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A DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XXIII.

He turned on his heel and left the room. Was it a stifled cry he heard as the door closed behind him? He stopped, listened, but all was still. He crossed the hall to Godfrey Greylock's library, entered, and walked up to the table, where sat the master of the Woods, "writing his letters."

In her hand, and fell into the nearest chair. He had chosen an ill-omened place indeed for a tryst. "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!"

capable of taking good care of himself. 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.

HOLD BACK THE COTTON.

It was decided to hold similar conferences in the future on the call of the committee which is to consider the proposed financing of 2,000,000 bales of the present crop as a proposed Governor Colquhoun of Texas and Governor Sanders of Louisiana, Governor O'Neal of Alabama, Governor Noel of Mississippi and four citizens to be appointed by the governors named.