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A DARK DEED

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Rejected. In a cozy sitting-room of the villa, on the morning after the concert, Ethel Greylock sat alone,

Tennyson's "Maud." Breakfast was over. Aunt Pam had gone to her own chamber. Godfrey Greylock was writing letters in his library, and the baronet-she did not know where the baronet was, until, of a sudden, the door opened, and he

walked quietly into the room. Ethel closed her blue and gold volume, but too late-his gray eyes had

alighted on the poem. "The good-looking tenor sang the

garden song delightfully last night," said Sir Gervase. She felt her cheeks burn

"Yes." "Decidedly the fellow has talent While walking in the grounds this morning I took the liberty to call at Rose Cottage, and ask if your mother had wholly recovered from her indis-

position of last evening." Ethel looked up and then down.

"And what did you learn?" "That Mrs. Greylock was quite well -she had gone out for an early morning drive."

Ethel wrinkled her smooth brows in surprise.

"An early drive! How very odd! She is not much given to that sort of face-was becoming intolerable. dissipation, especially in weather like this," and she glanced toward the window, against which big drops were already splashing.

There was silence for some mocry of a peacock on the terrace outside. Sir Gervase stood like a figure in bronze, gazing out into the dreary

Icthel leaned back in her chair and watched him through lorg, drooped lashes. She was in a morning gown of disappointment which I may have suscreamy white, decked with violet ribbons. Her yellow waves and curls way concerning this affair. To do so were all gathered into a big shining knot. Outwardly she looked as serene and white as a day lily; inwardly she go from your door with no unneceswas in a fever of uncertainty and sary regrets, you will not withhold rand here. I should be in great peril nervous expectation. After covertly from me this proof of your esteem." eyeing the tall figure and brown face for a few moments, she said lightly:

"A penny for your thoughts, cousin." swered, turning and flashing upon her a look which made her eyes fall; "they

are all of you. The book of poems slipped from her hold to the floor. Simultaneously both went to pick it up. On the blue and gold cover their hands met. The baronet seized the white fingers and held

them fast. "Ethel, you know what brought me to America?" he cried out sharply.

The long dreaded crisis was upo her at last! In reckless, undignified the means of making discord here, or haste, she tore herself from him, and rushed toward the door. But he reached it before her, and barred the

"At least I am entitled to a hearing, am I not?" he said, reproachfully; "and to an answer, Ethel?"

She faced him, gray with dread. "What do you wish to say to me?"

with "I love you!" he answered, simple dignity.

He had struggled with the charm of her beauty-he had mistrusted her. but the fateful words were out at last She tried to speak, but no voice came she could only shudder.

"I love you!" repeated the barone with a sudden great passion throbbing through his voice; "my whole future happiness is in your hands! I swear that I am a thousand times you any reason for refusing your more eager for the alliance, by which hand?" your grandfather hopes to unite the two separate branches of the family, than he or any other person on earth way to her heart."

can be!" She heard the cry of the peacock or the terrace with considerable desire to crush the bird for daring to intrude his hideous voice on her despair. Sir Gervase stood waiting for a reply. She made one superhuman effort and their wandering life for awhile. Later recovered her speech.

"The alliance of which you speak is -impossible!" she said.

"You mean that you will not marry

"I will not marry you!" Plain words: they left no room for doubt. He was rejected by this handsome, wayward American girl.

"May I ask"-"Ask me nothing," she interrupted, wildly, "for I cannot answer. Be content to know that you and I can never -never-never be anything to each

other!" He looked unspeakably pained.

"Ethel, you refused Dr. Vandine the ground that you loved another This, as you know, I heard by accident. Is it for the same reason that

you now refuse me?" "I will not tell you!" she cried de fiantly. "Say no more. I appreciate the great honor you wish to do me,

but I must decline it. My reasons l cannot give." "For heaven's sake, Ethel"-"Hush! If it is the Greylock for

"which you covet, cousin, "take it in welcome; but me-really you leave me out of the matter." He colored wrathfully.

"That is an unprovoked insult, is it not, Ethel? Do you really believe me her voice to speak. to be that contemptible thing-a fortune-hunter? Have I won from you no better opinion after all these days sealed envelope from her pocket. "If of friendly intercourse?"

"Let me hope that I may some time he able to show you the mistake you have made," he said, in a proud, aggrieved tone, moving a step nearer the worn one of the messenger. She tore door, yet looking back with passionate yearning at the drooped golden head

and dejected figure. Still no reply. He held out his hand "Good-by, cousin," he said bitterly She would not see the hand, nor

touch it-had she done so, her self- low him who loves you better than control must have given away.

************* He turned on his heel and left th Was it a stifled cry he heard as the door closed behind him? He stopped, reading listened, but all was still. He crossed he hall to Godfrey Greylock's library, ntered, and walked up to the table

> riting his letters. What has happened?" said the latter, startled by the look on the baro-

here sat the master of the Woods

net's bronze face. "I have come to thank you for your

Blackport by the next train." The pen dropped from Godfrey Greylock's hold. He arose to his feet.

"It is that girl!" he almost shouted. 'She has rejected you!"

"Yes," answered Sir Gervase, as calmly as he had ever spoken in his

"By heaven!" shouted Godfrey Grevlock, with all his old-time fury. "she shall pay dearly for her folly! How dared she defy my wishes, my commands, like this? For her sake I destroyed one will that was written in your favor-I will now make another that shall remain"-

The baronet's hand fell quietly on the elder man's shoulder. This continual thrusting of American dollars upon his notice-yea, directly into his

"Pardon," he interrupted, almos sternly; "you will do nothing of the kind. I am not a thief, to take that could be so unjust as to will Miss ments, broken only by the discordant Greylock's fortune to me, I should restore it to her before she had time to realize her loss. For years you have Polly, professed for me a deep regard. I must now put it to the test by begging you, as a personal favor, not to reproach your granddaughter for any tained today-not to annoy her in any would be monstrous, since she is entirely blameless. If you wish me to

Godfrey Greylock struggled hard to control himself. For years he had thought of this marriage, hoped for it You underrate the value," he an- -laid all his future plans in reference to it, and now it was never to be Violent was his wrath, severe his disappointment; but the look, the tone of the baronet, acted upon him like a

> powerful curb. "As a powerful favor I ask this! repeated Sir Gervase.

"As a personal favor I grant it," answered Godfrey Greylock, almost against his will

"Many thanks. It would be intoler able for me to think that I had been unhappiness for Miss Greylock. You pledge me your word that she shall

not be troubled about this matter?" "I pledge you my word," replied Godfrey Greylock, gnawing his thin bloodless lip. "Since it is your request, I will spare that blind, foolish girl, but," with a look full of bitter resentment, "she has spoiled my dear est hopes-she has swept away every plan which I had laid for her future. "Since your plans could not lead to

should be destroyed," said the baro net, sadly. "I do not know about that," cried and down the floor; "they manage

not been fortunate enough to find the

"And now you will return to England?" groaned the other. Sir Gervase shook his head

"Not immediately. Some friends mine are shooting buffalo in the far west. I shall join them and share

-in the autumn, probably-I shall sail for home." So ended Godfrey Greylock's match-

Half an hour after, Ethel saw a car riage roll swiftly off down the avenue, and knew, beyond doubt, that the baronet was gone. She had looked her last upon him. Henceforth she nothing but a memory and a name. She stood and watched the vehicle till still straining her eyes after it, when a servant opened the door and an-

"A person from Cat's Tavern to se Miss Greylock."

Ethel turned quickly, and confronted a light, shabby figure, in a common working-dress, with a plain black hat of coarse straw fastened over her smooth, massive braids.

Again the two girls stood face to face. They were alone, too. By many strange ways Fate had led them to this hour-to this place. One, at least, tune," with a mirthless little laugh, of the twain was deeply moved. She looked at the beautiful creature before must her-she thought of the secret locked said. n her own heart-that secret of which he other was as unconscious as the

> "A gentleman at the inn sends this letter to Miss Greylock," drawing a dexterously as they do plainer peo-

you please, I am to wait for an an-

swer. The heiress of the Woods changed olor. Her white jeweled hand wen out eagerly to meet the brown work open the letter with breathless haste -it ran thus:

'My Own: I have been studying Ethel?" the topography of Blackport, and to-night, at 8 sharp, I shall wait for you at the cairn by the old salt-pits. Now ulfill your vow, and leave all to fol-Regnault.'

chair. He had chosen an ill-omened "The old salt-pits-tonight-at 8!" she murmured aloud, quite regardless of Polly-perhaps she deemed caution

unnecessary in the presence of this harmless-looking servant. "Oh, heaven, help me!" The cry went to Polly's heart. But

she dared not move or speak. She could only remain motionless, almost breathless, and gaze anxiously at Miss Greylock. The latter came to herself at last, saw the messenger waiting "An answer," she faltered;

ou must take back an answer." And like a person in a dream, went over to an inlaid desk in the corner, and hastily wrote four words: "I will be there."

"Give it to the gentleman at inn," she said, as she put the paper

ble," she added kindly. Miss Greylock was always kind to furious?" hospitality and to say farewell," an- her inferiors. She would have forced swered Sir Gervase. "I must leave the money on Polly, but the sewinggirl drew quickly back.

Across her memory flashed the picture of two children begging along spirits." wet dismal streets, climbing weary stairs-the smaller always protected in each other's arms on a bare garretfloor, under a dirty skylight.

"No, Miss Greylock, if you take your money-it would burn my hands-it would break my heart!don't ask me! I'm sorry you're in bad spirits-I'm sorry for the trouble in ed, dangers threatend. your face. Do you think I could be of any service to you-the least little bit in the world, you know?"

The earnest, anxious tone touche Ethel-surprised her, too. She shook her golden head. "You are very kind, but I am beyone

help." The words seemed to slip out which belongs to another. If you unawares. "Where have I seen you Fate sends. 'Whom the gods design learning that the company was about

"I live at Cat's Tavern," answered

Greylock passed her hand Miss across her eyes in a bewildered way, then smiled faintly. "Ah, yes, I remember now. You

one morning when I rode up to the inn-window. What is your name?" "Polly." "Can I trust you? It is imperativ that no one should know of your er

if it were discovered. Can you keep a secret?" A strange, sad smile flitted

Polly's well-cut lips. "Yes, Miss Greylock, I can keep Not for my right hand I tell anybody of my visit to you this morning.

"Many thanks. Your face assures me that you are reliable. Some time, perhaps, we may meet again, Polly. Now, good-by."

She was dismissed from the ence of the gracious, high-bred heir ess. With the message to Regnault clutched in her hand. Polly flew out of the house and down the avenue and home to Cat's Tavern.

"Thank God! she's forgotten it all she sighed to herself as she went; 'something in my face seemed to stir faint cloud within her, but she remembers nothing! And she shall nevfrom my head sooner than tell her!" She reached the inn, gave Miss Grevlock's note to Regnault, who was waiting impatiently to receive it, and then went about her daily tasks, silent, undemonstrative, but with a pur-

her happiness, it is best that they pose as fixed as Fate in her heart. Meanwhile up at Greylock Woods, the carriage which had conveyed the baronet to the Blackport station re-Godfrey Greylock, walking angrily up turned empty. Ethel saw it come back, as she had seen it depart; then such things better in France! Heaven she fastened a great cluster of carnaabove! Did that absurd child give tions in her corsage, and with a forced smile on her lips, went down to

lunch with her grandfather, Aunt Pam "None; but it is plain that I have and Dr. Vandine, who had been invited to join the family that day. Godfrey Greylock looked sternly a his granddaughter. She was nervous and pale, and there were hollows under her lovely eyes. In spite of his wrath and disappointment, he felt his

heart soften toward her. Surely she would come and explain the whole matter to him as soon as an opportunity offered. . She could not-she would grandfather who adored her. But he was mistaken.

Luncheon seemed rather dull. dine and Miss Pam sustained the conversation. In the presence of the woman whom he hopelessly loved, the doctor was constrained and ill at ease. would be to him, and he to her, His rugged face looked worn and dejected. Plainly his unlucky passion for the heiress of the Woods had causit vanished among the trees-she was ed him some genuine suffering, and alas! It was not conquered yet. The dazzling face on the other side of the table, with the soft, gracious eyes and warm mist of hair, still turned his

head giddy, and made his heart beat like a trip-hammer. Nevertheless, he struggled bravely with his salad and cold chicken, and did his best to fight shawl pinned across her bosom, and a that sour fiend, Silence, from the ta-Godfrey Greylock and Ethel gave him little assistance, but Miss Pam openly attacked the very subject everybody was secretly thinking.

"I am sure. I cannot understand why Sir Gervase should rush away in such reckless haste from civilization to hunt buffalo and wild Indians," sh "There is no accounting for tastes.

Pamela," replied Godfrey Greylock, dryly. "We all have our whims." "Do not the savages of the west scalp the English nobility quite as

"Without doubt-when the opportu nity offers." "Then I fear Sir Gervase's title

in pass to the next of kin." "Nonsense! He has promised to re turn east in the autumn." "It seems to me his sudden flitting scarcely flattering to any of us-eh,

Thus appealed to, Ethel looked up with a suspiciously cheerful smile. "I admire the baronet's adventurous turn of mind," she answered; "of such stuff are heroes made. Do not you, too, were afraid of the ghosts."

in her hand, and fell into the nearest capable of taking good care of him- only stood and received them like a statue.

As they all arose from table, Godfrey Greylock pressed near to his granddaughter. "Have you anything to say to me my dear?" he asked, in a low, anxious

voice. She turned a shade paler, but shook her head.

"Nothing, grandpapa." His wrath kindled against her with new force. She did not mean to confide in him, then. Ethel dined that day at Rose Cot-

tage. There, a new trial awaited her. Mrs. Iris, who kept a close watch on the villa, already knew of the baropink boudoir.

in Polly's hand, and then drawing out day will come, and soon, when you did you run away from the concert her purse, she took from it a bank- will rue your folly! How could you last night? I had meant to reach you "And keep this for your trou- refuse that man for-for-any reason through the crowd, in spite of your whatever? Is not your grandfather,

"I fear he is, mamma," answered Ethel, wearily; "but as yet he has said but nothing. Do not talk of the matter, please-I am ill today, and out of m

pinched and old with anxiety. She pattered down at intervals. The gathand upheld by the larger-receiving felt, just then, as if the sword of Damcurses and kicks as the reward of the ocles was suspended above her head. day's toil, and going to sleep at last She had compromised with the man ed ominous of evil. at Cat's Tavern, but what was to be out his granddaughter, as he was likeo!" cried Polly, incoherently: "I can't ly to do, in case he discovered her intrigue with Regnault? The detested mother would surely share the fate of ed against the cairn. Her feet were the child. Whichever way she look-

"Ethel! Ethel! had you married the baronet, all would have been well Sheltered in his love, and wearing his name, you could have defied our enemies. And I would have gone to England with you, beyond the reach of-of everything. But now you and I must stand alone, and meet whatever before? Your face is strangely famil- to kill they first make mad!' I am sure you were mad when you rejected Sir

Gervase Greylock." Hannah Johnson passing through the room at that moment, cast a malignant glance at the heiress of the Woods, but the latter, for once, did not see the obnoxious waiting-woman. "Mamma," she said, gravely, "I do titled English snob is making your life were sewing in the midst of the cats not understand you. What enemies have you and I? Whom need we fear? Mrs. Iris colored.

> "Everybody has enemies," she answered, irritably. "It will be your fault-yours only, Fairy, if we are cast out of Greylock Woods. I have played my cards shrewdly-acted my part well, but I fear-I greatly fear, you will yet involve us in common ruin! "Mamma, you are very severe. It as impossible for me to marry Sir Gervase Greylock."

"Blind, foolish girl!" "Yes, mamma, I am that, and more, answered Ethel, sadly, "but I think prought upon you by disappointing grandpapa. He loves me-he is not the vindictive being that you suppose -he will not visit my sins upon your head.'

"That remains to be seen," snapped Mrs. Iris. "My dear Fairy, you have had your way, but you will yet find that it costs one a great deal some times to have one's own way, especially in a love affair."

She was sulky and petulant during dinner, and Ethel left Rose Cottage early-glad to escape from this mother, whom she had neither loved nor trusted-this mother, to whom she had never confided a secret in her life. Twilight had begun to gather by the time she reached the villa. Fortunately Godfrey Greylock was dining out. Ethel went straight to her own

chamber. It now lacked but a few minutes of 8 o'clock. She opened her wardrobe brought forth a cloak, hat and veil, of plain gray. These she put on. She took nothing of any kind. Once she seized a pencil and paper as if to write, stood for a moment irresolute, then put them down again. Plainly she had no word to leave behind her for those who had hitherto been her

nearest and dearest. An ormolu clock on the mantel struck the hour. Was it the joy, the eagerness of love which turned her face as white as death—which made her tremble from head to foot? Regnault had called her and she must go to fulfill her yow made under the not seek to hide anything from the dripping trees of the schoolyard, in the anguish of parting, weeks before. But the spirit that waited to guide

> her steps was not joy. Outside in the corridor she heard Miss Pam giving orders to Hopkins. She stood and listened till the voices died away; then she flew swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs, and out of

> > CHAPTER XXIV.

At the Cairn. The evening was what the day had been-gusty, and full of clouds, and fitful splashes of rain; but there was still light enough in the sky to guide Ethel Greylock, she flew down the

drive into the highroad. She started for the cairn. Her chief fear was that she might encounter her grandfather's returning carriage; but Fate favored her. She saw no living to break it. It was rash and foolish creature Turning into the narrow path that led from the highway, with seem to have lived ages since that swift, determined step, she descend-

ed to the old salt pits.

He was there, leaning against the heap of rocks and rubbish-that monument which Mercy Poole's hand had raised to her false, dead lover. Yes, t was his own dark, splendid self, in cloak and sombrero, with the stagehero air which she remembered so well, and ardent eyes that anxiously Ethel? Great God! has your mother searched the gloom, up and down, and dared"round about, for the coming of his fair ladye." To beguile the time of waiting he had lighted a cigar-its red spark burned like a star in the

darkness. As Ethel Greylock's step sounded on the soft ground, Regnault threw away How did this state of things come the weed, and rushed to meet her. In- about?" stantly she was in his arms, clasped close to his heart. He was covering her pale face with his kisses.

reproachfully. "I began to think that true to you, but the change was The hull taken away from rice is fed rifice and can "My darling, you are late!" he cried, Ethel Greylock crushed the letter fret about him, Aunt Pamela-he is She did not return his caresses

"Why did you choose this place for gleamed unpleasantly under his som meeting?" she faltered, with a shud-brero. dering glance at the cairn, the old pits and the low salt-meadows, over which ed in a strange tone; "say it once the twilight lay like a pall. "It is an evil omen. Do you know what happened here-years ago?"

"Yes," answered Regnault, airily; "

have been at Cats' Tavern all day, and have heard the whole history of Blackport from the loss of the first fishing Sir Gervase Greylock!" ooat, down to the story of your father's death. But surely you are not superstitious, my darling? I choose this place of meeting because we were not cannot! likely to be interrupted here-I unnet's departure. She flew at Ethel as derstand the Blackport native shuns soon as the latter was seated in the the spot as he would the pestilence. You cannot think that your father's "Oh, you foolish child!" she cried spirit would harm you, or any one dear out, almost fiercely. I know what you to you, Ethel? It is the living, not have done-you need not tell me. The the dead, that we have to fear. Why

al went out of my voice-I sang on without inspiration." The wind swept drearily across th rshes. Far off the pulsing sea, tirred by coming tempest made a Mrs. Iris's delicate face looked mournful sound on the rocks. Rain ering night, the sounds in the air, the very sky that lowered overhead, seem-

grandfather, in spite of the English

aronet, but you vanished, and the

'Mamma fainted because of the done if Godfrey Greylock should cast heat, and was carried out-I followed her," answered Ethel Greylock, in a faint voice

> now on the very spot where her father fell. "Arthur, it was strange that you should come to Blackport in this way.' He searched her face with keen, ap

with forced carelessness; "I had ar opportunity to attach myself to the Orpheus troupe, and accepted it, on you?" to visit Blackport. This morning I er, and broke my engagement. The troupe departed from the town hours yet regain it." I lingered only to secure you! My love, how white and strange you ook!-how unlike the girl that parted

detestable suit-exhausting your patience and forbearance-ch, is it not She caught her breath.

"Sir Gervase left the villa this morning." she answered. "By heaven! that means you hav given him his conge. Ethel!

"Yes. Oh. hark! Arthur, I hear : footstep!" "It is the wind. his lips her ringed, white fingers you exaggerate the trouble I have lier than you you were at school, and alive!" my passion for you has increased a hundredfold with separation. Now tell me how is it with your love for me?" A night bird out on the dim marshes uttered a plaintive cry. In the fail-

> and bushes growing about the old saltpits rustled weirdly in the wind. Ethel Greylock made no reply-only shrank from her lover's gloating eyes and was dumb. "Why do you not answer?" said Regnault his voice growing soft and that one must leave all and follow him. Are you ready to go with me

ing light, the rude cairn seemed to

frown upon the pair. Some old weeds

Ethel?-ready to reward my devoted love, at last? You see the clump of trees betwixt this spot and the highway? A carriage is waiting there We must reach Blackport station in time for the evening express." Still no reply. Was this maidenly diffidence-womanly perversity? She stood on the ground that had been he father's death-place, and looked at ed.

her lover-at the picturesque figure, again." cloaked to the heels-at the handsome face under the wide hat. Behind her was home, kindred, and the affection which had nourished and protected rather take my farewell of life than of her for long years. Before her stretched the great strange world, to It is from the driver of the carriage: be conquered with him. Her silence alarmed Regnault. He put his arms boldly around her.

"Come, my own, come! You swore o be mine when I should call youcall you now! This very hour you Do not ask me to must marry me. wait longer. Delays, as we both know are dangerous. In a day or two we will return here, and sue for your grandfather's blessing. When he finds that we are married he will yield to the irrevocable and forgive us." She freed herself quietly and firmly

from his embrace. "I cannot go with you, Arthur," said. It was like the bursting of a bomb

He fairly staggered. "You cannot go with "Because," with an eloquent thrustchanged between us since our parting

at the school!" He could not mistake the tone, the gesture. It was now his turn to be dumb.

steadily, "would be a greater sin than -it was forced from me unfairly. I morning-I am not the same person ou trusted then. We must part here Arthur; part for ever, for I no longer ove you. I came to this place tonigh solely to tell you this."

dreamed of such a catastrophe. "Who has poisoned your ears against me Her astonished look checked him ime-slew his suspicions at once.

"You no longer love me?" he echoed

n a sort of dull amaze-he had never

"My mother!" said Ethel Greylock what can she know about you?" "Not anything, of course-pray pardon me. I talk at random—I am dazed.

sort of sad dignity. "I cannot tell. I did not fickle, inconstant. I tried to remain wrought in spite of myself. Despise e. and leave me!

She drew away from him

He was very calm—too calm for honest wrath. His clay-white face HOLD BACK THE COTTON

"You no longer love me!" he repeatmore. Ethel." "I no longer love you!" she replied

firmly. "Enough! I need no explanationam not an idiot. The whole matter can be compressed in three words-

Silence.

"Why do you not deny it?" cried Regnault, with sudden fury; "you You are throwing me over for that fellow! His title has won the day-that, and the fear of losing your grandfather's money. I see it all." "You err," she answered calmly: no desire to wear a title, no fear even of displeasing my grandfather. which stands betwixt you and me, Arthur; but I have ceased to care for you. I know that what I felt at school was but a brief delusion-the foolish infatuation of a romantic girl."

"Whence comes this new wisdom this extraordinary enlightenment?" he said, with thick, difficult utterance. "Who learned you to read your own heart so well. Ethel-who but the Englishman? Confess that you love him-that your rejection of his suit was but a farce?'

Even by that failing light he could see the zuilt and misery in her downcast face. "I have confessed enough," she an-

swered, drearily; "all that it concerns you to know." In Regnault's languid southern nature there was a tiger, usually dormant, but now the beast leaped sud-

denly up to cruel, savage life. * "The carriage is under the trees yonder." he said, hoarsely. "Everything is prepared for our flight, and now you refuse to go with me-you throw me over, like a heartless jilt."

"After all I have said, Arthur, is it not simply impossible for me to go with "And you think I will give you up like this? A thousand times, no! It purposely quarreled with the mana- is too late to change your mind.

She was very humble and ashamed

"Never!" "Then I will take you without love." He put his arms rudely around her. with me at the school! I fear that "I am a desperate man, and I love you unspeakably. Willing or unwilling, a burden-tormenting you with his you must be mine, Ethel-you must go with me!"

Indignation and alarm struggled together in her pale face.
"Release me!" she cried, haughtily,

or I must call for help!" "And who would hear you in place?" he scoffed; "who but the ghosts? I will not release you, Ethel. You have made a ruffian of me-you have aroused a legion of devils in my You are nervous heart. What! Do you think to shake eagerly seizing them and pressing to ous girl? Be careful how you drive me to extremes. You shall go with "Ah, Ethel, I find you ten times love- me, Ethel, or never leave this place

> from a furnace. He was in a towering fury. She stood up white and disdaining to struggle dauntless, against his brute strength, but flashing on him such scorn and amazement from her lovely eyes as might have crushed him then and there. "This spot, where my father suffered, would be a fitting place for such tragedy!" she answered, bitterly. 'At last I see you as you are, Arthur;

the scales have fallen from my eyes Verily, I deserve these threats and inpersuasive "The despotism of Love sults for my supreme folly in meeting you tonight-for the still greater folly of once dreaming that I loved you." The wind shook the long salt grass on the low marshes, the light was going fast; rain splashed down on the cairn, and behind it, in the sheltering gloom, crouched something, darker

even than the twilight, but neither Ethel nor Regnault saw it. "If you have humiliated me enough, let me now say farewell," she exclaim-"I trust we shall never meet

His hold upon her tightened. "You cannot say that word to me," he cried, like one frenzied. "I would you. Hark! You hear that whistle? he is growing impatient. For the last time I ask you-Will you keep your oath, Ethel? will you come with me?

She made a gesture of aversion, "No! no! no!" "Then, if I cannot have you, no ther man ever shall-least of all, Sir

Gervase Greylock!" A sudden, ear-splitting scream rang out across the old salt-pits and over the marshes, but the voice which uttered it was not Ethel's. In the deep gloom a figure leaped up from the weeds and rubbish at the base of the cairn, and rushed, like lightning, betwixt Miss Greylock and the man who held her—no ghost, but a palpitating human body, filled with desperate

strength and courage. On Ethel's failing sight flashed face, like a falling star. There was wicked exclamation from Regnault, ing out of hands, "everything is the glitter of something like a shaft of blue light. A hot jet spurted out on Ethel-drenched her in a sudden Then followed a second red rain. shriek, which ended in a choking gurgle of blood, and there by the rude cairn, on the evil spot where Robert Greylock had perished long years before, Ethel threw out her powerless hands and fell prone upon the earth. (To Be Continued.)

> Pointers About Rice.-In the annual rade edition of the New Orleans Picavune a rice company devotes a whole age to the exploitation of the merits point a representative in each county, Some of the stateents in the advertisement are worth emembering in a time like this, when Rice, for example, is more nutritious than wheat, rye, oats, corn, po-tatoes, fat beef or lean beef. There is s much food value in one pound of tatoes or 18-10 pounds of fat beef. bowl of rice for breakfast is as nutritious as two strips of bacon and The same bowl of rice for

Rice is the most digestible cereal.

It is wholly assimilated in one hour.

It takes more than three hours to diest white bread. Any man can live by eating two Some rice eaters, however, make wanting the rice white. and with all the hulls taken from it.

ound of steak.

Such is the Advice of Governors' Conference.

REDUCE ACREAGE ABOUT 25 PER CENT to be

The Way to Protect the South's Great Staple Is to Diversify Crops, Live at Home and Get More Money for Department of Agriculture Is Seeking Enough Than the World Will Pay

for Too Much, The farmers of the south must with old from the market every remaining bale of the present season's crop of ed and binding agreement to reduce next season's cotton acreage at least of agriculture, through its experts and 25 per cent if they hope to restore the south's great money staple to a nor- has given special attention to the submal price level and retrieve the losses sustained by reason of the present low of the character and extent of the

This is the plan which the confer ence of southern governors adopted at its concluding session in New Or leans last Tuesday, to secure imme

price of the staple. As a means of securing permanen relief from such changes and to guarantee cotton farmers in the future market with his supplies in the openadopted resolutions favoring the esstate of state-controlled warehouses and the collection and periodical publication of statistics bearing upon the world's demand for and consumption

of American cotton.

The proposal of foreign banking in covering 2,000,000 bales of the present crop, was referred to a special committee for further action.

The recommendations of the confer

"We earnestly recommend to th planters of the southern states to follow the example of Louisiana and so nity where trees are dying, reported the postal cards are being sent to diversify their crops as to produce everything necessary for consumption Ethel. If I have lost your love I can on the farm, and let cotton be the surplus crop even if the quantity raised shall be 25 per cent less than the present crop, as then they will get just as much in return for much less labor than this year's crop will yield at present prices, will soon free themelves from debt and be in condition without any financial aid, to sell their the crops gradually as the demand shall exist, and not market the work of a

year in sixty or ninety days as they

have been accustomed to do.

"We call upon our representative reporting system so amended to report the periodical publication of reliable nfacturing and trade information best results at the least expense? . gathered from all cotton consuming countries and we recommend also, and for ourselves agree, that the commissioners of agriculture in the cotton states gather and publish like infor-Wicked words, hissed out like a blast mation and we suggest to the legislatures of the cotton states adequate appropriations to this end and uniform egislation enabling the agricultural commissioners to act in concert and to constitute a bureau of cotton manuacturing, cotton trade and cotton consuming information to the end that with the estimates of production which are now furnished by the Federal government, there may also be estimates of demand and thus put the planter in position to fix a fair price the Southern Methodist church.

for his product. of the conference "The members have been reliably informed that bulls under the Sherman act for conspiring to buy cotton and advance the price and if this be in accordance with the a provisions of that act then we respectfully insist that the bears in the ready to run to northern millionaires exchanges who conspire to sell cotton for money to endow our colleges, and which they do not possess with the diseases of some of our people. Thereexpectation of a decline in price, or for the purpose of effecting a decline

be likew'se prosecuted. "A fair and comprehensive system of future trading is accepted by the commercial world as essential to the proper and advantageous movement and distribution of the crop, but it is shall pass such laws as will abate abuses and regulate future contract es. t discharge its function as a trade utility, fair alike to both buyer and seller and to the commodity which is the subject of the future transactions "It is earnestly recommended that the several state governments shall take appropriate action to bring about such warehousing system, or systems,

as will best serve the interests of the producer of cotton. for cotton during the next thirteen or direct its missionary efforts to some months, we recommend that the unsold cotton of the present crop be the hookworm in the south, and withdrawn from the market and disposed of by a system of gradual marketing. We urge bankers and business men to co-operate with farmers all of our people are n this undertaking.

hat tentative and attractive proposi- for them if our section were not so ions have been made by responsible constantly advertised to its inancial interests for purchasing 2,-000,000 bales of the present crop. This negotiation is referred for develop-ment into practical form to a commit-clinical subject for all sorts of theorment into practical form to a commit-"Reduction of acreage in 1912 is urged as a necessary part of any plan of holding and financing the present

crop. We recommend and for our

selves agree that the governor of each

cotton state proceed at once to ap-

"We report to the cotton farmers

who in turn will appoint a representa-tive in each school district or voting precinct, to secure from every farmer binding written pledge to reduce his cotton acreage in 1912 twenty-five pe cent below his acreage in 1911.
"Without discussing the merits opending proposals for monetary re orm we recommend that in any islation which congress may enact fo emergency currency based upon com-mercial paper underwritten by banks or associations of banks, provision be breakfast will carry one as far as a made for including in these acts for such emergency currency, cor paper, representing transactions

cotton goods and other manufactured products. our opinion that by prompt and aggressive action under ration and organization, the cotton farmers and business men of the southern states can speedily rescue restore the fair vear to year.

It was decided to hold similar cor erences in the future on the call of

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

The committee which is to consider the proposed financing of 2,000,000 bales of the present crop is composed of Governor Colquitt of Texas and Governor Sanders of Louisiana, Governor O'Neal of Alabama, Governor Noel of Mississippi and four citizens appointed by the governor

THE DYING PINES.

to Get Information.

In the fall of 1910 and winter of 1911

assistance relating to the dying of ject. A thorough study has been made trouble in the South Atlantic and Gulf Forest Insect Field Station 7 was located at Spartanburg, S. C., early in July to serve as the headquarters of representatives of the bureau of entonology, who, from this central point, have been very active in giving practical instructions and demonstrations on the cause of the dying pine and the against the necessity of glutting the remedy. Many thousands of circulars and letters of information have been ng of the season, the conference sent direct to owners of pine in all of the South Atlantic and Gulf states. tablishment in every cotton growing Addresses have been delivered at community, county, state and inter-state meetings of owners of pine and others forest resources of the south, and the press has given wide publicity to the movement. There is now evidence of terests to finance a holding movement widespread interest in this subject and we are confident that if the in-formation already given to the people is properly utilized in a concerted ef-

fort by the majority of the owners in the affected areas, the pine will stop formation as to the interest manifested by owners of pine in each commuwhere trees are dying, return owners with questions as follows. replies to these questions will indicate tained its object of rendering a ser vice to the people and whether or not further assistance is required.

Are there patches of dying and dead pine in your community?
2. If there are patches of dying timber have you had information of cause and remedy? letter? Circular? lic address? or

3. In your opinion is there suf-

ficient interest in saving the pine in your community so that a majority of owners will take the required in congress to have the present crop this fall and winter to prevent further loss? 4. Do you or your neighbors desire the periodical publication of reliable any further information or instruc-statistics of cotton consumption, man-

> Give the name and address ome owner in your community who is taking an active interest in the subject? If owners of pine will answer the bove questions by number and mail them to Forest Insect Field Station 7. Spartanburg, S. C., it will promote

BEGGARS HURT SOUTH.

movement for the protection of their

Lays Failure to Get Immigrants to Them. "Mischievous mendicancy is responsible for the failure of the immigration tide to turn southward, according to Bishop Warren Candler of

an interview, the bishop said:

"More than the failure of the railways to advertise the resources of on the cotton exchanges have been the south and more than the race indicted in the United States courts problem, there are certain groups of southerners who have injured the south at the north and in Europe by mischievous mendicancy. "These are they who have been

even for money to cure the alleged

by they have advertised the south as

a section teeming with ignorance, stinginess, mortal diseases and degenerates who were made degenerates by their ailments. "They have secured a few hundred thousand dollars by their mendicant argently recommended that congress pleas, but they have damaged us to the amount of millions, not to speak of injuries worse than financial loss-es. Their readiness to ask and receive rading in exchanges to the end that any sort of gifts has presented the buth before the world as a poverty-tricken, disease infected, ignorant infected. stricken, disease eople, among whom no intelligent immigrant would wish to live, howver rich and cheap the soil of our is time to call a halt on all this persistent mendicancy

o solve their own educational prob-We do not need to beg any man to pay our school bills, or teach us how to conduct our educational institutions. A super-serviceable 'South-"In view of the apparent demand ern association' may as well dissolve "Much ado has been made about large sum to be southern people of alleged lazy bugs

"It is enough to say that any and

able to treat our own patients and

we would be still more able to care

pay their own doctors' bills.

quite, able to

our mendicant theorists and reform-"What the south needs very much She has been the

The "Iliad" Not a Myth .- The fall

ists and reformers long enough

of Troy after a ten year siege by the Grecian princes about 1184 B. C. has long been considered as a rather mythical foundation for Homer's immortal epic, the "Illiad." But in 1876 the excavations of Schliemann on the reputed site of Troy brought to light under the ashes of two superincumbent fortress cities the remains answering to the descriptions of Homer and a hidden vault containing goblets, oowls, vases, gems, jewels, armes de luxe and like articles in gold, silver and bronze. These treasures are now generally acknowledged to be the veritable remnants of the once vast riches of Priam, which, although depleted by

in ten years of costly warfare in the purchase of supplies and mercenaries and the final sack of the ruined city, were thus preserved to enrich the museums of Europe and greatly increase our realization of the wealth and art the present crop from impending sac- of that ancient Ilium, which we have price hitherto been disposed to consider a to cattle in the form of bran. It is which demonstrated demand warrants, just as nutritious as the rest of the and can insure stable values from in National Magazine. in National Magazine.