

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

A DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XXII.

At Cat's Tavern.

Monsieur Regnault, the incomparable tenor of the Orpheus Concert company, stood surveying his handsome, dark face in the cracked mirror of the dressing room, preparatory to mounting the short stairs to the stage.

"How are the mighty fallen!" he mused, as he fastened a rose in the buttonhole of his faultless dress coat. "To what base uses have we come, at last—my voice and I? Was it for this that I studied with the best masters in the palmy days of my youth and wealth? Heaven above! I was then the possessor of millions. Now I find myself strolling over the country with a screeching troupe of third-rate singers. Nothing more is needed to complete my humiliation save a hand-organ and a monkey."

He snuffed critically at the rose, twisted its green leaves a little more to one side, then smiled. Money. An empty purse is an unanswerable argument. At least, the traveling troupe has been the means of bringing me to Blackport, to breathe the same air with my beautiful, my peerless darling. I shall see her here—I shall make her mine forever."

It was the night of the concert. A large audience crowded the town hall of Blackport. The roof was just ringing to the final notes of a duet. Down the short stairs descended the pair of singers. It was time for Regnault to ascend to the stage and warble his first song.

In orthodox evening dress, gloved, perfumed, the handsome tenor made his bow before the footlights, and with one lightning glance swept the sea of uplifted faces below.

Yes, she was there, with her grandfather and Sir Gervase by her side. The aristocracy of the villa had actually come to listen to a company of traveling singers. For this Ethel was responsible. By dint of much coaxing she had lured Godfrey Greylock to the place.

"It is an absurd whim, I know, grandpa," she said, feebly, "but I want to go—I must go! And, if you love me, you will come with me."

"Really, Ethel, I did not suppose you had such wretched taste," her grandfather had answered, severely. "You must go to mix with the rabble of Blackport and listen to a lot of scuffling vagabonds who probably cannot sing a note correctly. I am surprised at you."

But all the same he went with her, and Sir Gervase, who, of late, had become as her shadow, followed her. So it chanced that the first faces on which Regnault's eyes rested were the three from the villa. Further on, in the same row, two other persons held his attention: Mrs. Iris Greylock and the brown waiting-woman who seemed to attend her everywhere.

The demon of ennu had driven forth the lady of Rose Cottage this night. Even the Orpheus Concert company was preferable to the solitude and monotony of her den in the Woods.

With her petticoats, judiciously touched with rouge and blanc-de-perle, and her evening toilet quite overmastering in style and texture, Mrs. Iris sat swaying her painted satins in fan and covertly watching the villa party, just as the duet ended and Regnault started up on the stage, like a handsome jack-in-the-box. Then, what a change was there! At sight of the dark, graceful tenor, Mrs. Iris stood blankly and clutched Hannah Johnson's arm. Under all its rouge and powder her face put on the hue of abject fear and utter horror. Regnault's eyes met hers. She could not fly—she dared not scream. He saw her—she recognized her—the look that flashed into his face told her that she was lost!

Was he also disturbed? Yes; the sheet of music trembled in his gloved hand. Only for an instant, however, then he recovered himself, and, standing there like a faultless Apollo, he fixed his eyes on Ethel Greylock, as if he were the only face in that crowded hall, and out broke his voice, like a silver trumpet.

He sang solely to her—sang at her, with fervor unpeaking—yes, with his whole heart in the hackneyed, yet ever beautiful lines—the call of the lover to his beloved:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, 'tis here,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."
He hung a world of passionate joy and exultation into the words:
"Oh, young lord lover, what sighs are those,
For one who will never be thine,
Put mine, but mine, so I swear to thee,
For ever and ever mine!"
Sir Gervase would have been very dull indeed if he had not discovered something extraordinary about this singer, and the fervor of his song—if he had not seen that his American cousin was trembling with suppressed agitation, and changing color in an alarming way.

He drew a cigar-case from his pocket.

"Permit me to light a weed? Thanks. I once had a slight acquaintance with one or two members of the family."
"Not the young heiress?" said Mercy Poole, sharp as a knife.
"Oh, dear, no!"
"The old man, then?"
"Heaven forbid!"
"There's no other save the pretty widow—Robert Greylock's relict."
He blew out a cloud of cigar smoke, and watched it curl in delicate rings above his head.

"I know her—a mere trifle—years ago. She was then at swordpoints with her father-in-law. Now, however, they seem to be harmonious."
The child reconciled them. Godfrey Greylock gives her a handsome income.

"Ah! It was somewhere in this vicinity, was it not, that her husband killed himself?"
Mercy Poole's face changed.
"He was found dead," she answered.
He puffed silently for a moment, then broke into a laugh.

"I have good cause to remember that fellow! When I heard of his demise I was, as Mr. Samuel Pepsy would say—'mightily pleased.'"
"What!" cried Mercy Poole.
"Oh, I owed him a grudge, you see! The very day before his suicide he gave me the soundest thrashing I ever received in my life."

A blank silence followed the frank confession. Then Mercy Poole started up, outrageously tall, from her chair.
"He gave you a thrashing the day before he died?" she repeated, slowly, bending her black locks on Regnault; "and you held a grudge against him for it?"
"Yes."

"That sounds sinister, for Robert Greylock did not commit suicide—he was murdered!"
"Is that so?" he answered, in an unmoved tone. "Who murdered him?"
"No one knows."
"And probably no one cares at this late day," drawled Regnault, knocking the ashes from his cigar.
"Yes, there's one who cares; even after seventeen years."

"Then, by Jove! Greylock was more fortunate than his fellows. A shorter period suffices to blot most of us from the memory of our nearest and dearest."

She clinched her strong, brown hands.
"The hour will come when that deed will be sifted by God's justice, and the murderer brought to the light of day."
"Great is thy faith, oh, landlady!" laughed Regnault. "Murder will out! It is an exploded proverb. In these latter days men have consigned it to well-merited oblivion. The ways of justice are now so crooked that it is hard to pursue the guilty among them. The murderer who has been able to elude detection for seventeen years must be a consummate idiot to allow himself to be caught now!"

With masculine violence Mercy Poole brought down her hands on the chair from which she had arisen.
"See here! you told me your name, sir, but I have forgotten it."
"Regnault."
"It's a strange one to me."
"Without doubt, madam."
"Where were you," she demanded, steadily, on the night of Robert Greylock's death?"
He stared, then laughed.

"Are you trying to fix the fellow's murder on me, woman? I was many a mile from this place at the time it occurred, and faith! though I detested Greylock with my whole heart, his untimely taking off proved to be the greatest misfortune of my life. No, no! with a shrug of the shoulders, 'I give you my word that I was not the person who killed him.'"
"You evade my question!" she cried; "where were you, I say, on the night of his death?"
"That's no concern of yours, landlady—you force me to be discourteous against my will. Now, rising, with a prodigious yawn, and tossing away his cigar, "The hour grows late, and I'll get to bed."

"Stay!" said Mercy Poole; "just one thing more. If the public hadn't been so quick to believe the suicide story, there would have been a person who would have fallen at once under black suspicion—nothing could have saved him, you may be sure."
He did not want to ask the question, but her eyes compelled him.
"Who was that?"
"The man who ran away with Robert Greylock's wife."

He kicked Ravallac and Charlotte Corday out of the way, and walked to the door.
"Poor devil! I'll warrant he was well punished for that folly!" said Regnault, slyly. "He must have been an enterprising fellow to kill the husband in Blackport, and elope with the wife from Boston, at one and the same hour. Madam, it is plain that you are no detective."
He beckoned suddenly to Polly. She followed him quickly into the passage.

"Do you know the road to Greylock Woods, girl?"
"Yes, sir."
"I wish to send a message to the young lady there."
"I'll take it, sir."
"Bless you, my dear! For your sake I'll forgive that fellow with the fists—your lover, I suppose—who assailed me in this place tonight."
She shivered back a step.
"Oh, no—no! Not my lover—don't say that!"
"He is a precious idiot, then," said Regnault, slyly. "In the morning I will put into your hands a letter which you must deliver to Miss Greylock herself—no other person, mind! It will not be safe for you to play any tricks upon me."

"I wish scorn to do that sir."
"Miss Greylock will doubtless give you an answer to bring back to me—I shall remain at the inn tomorrow. Be sure and say nothing of this to your Amazon of a mistress."
"No, sir."
That was all. Regnault went off up the stairs. Polly turned back into the living room, but it was empty now of everything save the cats.

Mercy Poole had vanished—whither? Polly had vanished—whither? Out on the road leading to the salt-pans, she was flying by the light of a pale moon. Her tall, black figure seemed winged as it sped over the ground. She had crushed her low-crowned man's hat upon her iron-gray hair, and she beat the air with her snowy hands as she scurried along.

Verily the soul of the woman was greatly vexed within her. Had she found the murderer of her old lover at last? Would she denounce him? She had at all times a bold tongue. Clouds of mist swathed the salt meadows, but the stars shone in the clear blue overhead. She turned into the worn path leading to the cairn, cast herself down at the base of the rocks, and lay there motionless, with her face in the dust.

And there Polly stumbled upon her. "Thank heaven! I've found you at last, Miss Poole!" she cried; "oh, I've looked everywhere! The kitchen maid said you might be here, but she was afraid to come with me because of ghosts."
Mercy Poole staggered to her feet, with a face as spectral as the mist on the marshes.
"Who calls me?" she said slyly. "I—Polly."
"And wasn't you afraid of ghosts, to be sure?" said Mercy Poole.
"No," answered the little servant, gently. "I read my Bible—I'm afraid of nothing, and I couldn't go to sleep till I knew you were safe."
Mercy Poole looked at the anxious young face uplifted to her own in the moonlight.
"Thank you, child!" she said heartily.
"It was the man's talk that upset you, was it not?" queried Polly; "I knew he was bad—wicked, when he entered the inn tonight. Oh, come, Miss Poole, come home with me now. What can you be doing in this lone, some place?"
"Talking with the dead," answered Mercy Poole; "and when you spoke to me I thought it was his voice."
"Oh, don't!" shivered Polly. "We can't talk with dead people while we are in the flesh."
"Can't we? I do it often. Do you see this monument?" pointing to the cairn; "I raised it with my two hands, in the dead hour of night, in memory of one who was killed on the very spot where you are standing. You may be sure I had long conversations with him while the work was going on. But I will not frighten you nor keep you longer out of your bed. Give me your hand, child—my head is giving—and lead me home."
And she went without another word—back over the silent road, into the sleeping town, her hand, strong hand in the small, weak one of her servant. And all the way Polly, troubled, yet fearless and full of pity, was pondering this question—Was Mercy Poole, the landlady of Cat's Tavern, mad?

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Bargain.

At an early hour the next morning a woman, dressed from head to foot in black, and muffled in a thick veil, knocked at the door of Cat's Tavern. Polly answered the summons.

"I wish to see Monsieur Regnault, of the Orpheus Concert company," said the visitor from behind her mask.
"Come in, madam," answered Polly. As the person in black stepped into the passage, Polly saw that she was lame.

She ushered her into the keeping-room, and went to call Regnault. He was already dressing. Languid and handsome, he descended the bare-painted stair, and appeared before the visitor, whom he found standing irresolutely in the keeping-room, with one hand grasping a chair for support, and the other grasping her skirts away from contact with the cats.

"Madam," said Regnault, dryly, "to whom am I indebted for this unolicited favor?"
She shivered back her veil. It was Iris Greylock.

"Ah!" said Regnault dryly, "when I saw you at the concert last night I knew this meeting was inevitable."
They faced each other with a threatening air.
"I could not rest," flashed Mrs. Iris, "until I had talked with you. What brings you to this town—and under an assumed name, too? I thought—I hoped you were dead."
He twisted the ends of his mustache.

"Many thanks, Mrs. Greylock. I suppose you have resumed that name? So far as I know, it is the only one to which you have any claim. Your candor is delightful. I was very ill of yellow fever at New Orleans, but I recovered, as you see. To tell the truth, I am hard to kill. I came to this town to sing for hire, and pardon me—Regnault is my own name—I have simply transposed it. You used to know me as Arthur Regnault Kenyon, I am now Arthur Kenyon Regnault."

Because of her infirmity she was compelled to drop into a seat. She looked pale and indignant.
"The years have dealt very kindly with you," she sneered, as her eyes ran over his handsome person.
"I can return the compliment with interest," replied Regnault, bowing gallantly. "You positively do not look five years older than you did on that day."

"When we two parted,
In sorrow and tears,
Half broken-hearted—"
The newspapers told me of the sad accident which cut short the career of Sylphide, the ballet girl; but Mrs. Iris Greylock seems to have done well for herself among the relatives of her deceased husband."

"Are we secure from eavesdroppers in this room?"
"Without doubt," answered Regnault. "The landlady of the inn is a self-no other person, mind! It will not be safe for you to play any tricks upon me."
"I wish scorn to do that sir."
"Miss Greylock will doubtless give you an answer to bring back to me—I shall remain at the inn tomorrow. Be sure and say nothing of this to your Amazon of a mistress."
"No, sir."

That was all. Regnault went off up the stairs. Polly turned back into the living room, but it was empty now of everything save the cats.
Mercy Poole had vanished—whither? Polly had vanished—whither? Out on the road leading to the salt-pans, she was flying by the light of a pale moon. Her tall, black figure seemed winged as it sped over the ground. She had crushed her low-crowned man's hat upon her iron-

When I saw you in the audience last night I was never so dismayed in my life; you might have knocked me down with a feather."
She colored with rage and wounded vanity.
"How flattering! You are poor, Arthur Kenyon, and you know that my father-in-law allows me a handsome income. You have not come to ask me for money—to lit-treaten or bully me!"
He lifted his fine eyebrows in surprise and protest.
"How can you imagine such disagreeable things? Am I not a gentleman by birth and breeding, and does anybody but the sensational ruffian ever stop to rob or bully a woman? Ah, no—you wrong me."
She smiled slyly, "There is something even worse in the background—is it not so?"
"I decline to reply."
"Very well; I will answer my own question," said Mrs. Greylock. "You made ducks and drakes of your own fortune years ago, now you are seeking for another. You retain your good looks, your youthful appearance, your fine voice. You are still a dangerous rival, even for an English baronet. The attraction which has drawn you to Blackport is Miss Greylock, the young girl to whom she owed so much. There was a brief struggle in Iris Greylock's heart—the first that she had experienced in years—then she, as usual, triumphed. Sacrifice her ease and twenty thousand per year—go back to poverty, all for the sake of rescuing Ethel from the clutches of a bold, bad man? Never!"
"It is a bargain!" she said, and held out her hand to Regnault.
He took it promptly.
"Give you anything more, to say to me, Sylphide?"
"No."
"Then leave this place as soon as possible. You are known here, and you will be compromised by such a visit to a stranger—a strolling singer, at that. If the matter comes to Godfrey Greylock's ears, he will call you to account."
She arose angrily.
"You turn me out of the house? Once you would scarcely have done that—once, if I remember rightly, you pretended to love me, Arthur Kenyon."
"Yes," he replied, dryly; "a weary while ago."
"You are utterly false and heartless! The woman who listens to you had better take her final leave of happiness. It were better for her that a millstone were hanged about her neck, and she was drowned in the depths of the sea."
"It is highly edifying to hear Sylphide quote Scripture," he scoffed. "Then you are going?" as she moved toward the door. "Surely, with that defective limb, you did not walk to Cat's Tavern this morning?"
"My carriage waits at the corner of the street," she answered haughtily. "No, do not offer your arm to me—I would not touch it if I were perishing. I have made a bad—a wicked bargain with you, Arthur Kenyon! Of all my sins, this is the one, I fear, which will cry out loudest against me at the Judgment. Farewell!"
"Farewell!" he replied, mockingly; "if I leave you to your good fortune, you must also leave me to mine—that is but fair."
He opened the door for her to limp through. A servant was sweeping the passage.
"Here, girl," said Mrs. Iris, from beneath the veil which she had closely drawn, "give me your arm to the corner of the street."
Polly dropped her broom and obeyed. As they descended the two or three rough stone steps at the door of the inn, Mrs. Iris cried out, sharply: "What a thin, miserable little arm!—it bends like a reed! Go slowly, for I am lame!"
Polly went slowly, her heart the while thumping against her side so fiercely that she feared her companion might hear it.
"What brought this woman to the inn?" was the query that flashed through her brain; "and what is her name? The name of the ship I can clean in 'alf by the Victoria propeller, which was still a turnip. Hevery man that jumped over the stern 'met the same 'orrible fate."
"Well she sunk an' the water was full of 'er men. Pretty soon I seen a 'ead a bobbin' up and down, an' without 'estimation I ups an' jumps overboard—I saved him—he was a able seaman—I then I went back after another one. I saved him, too, but I was that exhausted that by the time I 'ad brought him to the side of the ship I was about sinkin' myself. 'Elpin' hands just reached us in time. I got a medal for my bravery on this occasion an' when I returned to me' on Bolton, Lancashire, I couldn't get any peace. I was fated and feasted so much that that last I had to make me besape from the bloomin' town him the middle of the night in a kiverred carriage."
(To Be Continued.)

Man Against Beast.
The conflict between man and wild beasts in India continues to be waged on an increasingly tremendous scale. Year by year the number of savage or noxious animals slaughtered by men increases, and year by year the number of human beings who fall prey to such creatures also increases. By far the largest items in the list are the lions and tigers, which are both accounts feature largely. The grand total of all in 1908 was 21,994 persons killed by the beasts and 88,662 beasts killed by men. In 1909 the deaths were 23,860 human beings and 105,559 animals, and in 1910 they were, respectively, 24,878 and 110,286.

It is of interest to note that last year only 23 wild elephants were killed, while 55 persons were killed by them—the figures in both cases being about the average for some years past. Hyenas killed 25 persons, presumably chiefly children, 414 of the beasts were slain. The "gray brothers" of Mowgli are still warring on a destructive scale, for 319 persons were killed by them, while 3,114 wolves were killed. Bears killed 109, and themselves were killed the number of 2,292. Leopards were charged with the deaths of 351 persons, and 5,029 of them were slain. The balance between the number of human and animal victims was closest in the case of tigers, for while only 1,421 of those dreaded marauders were slain, they killed more than 853 human beings. As for snakes, 110,386 of them were killed, and the appalling number of 22,478 persons fell victims to their venom.

These are the statistics of a country which is still partly civilized, and of which a large proportion is still overgrown with savage jungle and forest. It would be instructive to compare them with the statistics of more advanced countries, which are purveyors of rifles, revolvers, dynamite, and other of our deadliest plagues, and which continue to exist and to ply their destructive trades largely through the carelessness, the slovenliness and the willful ignorance of those who tolerate them.—New York Tribune.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HUDSON IS KING OF HEROES.

Englishman Has Won All Kinds of Medals for His Deeds of Bravery on the Sea.
Richmond Pearson Hudson is regarded by many as the real thing in the naval line here, while Admiral George Dewey has some admirers, but it seems that neither of them amount to a row of beans when compared with William Hudson.

Saver of 105 lives, liberator of 15,000 slaves, slayer of countless whirling dervishes, winner of five hero medals, terror of the sultan of Zanzibar himself—that's what William Hudson says he is, and certainly ought to know.

In addition, he was for four long years champion boxer, champion cricketer, and champion football player of Her Majesty's Pacific fleet. He was the real hero of the terrible collision between the Camperdown and the Victoria, when 354 men went to a watery grave with the latter ship, and he played a conspicuous and valiant part in the operations that rendered possible the building of the great Assouan dam.

All of which proves, of course, that Charleston should have felt highly honored at having William Hudson for a little while "in his midst," and that she was woefully remiss when she neglected to make elaborate preparations for the entertainment of so notable a man.

Mr. Hudson came to Charleston on the Clyde Liner Algonquin, or as he termed the ship, the Algonconda. He intended to sail with the Algonquin that night, but he took a little stroll to the navy yard, being a champion walker as well as a champion everything else, and consequently he got left. He was obliged to remain here a day and continued on his way to Florida on Friday.

"It was like this," said Mr. Hudson, when his thoughts had been led gently back to the Camperdown-Victoria disaster. "I was a petty officer on the Camperdown and had charge of the little engine that operated the ship's launch—not the engine that ran the launch, but the dinky engine that 'olated and lowered him from the battleship's deck to the water and back again. When the two ships struck I was on the mess deck. Now I have halways been as cool as a cucumber in action or in danger. When the collision happened I was in the launch, and turned on the power so strong that it broke the securing chains an' the launch swung free. Then I lowered away and in an instant she struck the water. The whole thing was done in a minute. My coolness and presence of mind him that time her peril was the cause of more than a 'undred lives ben' saved."

"I then ran up on deck again. The Victoria was a turnin' turtle. Some of her men tried to climb aboard the Camperdown, but our discipline was that strict that our marine were ordered to load with ball and shoot when that tried to come aboard. This order was the cause of a great many lives ben' lost. About 20 of the Victoria's men had rushed to the stern when the crash came. As she turned turtle they tried to jump overboard into the sea. Among them was Lieutenant Munroe, who only a few days before had been transferred to the Victoria from our ship as flag lieutenant. We saw him leap over the stern an' the next instant his body was cut clean in 'alf by the Victoria propeller, which was still a turnin'. Hevery man that jumped over the stern 'met the same 'orrible fate."

"Well she sunk an' the water was full of 'er men. Pretty soon I seen a 'ead a bobbin' up and down, an' without 'estimation I ups an' jumps overboard—I saved him—he was a able seaman—I then I went back after another one. I saved him, too, but I was that exhausted that by the time I 'ad brought him to the side of the ship I was about sinkin' myself. 'Elpin' hands just reached us in time. I got a medal for my bravery on this occasion an' when I returned to me' on Bolton, Lancashire, I couldn't get any peace. I was fated and feasted so much that that last I had to make me besape from the bloomin' town him the middle of the night in a kiverred carriage."

That ought to have been enough heroism to last Mr. Hudson for a while, any how, but there was an air about the Pacific fleet, and, as has been related, he became the champion of the fleet in every sort of athletic sport on the calendar and incidentally saved the life of a young lady who had fallen overboard in a high sea. It was after this deed that Mr. Hudson learned to beware of newspaper men. It is needless to point out that he is a modest man and there is nothing that he dislikes more than notoriety of print.

His rescue of the young lady, who afterwards became his wife, occurred on the Allan Liner Liverpool. Quite "unbeknownst" to Mr. Hudson, an enterprising reporter for a Liverpool paper took a picture of him and the young lady just after the ship had reached her dock; and the first thing that the hero saw when he got to Bolton was his likeness in the paper and that of the lovely maiden whom he had saved from an untimely end.

"Dash it all," said Mr. Hudson, for the south of Labrador. "There the tale ends, but sure as it bears out the Mandan myth that their forbears were white men who came across the waves in a great canoe with wings. The transient manner of life among savages has prevented any certain evidence of their earlier history from preservation. It takes a few weeks for the forest to obliterate all traces of a savage nation save a few potsherds and an occasional skull that marks their burying places."
The Welsh have a tradition that seems to connect the "White Indians" of the north with one of the savage episodes of half-mythical Welsh history. There runs a tale among the early chroniclers of the Welshmen of a certain Prince Madoc, who rebelled against authority and waged a long and bloody civil war. In the end he and his followers were defeated. He scattered among the hills and broken country along the seacoast. Rather than submit to the certain death that awaited them at the hands of their victors, he and his followers took a ship and embarked upon it with their wives and children. They then set sail and vanished into the west. Two generations their vindictive kinsmen cherished a tradition that they had sailed across the Atlantic in search of a new land wherein they might found a kingdom of their own.—St. Louis Republic.

Queer Tribe of Indians.

White Skinned Men of Unknown Origin.

One of the most remarkable of the Indian tribes of America is about to finally pass out of existence. With finality will doubtless go the solution to the mystery of the so-called "White Indians" of the northwest. There are but few of the Mandans, once a powerful tribe of the Dakotas, now living, and the medical observations made by Hadlicka and others of the government investigators show that the time of their passing is not far off.

The Mandans have been slowly dying out for years. Almost a century ago an attack of smallpox swept the nation that then numbered 8,000. There were but 31 left alive when the spotted scourge passed on and left their lodges. In nearly three-quarters of a century their increase has been remarkably small. These "White Indians" seem robbed of their vitality and are placidly waiting the end of their tribal history with the usual stoicism of the American aborigine.

From the time when the first of the Hudson Bay Fur company's trappers stumbled into the Mandan houses up in the northwest these Indians have been something of an enigma. White men, there was an air about them, as none other of the Indians had. They were regal-looking men, straight, deep chested, heavy shouldered and they walked with the characteristic stride of the white man. Many of them were blue-eyed and their skins were dark like the skin of a white man who has lived for a generation or so in the open.

There are scarcely 100 of the pure-blood Mandans now living on a western reservation. They are generally credited with being a Slouan race, but traces of their origin are now almost obliterated traditions has always captivated the mind of the student. Their pale skins and occasional blue eyes have lent much weight to their story that their ancestors came across the great water from the east in a winged canoe. Like other savages of North America they have kept no written annals of their tribe, but the tradition of their coming has been handed down from one generation to another by the wise men of the tribe.

The coming of the Mandans has been verified by the patient Indian scholars who have studied the tribes of the north and the northwest. They have been traced back into the Great Lakes country and traces of their occupation of the neighborhood around the height of the great Assouan dam. Certain tradition among the ancient forest tribe tell of a nation that lived in log houses partly under ground and partly above ground. Their houses were called, and this tradition seems to refer to the Mandan custom of throwing up a pile of brush and straws over the forest lodges in order to make them stronger, warmer and less liable to take fire.

The patient work of many investigators shows that they came originally from the desolate lands that lie just to the north of the Arctic. It bears out the Mandan myth that their forbears were white men who came across the waves in a great canoe with wings. The transient manner of life among savages has prevented any certain evidence of their earlier history from preservation. It takes a few weeks for the forest to obliterate all traces of a savage nation save a few potsherds and an occasional skull that marks their burying places."
The Welsh have a tradition that seems to connect the "White Indians" of the north with one of the savage episodes of half-mythical Welsh history. There runs a tale among the early chroniclers of the Welshmen of a certain Prince Madoc, who rebelled against authority and waged a long and bloody civil war. In the end he and his followers were defeated. He scattered among the hills and broken country along the seacoast. Rather than submit to the certain death that awaited them at the hands of their victors, he and his followers took a ship and embarked upon it with their wives and children. They then set sail and vanished into the west. Two generations their vindictive kinsmen cherished a tradition that they had sailed across the Atlantic in search of a new land wherein they might found a kingdom of their own.—St. Louis Republic.

"What's the matter with you, Udson," says the surgeon, says he. "I dunno, doctor," says I. "I just feel a little tired," says I, an' then I looked down an' my legs was kiverred with blood."
"You're wounded," says he. "Get the chloroform," says he. "Get the chloroform," said I. "Get the bullets out, doctor," says I. "I'm a man," says I, "an' I can stan' it." And for one hour and ten minutes, says Mr. Hudson, the surgeon probed for the two bullets.

Two more medals rewarded his gallantry in Egypt, followed by more feeling upon his return to Bolton, which by this time was fairly bursting with pride.

But the most remarkable of Mr. Hudson's exploits is yet to be related—the story of how he fought with King Priem, the wicked sultan of Zanzibar, and was instrumental in freeing 15,000 slaves whom that iniquitous monarch held captive.

"I was in the Egrygannon (the reader, it might be well to remark, will remember that Agamemnon is a favorite name for His Majesty's warships) and we were a block-ade'n an' a bombardin' an' tryin' to put down the slave trade. The worst time I had was in a fight with a slave show. The naygurs in the show fought like demons, because they knew that if they were captured their women would be either 'anged at the yard-arm or heise imprisoned for life. When I boarded the show the captain made at me with his scimitar. I met him with my cutlass an' he fought I don't know how long. He cut my foot nearly in 'alf, and at last I brought my cutlass down right on top of his 'ead. I cut his 'ead clean open an' the cutlass went right on down through his neck and stuck in his breastbone."

Mr. Hudson left Charleston for Jacksonville on the Clyde liner Huron on Friday night. He is a most entertaining conversationalist, and his story of the exploits narrated above was told in so simple and straightforward a fashion and with such minuteness of detail that one who heard him could not help believing.—Charleston News and Courier.

Queer Tribe of Indians.

White Skinned Men of Unknown Origin.

One of the most remarkable of the Indian tribes of America is about to finally pass out of existence. With finality will doubtless go the solution to the mystery of the so-called "White Indians" of the northwest. There are but few of the Mandans, once a powerful tribe of the Dakotas, now living, and the medical observations made by Hadlicka and others of the government investigators show that the time of their passing is not far off.

The Mandans have been slowly dying out for years. Almost a century ago an attack of smallpox swept the nation that then numbered 8,000. There were but 31 left alive when the spotted scourge passed on and left their lodges. In nearly three-quarters of a century their increase has been remarkably small. These "White Indians" seem robbed of their vitality and are placidly waiting the end of their tribal history with the usual stoicism of the American aborigine.

From the time when the first of the Hudson Bay Fur company's trappers stumbled into the Mandan houses up in the northwest these Indians have been something of an enigma. White men, there was an air about them, as none other of the Indians had. They were regal-looking men, straight, deep chested, heavy shouldered and they walked with the characteristic stride of the white man. Many of them were blue-eyed and their skins were dark like the skin of a white man who has lived for a generation or so in the open.

There are scarcely 100 of the pure-blood Mandans now living on a western reservation. They are generally credited with being a Slouan race, but traces of their origin are now almost obliterated traditions has always captivated the mind of the student. Their pale skins and occasional blue eyes have lent much weight to their story that their ancestors came across the great water from the east in a winged canoe. Like other savages of North America they have kept no written annals of their tribe, but the tradition of their coming has been handed down from one generation to another by the wise men of the tribe.

The coming of the Mandans has been verified by the patient Indian scholars who have studied the tribes of the north and the northwest. They have been traced back into the Great Lakes country and traces of their occupation of the neighborhood around the height of the great