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A DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XIV. Fairy's Fortune.

Miss Pam went no more to Rose Cottage, but on the day following her evening visit she despatched a servant to that pretty retreat with a cage, in which was a big green parrot, destined to her less fortunate days—the Polly for which she still lamented.

At sight of this gift Mrs. Iris went off into paroxysms of laughter, in which she was joined by Hannah Johnson.

"How good—how kind of Miss Greyclock!" cried the ex-danceuse, as soon as she had breath to speak. "If there is anything on earth that I desire, 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 squealed.

"That's not Polly!" she answered, saucily.

"Ah, yes it is," said Mrs. Iris, in a coaxing tone. "Just listen!"

"Polly! Polly! I'm Polly!" croaked the green bird.

"Give her the finest cake in the house, Hannah," commanded Mrs. Iris. "And now, my Fairy, come and take your dancing lesson. By these means we shall yet force our Grand Mogul to listen to justice and reason. And that time was when I could have danced with you, pretty elf, but now mamma's day is over—only with great difficulty can she show you the simplest steps."

Fairy forgot Polly instantly, as the 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-danceuse these lines might have been found.

"In a fit of snarl, when the deadly dullness 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 strong and agile. She executes the most charming movements with no effort whatever. Nature has gifted her with a suppleness and grace that are really wonderful. If Godfrey Greyclock remains obdurate—if he will not make her his mistress, I will not make her a proper master, and 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 proceeded to give Fairy her dancing lesson.

It was difficult work for Mrs. Iris—it cost her severe physical pangs, but she went about it with a stubborn determination. Fairy stood on her heels, her toes—everything but her pretty, curly hair. Her lithe body assumed amazing angles. She bent and twisted and twirled, she floated and fluttered, and swayed and swung, while Mrs. Iris struck the ray notes from the piano, and beat time with her one sound foot.

"Poor papa used to say that every inch of a dancer's body should be trained," she sighed; "even to the fingers, the facial expression. Now, Fairy—one, two, three. No; that will not do. Try again. Bravo, child! Your poise is delightful—yes, you have the real, artistic faculty. 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 a doorway. When it was over, Mrs. Iris, at once, embraced her daughter and said:

"You're a beauty, Fairy. She cried, "and a genius, also. You dance 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 did not confine herself to necessities; but Godfrey Greyclock paid them in grim silence.

It was Hannah Johnson who purchased everything for her mistress—she seemed to possess the latter's entire confidence. Daily she went to the 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 her stern father-in-law, Robert Greyclock's widow never passed the gate of the Woods. All her outside affairs she assigned to her servant Hannah, and with her child remained a strict recluse behind the vines of Rose Cottage.

Month after month went by. She chafed and fumed and waited in vain for a change in the aspect of affairs. Did that autocrat at the villa never mean to relent? Would not that prim Miss Pam come again to see poor Robert's daughter? No. The summer dwindled into autumn. Life grew very luxurious and also very dull. New novels were read, and there abundance, and new music, and there were the dancing lessons, which went these things determined regularity; but these things were not engrossing enough for her active mind. She fared sumptuously every day. She had servants to direct from a city-mo-deste, she had to her bidding—every reasonable luxury surrounded her, but still, she was not content. Her enforced solitude, the restrictions that met her at every turn, the uncertainty of this life at the cottage, galled her exceedingly. Yet never once did she, or Godfrey Greyclock's authority, attempt to pass the boundaries which he had set for her. She feared the man, and the ground she had gained in her dominions, un-

who means to rob me of my birth-right."

"Ah!"

"And mamma says she will be even with you yet, and that everything here ought to be mine; and she could wish an earthquake could swallow it before it passes to the English boy. She said it must dance to torment you, and that she will put my name in full on the playbills when I go on the stage to support myself and her. Would you like to see me dance, grandpa?" And without waiting for an answer she sprang out of Miss Pam's chair, cast off her jacket and whirled away over the bare, polished floor, like a small dervish.

He spoke not a syllable. The fire blazed redly on the tiled hearth, the storm beat across the windows, and the yellow-haired child gazed hither and thither, spinning like mad on the tips of her toes, until it was enough to make one giddy to watch her. Godfrey Greyclock put out an authoritative hand at last.

"Stop!" he commanded; "no more of these antics."

She stopped, but with a scowl.

"Don't you like my dancing, grandpa?"

"No; it is outrageous—abominable."

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

"Nobody ever said that before. You are rude—you are horrid. I shall go on the stage and dance to thousands of people, and make mamma's fortune and my own. And I do not want any of your money—you need not think I do. I'd stamp on it, I'd throw it to the dogs. You are a Grand Mogul, and an old peacock, just as Hannah Johnson says. Now, I'm going home, and I shall not come to see you again."

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

"I would kiss you, grandpa, if you wanted me to," she said.

"That is kind, Miss Greyclock," he answered; "but I am not in the least particular about it."

She drew nearer to him.

"If you'll stoop your head, grandpa, I'll give you a good kiss."

He did not move an inch, but she was penitent, and ready to meet him more than half way. She stepped on his chair, and, drawing his proud head down to her own level, she put her fresh young lips to his cheeks and kissed him.

"I was very impolite, grandpa. I hope you'll forgive me," she said, meekly, "and send one of your dogs home with me. I saw one in the hall as I came in. It is very dark under the trees, and the wind makes a great noise, and the snow is deep—he'd take care of me, you know."

Godfrey Greyclock started to his feet and rang the bell sharply. Hopkins answered it.

"Did you admit this child, Hopkins?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, sir, she betrayed her guilt."

"Lord bless you, sir—yes, I did," she stammered. "I couldn't help it. She was standing at the door all covered with snow, and she says, in her sweet little voice, 'May I come in and see my grandpa?' and 'twas eight years ago this very night!'"

Hopkins looked as though the skies were falling round her.

He stepped into the hall, seized his hat and overcoat and strode out of the villa into the wild night.

He took the way to Rose Cottage. The furious storm pelted him, the darkness was intense; but he went swiftly on, like a man with a purpose. As he came in sight of the house he saw lights flashing from window to window, and the shadow of hurrying figures on the curtains. The child had been missed, and Mrs. Iris and the servants were searching for her. In the hall he met his son's widow. She was white with consternation.

"Fairy!" she gasped, falling back, as if about to faint at sight of her visitor. "She is gone. I cannot find her. Oh, I am lost!"

"Calm yourself," he answered, coldly. "Your child is at the villa, safe and well, madam, and I am here to ask for a few words in private."

Then she knew that a crisis had come in her affairs. Fairy at the villa and Godfrey Greyclock at Rose Cottage! Mechanically she led him into the pink boudoir and closed the door.

"Well?" she said.

He looked grim and determined.

"For nearly two years, madam, you have lived in this cottage under limitations which, I dare say, you find distasteful. Tonight I have walked half a mile through storm and darkness to propose a change in your mode of life. Without wasting words, I simply say, I am convinced that you are unfit to exercise authority over your child. Give her up to me, and I will educate her in a manner which befits a daughter of the Greyclocks; I will place her with proper associates, I will make her my future heiress."

She could have screamed aloud in her surprise and exceeding joy. A little tiff with Hannah Johnson, the flight of an angry, audacious child from Rose Cottage straight to the forbidden villa, and lo! here was the result for which she had vainly worked and hoped long, weary months! At a later day she would learn the details of the matter; but now she only said, with an air of indignant sadness:

"Is it possible that you wish to separate me from my one only child?"

"Not altogether. She will be permitted to see you as often as she desires; but I must be her guardian—

ing, pany-dark eyes. She was dressed in traveling costume, and in the hall stood her trunk, packed and waiting for the porter. Her face was pale, her manner strangely restless, perhaps from suspense.

"Your grandfather will not arrive for a half-hour yet, Miss Greyclock," answered Miss Hale, with the deference which all the teachers were prompt to show to this reigning favorite of the school—this helms, whom everybody admired and envied. "Do not be so eager to leave us; we shall miss you sadly."

She made no reply. Was she glad or sorry that her school days were over?

"Do you go directly to Blackport?" asked Miss Hale.

"Yes," answered Ethel Greyclock, absently picking up a book of French exercises from one of the seats. "When grandpa came to see me graduate three days ago, he had, you know, some business matter, which obliged him to leave me here, and go on to a 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, that he promised to return and take me away at 7 this morning."

"He will keep his word, never fear," said the under-teacher with an envious little sigh. "How happy you ought to be, Miss Greyclock! 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 Greyclock came over to one end of the long room, and paused beside Miss Hale. Her pallor and restlessness seemed to increase every moment.

"There is still another thing waiting for me, Miss Hale," she said, with a queer little laugh. "You forgot to mention it—a husband."

"My dear!" said Miss Hale, in a shocked tone.

"Oh, it is quite true, I assure you," answered Ethel Greyclock, gayly; "a titled husband, too—grandpa's particular choice. It is an English kinsman, and it is no secret—I have been promised to him since childhood—exactly after the fashion of the old-style novel. All the girls in school 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 she was not resentfully wondering why one woman should be overruled by another, but why another, who had no fortune, no friends, no money, and no position, should be left her life, needy, and loveless, and famishing? Was she not aware that behind her own pinched, faded countenance and the dazzling young face by her side the contrast was almost painful?

"You ought to be very, very happy," she said again.

Miss Greyclock did not answer, but 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 a gray, rainy sky, and just across the way a tall steeple, with a clock upon it, and the hand of the timepiece pointed significantly to the flying moments.

"What a dismal morning!" she faltered; "it is detestable to travel in such weather. Apropos to nothing, Miss Hale, I have lost a ring a gift 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 under-teacher; "I am ordered not to leave you until your grandfather arrives."

Ethel Greyclock's eyes flashed—highly and imperious eyes—she could be, when occasion required.

"I forbid you to follow me!" she cried, throwing back her lovely blond hair with the air of a princess. "I know exactly where to look for my ring. I care not what orders you have received—I have no wish for company, and I will tolerate none. When one is bidding farewell to old scenes one naturally prefers to be alone."

Without deigning so much as another glance at the insignificant teacher who held her, as she well knew, in secret awe, the lovely young graduate threw a wrap hurriedly about her shoulders, and descended to the high-walled playground of the school.

The walks were deserted now and silent. There were no chattering groups under the trees, no shrill girl voices waking the echoes up and down this inclosure, into which no male foot was ever allowed to intrude. Ethel Greyclock cast one swift glance back at the house. Miss Hale would not dare to follow her, and the remaining inmates, with the exception of the kitchen-maids, still slumbered. Her breath came in odd snatches. Her lovely violet eyes assumed a frightened, guilty expression. Perhaps she had forgotten her lost ring—at any rate, she did not stop to search for it, but gliding swiftly into the shadow of the dripping trees, she went on until she came to a summer-house, the furthest boundary of the grounds. All save one, who was now moving about in the midst of the deserted seats, and by the gloomy blackboards and up and down the dusty floor, like some restless ghost.

"I feel as if melancholy as Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage," Miss Hale said to the insignificant under-teacher, who was guarding the beauty of the school, the brilliant "show" scholar, till the very moment of her departure. "How dreary it seems here without the girls! I hope nothing will happen to detain grandpa. I shall die of loneliness if he leaves me longer at the school."

She was a blonde of 17, or thereabouts, with hair like beaten gold, and white skin, and eyebrows and lashes as black as ink—a marvelously handsome creature, with the form of a Psyche, and the air of a princess. Her quietly little head was faultlessly set on her marble throat, pride and sweetness, frost and fire mingled in the curve of her perfect scarlet lips, and the flash of her great, conquering,

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE MEDIAEVAL TURK.

Better Than He Generally Gets Credit for Being.

No people in the world are more likeable 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 cruel 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 is kind and gentle and of winning personality—yet he is capable of the utmost cruelties. When religious fanaticism is aroused, or when he is putting down a rebellion he slays in cold 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 Armenians 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 captivate you today by his kindness and 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 is 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 is characteristic of the east.

The Oriental does not differ in nature from the Occidental. We who inherit and receive from our environment an exquisite sensitiveness to the sufferings of others, leading us to establish 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, we quartered them for differing from us in political opinions, we burnt them at the stake in order to save their souls. An offense to a prince meant more than ostracism from society—it meant a sudden removal from this world. A grim age—an age of bloodshed and horrors, of cruelty and torture, gone never to return. We have risen above it—from the dark Age of Europe to the enlightenment of the twentieth century.

Yet even within two or three centuries we could not do away with the religion of the modern man, the kindly dignified merchant, who could not conceive of a form and perished at the stake. refinement of feeling is a natural result of a peaceful, segregated life. Our nerves are so sensitive to witness the shedding of blood. We are not cruel physically, but our age is none the less cruel. Our children are being maimed and killed in order to increase our stocks and bonds. We can be coldly indifferent to suffering caused by us at a distance.

Yet this much has been gained—that physical gentleness and kindness hold 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 bloodshed. Our modern forms of punishment are in the price of oil, beef, wool and other commodities of life, but they have cost no lives.

The highest gentleman in the land may not wilfully strike the meanest man.

The Orient is still in the Dark Age. Human suffering means little to them. They have not yet cultivated the habit of doing good to their fellow creatures. There is a cruel form 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 of the city. Another form of execution was that of dragging them over roughly paved streets. It was an awaited political offenders. There is a deep pit in the city full of loathsome worms. The criminals are thrown to them is gradually eaten up.

Simple Means for Bursting a Trust.

In Teheran a few years ago there were some men who succeeded in effecting a corner in wheat. One of them had admirably caught the speculative spirit of the twentieth century. As the price of wheat went up naturally caused suffering among the poor. Not being able to view the subject in a scientific way, they laid the blame of the suffering upon the speculators. Three men, and a fourth, who held of their persons, crucified them upside down in the public square. The man who had done the deed was killed, as all the blood descends into the head, bringing enormous pressure upon the brain. Thus do the Persians rebel against the enlightenment of the twentieth century financiers.

One of the worst governors in Persia, just before the revolution, appropriated the estate of a subject. This man had the hardihood to appear before his victim and say: "I have your estate." The governor said: "Why, you have a lot of gold to come to me and ask for your land. I should be glad to see you with a large quantity of gold." With that he had two of his servants cut the man open and take his gold bladder out. He looked at it and said: "Yes, it is quite large. Now I will give you your land. I hope you will enjoy it. In a few hours the man was dead. The man was dead in Paris, and if you were to meet him you would be charmed by his manner and his good looks.

Terrible massacres took place in Persia on account of religious fanaticism against the Babes. They were butchered in many horrible ways, one of which was to cut gashes in the flesh and insert burning candles in them. Pitches were burnt on top of men's heads—babes were dashed against walls.

The same barbarous treatment was accorded to the Armenians by Abdul Hamid.

Whole villages were cut to pieces—men, women and children. The wounded were piled on brushwood soaked in kerosene and burned alive. Women were cut open before their eyes and the intestines were scattered. They were responsible for these massacres they did not actively participate in.

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Abdul Hamid's Little Ways.

This cruel tyrant had many ways of torturing young Turks suspected of liberalism. Bored eggs were placed under their armpits, a torture which soon drives its victims insane. The skin would be flayed from the back of another, mustard and nettles laid next the raw flesh and the skin sewed up again. Red-hot irons were run up the body. Some were burned to death with kerosene. Many a fine young man of progressive ideas found death upon the bottom of the Bosphorus.

These are only a few of the deeds of horror that could be told. And in the face of them, how can we believe that the Turk is kind and gentle? Yet it is true. The solution of the problem rests with the psychologist. When the fanaticism is aroused, or when he is putting down a rebellion he slays in cold 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.

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A FOREST RANGER HERO.

Incident of the Big Fires of 1910 in Idaho Told by Overton W. Price.

Overton W. Price, vice-president of 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 placed in jeopardy 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 a 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. He filled it up with blankets, and his men were in the shaft for a few minutes. The fire fighters were in deep forest many miles from a railroad and far from any clearing."

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"Within a few minutes after the 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, till toward the last he held the blanket across the opening with his bare hands."

"The shaft grew hotter and hotter and the smoke and fumes grew thicker and thicker until the men's sufferings were almost beyond human endurance. They began to break the opening. Pulaski, whose strength was great like his courage, for a while forced them back. Seeing that they would soon be overpowered and that his men would be killed, he decided that he would kill the first man who broke away."

"In perhaps twenty minutes the worst of the fire passed by. Five of the men in the shaft were dead from smoke poisoning. The thirty-five others were alive. Pulaski was blinded and seriously burned upon the hands and arms. It was three months before his eyes were fully restored. Had not his heroism and presence of mind been what they were, he would have lost all of his men."

"That's enough," he interrupted; "take the child up to Miss Greyclock's

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"In perhaps twenty minutes the worst of the fire passed by. Five of the men in the shaft were dead from smoke poisoning. The thirty-five others were alive. Pulaski was blinded and seriously burned upon the hands and arms. It was three months before his eyes were fully restored. Had not his heroism and presence of mind been what they were, he would have lost all of his men."

"That's enough," he interrupted; "take the child up to Miss Greyclock's

A FOREST RANGER HERO.

Incident of the Big Fires of 1910 in Idaho Told by Overton W. Price.

Overton W. Price, vice-president of 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 placed in jeopardy 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 a 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. He filled it up with blankets, and his men were in the shaft for a few minutes. The fire fighters were in deep forest many miles from a railroad and far from any clearing."

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