

BLACK IS WHITE
BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia, Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the lady-room, where Lydia weeps, remembering her father's death, startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She convinces Frederic, who begins to fear Ranjab in the uncanny appearance and disappearance of the Hindu, that he is a Hindu. He believes in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs a sort of magic for Brood and his wife. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly accuses Brood of murdering his father. Brood tells a story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman," who was his wife. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that she still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home. Then she tells Yvonne Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"And now, Mr. Brood, may I ask you have always intended to tell me this dreadful thing?" she demanded, her eyes gleaming with a fierce, accusing light.
He stared. "Doesn't—doesn't it put a different light on your estimate of him? Doesn't it convince you that he is not worthy of—"
"No! A thousand times no!" she cried.
"I love him. If he were to ask me to be his wife tonight, I would rejoice—oh, I would rejoice! Someone is coming. Let me say this to you, Mr. Brood: You have brought Frederic up as a butcher fattens the calves and swine he prepares for slaughter. You are waiting for the hour to come when you can kill his very soul with the weapon you have held over him for so long, waiting, waiting, waiting! In God's name, what has he done that you should want to strike him down after all these years? It is in my heart to curse you, but somehow I feel that you are a curse to yourself. I will not say that I cannot understand how you feel about everything. You have suffered. I know you have, and I—I am sorry for you. And knowing how bitter life has been for you, I implore you to be merciful to him who is innocent."

The man listened without the slightest change of expression. The lines seemed deeper about his eyes, that was all. But the eyes were bright as if as hard as the steel they resembled.
"You would marry him?"
"Yes, yes!"
"Knowing that he is a scoundrel?"
"How dare you say that, Mr. Brood?"
"Because," said he levelly, "he thinks he is my son." Voices were heard on the stairs, Frederic's and Yvonne's. "He is coming now, my dear," he went on and then, after a pause fraught with significance, "and my wife is with him." Lydia closed her eyes as if in dire pain. A dry sob was in her throat. A strange thing happened to Brood, the man of iron. Tears suddenly rushed to his eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

A Tempest Rages.
Yvonne stopped in the doorway. Ranjab was holding the curtains aside for her to enter. The tall figure of Frederic loomed up behind her, his dark face glowing in the warm light that came from the room. She had changed her dress for an exquisite orchid-colored tea-gown of chiffon under the rarest and most delicate of lace. For an instant her gaze rested on Lydia and then went questioningly to Brood's face. The girl's confusion had not escaped her notice. Her husband's manner was but little less convicting. Her eyes narrowed.
"Ranjab said you were expecting us," she said slowly. She came forward haltingly, as if in doubt as to her welcome. "Are we interrupting?"
"Of course not," said Brood, a flush of annoyance on his cheek. "Lydia is tired. I sent Ranjab down to ask Frederic to—"
Frederic interrupted, a trifle too eagerly. "I'll walk around with you, Lydia. It's raining, however. Shall I get the car out, father?"
"No, no!" cried Lydia, painfully conscious of the rather awkward situation. "And please don't bother, Freddy. I can go home alone. It's only a step. She moved toward the door, eager to be away.
"Go with you," said Frederic, dejectedly. He stood between her and the door, an embarrassed smile on his face. "I've got something to say to you, Lydia," he went on, lowering his voice.
"James, dear," said Mrs. Brood, looking her finger at her husband and with an exasperating smile on her lips, "you are working the poor girl too hard. See how late it is! And now nervous she is. Why, you are trembling, shivering for shame, James."



Listened Without the Slightest Change of Expression.

tonight that you are not sure that you really love him. You—"
She stopped him with a quick gesture. Her eyes were smoldering. "Where is he? Gone away with her? Go and look, do."
"They're in the hall. I shall take her home, never fear. I fancy he's trying to explain your insinuation—"
She turned on him furiously. "Are you lecturing me? What a tempest in a teapot!"
"Lydia is as good as gold. She—"
"Then take her home at once," sneered Yvonne. "This is no place for her."
Frederic paled. "You're not trying to say that my father would—Good Lord, Yvonne, you must be crazy! Why, that is impossible! If—I thought—"
He clinched his fists and glared over his shoulder, missing the queer little smile that flitted across her face.
"You do love her, then," she said, her voice suddenly soft and caressing. He stared at her in complete bewilderment.
"I—I—Lord, you gave me a shock!" He passed his hand across his moist forehead. "It can't be so. Why, the very thought of it—"
"I suppose I shall have to apologize to Lydia," said she, calmly. "Your father will exact it of me, and I shall obey. Well, I am sorry. How does it sound, coming from me? I am sorry, Lydia. Do I say it prettily?"
"I don't understand you at all, Yvonne. I adore you, and yet, by heaven, I—I actually believe I hated you just now. Listen to me: I've been treating Lydia vilely for a long, long time, but—she's the finest, best, dearest girl in the world. You—even you, Yvonne—shall not utter a word against—"
"Al—el! What heroics!" she cried ironically. "You are splendid when

you are angry, my son. Yes, you are almost as splendid as your father. He, too, has been angry with me. He, too, has made me shudder. But he, too, has forgiven me, as you shall this instant. Say it, Freddie. You do forgive me? I was mean, nasty, ugly, vile—oh, everything that's horrid. Take it all back. Now, be nice to me!" She laid her hand on his arm, an appealing little caress that conquered him in a flash. He clasped her fingers in his and mumbled incoherently as he leaned forward, drawn resistlessly nearer by a strange magic that was hers.
"You—you are wonderful," he murmured. "I knew that you'd regret what you said. You couldn't have meant it."
She smiled, patted his hand gently, and allowed her swimming eyes to rest on his for an instant to complete the conquest. Then she motioned him away. Brood's voice was heard in the doorway. She had, however, planted an insidious thought in Frederic's mind, and it would grow.
Her husband re-entered the room, his arm linked in Lydia's. Frederic was lighting a cigarette at the table.
"You did not mean all that you said a moment ago, Yvonne," said Brood levelly. "Lydia misinterpreted your jest. You meant nothing unkind, I am sure." He was looking straight into her rebellious eyes; the last gleam of defiance died out of them as he spoke.
"I am sorry, Lydia, darling," she said, and reached out her hand to the girl, who approached reluctantly, uncertainly. "I confess that I was jealous. Why shouldn't I be jealous? You are so beautiful, so splendid." She drew the girl down beside her. "Forgive me, dear." And Lydia, whose honest heart had been so full of resentment the moment before, could not withstand the humble appeal in the voice of the penitent. She smiled, first at Yvonne then at Brood, and never quite understood the impulse that ordered her to kiss the warm, red lips that so recently had offended.

"James, dear," fell softly, alluringly from Yvonne's now tremulous lips. He sprang to her side. She kissed him passionately. "Now, we are all ourselves once more," she gasped a moment later, her eyes still fixed inquiringly on those of the man beside her. "Let us be gay! Let us forget! Come, Frederic! Sit here at my feet. Lydia is not going home yet. Ranjab, the cigarettes!"
Frederic, white-faced and scowling, remained at the window, glaring out into the rain-swept night. A steady sheet of raindrops thrashed against the window panes.
"Hear the wind!" cried Yvonne, after a single sharp glance at his tall, motionless figure. "One can almost imagine that ghosts from every graveyard in the world are whistling past our windows. Should we not rejoice? We have them safely locked outside—at—el! There are no ghosts in here to make us shiver—and—shake."
The sentence that began so glibly trailed off in a slow crescendo, ending abruptly. Ranjab was holding the lighted taper for her cigarette. As she spoke her eyes were lifted to his dark, saturnine face. She was saying there were no ghosts, when his eyes suddenly fastened on hers. In spite of herself her voice rose in response to the curious dread that chilled her heart as she looked into the shining mirrors above her. She shivered as if in the presence of death. For an incalculably brief period their gaze remained fixed and steady, each reading a mystery. Then the Hindu lowered his heavy lashes and moved away. The little by-scene did not go unnoticed by the others, although its meaning was lost.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Yvonne," said Brood, pressing the hand, which trembled in his. "Your imagination carries you a long way. Are you really afraid of ghosts?"
She answered in a deep, solemn voice that carried conviction. "I believe in ghosts. I believe the dead come back to us, not to flit about, as we are told by superstition, but to lodge—actually to dwell—inside these warm, living bodies of ours. They come and go at will. Sometimes we feel that they are there, but—ah, who knows? Their souls may conquer ours and go on inhabiting—"
"Never!" he exclaimed quickly, but his eyes were full of the wonder that he felt.
"Frederic!" she called imperatively. "Come away from that window."
The young man joined the group. The sullen look in his face had given way to one of acute inquiry. The new note in her voice produced a strange effect upon him. It seemed like a call for help, a cry out of the darkness.

They were all playing for time. Not one of them but who realized that something sinister was attending their little convulse, unseen but vital. Each one knew that unless they were safe, each against the other! Lydia, afraid because of Brood's revelations, Yvonne had stung peril with the message delivered by Ranjab to Frederic. Frederic had come upstairs prepared for rebellion against the caustic remarks that were almost certain to come from his father. Brood was afraid of himself! He was holding himself in check with the greatest difficulty. He knew that the smallest spark would create the explosion he dreaded and yet courted. Restraint lay heavily yet shiftingly upon all of them.
A long, reverberating roll of thunder ending in an ear-splitting crash that seemed no farther away than the window casement behind them brought sharp exclamations of terror from the lips of the two women. The men, appalled, started to their feet.

They needed some sort of cover. But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were following, or for whatever purpose a man looks back at a dangerous foe, saw the strap on his shoulder and experienced a shock.
It occurred to him at the instant that he was running away with the insignia of rank that his government had conferred upon him; that he was, in a way, the representative of a great nation, and that he ought not to run. He stopped. Of course there was no

well-defined object in his stopping, but when the rest of the men saw him standing there, without cover, and returning the fire of the Indians, they turned back, and in five minutes it was all over, and the Indians were beaten.
It would have been nothing short of a slaughter had Preston gone with the rest, for there was no cover until the top of the hill was reached, and that in a way, the representative of a great nation had an easy time picking off the men as they ran. Preston's idea of

duy was what saved the day—Youth's Companion.
Benevolence.
My ideal of human intercourse would be a state of things in which no man will ever stand in need of any other man's help, but will derive all his satisfaction from the great social tides which own no individual names. No man can play the deity to his fellow man with impunity—I mean spiritual impunity, of course. For see: I am at all satisfied with that rela-

tion, if it contents me to be in a position of generosity towards others, I must be remarkably indifferent at bottom to the gross social inequality which permits that position, and instead of resenting the enforced humiliation of my fellow man to myself, in the interests of humanity, I acquiesce in it for the sake of the profit it yields to my own self-complacency. I do hope the reign of benevolence is over, until that event occurs I am sure the reign of God will be impossible.—Henry James, Sr.

looking for trouble of some kind, but it was the unexpected thing that happened.
The Indians were hovering about with their blankets round them when the signal was given by one of them, and in an instant every buck threw away his blanket and stood revealed with a gun in his hand. The redskins fled. They had every advantage of the soldiers, for they outnumbered them and had taken them wholly by surprise. The soldiers ran. They did not mean to run far, but

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"Good Lord, that was close," cried Frederic. "There was no sign of a storm when we came in—just a steady, gentle spring rain."
"I am frightened," shuddered Yvonne, wide-eyed with fear. "Do you think—"
There came another deafening crash. The glare filled the room with a brilliant, greenish hue. Ranjab was standing at the window, holding the curtains apart while he peered upward across the space that separated them from the apartment building beyond the court.
"Take me home, Frederic!" cried Lydia, frantically. She ran toward the door.
"I will come," he exclaimed, as they raced down the stairs. "Don't be

frightened, darling. It's all right. Listen to me! Mrs. Desmond is as safe as—"
"Oh, Freddy, Freddy," she wailed, breaking under a strain that he was not by way of comprehending. "Oh, Freddy, dear!" Her nerves gave way. She was sobbing convulsively when they came to the lower hall.
In great distress, he clasped her in his arms, mumbled incoherent words of love, encouragement—even ridicule for the fear she betrayed. Far from his mind was the real cause of her unhappy plight.
He held her close to his breast and there she sobbed and trembled as with a mighty, racking chill. Her fingers clutched his arm with the grip of one who clings to the edge of a precipice with death below. Her face was buried against his shoulder.
"You will come with me, Freddy?" she was whispering, clinging to him as one in panic.

"Yes, yes. Don't be frightened, Lydia. I—I know everything is all right now. I'm sure of it."
"Oh, I'm sure too, dear. I have always been sure," she cried, and he understood, as she had understood. Despite the protests of Jones, they dashed out into the blighting thunderstorm. The rain beat down in torrents, the din was infernal. As the door closed behind them Lydia, in the ecstasy of freedom from restraint bitterly cried of relief. Words, the meaning of which he could not grasp, babbled from her lips as they descended the steps. One sentence fell vaguely clear from the others, and it puzzled him. He was sure that she said: "Oh, I am so glad, so happy we are out of that house—you and I together."
Close together, holding tightly to each other, they breasted the whirling sheets of rain. The big umbrella was of little protection to them, although held manfully to break the force of the cold flood of waters. They bent their strong young bodies against the wind, and a sort of wild, implish hilarity took possession of them. They were fighting a force in nature that they understood and the sharp, staccato cries that came from their lips were born of an exultant glee which neither of them could have suppressed nor controlled. Their hearts were as wild as the tempest about them.

Mrs. Desmond threw open the door as their wet, soggy feet came sloshing down the hall. Frederic's arm was about Lydia as they approached, and both of their drenched faces were wreathed in smiles—gay, exalted smiles. The mother, white-faced and fearful, stared for a second at the amazing pair, and then held out her arms to them.
She was drenched in their embrace. No one thought of the havoc that was being created in that swift, impulsive contact.
"I must run back home," exclaimed Frederic. Lydia placed herself between him and the door.
"No! I want you to stay," she cried. "Wait until the rain is over," added Mrs. Desmond.
"No, no," cried Lydia. "I mean for him to stay here the rest of the night. We can put you up, Freddy. I—I don't want you to go back there until—until tomorrow."
A glad light broke in his face. "By jove, I—do you know, I'd like to stay. I—I really would, Mrs. Desmond. Can you find a place for me?" His voice was eager, his eyes sparkling.
"Yes," said the mother, quietly, almost solemnly. "You shall have Lydia's bed, Frederic. She can come in with me. Yes, you must stay. Are you not our Frederic?"
"Thank you," he stammered, and his eyes fell.
"I will telephone to Jones when the storm abates," said Mrs. Desmond.

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NEWS OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Western Newspaper Union News Service.
The new business men's association which recently was organized at Britton already has commenced work on several projects for the upbuilding of Britton and the surrounding region.
In discussing how slowly the heavy snows of the last winter are in melting off, Policeman Wilcox, of Webster, states that on the last day of May, 1882, the snow was breast high in the streets of Webster.
South Dakota is the eighth state in the union in acreage of alfalfa, according to John Y. Peaty, editor of the National Alfalfa Journal, who lectured before the Farmers and Merchants' association of Hills, Minn. South Dakota now has 228,000 acres of alfalfa.
Postoffice Inspector George Chase, of Watertown, has completed his inventory of the government property in the postoffice at Doland and finds that the yeggs who blew open the safe several days ago secured \$1,500 worth of postage stamps, the most of the stamps being of the two-cent variety.
G. A. R. Fox, of Sioux Falls, state commander of the G. A. R., has determined Monday, May 31, as Memorial day. Several posts of the state have written regarding the date and he has designated Monday as the day. The question is made necessary by the fact that Memorial day falls on Sunday.
M. F. Kramer, a farmer residing southwest of Carthage, has one of the most novel freaks of nature on his farm ever heard of in the state. This is a two-legged colt. The animal is perfect in every respect, with the exception of its fore quarters. Where the front legs should be are only two stumps six inches long.
When William Sutherland, of Hurley, attempted to punish his son, Charles, the boy, becoming angry, grabbed a 22-caliber rifle and shot his father. The ball passed through the hip joint. Pending an examination of the elder Sutherland by physicians, Charles was arrested by the sheriff of Turner county and taken to Parker.

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the Congregational conference of South Dakota will be held at Redfield on May 25 to 27. The annual meeting of the board of directors of the conference will take place on Tuesday morning, May 25. The general theme of the conference will center around children's and young people's life, and is thus given out: "The Men and Women of Tomorrow."
A large meeting of Grant county farmers was held at the court house in Milbank for the purpose of discussing the proposition of buying or building a farmers' union elevator at Milbank. Mr. Greeley, a representative of the Equity Exchange of St. Paul, attended the meeting and addressed the farmers, and it was decided to organize a company and buy or build a farmers' union elevator.

A committee of the Watertown Commercial club has been appointed to arrange for the state convention of the Seventh Day Adventists, which will be held at Watertown next summer. The Adventists will camp in tents near the outskirts of the city, and asked for city water and electric lights on the campaign ground, and the setting aside of a plot of ground for the meeting, which will be done. An attendance of 500 is expected.
The promoters of the Douglas County Farmers' Extension association gathered at the court house in Armour last week. About seventy-five farmers were present. John Vanden Bos of Harrison, called the meeting to order and stated the object of the meeting. The meeting was addressed by Ward Ostrander, government specialist, and Dr. Smith, of Mitchell, government veterinarian. Great interest and enthusiasm was shown in the movement.

Sioux Falls lodge of Elks will occupy an entire Pullman coach on the South Dakota Elks' special train to Los Angeles for the annual grand lodge meeting to be held there in July. The train schedule has been re-arranged and the Sioux Falls car will leave over the Omaha line on July 6. The train will consist of six cars, one each allotted to the Aberdeen Elks, Mitchell Elks, Yankton Elks, Watertown Elks, Lead-Deadwood-Rapid City Elks and Sioux Falls Elks.
The Trent community was shocked at the instant death of a son of O. C. Olson, one of the commissioners of Moody county, living about five miles east of Trent. His son, Chester, a boy about 12 years of age, was assisting his father in loading a manure spreader and asked permission to take the load to the field. His father with some reluctance granted the request, and after driving to the field the father noticed the team standing still and at once suspected something was wrong. He hurried to the field only to find his boy lying upon the ground dead. He had evidently fallen from the seat and the heavy wheel had passed over his head, crushing the skull.

Mrs. J. M. Sanders, of Armour, was elected to the presidency of the Third district of the South Dakota Federation of Women's Clubs at the annual session in Mitchell. About 100 club women were in attendance.
Easter Sunday, after the morning services in the M. E. church at Gary, the pastor, Rev. F. Rawlinson, made an appeal to the people to raise the \$250 debt which has been a bother for some time. In a few minutes the amount was raised by a free will offering from the congregation, which plans to have a little jollification to celebrate the event.
Milbank has been chosen as the meeting place of group No. 5 of the South Dakota Bankers' association, and April 22 is the date set for the meeting. The afternoon session will be devoted to good roads and live stock, and in the evening a banquet will be served.
Through action taken by the church authorities the Presbyterian church at Winner has been permanently closed, and the pastor, Rev. S. S. Mephin, will in future devote his attention to church duties at another place. The church was abandoned because of small membership.

RECALLED OFFICER TO DUTY

Sight of Shoulder Strap Brought to Soldier's Realization of His Responsibilities.
There is a story that Lieut. Gray Preston of the United States army saved his men at the fight at Wounded Knee by remembering the sentence of an old French proverb: "The man who has taken them wholly by surprise. The soldiers ran. They did not mean to run far, but

they needed some sort of cover. But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were following, or for whatever purpose a man looks back at a dangerous foe, saw the strap on his shoulder and experienced a shock.
It occurred to him at the instant that he was running away with the insignia of rank that his government had conferred upon him; that he was, in a way, the representative of a great nation, and that he ought not to run. He stopped. Of course there was no