take my or sorry that her school days were child from me," she sobbed, "the ap- over? ple of my eye-poor Rob's little girl. blazed redly on the tiled hearth, the It is very hard to give the control of my enemy. It is hard to relinquish the tips of her toes, until it was her, but, since it is for Fairy's good, enough to make one giddy to watch I consent. Though my heart should break, I will not stand in the way of her best interests. Make her happy, give her her rights, her proper place in the world, and I will not complain. will sacrifice myself to my child." A pitiless smile curled his lip.

"I beg you, let us have no heroics, nadam. Rose Cottage and ten thouand per year can scarcely be called acrifice. And such a fortune as your daughter will inherit from me is rarely earned in any profession, and never by any other than the most extraordi-"Nobody ever said that before. You nary talent. And now there is but Mrs. Iris grew absolutely pale.

"Hannah!" she gasped. "Oh, I understand, Fairy dislikes her; she has been complaining to you, the foolish, unreasonable child. I assure you poor Hannah is her slave. Impossi-

He frowned. "May I ask why?" "She has been my faithful servant through good and evil report; through poverty, sickness and trouble. It would be base ingratitude to cast her out now. Be content with parting me from my child, and do not drive away

my old and trusty attendant." He looked displeased. "I fear you are injudicious in your choice of servants, madam. However, I will not urge the point, for tomor-He did not move an inch, but she row I shall place my granddaugh was penitent, and ready to meet him ter at a school of my own selection, and the persons connected with your household will have nothing more to head down to her own level, she put do with her. She will pass the night under my roof and in the morning you must bid her farewell for the present."

Godfrey Greylock went back to the villa through the sleet and darkness. Miss Pam met him in the hall, her indisposition forgotten, her delicate face full of happy agitation.

"Oh, to think it should have happened on this anniversary," she said, with pardonable incoherence. "Thank heaven, you had not the heart to send her out of the house tonight, Godfrey. She is asleep in my room. Come, look at her, she is like an angel." he answered. "This way, Pamela."

He entered his library, and she followed. He went over to a cabinet in a corner, and, opening a drawer, drew it, and the hand of the timepiece out a folded paper. "Here," he said, "is my last will and

testament, Pamela—the document gives all my earthly possessions to Sir Gervase Greylock." She drew back "I do not wish to see it, Godfrey;

He stepped into the hall, seized his pray excuse me! You know my senti-"Yes," he replied, "but do not fear had no intention of asking you

He made a stride to the open grate swiftly on, like a man with a purpose, and flung the will into it. A flash of fire, a pinch of gray ashes, and Sir

"It is not pleasant for a man to eat servants were searching for her. In his own words," said Godfrey Greythe hall he met his son's widow. She lock, slowly; "but I have changed all my future plans, Pamela. The child above stairs is my heiress; to her evas if about to faint at sight of her vis- ery dollar of my fortune will go, and "She is gone. I cannot find her. yet Sir Gervase will lose nothing." Miss Pam could only stare at him helplessly, "He will lose nothing," explained the master of the Woods, as he met her questioning eyes, "because ring. I care not what orders you have have selected him to be the future husband of my granddaughter. Do pany, and I will tolerate none. When ome in her affairs. Fairy at the villa you understand? I shall arrange the matter at an early day. My dear Patage! Mechanically she led him into mela, your grand-niece will be the next Lady Greylock; and in the marriage of these young creatures I shall see fulfilled a favorite dream of mine -the union of the two separate threw a wrap hurriedly about her branches of the family, the American shoulders, and descended to the hightations which, I dare say, you find wealth with the ancient English hon-

CHAPTER XV

A Vow. The time was 6 o'clock of a dark and dubious morning, nine years after the date of the last chapter. The place was the recitation room of a ultra-fashionable establishment, situ- of the kitchen-maids, still slumbered. ated in the quiet, aristocratic suburb Her breath came in odd gasps. Her of a great city. At this early hour lovely violet eyes assumed a frightenthe house was as still as a tomb. A term had just closed, with an amazing had forgotten her lost ring-at any they filled it up. Pulaski placed himexhibition of beauty, learning and acalike to pupils and teachers-and the the fair, triumphant girl-graduates, all save one, who was now moving There, leaning against the door of the about in the midst of the deserted seats, and by the gloomy blackboards

midst the ruins of Carthage, Miss Hale." under-teacher, who was guarding the beauty of the school, the brilliant eems here without the girls! I hope nothing will happen to detain grandoa. I shall die of loneliness if he

some restless ghost.

eaves me longer at the school." She was a blonde of 17, or thereabout, with hair like beaten gold. a Her queenly little head was faultlessly set on her marble throat, pride and sweetness, frost and fire mingled in the curve of her perfect scarlet lips,

who means to rob me of my birth- Verily her hour had struck at last! But ing, pansy-dark eyes. She was dress- room. I am going out, and when I in this, the very first, and perhaps the ed in traveling costume, and in the broke the reverie in which he seemed sweetest moment of her triumph, out hall stood her trunks, packed and plunged. He sprang eagerly to meet from a dark corner of the room burst waiting for the porter. Her face was her. pale, her manner strangely restless, perhaps from impatience.

"Your grandfather will not arrive Ethel." for a half-hour yet, Miss Greylock," ence which all the teachers were prompt to show to this reigning favorite of the school-this heiress, whom she is-but I am here," she panted, everybody admired and envied. "Do "and you, Arthur-however did you not be so eager to leave us; we shall manage to scale the wall?" miss you sadly."

She made no reply. Was she glad

"Do you go directly to Blackport?" asked Miss Hale. "Yes," answered Ethel Greylock bsently picking up a book of French exercises from one of the seats. "When grandpa came to see me graduate You are very imprudent. Oh, Arthur three days ago, he had, you know, some business matter, which obliged him to leave me here, and go on to distant place to see somebody about something-excuse me, I cannot be definite, as I never ask questions concerning such things. All I know is, me away at 7 this morning."

"He will keep his word, never fear, said the under-teacher with an envi ous little sigh. "How happy you ought to be Miss Grevlock! You have won all the honors that we could bestow upon you here, and now you are going home to relatives that adore you-to the life of a belle, an heiress, a society queen. All this, I am sure is enough to turn the head of a girl of 17.

Ethel Greylock came over to one end of the long room, and paused beside Miss Hale. Her pallor and restessness seemed to increase every mo-

"There is still another thing wait ing for me, Miss Hale," she said, with queer little laugh. "You forgot to mention it—a husband." "My dear!" said Miss Hale, in

shocked tone. "Oh, it is quite true, I assure you nswered Ethel Greylock, gayly; "a titled husband, too-grandpa's particular choice. He is an English kinsman, and it is no secret-I have been promised to him since childhoodexactly after the fashion of the oldstyle novel. All the girls in schoo knew it, and all agreed that I was the most fortunate creature in existence.' Did not Miss Hale think so, too? In her poor, tired heart was she not resentfully wondering why one woman should be overwhelmed by fortune's favors, while another must be left her lifelong needy, and loveless, and famshing? Was she not aware that be wixt her own pinched, faded counter nance and the dazzling young face by her side the contrast was almost painful?

"You ought to be very, very hapsaid again Miss Graylock did not answer, bu turned suddenly to a window and looked out. She saw a wide playground, inclosed in high walls and full of wind-tossed trees; she saw gray, rainy sky, and just across the way a tall steeple, with a clock upon pointed significantly to the flying mo-

"What a dismal morning!" she faltered; "it is detestable to travel in rainy weather. Apropos to nothing Miss Hale, I have lost a ring a gif from grandpa-I must go out in the playground and look for it before he comes. Doubtless I dropped it from my finger while I was walking there

yesterday." "Let me go with you, ma chere," said Miss Hale, "and help you in the search." "By no means! I cannot think of

troubling you. I will find it without assistance. "It is no trouble," persisted the ur der-teacher; "I am ordered not to

leave you until your grandfather ar-Ethel Greylock's eyes flashedhaughty and imperious eyes they could be, when occasion required. "I forbid you to follow me!" cried, throwing back her lovely blond head with the air of a princess. know exactly where to look for my received-I have no wish for comone is bidding farewell to old scenes

one naturally prefers to be alone." Without deigning so much as another glance at the insignificant teachsecret awe, the lovely young graduate

walled playground of the school. The walks were deserted now and silent. There were no chattering groups under the trees, no shrill girlvoices waking the echoes up and down this inclosure, into which no male foot was ever allowed to intrude. Ethel Greylock cast one swift glance back at the house. Miss Hale would not dare to follow her, and the reboarding school for young ladies, an maining inmates, with the exception ed, guilty expression. Perhaps she rate, she did not stop to search for it, complishments-the latter creditable but gliding swiftly into the shadow of the dripping trees, she went on un younger classes had gone home, also til she came to a summer-house at the furthest boundary of the grounds. rustic structure, in the spot where all males were forbidden as rigorously as in a convent garden, stood-wonder

A striking-looking person, like som dark, splendid Apollo. He had passshe said to the insignificant ed his first youth, but on his languorous southern beauty time had left few and the smoke and fumes grew thickmarks. The tall, lissome figure which "show" scholar, till the very moment reclined against the summer house durance. They began to break the of her departure. "How dreary it fell naturally into the most graceful opening. Pulaski, whose strength was curves and postures. His black creole eyes were as dangerous as eyes can would soon be overpowered and that e-many a woman's heart had ached under their melting glances. His face was like delicate bronze, and its fixed broke away. expression of dreamy melancholy, of passionate, volcanic repression, was the last thing needed to complete its suffocation; romantic charm. He wore a wide were alive. Pulaski was blinded and Hamid. sombrero and a long cloak, and his seriously whole appearance was like that of some splendid stage hero.

and the flash of her great, conquer- "take the child up to Miss Greylock's forest service."

"Thank Heaven!" he cried; "I be gan to fear you would not come,

She ran up to him, flushed and trembling. "It was not quite easy to escape from Miss Hale-you know how keen

He laughed lightly. "Easily enough. It would have taken a barrier higher than Haman's gallows to have kept me out of the school-yard this morning. So you found the note which I dropped over the garden wall last night?"

"Yes," she faltered; "it's a wonde it didn't fall into Miss Hale's hands what do you want of me?-why have you asked me to meet you here?' He snatched her to him in all her young beauty-strained her wildly to his heart, and she did not resist him

"What do I want of you?" he cried, reproachfully: "how can you ask such that he promised to return and take a question, Ethel? The time has come for us to part." She shuddered. there nothing for lovers to say-to do, in an hour like this? Could I let you go without a last word-a last embrace Who knows when we may meet again? Even should Fortune be kind, which isn't likely, there are weary weeks of separation for us both to bear. Keep your lovely arms around me; keep your cheek upon my heart. Oh, my darling, do you remember the day when I first came to the school as an humble music teacher, and madame, the principal, ushered my pupils into the music room, where I waited to re-

> ceive them?" "Yes; oh, yes." "You led the class. I put my hand to my dazzled eyes at sight of you. You were as white as snow, and as radiant as morning. Compared with you, the other girls looked like common weeds around some splendid queen-rose. In my heart I swore, that very hour, that I would win you in spite of the misfortune which had snatched wealth and position from me and made me poor and obscure. Now tell me, my love, when did you first

begin to love me?' "That same day-that same hour, she stammered. "You looked at meyou spoke to me about the music, and I-I could find no voice to answer you. I grew faint-even the principal noticed it, and thought I was ill. After the lesson, when you were gone. and all the other girls began to rave about your good looks and distingue nanner, I alone could say nothing."

"That was six months ago," he murmured, softly and triumphantly, "and the love which overwhelmed us both at our first meeting has steadily grown and strengthened ever sinceis it not so?

"And we have kept our secret so vell, so well, my own, that no third party has ever suspected it." "True."

"But the time has come for you to leave school, and go back to your own of the twentieth century. kin, who have never even heard of me? Is it strange that I tremble now for my happiness? You have told me enough about yourself and your grandfather to convince me that he will move heaven and earth to marry you doubt, that even that match is not good enough for you. You will plunged at once into society-you will have scores of lovers at your feetyour school life will fade away like a dream and I shall be far distant, unable to plead my own cause, obliged to leave you to the love and admiration of other men. Do you wonder that the thought of these things wrings my heart this morning?"

(To Be Continued.)

A FOREST RANGER HERO.

Incident of the Big Fires of 1910 i Idaho Told by Overton W. Price. Overton W. Price, vice-president o the National Conservation association, whose book, "The Land We Live In," appears this fall, tells this story

of a heroic forest ranger: "The summer of 1910," he says, "by reason of great drought and unusually high winds was the worst for forest fires that the west has ever known. In Montana, Idaho and Oregon the danger was greatest.

"On the Coeur d'Alene national forest in northern Idaho Ranger Pulaski had under him forty men, who after many hours of hard work had got a big fire practically under control. Suddenly the wind strengthened until it blew a gale. It immediately became a question of saving the lives of the men. The fire fighters were in deep forest many miles from a railroad and far from any clearing. "Pulaski remembered that within

mile of where they were working there was an abandoned mine shaft running back about forty feet into the hillside. He rushed his men to the shaft as quickly as possible, and told them as they passed through their camp to catch up their blankets as they ran The shaft reached, Pulaski hurried his men into it, and packed like sardines self at the opening, across which he stretched a blanket. "Within a few minutes after

men were in the shaft the fire came. The blanket at the opening caught and Pulaski jerked it away and hung up another, which caught in its turn The blanket caught again and again, and each time Pulaski replaced it, until toward the last he held the blanket acress the opening with his bare "The shaft grew

ings were almost beyond human engreat, like his courage, for a while forced them back. Seeing that he them his men would rush to their certain death, he drew his revolver and said one of which was to cut gashes in the that he would kill the first man who perhaps twenty minutes the men's worst of the fire passed by. Five of against walls. the men in the shaft were dead from

others burned upon the hands and arms. It was three months before his sight was partly restored. Had not his heroism and presence of mind been soaked in kerosene and burned alive Ethel Greylock's advancing step what they were, he would have lost all of his men instead of five. That's enough," he interrupted; is the kind of men there are in the were responsible for these massacres istic of peace?—Sam Cobb, in Boston

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE MEDIAEVAL TURK.

Better Than He Generally Gets Credit for Being. No people in the world are mor ikeable than the Turks. They are kindly, honest and generous-hearted They are gentle in their ordinary life Many Americans hearing these facts for the first time find it hard to reconcile this view of the Turk with the stories they have heard of his crue and blood-thirsty nature. "How can

the Turks be kind and gentle," they

ask, "when they commit such barbaric

deeds? It is just at this point that the Turk is so hard to understand. He Turk is so hard to understand. He tle? Yet it is true. The solution of is kind and gentle and of winning the problem rests with the psycholopersonalty—yet he is capable of the gists. As it is said, scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar, so it is true that beneath the gentle manners fanaticism is aroused, or when he is and kind heart of every Turk putting down a rebellion he slays in canic possibilities of religious fanaticold blood women, and children at the breast; burns down homes and shoots the inhabitants as they come forth; violates women before their own husbands, and carries the best into captivity. A town thus ravaged leaves little resemblance to a human

dwelling place. There are Bulgarians and Armeni ans living who have gone through scenes of untold horror. Naturally they do not love the Turk. Yet the English and Americans who live among the Turks do like them-do come to feel a real affection for them. You meet a pacha who will capti-vate you today by his kindness and life he is kind and affable, dignifiedly winning personality; and the next day he may have a prisoner tortured to death with perfect unfeeling.

Whence these contradictions in his nature? The assumption that he is a hypocrite—that his kindness is merely put on, is not an explanation for it is not true. The Turk really i kind, generous, loving, and he is also cruel.

Still In the Middle Ages. The explanation lies in this-that

the Turk is still in the middle ages. He is only half way up from savagery. Like all Orientals, he holds his life and suffering as of little importance. This indifference to physical pain i characteristic of the east.

The Oriental does not differ in na ture from the Occidental. We who inherit and receive from our environ ment an exquisite sensitiveness to the sufferings of others, leading us to es- physical roughness, ready to join in tablish hospitals, care for the suffering and do away with all forms of cruelty, must not be harsh in our judgment of our eastern brothers. It is only a few centuries ago that

we, too, held life and suffering in little value. We hung men for stealing, of the priest is all powerful. He we quartered them for differing from rules his ignorant followers through us in political opinions, we burnt them at the stake in order to save stood even by those who know how their souls. An offense to a prince to read modern Arabic. It has not neant more than ostracism from so clety-it meant a sudden removal from this world. A grim age—an age of bloodshed and horrors, of cruelty peasant. and torture, gone never to return. We have risen above it-from the Dark Age of Europe to the enlightenmen

Yet even within two or three cen turies we could have found in Eng prototye of the modern kindly dignified merchant land the who could witness with calmness to execution, burning at the stake That it is not Christianity alone tha has produced this twentieth century gentleness, the religious tortures he middle ages bear witness. In a cruel age, Christiaity was also In the name of Christ people under conceivable form and perished at the stake. Reinement of feeling is a natural result of a peaceful, segregated life. Out nerves are too sensitive to witness the shedding of blood. We are not crue physically, but our age is none the We can let hundreds be maimed and killed in order to increase our stocks and bonds. We can be coldly indifferent to suffering caused by us if it goes at a distance has been gainedhat physical gentleness and kindness holds sway in the twentieth century and we do not have to fear the rack the sword or the stake. A difference of opinion does not necessarily mean

sons. The highest gentleman in the not wilfully strike the meanest servant. The Orient is still in the Dark Age Human suffering means They have not yet cultivated sensitiveness to it. Numerous forms of torture still exist there, delightful in their simplicity. In Samarkand it has been the custom to throw criminals from a high tower in the center Another form of execuof the city. tion was that of dragging them ove paved streets behind swift Still more interesting a death awaited political offenders. There is a deep pit in the city full of loathe some vermin, and a victim thrown

death, or even imprisonment.

eudal lords may exact revenue from

us in the price of oil, beef, wool and

other commodities of life, but they

have no direct power over our per-

o them is gradually eaten up. Simple Means for Bursting a Trust. In Teheran a few years ago there vere some men who succeeded in efecting a corner in wheat-Orientals who had admirably caught the finaniering spirit of the twentieth cen-As the price of wheat went up naturally caused suffering among ae poor. Not being able to view the subject in a scientific way, they laid the blame of their suffering upon hese three financiers, and seizing hold of their persons, crucified them upside down in the public square This is said to be a very painfu This is said to be a very painful death, as all the blood descends into the head, bringing enormous pressure upon the brain. Thus do the Persians enlightenment of financiering. st governors in Perebel against the century One of the worst governors da, just before the revolution, ap-

propriated the estate of a subject. This man had the hardihood to apear before him and demand his land back again. The governor said: "Why, you have a lot of gall to come me and ask for your land. I should be interested to see just how large your gall bladder is." With that he had two of his servants cut the man open and take his gall bladder out. With that he He looked at it and said: "Yes, it is quite large. Now I will give you your land. I hope you will enjoy it.' hours the unfortunate man ead. That governor is living was dead. today in Paris, and if you were to meet him you would be charmed by his manners. massacres took place in Terrible Persia on account of religious fanatthe Babis. They were many horrible ways-cism against the Babis.

butchered in insert burning candles in litch was burnt on top of heads—bables were dashed The same barbarous treatment was

Whole villages were cut to pieces -men, The women and were piled on brushwood wounded

they did not actively participate in Traveler.

hem. The bloody work was done by Kurds, a tribe much more savage and incivilized than the Turks. the Turks even sheltered their Ar-menian neighbors. The responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Abdu Hamid and his advisers.

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Abdul Hamid's Little Ways. This cruel tyrant had many ways of orturing young Turks suspected of Boiling eggs were placed inder their armpits, a torture which soon drives its victims insane The skin would be flayed from the of another, mustard poultices laid next the raw flesh and the skin sewed the body. Some were burned to death with kerosene. Many a fine young man of progressive ideas found

his bed upon the bottom of the Bos-These are only a few of the deeds of horror that coud be told. And in the face of them, how can it be believed that the Turk is kind and gencism and of cold-blooded cruelty. He has not yet gotten control of the brute in him, though he is progress-

Beneath the culture and civilized exterior of every one of us lie sub-merged depths of ferocity and bloodhirstiness waiting for outlet. The outhern gentleman with the most harming manner and the kindest heart, when his daughter is violated by a negro, may set with his own hands the flame to the pile of wood which is to burn alive the offender. Our passions are like dogs held in leash. Those who come to us by the front gate receive our kind hospitality-those who come by forbidden paths, if they come within reach courteous. He is kind to his children, kind to his animals, kind to strangers.

The New Awakening. One of the greatest sights of the awakening of the Orientals is their growing sense of shame at these atrocities. The influence of western growing civilization, even at a distance, strong upon them. They respect its leals of physical refinement and sensibility to suffering. They quall be-fore its abhorrence of cruelty. They already feel that these deeds do not

He seldom loses his temper, but when he does lose it, beware. He does not

encourage street fighting, but if he

the twentieth century. tions and its consequent check of despotism, great changes are taking place and it will not be long before these barbaric deeds will be things of the ast. Already there has been a great refining process in the near east dur-ing the last half century, and within the lifetime of this generation we shall see the east purged of its cruelty and great world culture, whos of gentleness shall not permit of need-

less human suffering In other directions it is interesting to trace the mediaeval character of the Turkish civilization. In religion it is distinctly mediaeval. still a religion of authority. The voice their ignorance. The Koran is written in old Arabic and cannot be underyet been translated into Turkish. read in the original Arabic, which no meaning to the Turkish Things are in the same state as when Tyndall and Wycliff suffered ersecution in their efforts to bring the Bible to the level of the English The clergy alone possessing he key to the Scriptures, have unlimvish, and the complaint of educate Mohammedans is that the clergy have

Breaking a Religious Tyranny. Already there is a movement on riestly interpretations to the Koran over Islam, quietly and cautiously Turkish is being prepared. The grip of the clergy is waning in proportion as the people are becoming educated
It must be said in justice to Islam that it has never and intolerant of Christian church. There has never been any inquisition in Islam—and persecutions for religious differences have been far greater than in Christianity. The Turks are the broades and most tolerant of all Moham-In education, also, Turkey is still

in the Middle Ages. Its system is scholastic. The whole trend of studies s religious. The Koran is the basis from elementary school to university More stress is laid on memorizing should you do thinking for yoursel when to all the problems of life? Modern Education Getting In Its Work Modern education, however, is rapidly destroying this native state of mind. The young Turk is thorough-

pean civilization has opened his mind

to the necessity of scientific methods

Even the Turk or Persian who has

studied medicine in his own country has been forced to think along the lines of modern science. A few generations of this culture will make a great change in the Turkey and Persia are both eager for western education. countries there are a number of pean education and are thoroughly in sympathy with its ideas. Their influence is radiating through the coun-

try. In the end it must pervade the In methods of industry and business he mediaeval form holds sway. work is the rule. The industrial age yet struck the Orient. fact we owe hand-made articles which characterthe bazaars of Constantinople and see men in little booths cutting out various shapes lathes, working as baskets, shaping and painting work slowly, but deftly. Their hours are long, but their labor dignifies in-stead of degrading them. Now and then they stop work, light a cigarette and dream. There is a chance for a bit of meditation, a broadening of the

vision of life. No Frenzied Finance. When it comes to selling his products, the Oriental is again the maslegged in his little shop, waiting paanxious to sell. If you wish to exis ready to serve you. Strange as it may seem, to bargain with one of these venerable old Turks for a chain of prayer beads and finally make a purchase is like going away fection, a love for the old man. He happy to buy them—and the whole ransaction the highest level of courtesy and brotherly feeling.

The despotism of the east is over. No more can its rulers consign to death at their whim. The Dark Age Modern Age. Yet the poise peace of mediaevalism in the Orient has a charm which accorded to the Armenians by Abdul wish lost. It is as if one could drop our busy, nerve-racking life bit of the Middle Age, western world woke upwhere there are no nervous breakdowns, no tension, no anxieties be lulled into a blissful dream.