THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Graeco-Turkish War, joins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, Lieut. Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michali, reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, the priest's daughter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michali is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes plunders the town, taking the old priest and Panayota along as prisoners. Curtis, representing himself as a newspaper correspondent, also accompanies the Turks. Kostakes has the old priest murdered. Curtis kills two of the guards, wounds another and escapes with Panayota. They meet Lindbohm and friends and attack the Bashi Bazouks, who recapture Panayota. Curtis and Lindbohm discover each that the other is in love with the Cretan captive. Kostakes now imprisons her in his harem in Canea and tries to persuade her to marry him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Panayota was lying face down upon the bed, but when she heard heavy footsteps in the hall and the scratching of the key upon the door, as some one outside fumbled at the lock, she sprang to her feet and backed to the wall at the farther side of the room. She cast her eyes about the bare, dim room, as though there must be some way of escape, moaning meanwhile:

"Little Virgin, save me! Oh, my God, what shall I do?"

When Kostakes entered he found her thus, her fists clenched, her lips white. She was looking at him with great eyes of fear and horror and she scarcely seemed to breathe. There was in her attitude the alertness of a hunted animal that hopes to make a sudden dash for liberty and get away even at the last moment.

"In the name of God, Panayota," he said, tenderly, "why are you so frightened? Have I not told you I would not touch a hair of your head?"

She made no reply, but slid along the wall, with her eyes fixed on the open door. He turned with an exclamation of impatience, shut it with a slam, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"No!" he said, "don't think of escaping. Try to fix your mind on what I am going to say to you. And now, in the first place, I swear to you by my hopes of salvation that I mean you no harm. Now, listen to me—I love you, Panayota."

"Is that why you murdered my father?"

"Why do you say that I murdered your father? "Bring him to me alive and then I shall know that you did not."

"You ask an impossible thing, Panayota. He is probably among the Sphakiote Mountains by this time, and you know there aren't troops enough in all Turkey to get him out."

"Then I'll tell you what you do," cried Panayota eagerly, advancing a step or two. "Let me go and find him. I'll return here to Canea with him. Honestly, I will, honestly—and you shall come and talk to me all you like."

Kostakes gave his mustache an impatient twist.

"To let you go, after all the trouble I've had getting you? Oh, no, Panayota. You're mine, by Allah! and whoever takes you away from me must kill me first. You don't know how I love you; I could never tell you. Listen. There isn't a drop of Turkish blood in me. My grandfather became a Turk because—because of circumstances to save his life. I am the son of a Greek mother, and she used to sing Greek lullabies to me in my cradle." He was talking very fast now. "I have always said I would turn Christian some time, and when I saw you I made up my mind to do it right away. I have heard great news. Everybody says that the Powers have decided to give the island to the King of Greece. Then there will be no more Turks here. They will either go away or become orthodox. Say you'll have me, Panayota, and I'll get rid of my harem and we'll be married before the priest——"

"Will you murder your wives as you did my father?" asked the girl. Kostakes stared at her, deprived for the moment of the power of speech. In his enthusiasm he had talked himself into the feeling that his dreams were already realized. Panayota's voice, hard, sneering, cold with hate, shocked him like a sudden blow in the face with a whip. Then rage surged up in his veins and knocked at his temples. His hands, that he had extended pleadingly, trembled, and he gnashed his teeth. Kostakes was not beautiful at that moment. Panayota laughed.

"Oh, you Turk," she cried, "you cowardly Turk. You needn't grind your teeth at me. I'm not afraid of death. It's only your vile love that I fear."

Kostakes raised his doubled fists above his head and brought them down with such violence that an involuntary "Ah!" escaped him.

"By God, girl, you would drive a saint crazy," he cried. "Here I am offering to change my religion and put away my harem, and all for you, and I get nothing out of you but an insult. Don't you know that you are in my power, and I can do with you what I please? No cursed foreigner will rescue you this time. He did not know enough to keep you when he had you, and I'll see that he doesn't get another chance. I want you to love me as I love you. Panayota, I've made you an honorable proposition. I leave you to think it over. But make up your mind to this—you're mine, and I'll never give you up while I live."

When Kostakes stepped into the court again Souleima was blowing up the coals in a little charcoal stove, home made, from an American petroleum can. Ayesha, standing by the table, called out in a stage whisper, plainly audible throughout the enclosure:

"The effendi comes," and pulled the fish from the drawer.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he snarled; "what have you lazy women been doing?"

"All ready, effendi," replied Ayesha. "We couldn't fry the barbounia till you came. They are better hot. Souleima, bring the olive oil and the salt. In two minutes, effendi."

"Got any wine?" asked Kostakes, as the platter of steaming fish was set before him.

"Wine, effendi, in a Turkish house?"

"Yes, wine; if you've got any, bring it on, for I am tired and thirsty."

"I think Ferende has some," suggested Souleima. "She drinks like a fish."

"Umph! And I don't suppose you help her?"

"Effendi, I swear——" commenced Souleima.

"I don't even know the taste of it," protested Ayesha.

"Silence, silence! and bring me some. And look here," as the decanter was set before him, "if I ever hear a lisp about my wine drinking I'll wring the necks of you both—cackling old hens that you are. And now send Ferende to wait on me, and get out of my sight, the two of you. You take my appetite away. She at least is not a greasy old sloven."

After the effendi had eaten he betook himself to his chamber in search of much-needed rest. Ferende followed him, and, sitting down upon the side of the bed, attempted to lay her cheek against his. But he pushed her from him, saying in a querulous and disgusted tone:

"Get off from me and let me breathe, can't you? Darken the room and go away. Shut the door, and if any of you women make a noise—eh, there, listen!"

"Yes, effendi." Ferende had nearly closed the door, but she opened it a little ways and thrust her face back into the room.

"Don't take Panayota up those cold fish. Fry her some hot ones, and give her some wine."

The ex-favorite found the two elder wives whispering together in the garden.

"Why didn't you stay with the effendi?" asked Ayesha, spitefully.

She walked straight up to them.

"Let's be friends," she said. "We're all in the same boat, and must work together. In fact, you are in a worse fix than I am, for I am younger and better looking than either of you, and a young, handsome woman can always live somehow."

This was not conciliatory language, but it accorded so well with what the two women had just been saying to each other, that they could make no reply. Each looked inquiringly at the other for a moment, and then Souleima asked:

"Do you think he is in earnest?"

"Absolutely. He would have no reason to parley with the girl else. She is in his power."

"We shall all be turned into the street," said Ayesha.

"He would never dare," cried Souleima. "He has nothing against us. We are faithful, honest wives. It would make too great a scandal."

"He will find a way," replied Ferende, coolly. "When a Mussulman really wishes to get rid of a wife, he always manages it sooner or later."

"What shall we do, oh, what shall we do?" sobbed the two elder wives. Poor things! They had no Virgin to take refuge with.

"If she should take sick and die!" suggested Souleima.

Ferende started violently and turned pale. "Ho!" she cried, so loud that all three of them glanced apprehensively at the windows. Then, lowering her voice:

"Don't ever think of such a thing again. It's too dangerous. She must escape."

"But the effendi would kill us even for that."

"It must be done in such a way that he will never suspect us. We must put our heads together."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"We must just take our chances," said Lindbohm. "How far is it from here to the blockhouse?"

Curtis was lying on his stomach behind a rock with his rifle beside him.

"About sixty or seventy rods," he replied.

"Rods? What is a rod?" asked Lindbohm.

The Yankee laughed.

"The fort is—let me see, between 300 and 400 yards from here."

There was a puff of smoke from a window of the square, gray building, followed a moment later by a distant report and the humming of a guitar string in the air above their heads. Curtis lay down again.

"Damn bad shot," observed his companion. "Make me sick after being in South Africa. If that had been a Boer, now, he would have hit you. But these Turks cannot shoot. So we will make a rush. We will have our best shots crawl in close and fire on the doors and windows. Then I take a detachment and run in. When the Turks appear we drop, and our men fire another volley. Then we jump up and take another dash. So we take it."

The blockhouse was a little above them, on a rocky eminence that commanded the gleaming sheet of Suda Bay, in shape like a written capital V. Four warships, two Englishmen, a Frenchman and a German, lay resting at anchor, thin columns of smoke bending from their funnels and drifting away amicably together. Something over a mile and a half away, those great floating engines of death and terror looked as innocent as a tiny fleet on a duck pond. Intrenched in the rocks all about Lindbohm was an armed band, 150 in number, consisting of Cretan insurgents, youthful Italian enthusiasts and Greek Turcophobes. Behind them rose the tremendous piles of Ida and the White Mountains, and below them lay the bright, smiling valleys of the coast, and the lower slopes, where an occasionalwhite village gleamed among its olive orchards.

"How many are there of 'em?" asked Curtis. Lindbohm smiled, and raising his big pink hand to his blonde mustache, gave it a playful pull.

"That's yust what we're going to find out," he replied. Calling an insurgent to him who spoke French, he explained in that language the plan for the assault. He himself selected the men who were to accompany him, twenty-five in number, and such as possessed payonets proceeded to fix them to their rifles. The places from which the shooting was to be done was selected and the men began to get to them as rapidly as possible. Lindbohm and Curtis, at the head of the little band, worked down toward the open spot across which the rush must be made. These movements caused more or less of exposure and drew repeated fusillades from the blockhouse. Most of the bullets passed over the heads of the attackers, but occasionally one slapped against the soft face of a rock, or scurried through the gravel. One glanced near Curtis's head. He turned and looked curiously in the direction of the sound.

"It takes yust one good big battle to break a man of that," observed the Lieutenant.

"Of what?"

"Looking after the bullets. They sing all sorts of tunes and sometimes they only whisper—but they always say the same thing—death, death."

The attacking party spread out into a line with distances of ten feet and over between the men. Lindbohm held out his hand to Curtis.

"Au revoir, my friend," he said, fixing his innocent blue eyes upon the American. "You better stay here. This is a little dangerous, and you got a mother, you know."

The men were lying upon their stomachs. Lindbohm's left elbow rested upon the ground, his chin supported by the left hand. As he spoke he pushed out his right arm toward Curtis and the two men clasped hands. The American was thrilled by a great revelation of affection for the Swede—his eyes were so childlike, his voice so tender, and his smile so sad and sweet, like a woman's. He had lost the handkerchief that had been tied about his head, and his pompadour had fallen down in spots, like a wheat field upon which fragments of wind have dropped here and there. He was very much in earnest now, as nervously he swept one end of his great blond mustache between his teeth with the tip of his tongue, and inquired:

"Eh? Is it not so? We must remember the little mother."

"Do you think I'd go back on a friend in a time like this?" asked Curtis indignantly. "But, see here, Lindbohm, since you're uneasy about me, you'll find my address in my pocket. If anything happens to me, write to my folks. And—and, about Panayota——"

Lindbohm dropped the hand that he was holding, and the color faded out from beneath the dust and grime upon his face.

"About Panayota?"

"Tell her I meant what I said to her that day, every word of it. I—I—she'll understand. And say, Lindbohm, if Kostakes has insulted her, let daylight through him, will you? Give him one for me, will you?"

Lindbohm made no reply, but, still resting upon his left elbow, he slid his face down into his great soft hand, and remained silent for so long a time that an Italian called impatiently from a little distance:

"Parati, signor!"

Then he looked up suddenly and again seized Curtis by the hand.

"You are not going," he said sternly. "I am in command here, and I order you to stay back."

Ere the American had a chance to reply half a dozen guns roared from a covert nearby, a dozen more followed as rapidly as the sound of a boy trailing a stick along a picket fence, and then for a full moment the firing continued as capriciously as the explosions of a bunch of firecrackers. It ceased and Lindbohm, bent low, was running toward the blockhouse. He had not got more than ten yards away before the others were darting after him.

"Oh, damn his orders!" muttered Curtis, and scrambling to his feet, he ran so rapidly forward that he passed two or three of the Italians, and had nearly reached Lindbohm's side. He heard a sound as though the man behind him had stepped on a bundle of dry twigs. Turning, he saw the poor fellow lying upon his side bent like a bow. He was clutching the calf of his left leg with both hands and grinning. His shin had been shattered by a ball. Somebody fell upon Curtis and bore him to earth, and immediately there was a crash and rattle of rifles behind and all around him. The man at his side took deliberate aim at somebody and fired. Curtis followed his example and shot at one of the windows of the blockhouse. There was a lull and they dashed forward again. Curtis kept his eyes on Lindbohm this time, and pitched forward upon his face when he saw the Swede do likewise. They ran but a short distance each time, but the third spurt brought them half way to the destination. Lindbohm now kept straight on, stopping every moment to aim and fire. The others followed his example and they were able thus to keep advancing, and none the less to maintain quite a fusillade against the doors and windows of the Turkish stronghold. They were still ten of twelve rods away when a white flag appeared on the roof. Lindbohm turned and motioned to his companions, who gathered about him. They walked fearlessly through the open door into the front room of a square stone building. A thin-faced, gray-headed officer in a faded fez came forward to meet them. Twenty Turks in ragged uniforms were huddled together in a corner. The place was dim and sulphurous with smoke.

"To whom have I the honor of surrendering?" asked the Turkish officer in French, unbuckling his sword.

"To me, monsieur," replied Lindbohm, bringing his heels together with a "click," and saluting with great dignity.

"I surrender to save bloodshed," said the Turk. "I see that you are not a Cretan and I therefore, with perfect confidence, turn these men over to you as prisoners of war."

"They shall give up their arms and suffer no harm. Monsieur will do me the honor of retaining his sword."

The remaining Cretans were now come up and many of them had crowded into the room. Lindbohm ordered them out and put two stout fellows at the door.

"Now, monsieur, if you will, kindly tell your men to give up their guns."

The officer said a few words to his little band, and one by one, as a sergeant called their names, they stepped forward and handed their weapons to Curtis, who passed them to a man outside the door. The last gun had scarcely been given up ere a sudden commotion broke out among the Cretans and half a dozen burly insurgents, forcing their way past the guard, burst into the room. The commotion now swelled to a hoarse uproar, and Curtis caught the words, "Kill! kill!" and "No! no!" Lindbohm did not realize the gravity of the situation. He was raging because his orders had been disobeyed, and thought that the whole band, actuated by curiosity, were about to swarm in. He therefore leaped to the door with levelled bayonet, and threatened the crowd so fiercely that they all shrank back. Meanwhile, a thing happened that fairly froze Curtis with horror. The half dozen insurgents raised their guns to their shoulders and deliberately pointed them at the body of unarmed Turks, who, seized with panic, assumed all the attitudes of fear. Some crouched against the wall, as though they would shrink through it; some fell upon the earthen floor; others squatted and doubled their arms in front of faces and chests. Several tried to seize their companions and hold them before their own bodies.

A dreadful laugh, mingled with foul and insulting words, broke from the insurgents' throats. The Turkish officer stepped quietly in front of his men, and, crossing his arms over his chest, regarded the Cretans with a look of high scorn. His thin face and gray beard added sublimity to the dauntless soul that spoke in his attitude. He had the beak and eyes of an eagle.

Curtis was completely carried away with revulsion and horror. The words "In the name of God! In the name of God!" beat in his brain with the regular strokes of a trip-hammer, and he fancied he heard some one shouting them. An insurgent threatened him with the bayonet and another, with an outburst of expostulation, seized the threatener's gun. Then a third Cretan leaped upon him and attempted to push him to one side of the room. Curtis, now completely crazed with rage, dropped the gun which he was unable to use at such close quarters, and snarling, "Damn you, I'll choke the life out of you!" danced with hooked hands at his adversary's throat. Strong as a gorilla, and notable among the best athletes in the world, the football players of Harvard, he had nothing to fear. He dodged between the sinewy arms of his opponent, and, arching his back against the python embrace which now tightened upon him, felt for the Cretan's throat, when—there was a great crunching and trembling sound, and in the air, that had suddenly turned milky and pungent, and yellow with a lightning burst of sun, Cretans and Turks were leaping like imps. Curtis stood for a moment in stupid wonder, his mouth open, his hands still convulsively twitching. He was gazing at a great heap of débris and a triangle of wall with one ragged side. Men were scrambling over the rubbish, working their arms as though they were trying to fly. Something like an electric shock—it was fear—smote the American, and his stomach swooped as when one goes down in a swing. He leaped among the fleers and gained the open. Without looking to see where he was going, he struck out instinctively for the hills. Once or twice he fell down, but he was on his feet again in an instant. As he ran, his fear grew. Some one shouted to him, a familiar voice, but he did not stop. Lindbohm seized him firmly by the arm and held him. Curtis struggled for a moment, and then he felt weak. He could run no further. He tried to speak several times, but was entirely out of breath. At last he managed to gasp:

"What? What? What?"

The Swede was standing on a little eminence, with one hand in his pocket; hair, face and clothing were dusted miller white with powdered lime. He was gazing toward the sea, and there was the ghost of a smile in his childlike blue eyes.

"Six-inch shell," he replied. Curtis looked. There was a spurt of flame from one of the toy ships in the duck pond, followed by a muffled detonation, and a sound like the wind sometimes makes at sea. An explosion threw up a great cloud of dust about thirty yards beyond the blockhouse—or what remained of it.

"French!" said Lindbohm.

Another flash, again the sound of the wind, again the explosion—this time about twenty yards short.

"German, I think. They lowered too much, because the others fired high.

The third shell from yet another ship clipped away the white flag that was still standing on the corner of the building.

"English! That's great work!" Lindbohm's interest was entirely professional and disinterested.

To be continued.

LIVELY MICHIGAN CAMPAIGNING.

Candidates for Political Honors in the Wolverine State Must Be Up and Doing.

Col. Bliss of Saginaw and Mayor Maybury of Detroit are the rival candidates, Republican and Democratic, for Governor of Michigan this year. Michigan is a Republican State which has been practically unswerving in its devotion to Republican principles and candidates for forty years, but it is a State which contains, perhaps, a larger restless and dissatisfied political element than any other State of like importance in the country, an element which proverbially makes uncertain at the outset a State or national fight, though the result of it is, in almost every case, the same.

Michigan, with a population of about one-third that of New York by the last national census, has an area 10,000 square miles greater and the difficulties of campaigning in Michigan are such as to seem almost insurmountable to a statesman not accustomed to the prevailing political customs there. Col. Bliss, the Republican candidate, is to speak throughout the State under the direction of the State Committee. He will attend fifteen farmers' picnics and reunions of soldiers in August, beginning in Bay City, and in addition a number of State fairs and farmers' meetings.

His Democratic opponent, who is the present Mayor of the city of Detroit, has a like schedule of campaigning which in Michigan includes not merely attendance at military gatherings and those of farmers, but also meetings of fraternal organizations, fishermen, bicyclists, railroad men, miners, lumbermen, sailors and commercial organizations. A candidate for high office in Michigan, such as Governor or United States Senator, is expected "to mingle with the voters, addressing them at crossroads, from railroad stations, hotel balconies, fair stands and in halls and from boats.

With the exception of Detroit there is no city in Michigan having as many as 100,000 inhabitants, and it is made up mostly of small towns along the lines of the railroads so that a three months' campaigning tour would probably fall short of permitting the candidate to visit all the chief places of political importance. Though the distances in Michigan are long between towns, the opportunities of reaching them through railroad connections, which are many, are excellent. In the Presidential election of 1896, Michigan cast 544,000 votes and New York 1,545,000—a million more. Despite this disparity in voting population the railroad mileage of the two States is substantially the same, 8,000, and candidates can urge no objection of lack of railroad facilities to justify their absence from any town where the voters may desire to hear them.

In some other respects, too, campaigning in Michigan is a burden upon the candidates. No other State, perhaps, has such a diversity of interests as Michigan. It does not rank high in manufactures and is a farming State, and ranks no higher than its population would warrant, but it has enormous mineral interests, chiefly iron and copper; it leads all other States in the product of lumber; it has large fisheries and produces more than one-half of the salt product of the United States. Much of the productive labor in the State of Michigan is what would be called unskilled labor—lumbermen and miners, chiefly—and the views of many of these voters on political topics are very much less enlightened than is the case in neighboring States—Ohio and Illinois, for instance. Moreover, Michigan has quite a considerable foreign-born voting population distinct from what is the rule in other States. It has a large number of Canadians, a large number of Hollanders and a considerable number of Polish voters, and the candidate who attains the office of Governor of Michigan has reason to be grateful when the campaign for it is at an end.

The Republicans of Michigan are counting on a majority of 30,000 for Col. Bliss this year and of 40,000 for McKinley and Roosevelt.

GETTING INTO MANILA.

The Information Required of All Who Are Permitted to Enter the City.

From the Manila American.

It was easier for that man to pass through the eye of a needle than to enter the gates of heaven, so said the Teachor of old, and a more modern teacher has arisen to ordain the same difficulty as regards entry into Manila. Why? Is this city such a much-to-be-denied paradise? Surely those who have had much experience of it will say "No!" (with a capital N). And yet, before one can enter here, one has to write a perfect and complete little history of one's self, authenticate it and hand it over to the special department which holds the key of Manila.

Upon embarking on board a steamer at Hong Kong bound for Manila one is handed a large sheet of paper and on this paper is an array of questions, all relating to the would-be voyager's most private and personal concerns—an array fit to frighten the timid traveller and cause him to change his mind as to the destination of his journeyings. First, in order, of course, is the column for the full name—half the name or initials will not do. A stern fate decrees a truthful statement of your age. No giddy young thing of 49 is allowed to pervert the truth and drop any of her years. She must not figure on this document as "twenty-three years and seven months." "Sex" is the next question, and John Thomas Smith must be careful to announce that he is not "feminine," even though he may possibly be effeminate. Whether married or single or double bareness must next be confessed to, or woe betide the prevaricator. Occupation, whether able to read and write, nationality, last residence, seaport for landing and final destination in the Philippines are some of the further questions to be asked and then, to prove that the intending traveller is no would-be stowaway he must state the fact of his possession or otherwise of a ticket to his destination, and furthermore, he or she must even say whether the ticket was purchased with his or her own or other people's money. Then the condition of one's finances must be declared and the actual sum of money constituting one's worldly possessions, and "if thirty or less" how much cash one has; so that if one has "thirty" one must be very careful not to under or over estimate the amount.

Is the immigrant going to join a relative?—that relative's name and address must be given. If he has ever before been in the Philippines, whether he goes to work, under contract or otherwise, are vital questions to be truthfully answered.

Whether he has ever been in prison, almshouse or lived on charity, probe deeply into his most intimately private affairs. For though he might never have been in prison, the truth-telling traveller might feel that he should say if he has not that he ought to have been, while the answer "Not yet" to the question whether he is a polygamist wont pass.

Finally, the condition of his health must be stated—his mental as well as physical—and if he tells the truth when he arrives at this stage of the self-examination he will be very apt to say, "bordering on insanity." And then, to close up, he must state whether he is crippled or deformed. If he have only the $30, maybe so much a point of, he may be mentioned as crippled financially, and by the time he gets through he will in all probability conclude that there are other green fields and pastures new and direct his footsteps toward them.

MANAS, THE MILLER.

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There was a man from the mountain named Donal once married the daughter of a stingy old couple who lived on the lowlands.

He used to stay and work on his own wee patch of land all the week round, till it came to Saturday evening, and on Saturday evening he went to his wife's father's to spend Sunday with them.

Coming and going he always passed the mill of Manas, the miller, and Manas, who used to be watching him passing, always noticed and thought it strange, that while he jumped the millrace going to his wife's father's on a Saturday evening, he had always to wade through it coming back. For a little time he noticed this and wondered, and at last he stopped Donal one Monday morning and he asked him to tell him the meaning of it.

"Well, I'll tell you," says Donal, says he. "It's this. My old father-in-law is such a very small eater, that he says grace and blesses himself when I've only got a few pieces out of my meals, so I'm always weak coming back on Monday morning."

Manas, he thought over this to himself for awhile and then says he: "Would you mind letting me go with you next Saturday evening? If you do, I promise you that you'll leap the millrace coming back."

"No, but I'll be glad to have you," says Donal.

Very well and good. When Saturday evening came, Manas joined Donal and off they both trudged to Donal's father-in-law.

The old man was not too well pleased at seeing Donal bringing a fresh hand, but Manas, he didn't pretend to see this, but made himself as welcome as the flowers of May, and when supper was laid down on Saturday night, Manas gave Donal the nudge, and both of them began to tie their shoes as if they had got loose, and they tied and tied away at their shoes, till the old man had eaten a couple of minutes, and then said grace and finished and got up from the table, thinking they wouldn't have the ill manners to sit down after the meal was over.

But down to the table my brave Manas and Donal sit and eat their hearty skinful. And when the old fellow saw this he was gruff and grumpy enough, and it's little they could get out of him between that and bedtime.

But Manas kept a lively chat going, and told good stories that passed away the night and when bedtime came, and they offered Manas a bed in the room, Manas said no, that there was no place he could sleep, only one, and that was along the fireside.

The old man and the old woman both objected to this, and said they couldn't think of allowing a stranger to sleep there, but all they could say or do wasn't any use, and Manas said he couldn't nor wouldn't sleep in any other place, and insisted on lying down there, and lie down there he did in spite of them all, and they all went off to their beds.

But though Manas lay down, he was very sure not to let himself go to sleep, and when he was near about two hours lying he hears the room door open easy, and the old woman puts her head out and listens, and Manas he snored as if he hadn't slept for ten days and ten nights before.

When the old woman heard this, she came up on the floor and looked at him, and saw him lie as if he was dead asleep. Then she hastened to put a pot of water on the fire and began to make a pot of stirabout for herself and the old man, for this was the way, as Manas had well suspected, that they used to cheat Donal.

But just in the middle of the cooking of the pot of stirabout, doesn't Manas roll over and pretend to wake up, and he sits and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and looks at the woman and at the pot on the fire.

"Ah," says he, "is it here ye are, or is it mornin' with ye?"

"Well no," says she, "it isn't mornin', but we have a cow that's not well, and I had to put on a mash on the fire here for it. I'm sorry I wakened ye."

"Oh, no, no," says Manas, says he, "you haven't wakened me at all. It's this sore ankle I have here," says he. "I've a very, very sore ankle," says he, "and it troubles me sometimes at night," he says, "and no matter how sound asleep I may be, it wakens me up, and I've got to sit up until I cure it," says he. "There's nothin' cures it but soot—till I rub plenty of soot out of the chimney to it."

And Manas takes hold of the tongs, and he begins pulling the soot down out of the chimney from above the pot, and for every one piece that fell on the fire, there were five pieces that fell into the pot. And when Manas thought he had the pot loaded up enough spiced with the soot, he raised up a little of the soot from the fire and rubbed his ankle with it.

"And now," says he, "that's all right, and I'll sleep sound and not waken again till mornin'."

And he stretched himself out again and began to snore.

The old woman was pretty vexed that she had her night's work spoiled, and she went up to the room to the old man and told him what had happened to the stirabout. He got into a bad rage entirely and asked her was Manas asleep again, and she said he was. Then he ordered her to go down and make an oat scowder and put it on the ashes for him.

She went down and got the oatmeal and made a good scowder and set it on the ashes, and then sat by it for the short while it would be doing.

But she hadn't it many minutes on the ashes when Manas let a cry out of him, as if it were in his sleep, and up he jumps and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and when he saw her he said: "Och! is it here ye are, and I'm glad ye are," says he, "for I've been a great trouble on me mind that's lying a load over me heart and wouldn't let me sleep, and I want to relieve me mind to ye," says Manas, "an' then I'll sleep hearty and sound all the night after when I get rid of it. So I'll tell you a story," says he.

So he catches hold of the tongs in his two hands, and as he told the story he would wave about with the points of them in the air.

"And," says he, "I want to tell you that my father afore he died was a very rich man and owned no end of land. He had three sons, myself, and Teddy and Tom, and the three of us were three good, hard workers. I always liked Teddy and Tom, but, however, it came out Tom and Teddy hated me, and they never lost a chance of trying to damage me with my father and to turn him against me. He sent Teddy and Tom to school and gave them a grand education, but he only gave me the spade in my fists and sent me out to the fields. And when Teddy and Tom came back from school they were two gentlemen, and used to ride their horses and hunt with their hounds, and me they always made look after the horses and groom them and saddle them and bridle them, and be there in the yard to meet them when they would come in from their riding and take charge of their horses, give them a rubbing down and stable them for them.

"In my own mind I used to think that this wasn't exactly fair or brotherly treatment, but I said nothing, for I liked both Teddy and Tom. And prouder and prouder of them every day got my father, and more and more every day he disliked me, until at long and at last, when he came to die, he left all the land to them that much, and left the poor Manas that little, that they put up his will and divided his land into four parts and left it in this way:

"Now supposin'," says Manas, says he, digging the point of the tongs into the scowder, "supposin'," says he, "there was my father's farm. He cut it across this way," says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in one way. "Then he cuts it across this way," says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in the other direction, "and that quarter," says he, tossing away a quarter of the scowder with the point of the tongs, "he gave to my mother. And that quarter there," says he, tossing off the other quarter into the dirt, "he gave to Teddy, and this quarter here," says he, tossing the third quarter, "he gave to Tom. And this last quarter," says Manas, says he, digging the point of the tongs right into the heart of the other quarter of the scowder, and lifting it up and looking at it "that quarter," says he, "he gave to the priest," and he pitched it as far from him down the floor as he could. "And there," says he, throwing down the tongs, "he left poor Manas where to-day—a beggar and an outcast. That ma'am," says he, "is me story, and now that I've relieved my mind, I'll sleep sound and well till morning."

And down he stretches himself by the fireside and begins to snore again.

And the old woman she started up to the room and she told the old man what had happened to the scowder, and the old fellow got into a mighty rage entirely, and was for getting up and going down to have the life of Manas, for he was starving with the hunger.

But she tried to smooth him down as well as she could. And then he told her to go down to the kitchen and make something else on the fire for him.

"Oh, it's no use," says she, "a-trying to make anything on the fire for there'll be some other ache coming on that fellow's ankle or some other trouble on his mind, and he'll be getting up in the middle of it all to tell me about it. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says she, "I'll go out and I'll milk the cow, and give you a good jug of sweet milk to drink, and that will take the hunger off you till morning."

He told her to get up quick and do it, or she would find him dead of the hunger.

And off she went as quickly as she could, and took a jug off the kitchen dresser, and slipped out, leaving Manas snoring loudly in the kitchen.

But when Manas thought she had time to have the jug near filled from the cow he slips out to the syre, and as it was dark, he talked like the old man: "And," says he, "I'll die with the hunger if you don't hurry with that."

So she filled out the jug and she reached it to him in the dark, and he drank it off and gave her back the empty jug, and went in and lay down.

Then she milked off another jug for herself and drank it, and came slipping in and put the jug easy on the dresser, so as not to waken Manas and went up to the room.

When she came up the old fellow was raging there. Says he: "You might have milked all the cows in the county since, an' me dead with hunger here waitin' on it. Give me my jug of milk," says he.

"And what do you mean," says she.

"What do you mean, you old blatherskite?" says the old man, says he.

Says she: "Didn't you come out to the byre and ask me for the jug of milk there, an' didn't I give it to you, an' didn't you drink it all?"

"Be this and be that," says he, "but this is a nice how-do-ye-do. It's that scoundrel," says he, "in the kitchen that's tricked ye again. An' be this an' be that," says he, "I'm goin' down now an' have his life."

But when she heard how she had been tricked she was not a bit sorry to let him go and have Manas's life.

But Manas had been listening with his ear to the keyhole to hear what was going on, and when he heard this, and while the man was preparing to go down and take his life, he hauled in a calf and put it lying by the fireside where he had been lying and threw the cover over it.

And when the man came down with the sledge-hammer he went for the place where he knew Manas had been lying, and he struck with all his might, and he drove the hammer through the calf's skull, and the calf only just gave one mew and died. And then the old fellow went back to his bed content and the miller went out and off home again.

When the old fellow and his woman got up in the morning early to go and bury the miller, they found the trick he had played on them, and they were in a pretty rage.

But when the breakfast was made this morning, and Donal and all of them sat down, I can tell you the old fellow was in no hurry saying grace, and Donal he got his hearty fill for once in his life anyhow, and so did he at night.

And when Donal was going back for home on Monday morning he leapt the mill-race, and Manas came out and gave him a cheer. He got Manas's both hands and he shook them right hearty.

And every Monday morning after, for the three years that the old fellow lived, Manas alway saw Donal leap the mill-race as easy as a sparrow might hop over a rod.

At the end of three years the old fellow died and Donal went to live on the farm altogether, and there was no friend ever came to see him that was more heartily welcomed than Manas the Miller.

COLLEGE CLUBS IN NEW YORK.

There Are Many of Them and They Offer Many Advantages to Graduates.

When the New York Harvard Alumni decided a few years ago to build a clubhouse suitable to their needs it was a foregone conclusion that Yale and Princeton would not be long in following their example. These three universities now have clubs in this city, each a membership of more than 1,000.

It is evident, from a recent club list, that college men take naturally to clubs. The University Club, of course, heads the list with its broad membership which includes graduates from every college of importance in this country. In addition to the Harvard, Yale and Princeton clubs Cornell is represented by a very flourishing organization which will some day have a new clubhouse of its own, and nearly all the smaller colleges have either clubs or associations which give an annual dinner and occasional smoker. More exclusive in membership are the Greek letter fraternity clubs, of which the D. K. E., Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi are the best known. There are half a dozen others which support well equipped clubs. In addition to all these clubs there is the University Athletic Club. A graduate of a college where the Greek letter societies have chapters is thus eligible to membership in the University Club, his own college club, his Greek letter fraternity club and the University Athletic Club, and many college graduates do carry these four cards in their list. They meet much the same class of men in each and the younger men who cannot afford to belong to more than two clubs usually select the one for college men which pleases them best, and for a second club join one that is not made up exclusively of college men.

The total membership of these various college clubs is large and their increasing prosperity is evidence of the fact that college associations are binding enough after a man has been graduated to attract men to the clubs founded on them. Yale's new clubhouse is to be something of a skyscraper and as such it will be an experiment in club building. It will have some very obvious advantages, even though it may not look as much like a club as a bachelor apartment house. By building up into the air the number of living rooms for members is largely increased. The Princeton Club is now located in a comfortable, old-fashioned house at Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue. Like the Yale and Harvard clubs it makes a strong bid for the support of the young alumni by making its dues very low for men who have been out of college less than ten years. One of the distinctive features of these college clubs is the graduated scale of dues. It is safe to assume that not more than half the graduates of these colleges become wage-earners until they have been out of college four or five years. If the man goes in for a profession three of these five years are used in preparing for it. So moderate are the dues for the men who have been out of college less than five years that the great majority of the alumni can afford membership in these clubs. The Princeton Club has now more than 1,000 members and its dining rooms are well filled every day. Like many of the fraternity clubs the Princeton Club serves a table d'hote breakfast and dinner. One member of the House Committee lives in the club and he is thus able to give all the time necessary to its management.

Such clubs as these offer a home to the young college man who comes to New York a stranger. He finds in them many of his old college friends and the club offers more, in proportion to its dues, than any other kind of club in town. The University Club, on the other hand, is one of the most expensive clubs in town. Its initiation fee is large and its dues are three or four times as much as those of the regular college or fraternity club. Moreover, an election to membership is more difficult to obtain.

A COYOTE ROUND-UP.

The Prairie Wolves Are Getting Troublesome—How the Hunt Is Managed.

From the Chicago Record.

AKRON, Col., Aug. 10.—Eastern Colorado ranchmen value an ordinary coyote at $37.50. This extravagant price will result in another great hunt this fall, in which it is estimated thousands of the little animals will fall victims to the forty-four of the cowboys or the hounds of the sports of the East.

The citizens of the various stock towns in the coyote infested section are preparing to have a day fixed for one big "round-up" of the entire three counties representing the territory that has suffered so severely as a result of the depredations of the animal. If this is done the big hunt will present some interesting features. The three counties represent a territory something like eight miles square. Yuma is the largest of the three and Yuma and Washington counties have suffered most from the ravages of the omnivorous beasts.

The reader can picture in his mind a vast territory of sage brush and sand hills eighty miles across either way. Then he can imagine horsemen from all over the country arranged around the outer limits of this area. At the start the hunters may be some distance apart, but as they move in at a certain hour toward one common centre they soon get closer together until they finally meet. Every two miles of horsemen around the square will have a captain who will direct all movements. If the start is made at 6 o'clock in the morning, the scene, if possible to encompass it within the vision of one man, would represent more than a regiment of cavalry and more than one thousand hounds dashing nearly all day across the plains, forcing every living thing before them—a mixed mass—cowboys, tenderfeet, cattle barons, millionaires, Eastern sports, and withal a howling mob. The signal for the forty-mile ride to the centre is made at 6 o'clock and by noon the forces from all four sides ought to meet at the common centre before sunset and perhaps little past the middle of the afternoon.

According to the report of a nephew of the famous Kit Carson, who practically conducted the hunt during the 80s, the scenes during the last hours of the hunts are never to be forgotten. Coyotes frightened out of the tall grass at the approach of the oncoming hunters run like sheep in a circle in the hope that they may find a friendly outlet to freedom. As a result, by the time the horsemen and hunters get within two or three miles of each other at the close of the hunt, they represent a corral surrounding hundreds of coyotes circling in a mad mass like so many frightened sheep.

The hounds are unleashed and the slaughter begins. If there are 1,000 hounds they will all be slaughtering on the outside of the herd of coyotes, which will number nearly double what the hounds will. Imagine