A Samily Newspapen: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS. NO. 87.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1911.

A DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XXI

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 mount-

ing the short stair to the stage. "How are the mighty fallen!" he mused, as he fastened a rose in the home with you." 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 a screeching troupe of third-rate singers. Nothing more is needed to complete my humiliation save a hand-organ and a monkey."

He sniffed critically at the rose, twisted its green leaves a little more to one side, then smiled.

"Well, one must have money. An empty purse is an unanswerable argument. At least, the traveling troupe has been the means of bringing me to deep disgust. 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 of Blackport. The roof was just ringing to the final notes of a duet. Down ascend to the stage and warble his there." first song.

In orthodox evening dress, gloved, 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

"It is an absurd whim, I know, grandpa," she said, feverishly, "but I love me, you will come with me."

must go to mix with the rabble Blackport and listen to a lot of squalling 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 the brown waiting-woman who seemed startled face. to attend her everywhere. The demon of ennul 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 pretty face judiciously touched with rouge and blanc-deperle, and her evening toilet quite overpowering in style and texture, Mrs. Iris sat swaying her painted satin 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 stared blankly and clutched Hannah Johnson's arm. Under all its rouge and powder her face put on the hue of friend of mine." Polly flashed one abject fear and utter horror. Regnault's eyes met hers. She could not fly-she dared not scream. He saw her-he recognized her-the look that flushed 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 her was 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 unspeakable-yea, 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, Night, has flown Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone,

And the woodbine spices are wafted And the musk of the roses blown.' He flung a world of passionate jo

and exultation into the words: young lord lover, what sighs

are those For one who will never be thine, Put mine, but mine, so I sware

For ever and ever mine!"" Sir Gervase would have been very

dull indeed if he had not discovered singer, and the fervor of his song-if he had not seen that his American lowed by all the Borgias. Regnault cousin was trembling with suppressed agitation, and changing color in an alarming way.

'She is coming, my dove, my dear She is coming, my life, my fate. Oh the triumph of the cry! He call ed her-she must go! Ethel shuddered and grew terrified-not at a summons that was expected, but at the sudden dread which overwhelmed her. Was her courage ebbing? Did she hesitate to give up wealth, home, kindred, for Love's sake? It could not be -surely she had not turned coward! Where real love exists, is there ever room for cowardice?

The song ended. There was a burst of applause, and in the midst of it Sir of Blackport?" Gervase Greylock uttered an exclmation and sprang to assist Mrs. Iris, en. At the words she stopped, turn-

who had fallen back in her seat in a ed back unobserved, and began to ardead faint. She was carried out of the hall, and the party from the villa went with her. keen look at the questioner, "I know ground. She had crushed her low-

**************** her to consciousness. Immediately her eyes sought the baronet: "Be so kind as to call my carriage,

Sir Gervase," she gasped; "it is waiting somewhere near." He rushed to obey. Ethel leaned anxiously over her mother:

"Mamma, mamma, why did you go off like that? You are ill-let me go

Mrs. Iris looked hard at her daughter, and smiled in a strange, ghastly "There's no room in the carriage-

no, I do not need you—I am quite well -it was only the heat of that dreadful hall, my love. One word in your myself strolling over the country with ear." She drew Ethel forward, an whispered maliciously: "Oh, you sly, artful puss! Is this the way you deceive your grandpa? Is this the way you trifle with your titled suitor? Regnault, your teacher at schoolyour correspondent, seems very much in love with you. Fie, fie!"

Then she departed. Godfrey Greylock, left behind with the baronet and Ethel, looked at his granddaughter in

"Shall we return to the hall?" he said; "or have you had enough of this, my dear?"

To Ethel the question meant: "Shall look again on Regnault's face? Shall large audience crowded the town hall I hear his voice once more? Shall I wait for some opportunity of communication with him?" Yet she deliberthe short stair bounced the pair of ately answered: "I am quite ready to singers. It was time for Regnault to follow mamma. It is very warm in

So the party drove away in the track of Iris Greylock, and when Regnault perfumed, the handsome tenor made came forth again, to his surprise and his bow before the footlights, and with vexation, only empty seats met his one lightning glance swept the sea of gaze, where he had before seen a group of faces-one coloring richly under his ardent eyes, and one faint-

ing with fear at sight of him. For months he had known that Ethel was the daughter of Iris Greylocktraveling singers. For this Ethel was the young heiress had often talked to responsible. By dint of much coaxing him of her relatives-but tonight, as she had lured Godfrey Greylock to the he recalled the elder woman's swooning, colorless face, the fact startled laughed Regnault. "'Murder will out'

him as it had never done before. His feet pressed dangerous ground. want to go-I must go! And, if you Fortunate would he be if he could win Ethel Grevlock in spite of the perils "Really, Ethel, I did not suppose you that were gathering around his suit. had such wretched taste," her grand- One thing was certain—he had no father had answered, severely. "You time to lose. Prompt action alone elude detection for seventeen years would secure the prize. To delay now was to suffer hopeless defeat.

At the close of the entertainment he went over to Cat's Tavern, to rest on his laurels and partake of a smoking supper which Mercy Poole had

prepared for the troupe. In the low-ceiled entry Regnault chanced to encounter the sewing-girl which Regnault's eyes rested were the Polly, as she was hurrying by on some three from the villa. Further on, in errand for her mistress. He was in a

the same row, two other persons held reckless mood, and, catching her by his attention: Mrs. Iris Greylock and the arm, he bent and looked into her "Halloo! a pair of eyes like a deer's By my soul, you had a narrow escape

> from being pretty. Bring me a glass of brandy, my child." She struggled to free herself from

"There's no liquor kept at this inn sir." she answered.

to alter Ben Johnson's song a little: 'Leave a kiss in the cup, my dear, And I'll not look for wine.'"

Somebody had just entered the inn from the street. Immediately a strong handsome tenor reeling against the

"Look out, fellow!" cried Dr. Vandine, angrily; "this young person is a get to bed." vanished in the direction of the kitchfrom the wall

"That little femme de chambre your friend?" he sneered; "what taste you may be sure." Pray, who are have, to be sure! you? "One who knows how to defend a

woman, and punish the insolence of a scoundrel!" answered Vandine, with a reddening face.

"By my faith," drawled Regnault, "you are free with your compliments! If you do not stand out of my way, l shall take the liberty of throwing you into the street."

came promptly out of the keeping-

"No wrangling here, gentlemen," she said, and stepped betwixt the twain, no detective." Vandine shrugged his whereupon shoulders and went off up the stairs, and Regnault joined the other mem-

bers of the company at table. At a late hour the troupe separated for the night. Regnault alone lingered. Whistling a line of "Maud," he stepped into the living room where

Mercy Poole and her maid Polly still Pontius Pilate leaped up from the hearth-rug, spit viciously at the intruder, and vanished in a distant corner. Robespierre cocked his one ear, something extraordinary about this switched his stump of a tail, and took refuge under his mistress's chair, fol-

> drew back in mock alarm. "Heaven above!" he cried: all gone mad.

Mercy Poole, dryly. "Who says that felines have no intelligence? Now, I find them wonderful readers of character. These distrust you at sight. They say plainly-there's something wrong about this man."

Regnault threw himself into a chair

"Amazing creatures! Something wrong with most of us, I fancy. Landlady, do you chance to know a family named Greylock-natives and nabobs

Polly had just started for the kitchrange the room for the night.

"Yes," assented Mercy Poole, with a Fans and smelling salts soon restored the Greylocks-do you?"

He drew a cigar-case from his pock-축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 축 **축** "Permit me to light a weed? Thanks. once had a slight acquaintance with ne 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 vidow-Robert Greylock's relict." He blew out a cloud of cigar smoke, and watched it curl in delicate rings above his head.

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

cinity, was it not, that her husband ghosts." killed himself?"

Mercy Poole's face changed. "He was found dead." she answered. He puffed silently for a moment, hen broke into a laugh.

"I have good cause to remember that fellow! When I heard of his demise 1 was, as Mr. Samuel Pepys would saymightily pleased."

"What!" cried Mercy Poole. "Oh, I owed him a grudge, you see! The very day before his suicide he eceived 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 pefore he died?" she repeated, slowly, bending her black looks on Regnault; and you held a grudge against him for it?"

"Yes." "That sounds sinister, for Robert Greylock did not commit suicide—he Mercy Poole; "and when you spoke to was murdered!"

"Is that so?" he answered, in an un noved tone. "Who murdered him?" "No one knows." "And probably no one cares at thi

late day," drawled Regnault, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "Yes, there's one who cares; eve after seventeen years."

"Then, by Jove! Greylock was more the memory of our nearest and dear-

She clinched her strong, brown

"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! is an exploded proverb. In these lat- fearless and full of pity, was ponderter days men have consigned it to ing this question-Was Mercy Poole well-merited oblivion. The ways of the landlady of Cat's Tavern, mad? justice are now so crooked that it is hard to pursue the guilty among them. The murderer who has been able to consummate idot imself to be caught now!"

With masculine violence Merc Poole brought down her hands on th 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 Greyock's death?"

He stared, then laughed. "Are you trying to fix the fellow's nurder on me, woman? I was many 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 "Ah! Then, if you will permit me 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, land hand tore Polly free, and sent the lady-you force me to be discourteous knew this meeting was inevitable." against my will. Now," rising, with a prodigious yawn, and tossing away his eigar, "the hour grows late, and I'll

"Stay!" said Mercy Poole; "just one grateful look on her champion, and thing more. If the public hadn't been so quick to believe the suicide story, en. Regnault gathered himself up there was a person who would have fallen at once under black suspicionnothing could have saved him, you

He did not want to ask the quesion, but her eyes compelled him. "Who was that?"

"The man who ran away with Robert Grevlock's wife." He kicked Ravaillac and Charlotte

Corday out of the way, and walked to the door. "Poor devil! I'll warrant he

well punished for that folly!" said Regnault, airily. "He must have been Mercy Poole heard the voices, and 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

He beckoned suddenly to Polly. She followed him quickly into the pass-"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 fistsour lover, I suppose—who assailed

me in this place tonight." She shivered back a step. "Oh, no-no! Not my lover-don' say that!" "He is a precious idiot, then," said

Regnault, gayly. "In the morning I will put into your hands a letter which have we here? A legion of cats, and you must deliver to Miss Greylock herself-no other person, mind! It will "You see my family," answered not be safe for you to play any tricks upon me."

"I would scorn to do that sir." "Miss Greylock will doubtless give ou an answer to bring back to me shall remain at the inn tomorrow Be sure and say nothing of this to your Amazon of a mistress."

That was all. Regnault went off up living room, but it was empty now of everything save the cats. Mercy Poole had vanished-whith-

Out on the road leading to the saltpits, she was flying by the light of a laugh. "No, Sylphide, that power is lock is a free hand. I am no modern seemed winged as it sped over the duced to fly from you, but toward you ing in the background. No woman

gray hair, and she beat the air with When I saw you in the audience last er sinewy hands as she scurried night I was never so dismayed in my

Verily the soul of the woman was with a feather." grievously vexed within her. Had she ound the murderer of her old lover at ast? Would she denounce him? She

had at all times a bold tongue. Clouds of mist swathed the sal neadows, 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 an hour or two after-bent over her, anybody but the sensational ruffian tried to lift her up. "Thank heaven! I've found you a

last, Miss Poole!" she cried; "oh, I've looked everywhere! The kitchen-maid thing even worse in the backgroundsaid you might be here, but she was is it not so?" "Ah! It was somewhere in this vi- afraid to come with me because of

Mercy Poole staggered to her feet with a face as spectral as the mist on the marshes. "Who calls me?" she said wildly.

"I-Polly." "And wasn't you afraid of ghosts too?" sneered Mercy Poole. "No." answered the little servant "I read my Bible-I'm afraid gently. of nothing, and I couldn't go to sleep

till I knew you were safe." Mercy Poole looked at the anxious gave me the soundest thrashing I ever young face uplifted to her own in the noonlight.

"Thank you child!" she said heart

"It was the man's talk that upse ou, was it not?" queried Polly: "I knew he was had-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 ne I thought it was his voice." "Oh, don't!" shivered Polly. "We can't talk with dead people while we

re in the flesh." "Can't we? I do it often. Do voi ee 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. fortunate than his fellows. A shorter may be sure I had long conversations period suffices to blot most of us from 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 gid-

> dy-and lead me home.' And she went without another word -back over the silent road, into the sleeping town, her hard, strong hand in the small, weak one of her servant. And all the way Polly, troubled, yet

CHAPTER XXII,

A Bargain. At an early hour the next morning 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

She ushered her into the keepingroom, and went to call Regnault. He was already up and dressed. Languid and handsome, he descended the bare painted stair, and appeared before his visitor, whom he found standing irres olutely in the keeping-room, with one hand grasping a chair for support, and the other grasping her skirts away

"Madam," said Regnault, dryly, "to whom am I indebted for this unsolic ited favor?" She threw back her veil. It was Iris

from contact with the cats.

Greylock. "Ah!" said Regnault dryly, "when saw you at the concert last night

They faced each other with a threat ening 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 mus tache "Many thanks, Mrs. Greylock. I supose 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 re overed, as you see. To tell the truth I am hard to kill. I came to this town to sing for hire, and pardon me-Reg nault is my own name-I have simply transposed it. You used to know me

as Arthur Regnault Kenyon, I am nov Arthur Kenyon Regnault." Because of her infirmity she wa ompelled to drop into a seat. ooked 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 nterest," replied Regnault, bowing gallantly. "You positively do not look five years older than you did on that

> When we two parted. In sorrow and tears,

Half broken-hearted'-The newspapers told me of the sad ac ident which cut short the career of involving Ethel in my ruin!" Sylphide, the ballet girl; but Mrs. Iris Greylock seems to have done well for anything, Regnault really loved this herself among the relatives of her de-splendid, high-bred girl who had eased husband."

.She made an impatient gesture.

in this room?" "Without doubt," answered Regnault. The landlady of the inn is a character, but I do not think she condescends to listen at keyholes." "Then," flashed Mrs. Iris, determin-

ed to know the worst at once, "let us Sylphide? There are chapters in your understand each other. When we past life which you have hidden from parted in a certain western courtroom Robert Greylock's relatives, and to reyou promised never to see me againnever to torment me in any way. And ent good fortune in a wreck about yet you are here. Now, what do you your ears. I have plans and ambiwant? Do not trouble yourself to tell tions which you can destroy, if you me that you came to Blackport for no will; but come, let us compromisethe stairs. Polly turned back into the other purpose than to sing with a concert company-I am not so easily deceived. Be frank. Am I the unlucky erson who has drawn you to this

moon. Her tall, black figure no longer yours. I might easily be in- villain of romance, with a wife lurk--never! You are the last being in living has any claim upon me-is it erowned man's hat upon her iron- Blackport that I wished to encounter. not so?"

life; you might have knocked me down

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 threaten or bully me?" He lifted his fine eyebrows in surprise and protest. "How can you imagine such dis-

agreeable things? Am I not a gentleman by birth and breeding, and does ever stop to rob or bully a woman? Ah, no-you wrong me."

"Then," she cried, "there is some

"I decline to reply." 'Very well; I will answer my own question," said Iris 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 Grevlock, the heiress of the Woods. Did I not hear von sing last night? Did I not know that all your fervor and passion were

meant for her, and her only?" He leaned back against the painted wall and shrugged his shoulders.

"The heiress of the Woods," he repeated, slowly, "My dear Madame Sylphide, now give me a chance to ask one question. Who is that young person?"

She looked him steadily in the face, and answered: "My daughter!"

"That is a little mistake of yoursou have no daughter. She died in in fancy." She was a bold woman, but her eye

fell before his. "I discovered the truth after we parted," she stammered. "I-I found her again."

"Did you, indeed?" he cried, mockingly. "How fortunate, how like a sensational romance? Your genius did not all lay in your pretty feet, Sylphide. You had a head to plan and to execute also. You found your daughter, and by means of her the way to old Greylock's coffers! He dotes on the young lady, I understand. But where and how did you find her? -the child that was dying when you

abandoned her for-for"-"Do not hesitate," she said, bitterly; "speak out the truth: When I abandoned her for a man who afterward became my evil genius, and recompensed me with nothing but trouble neglect, misery."

"No reproaches, I beg of you," answered Regnault, airily. "Let us keep to the important subject of your daughter. It would gratify me exceedingly to hear the story of her res urrection. I can swear, from actual drawn, "give me your arm to the corknowledge, that there were years when ner of the street." you believed her dead-when you knew no more about her than I do of the lost pleiad. How do you fill up

this gap of time?" Angry and disconcerted she hung her head and was dumb. "I see," he said, with a low laugh; "it was necessary to have a daughter to obtain a foothold at Greylock Woods! Those two fossils, your fath-

er-in-law and his sister, were not dif-

ficult to hoodwink, eh? Well, wher-

ever you found her, she does credit to your taste." "It is false-false!" gasped Iris Greylock; "all that you insinute is false! I deny it to your face!" "That does not signify, Sylphide, for those who have known you longest are best acquainted with your extraordi-

nary powers of lying. Pardon me, but I would not believe you under oath. The charming girl whom Godfrey Greylock calls his granddaughter, has not a drop of Greylock blood in her veins." She wrung her hands. "I came here this morning to lear what I was to expect from you, Arthur Kenyon, and here it is! I am to have my daughter's identity questionedam to be accused of a foul deceit-my

peaceable relations with Godfrey Greylock are to be threatened-broken up, if possible-is it not so? You wish to proclaim war between us? Very well, I, too, have my weapons. You were Ethel's teacher at school-you have corresponded with her since her return home-there is an affaire d'a-

our between you." It was his turn to be disconcerted. "Who told you this?" he demanded. "Nobody," she replied; "I am capable of discovering many things for myself. If you and I are to be foes, Arthur Kenyon, I will go to Godfrey Greylock this very hour, and lay the whole matter before him-I will tell fall prey to such creatures also inhim that his heiress, whom he intends creases. Ey far the largest items in for the English baronet, is engaged to Monsieur Regnault, a traveling singer. What, think you, will your chances then be of obtaining the girl and her

fortune?' It was Greek meeting Greek-a Roland for an Oliver. They looked mistrustfully at each other-the dark, handsome man, the delicate, pretty

woman. "Remember!" she cried, defiantly "that you cannot destroy me withou

So far as he was capable of loving promised to be his wife; the thought of losing her stung him to the heart-"Are we secure from eavesdroppers woke in him a passionate fear-swept away all such considerations as malice, hate, revenge.

"Verily, we are both armed and of us to gain by denouncing the other, yeal them would be to bring your preslet us make terms with each other." She did not reply- only kept her look of dark mistrust,

"One thing is certain," continued Regnault, with a disagreeable smile, "You!" He gave a low, amused "the hand that I offer to Miss GreyShe colored angrily. "So far as I know, it is so," she as

"Then leave me to my affairs, Sylphide, and I will leave you to yours Forbear to meddle with me, and I will forget that I ever knew you. In short, if you can pardon such inelegance of speech, hold your tongue; I will hold

She was without principle, or pity or love, and yet, the thought of abandoning Ethel to this man made her shrink. By a word she could put an end to the secret love affair, which she knew existed between the pair. Would she dare act nobly for once in her life, and speak the word, and save 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 self, 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. "Have you anything more to say t

ne, Sylphide?" possible. You are known here, and you will be compromised by such a visit to a stranger-a strolling sing-

Godfrey Greylock's ears, he will call ou to account." She arose angrily. "Do 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 Ken

er, at that. If the matter comes to

"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 Syl phide 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 mewould 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 vou must also leave me to mine-tha s but fair."

He opened the door for her to limp through. A servant was sweeping the passage. 'Here girl," said Mrs. Iris, from be neath the veil which she had closely

Polly dropped her broom and obey ed. 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

flercely that she feared her compan

ion might hear it. "What brought this woman to the inn?" was the query that flashed through her brain; "and what is her business with Monsieur Regnault, the singer?" The corner of the street was but

few yards distant. A close carriage waited there, with the black page, Sir Launcelot, on the driver's seat. As she was stepping into the carriage, Mrs. Iris fumbled in her pocket and brought up a silver quarter. "Here girl," she said, and thrust th

piece into Polly's hand, She thought of the time when, with little Nan, she had first stood in the presence of this woman, and spurned the money held out to her by Hannah, the servant. And she drew back a step, and in a sort of sudden fury flung the silver straight at the black, veiled figure.

"Don't dare to offer your money to me!" cried Polly, in a strange, hoarse voice, and then she turned and fled

back to the inn. (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 the year the number of savage or noxious animals slaughtered by men increases, and year by year

after this deed that Mr. Hudson learnthe number of human beings who both accounts pertain, of course, to snakes, but the doings of many other creatures also figure largely. The grand total of all in 1908 was 21,904 persons killed by the beasts and 88, 662 beasts killed by men. In 1909 the deaths were 23,860 human beings and 105,859 animals, and in 1910

were, respectively, 24,878 and

It is of interest to note that last

they

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 perpresumably chiefly sons. 414 of the beasts were slain. "gray brothers" numerous and destructive, for 319 that the latter, who expected to have a persons were killed by them 3,114 wolves were killed. them, while killed 109, and themselves were kill-ed to the number of 2,292. Leopards equipped," he said, with a sudden were charged with the deaths of 351 change of tone. "But what has either 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 killed, they killed no fewe beings. As fo than 853 human 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 coun try which is still only partly civilized, still It would be instructive to compare them with the statistic

of disease and death in this country

other of our deadliest plagues, and

which continue to exist and to ply

which are purveyors

willful ignorance of those who

which are due to wild creatures of very different kinds, the flies and mos-

Miscellancons Reading.

HUDSON IS KING OF HEROES.

the Sea. Richmond Pearson Hobson is re garded by many as the real thing in blood. the naval line here, while Admiral George Dewey has some admirers, but t seems that neither of them amount to a row of beans when compared with

William Hudson. Saver of 105 lives, liberator of 15,- | for one hour and ten minutes, says Mr. 000 slaves, slayer of countless whirling Hudson, the surgeon probed for the two dervishes, winner of five hero medals, bullets. 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 slaves whom that iniquitous monarch played a conspicuous and valiant part held captive. in the operations that rendered possible the building of the great Assouan

All of which proves, of course, that Charleston should have felt highly honored at having William Hudson for a bardin' an' trying to put down the slave little while "in her midst," and that she was woefully remiss when she negfor the entertainment of so notable a cause they knew that if they were cap-

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 through his neck and stuck in his "It was like this," said Mr. Hudson

when his thoughts had been led gently back to the Camperdown-Victoria dis-Camperdown an' had charge of the litlaunch-not the hengme that ran the oisted and lowered hit from the battleship's deck to the water and back hagain. When the two ships struck l was on the mess deck. Now I have halways been as cool as a cucumber in haction or hin danger. When the collision 'appened I never 'esitated a minute. I ran to the launch hengine 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 inside of a minute. My coolness and presence of mind hin that time hof

peril was the cause of more than a 'undred lives bein' 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 hour marine were ordered to load with ball and shoot hany man that tried to come aboard. This order was the cause of a great many lives bein' lost. Habout 20 of the Victoria's men had rushed to the stern when the crash came. As she turned turtle they tried to jump overboard hinto the sea. . Hamong them was Leftenant Munroe, who only a few days before had been transferred to the Victoria from our ship as flag leften-

ant. 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

'ead a bobbin' up and down, an' without esitation I ups an' jumps overpoard. saved him-he was a able seamanthen I went back hafter another one saved him, too, but I was that exhausted that by the time I 'ad brought im to the side of the ship I was about sinkin' myself. 'Elpin' hands just reached us in time. I got a medal for me bravery on this occasion an' when returned to me' ome in Bolton, Lancashire, I couldn't get hany peace.

was feted and feasted so much that hat last I had to make me hesape from the bloomin' town hin the middle of the night in a kivvered carriage." That ought to have been enough heroism to last Mr. Hudson for a while any how, but it wasn't. He was transferred to the Pacific fleet, and, as has been related, he became the champion of the fleet in every sort of athletic

ed 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 six months afterwards became his wife, occurred on the Allan Liner Parisian. 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

fallen overboard in a high sea. It was

whom he had saved from an untimely "Dash it all," said Mr. Hudson, for ne saw trouble ahead. And he was not mistaken; for again the good town of Bolton feted and feasted her hero, so quiet little visit to his family, hardly had any time to spend with them at

In Egypt still g eater glory came to Mr. Hudson. He was with a party of eamen who were engaged in fighting the Dervishes, who were trying to preent certain engineering work at the ataracts of the Nile preliminary to the building of the great Assouan dam. There had been many skirmishes in which, as Mr. Hudson modestly admits, he had shown great gallantry. Hearken to his vivid description of one of the overgrown with savage jungle flercest of the fights and the incident that won him another medal. "We charged them and they gave When the British soldier

charges he isn't afraid of anything.

After a while they were re-enforced

and turned to face us. We 'ad a sharp

fight an' they were too many of us.

brought both of 'em in hunder a terrible fire. When I was bringin' in the last one I was wounded twice myself, although I didn't know hit till hafter-

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

'What's the matter with you, Ud-Has Won All Kinds of son,' says the surgeon, says he Medals for His Deeds of Bravery on "'I dunno, doctor,' says I. 'I just feel

little tired,' says I, an' then I looked down an' my legs was kivvered with

"'You're wounded,' says he. 'Get the chloroform,' says he. "''Ang the chloroform,' said L. 'Get the bullets out, doctor,' says I. 'I'm a

Two more medals rewarded his gallantry in Egypt, followed by more feting upon his return to Bolton, which

man,' says I, 'an' I can stan' it.' " And

by this time was fairly bursting with pride. But the most remarkable of Mr. Hudson's exploits is yet to be relatedthe story of how he fought with King Priem, the wicked sultan of Zanzibar, and was instrumental in freeing 15,000

"I was in the Eggygammon (the reader, it might be well to remark, will emember that Agamemnon is a favorite name for His Majesty's warships) and we were a-blockadin' an' a-bom trade. The worst time I had was in a fight with a slave dhow. The navgurs ected to make elaborate preparations in the dhow fought like demons, betured they would be either 'anged at Mr. Hudson came to Charleston on the yard-arm or helse himprisoned for the Clyde Liner Algonquin, or as he life. When I boarded the dhow the termed the ship, the Algonconda. He captain made at me with his scimitar. intended to sail with the Algonquin I met him with my cutlass an' we that night, but he took a little stroll to fought I don't know how long. He cut the navy yard, being a champion 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 and the cutlass went right on down

breastbone." Mr. Hudson left Charleston for Jacksonville on the Clyde liner Huron on Friday night. He is a most entertain-"I was a petty officer on the ing conversationalist, and his story of the exploits narrated above was told in tle hengine that hoperated the ship's so simple and straightforward a fashion and with such minuteness of detail launch, but the dinky hengine that that one who heard him could not help believing .- Charleston News and Cou-

QUEER TRIBE OF INDIANS.

Origin. One of the most remarkable of the Indian tribes of America is about to finally pass out of existence. With their passing 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 observathe 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 attuck of smallpox swept the nation that then numbered 3,000. 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 aborrigine. 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 to the white man. There was an air about them such as none other of the Indifull of 'er men. Pretty soon I seen a ans 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 gen-

eration or so in the open. There are scarcely 100 of the pureblood Mandans now living on a western reservation. They are generally credited with being a Siouan race, but the strangeness of their 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 sport on the calendar and incidentally from one generation to another by the saved the life of a young lady who had

wise men of the tribe A part of the tradition of 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 land up in Canada have been found. Certain tradition among the ancient forest tribe tell of a nation that lived n log houses partly under ground.
"The ground house people" th

"The ground house people" they were called, and this tradition seems

to refer to the Mandan custom of throwing up a bank of earth around their strong lodges in order to make hem stronger, warmer and less liable to take fire. The patient work of many investi gators shows that they came originally from the desolate lands that lie just to the south of Labrador. There the tale ends, but such as it is it bears out the Mandan myth that their forbears were white men who came across the waves in a great canoe with wings. transient manner of life among savages has prevented any certain evidence of their earlier preservation. It takes but a fev or the forest to obliterate all traces of a savage nation save a few pots-

herds and an occasional skull that

marks their burying places. The Weish have a tradition that seems to connect the "White Indians" episodes of half-mythical Welsh tory. 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 scattered among the hills and broken the seacoast. Rather country along han submit to the certain death that awaited them at the hands of the victors, they built for themselves a ship and emparked upon it children. They then set generations their cherished a tradition that they had sailed around Ireland and struck We 'ad to retreat to the camp. Hin into the unknown Atlantic in search of the carelessness, the slovenliness and the runnin' fight two of heur men were a new land wherein they might found the willful ignorance of those who tolerate them.—New York Tribune. shot. I stopped an went back an Republic.