

THE GRAFTERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

She was pacing back and forth in front of his chair in a way that was almost man-like; but her contemptuous impatience made her dangerously beautiful. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon him, and there were sharp glances in the kitten-buffetings.

"Do you know you're spoiling a future that most men would hesitate to throw away?" she asked. "While you have been a man of one idea in this railroad affair, we haven't been idle—your newspaper and political friends, and Ormsby and I. You are ambitious; you want to succeed; and we have been laying the foundations for you. The next election would give you anything in the gift of the state that a man of your years could aspire to. Have you known this?"

"I have guessed it," he said quite humbly.

"Of course you have. But it has all been contingent upon one thing: you were to crush the grafters in this railroad struggle—show them up—and climb to distinction yourself on the ladder from which you have shaken them. It might have been done; it was in a fair way to be done. And now you turn back and leave the plow in the furrow!"

There was more of a like quality—a good bit more: some of it regretful; all of it pungent and logical from Miss Van Brock's point of view; and Kent was no rock not to be moved by the small tempest of disappointed vicarious ambition. Wherefore he escaped when he could, though only to begin the sibilant settle after rain, to fight and wander among the tombs in the valley of indecision for a week and a day, eight miserable twirlings of the earth in space, during which interval he was invisible to his friends and innocuous to his enemies.

On the morning of the ninth day Editor Hildreth telephoned Miss Van Brock to ask if she knew where Kent could be found. The answer was a rather anxious negative; though the query could have been answered affirmatively by the conductor and motorman of an early morning electric car which ran to the farthest outskirts of the eastern suburbs of the city. Following a boyish habit he had never fully outgrown, Kent had been more taken to his problem to the extent, and the hour after luncheon time found him plodding wearily back to the end of the car line, jaded, dusty and stiff from much tramping of the brown plain, but with the long duel finally fought out to some despairing conclusion.

The city hall clock was upon the brink of three when the inbound trolley-car landed in front of the Clarendon. It was a measure of the purposeful abstraction that he went out around the corner to the Security bank, dusty and unrepresentable as he was, and transferred the packet of incriminating affidavits from the safety deposit box to his pocket before going to his rooms in the hotel.

"This paper weapon was the centering point of the struggle which had now lasted for nearly fortnight. So long as the weapon was his to use or to cast away, the outcome of the moral conflict hung in the balance. But now he was emerging from the night wanderings among the tombs of the undecided.

"I can't give it up; there is too much at stake," he muttered, as he touched heavily back and behind. And he went about the stairs he asked the young woman at the house telephone exchange to ascertain if Governor Bucks were in his office at the capitol, and if so, if he were likely to remain there for an hour.

When he reached his rooms he flung the packet of papers on the writing-table and went to freshen himself with a bath. That which he called for fitness, mental and physical, and cool sanity.

He was struggling into clean linen, and the pocket was still lying where he had tossed it on entering, when a bell-boy came up with a card. Kent read the name with a ghost of a smile relating the care-drawn lines about his mouth. "There are times when a man's fate rushes to meet him, and he had fallen upon one of them.

"Show him up," was the brief direction; and when the door of the elevator cage clacked again, Kent was waiting.

His visitor was a man of heroic proportions; a large man a little broadened, as it seemed, by an swift upward rush of the elevator. Kent admitted him with a nod; and the governor planted himself heavily in a chair and begged a light for his cigar. In the match-passing he gathered his spent breath and declared his errand.

"I think we have a little score to settle between us as man to man, Kent," he began, when Kent had clipped the end from his own cigar and lighted it in stolid silence.

"Possibly: that is for you to say," was the unencouraging reply.

Bucks rose deliberately, walked to the bath-room door, and looked beyond it into the bedroom.

"We are quite alone, if that is what you want to make sure of," said Kent, in the same indifferent tone; and the governor came back and resumed his chair.

"I came up to see what you want—what you will take to quit," he announced, crossing his legs and locking the huge ham-like hands over his knees. "That is putting it rather abruptly, but business is business, and we can dispense with the preliminaries, I take it."

"I told your attorney-general some time ago what I wanted, and he did not see fit to grant it," Kent responded. "I am not sure that I want anything now—anything you have to offer."

"This was not all he had intended to say; but the presence of the adversary was breeding a sibilant antagonism that was more potent on the moral side than all the prickings of conscience

The yellow-lidded eyes of the governor began to close down, and the look came into them which had been there when he denied a pardon to a widow pleading for the life of her convicted son.

"I had hoped you were in the market," he demurred. "It would be better for all concerned if you had something to sell, with a price attached. I know what you have been doing, and what you think you have got hold of. It's a tissue of mistakes and falsehoods—backbitings from beginning to end but it may serve your purpose with the newspapers. I want to buy that package of stuff you've got stowed away in the Security vaults."

The governor's chair was on one side of the writing-table, and Kent's was on the other. In plain sight between the two men lay the packet. Bucks was willing to bargain for it, it was enclosed in a box envelope, bearing the imprint of the Security bank. Kent was looking steadily away from the table when he said:

"What if it isn't for sale?"

"Don't you think it had better be?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought much about the advisable phase of it."

"Well, the time has come when you've got it to do," was the low-toned threat.

"But not as a matter of compulsion," said Kent, coolly enough.

"What is your bid?"

Bucks made it promptly.

"Ten thousand dollars; and you promise to leave the state and stay away for one year from the first Tuesday in November next."

"That is, until after the state election," Kent blew a whiff of smoke to the ceiling and shook his head slowly. "It is not enough."

The governor uncrossed his legs, crossed them the other way and said: "I'll make it twenty thousand and two years."

"Or thirty thousand and three years," Kent suggested amiably. "Or

"I thought I knew, in the old Gaston days, how many different kinds of a scoundrel you could be, but you've succeeded in showing me some new variations in the last few minutes. It's a thousand pities that the people of a great state should be at the mercy of such a gang of pirates as you and Hendricks and Meigs and MacFarlane, and—"

"Break it off!" said Bucks.

"I'm through. I was merely going to add that I have concluded not to buy it."

"When it's to be war to the knife, is it?"

"That is about the size of it," said Kent; and the governor found his hat.

"I'll trouble you to return my property," he growled, pointing to the table drawer.

"Certainly," Kent broke the revolver over the blotting pad, swept the elected cartridges into the open drawer, and passed the empty weapon to its owner.

When the door closed behind the outgoing visitor the victor in the small passage at arms began to walk the floor; but at four o'clock, which was Hildreth's hour for coming down-town, he put on his hat and went to climb the three flights of stairs to the editor's den in the Argus building.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEAD WATER AND QUIET.

The cubby-hole in which Hildreth earned his bread by the sweat of his brain was dark even at midday; and during working hours the editor sat under a funnel-shaped reflector in a conic shower-bath of electric light which flooded him and desk and left the corners of the room in a penumbra of twilight.

Kent sat just outside of the cone of radiance, watching Hildreth's face as the editor read stolidly through the contents of the box envelope. It was an instructive study in thought dynamics. There was a gleam of battle satisfaction in the editorial eye when Hildreth faced the last sheet down upon the accumulation of evidence, saying:

"You didn't overstate the fact in your brag about the political graves. Only this isn't a spade; it's a steam shovel. Do I understand you are giving me this stuff to use as I please?"

"Just that," said Kent.

"And you have made it serve your turn, too?"

"No," Kent's voice was sharp and crisp.

"Isn't that what you got it for?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you use it?"

"That was what Bucks wanted to know a little while ago when he came to my rooms to try to buy me off. I don't think I succeeded in making him understand why I couldn't traffic with him, but possibly you wouldn't understand."

"I guess I do. It's public property, and you couldn't divert it into private channels. Is that the way it struck you?"

"It is the way it struck a friend of mine whose sense of ultimate right and wrong hasn't lost its fine edge in the world-war. But this is the old story. It means the loss of all you have been working for in the railroad game. I wish I could use it, just as it stands."

"Can't you?"

"I am afraid not—effectively. It would make an issue in a campaign; or, sprung on the eve of an election, it might down the ring conclusively. I tell you, and the people won't rise to the political issue—couldn't make themselves felt if they should."

"I don't agree with you. You have your case all made out, with the evidence in sound legal form. What is to prevent your trying it?"

"The one thing that you ought to be lawyer enough to see, as a glance. There is no court to try it in. With the assembly in session we ought to do something; as it is, we can only yap at the heels of the ringsters, and our yapping won't help you in the railroad fight. What do you hear from Boston?"

"Nothing new. The stock is still flat on the market, with the stock-holders' Plantagould brokers buying in droplets wherever they find a small holder who is willing to let go. It is only a question of time; and a very short time at that."

HE JAMMED THE FIRE-END OF HIS CIGAR AMONG THE FINGERS OF THE GRASPING HAND.

suppose we come at one to the end of that string and say one hundred thousand and ten years. That would still leave you a fair price for your block of suburban property in Guilford and Hawk's addition to the city of Gaston, wouldn't it?"

The governor set his massive jaw with a sharp little click of the teeth.

"You are joking on the edge of your grave, my young friend. I taught you in Gaston that you were not big enough to fight me; do you think you are big enough now?"

"I don't think, I know," said Kent, incisively. "And since you have referred to the Gaston days; let me ask if I ever gave you any reason to believe that I could be scared out?"

"Keep to the point," retorted Bucks, harshly. "This state isn't broad enough to hold you and me on opposite sides of the fence. I could make it too hot to hold you without mixing up in it myself, but I choose to fight my own battles. Will you take \$20,000 spot cash, and MacFarlane's job as circuit judge when I'm through with him? Yes or no?"

"No."

"Then what will you take?"

"Without committing myself in any sense, I might say that you are getting off too cheaply on your most liberal proposition. You and your friends have looted a \$70,000,000 railroad, and—"

"You might have stood in on that if you had taken Gullford's offer," was the brusque rejoinder. "There was more than a corporation lawyer's salary in sight, if you'd had sense enough to see it."

"Possibly. But I stayed out—and I am still out."

"Do you want to get in? Is that your price?"

"I intend to get in—though not, perhaps, in the way you have in mind. Are you ready to recall Judge MacFarlane with instructions to give us our hearing on the merits?"

The governor's face was wooden when he said:

"Is that all you want? I understand MacFarlane is returning, and you will doubtless have your hearing in due season."

"Not unless you authorize it," Kent objected.

"And if I do? If I say that I have allowed to do so, will you come in and lay down your arms?"

"No."

"Then I'm through. Give me your key and write me an order to the Security bank for those papers you are holding."

"No," said Kent, again.

"I say yes!" came the explosive re-assertion; and Kent found himself looking down the bright barrel of a pistol thrust into his face across the table.

For a man who had been oftentimes an onlooker on the football half and successful in the same, Kent was remarkably cool and resourceful. In one motion he clamped the weapon and turned it aside; in another he jammed the fire-end of his cigar among the fingers of the grasping hand. The governor jerked free with an oath, pain-exorted; and Kent dropped the captured weapon into the table drawer. It was all done in two breaths, and when it was over Kent flung away the broken cigar and lighted a fresh one.

"That was a very primitive expedient, your excellency, to say the best

of it," he remarked. "Have you nothing better to offer?"

The reply was a wild-beat growl, and taking it for a negative, Kent went on.

"Then perhaps you will listen to my proposal. The papers you are so anxious about are here,—tapping the envelope on the table. "No, don't try to snatch them; you wouldn't get out of here alive with them, lacking my complicity in the Universal Oil deal are yours—on one condition; that your health fails and you get yourself out of the state for the remainder of your term."

"No!" thundered the governor.

"Very well; you may stay and take a course of home treatment, if you prefer. It's optional."

"By God! I don't know what keeps me from throttling you with my hands!" Bucks got upon his feet, and Kent rose, also, slipping the box envelope into his pocket and laying a precautionary hand on the drawer-pull.

The governor turned away and walked to the window, nursing his burned fingers. When he faced about it was to return to the charge.

"Kent, what is it you want? Say it out loud, you scoundrel!"

"Candidly, I didn't know, until a few minutes ago, governor. It began with a determination to break your grip on my railroad, I believe."

"You can have your railroad, if you can get it—and be damned to it, and to you, too!"

"I said it began that way. My sole idea in getting up this evidence against you and your accomplices was to whittle out a club that would make you let go of the Trans-Western. For two weeks I have been debating with myself as to whether I should buy or break you; and half an hour before you came, I went to the bank and took these papers out, meaning to go and hang you up."

"Well!" said the governor, and the word bared his teeth because his lips were dry.

"I thought I knew, in the old Gaston days, how many different kinds of a scoundrel you could be, but you've succeeded in showing me some new variations in the last few minutes. It's a thousand pities that the people of a great state should be at the mercy of such a gang of pirates as you and Hendricks and Meigs and MacFarlane, and—"

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circus, and he ordered the chief of police to hunt them out, and put them in a pest house. The Honduras females were yellow as saffron, but it was caused by the climate of Honduras, but the whole show was scared to death for fear we would all have yellow fever, and the management decided to hide the yellow girls from the police.

Pa fixed up one of the cages, with the girls blacked up as Hottentots and pa and I blacked up as an African king and prince of the blood, and we did stunts in the cage at afternoon and evening performances, and the crowd could not keep away from our cage, until pa got hot and unbuckled his shirt and, before we knew it, everybody saw pa's white skin below where his face and neck were blacked, and while we were talking gibberish to each other a country jake got mad and he led a crowd to open the cage and make us remove our shirts to prove that we were Hottentots.

When they found we were white people, they blacked up, they wanted their money back and were going to tip over the cage, when pa saved the day by making a speech, at the evening performance, to the effect that we were all yellow fever refugees from New Orleans and the mob lit out on the run

THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS AN UNMISTAKABLE CASE OF YELLOW FEVER.

chew the clown's pants, catch the minister's coat tail and just scare him plum to death.

The boys said it would be the biggest picnic that ever was—a regular barbecue. The boss canvasser said he was opposed to mixing religion with the circus business, because the fellows could get all the religion they needed in the winter, when the show was laid up, and he would see the boys through in anything they proposed to do to the sky pilot that was going to play his game in Ring No. 1 at 10:30 the next day.

Well, after I heard the circus men talk about what they would do to the preacher, I was afraid they would kill him, so when he and a helper brought a little melodeon into the ring, I was going to raise a rumpus and drive him out of the tent with the bulldog hanging to his coat tails. He put his hand on his pistol pocket and pulled a long, blue gun about half way out, and let it drop back down beside his leg, so when he winked at me and said he guessed not, scarcely, as he had preached to crowds so tough that a circus gang was a Sunday school in comparison.

Then I got on a front seat to watch the fun. About 800 of the circus hands,

performers, clowns and peanut butchers, came in, snickering, and sat down on the reserved seats in front of the little pulpit, improvised from the barrels of the elephants stand on, and some of them laughed and said: "Hello, Bill!" and "Ah, there!" and "Get on to his collar," and a lot of other things.

The little husky preacher had a Salvation Army girl to play the melodeon, and he didn't take any notice of the remarks the boys made, except to set his jaws together and moisten his lips. Finally they were all seated, and he got up to open the services, when a big canvasser, a regular Smart Aleck, got up on a seat and said: "Pardner, how you going to open this jack pot?"

The crowd laughed and the preacher pulled his long blue gun up out of his pocket, and laid it on the barrel, and then picked it up and pointed it at the big canvasser and said: "This game is going to be opened with this hand, seven of a kind, all 45 caliber, dum-dum bullets, and unless you sit down quick I will send a mess of bullets into your carcass right where your heart ought to be. If you open your mouth again before I say 'amen!' real loud at the close of the services, I will shoot all your front-teeth out. Do you comprehend? If so, be seated."

The big fellow dropped on to the blue seat, as though he had been hit

AFTER SCRATCHING HIS HEAD A MINUTE, HE TURNED AND WALKED TOWARD THE PREACHER.

for the main tent, where they announced that there were four cases of fever in the menagerie tent, and that settled it.

The mayor and police closed the show on account of yellow fever, and we couldn't get out of the tent. Pa had been quite close to the yellow girls and when he found out that yellow fever was a disease that catches you when not looking, and in 15 minutes you look like a corpse, and in four hours you are liable to be a sure enough corpse, he shook the yellow girls, and asked an old sailor what a man ought to do who has been exposed to yellow fever, and the old sailor, who has had yellow fever lots of times, told pa to strip off his clothes and take a bath of prepared mustard, and rub it in thoroughly, and then wipe it off, and take a vinegar rub, and after that sprinkle a little red pepper on himself, put on different clothes and drink about a gallon of red lemonade and he could defy yellow fever."

Pa is an easy mark and he believed the old sailor, who is tattooed and makes a show of himself with the frocks, and pa took a change of clothes and a bottle of mustard and a crust of vinegar and a bottle of red pepper and went into a dressing room and got behind a wagon and began to take the cure the sailor had prescribed. I don't

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

(Copyright by J. B. Rowles.)

The Circus Has a Yellow Fever Scare—The Bad Boy and His Dad Dress Up as Hottentots—Pa Takes a Mustard Bath and Attends a Revival Meeting.

Well, we have had a row for your life, and all the excitement anybody can stand. We got into Indiana and had a yellow fever scare, a quarantine that lasted one night, so nobody could sleep on our train, a riot at Evansville cause we took on a couple of female trapeze women that came from Honduras, via New Orleans, and a revival of religion, all in one bunch, and pa is beginning to get haggard, like a hag.

The female trapeze performers, who had been expected ever since we started on the road, had been quarantined at New Orleans, where the yellow fever is raging, and finally got through the quarantine guard somewhere in Mississippi, and got to us Saturday afternoon, and some official telegraphed to the mayor that two yellow fever refugees had struck his town to join the



circus, and he ordered the chief of police to hunt them out, and put them in a pest house. The Honduras females were yellow as saffron, but it was caused by the climate of Honduras, but the whole show was scared to death for fear we would all have yellow fever, and the management decided to hide the yellow girls from the police.

Pa fixed up one of the cages, with the girls blacked up as Hottentots and pa and I blacked up as an African king and prince of the blood, and we did stunts in the cage at afternoon and evening performances, and the crowd could not keep away from our cage, until pa got hot and unbuckled his shirt and, before we knew it, everybody saw pa's white skin below where his face and neck were blacked, and while we were talking gibberish to each other a country jake got mad and he led a crowd to open the cage and make us remove our shirts to prove that we were Hottentots.

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know as it was right to do it, but about the time pa had got to the red pepper course and was sprinkling it on his skin pretty thick, and he was beginning to get pretty hot, and was yelling a little, I told the chief of police, who was looking around with the health officer for suspicious cases, that there was a man acting sort of queer behind the wagon that had a plow of canvas over the wheels. They both rushed in on pa and grabbed him.

Go! but pa looked and smelled like a plate of pigs' feet and the doctor said it was an unmistakable case of yellow fever, he could tell by the smell, and then pa turned pale and yellow from fright, and the wrapper on up in an emergency hospital ambulance, and the whole show at once knew that we were in for a quarantine.

They burned up the suit of clothes pa took off and the one he was going to put on, and the ambulance drove away while pa shook his fist at the sailor and one at me, and his skin began to shrink and smart, and he yelled, and the audience stampeded, and the show was in the dumps.

We had to stay over Sunday in Evansville, and the show people were scared the manager thought he better have religious services in the tent Sunday, so they got a revivalist preacher to preach to them, a fellow who used to preach to the cowboys out west. Sunday morning the tough fellows in the show said they wouldn't do a thing to the preacher when he came on to do his stunt. Their idea was to wait until he got well on his sermon and then begin to interrupt him and ask questions, and finally to get a blanket and toss him up a few times for luck, and then chase him out and have the circus bulldog, that

with a piledriver, and the crowd was so tickled to have the bully's bluff called, that they cheered the preacher. Then he said: "We will now open this jack pot with singing and I shall keep one eye on the gentleman who was last up, but who is now seated pretty low down."

You could have heard a pin drop.

The preacher wiped his face calmly, and said: "We will now sing and I expect every man will sing, and to that end I will appoint Big Ike, who asked me how I was going to open this jack pot, to come down in front of the seats and lead in the singing, for I know by his voice, which I heard in debate, that he is a crackerjack," and the preacher took hold of the handle of the blue gun and Big Ike walked down through the rows of seats, and as the melodeon began to squawk, Ike got down in front of the audience, and some of the boys said: "Bully for you, Ike," and after scratching his head a minute Ike turned and walked towards the preacher, at the edge of the ring, and I thought there was going to be the worst fight ever was, and as the preacher reached for the gun I crawled under the seat, and peeked out between the legs of a fat man, but Ike walked up to the minister and said, as the melodeon began to cough: "Boys, this tune is on Ike." He started it and every man sang.

When it was ended the boys clapped and stamped for an encore, and they sang it through again, and the face of the preacher beamed with joy, and I saw there was not going to be any fight and I crawled out from under the seats.

Pa came in the tent just then, with a new suit of clothes on, having been discharged from the hospital as cured of yellow fever, and I gave him my seat, and he held me in his lap.

The preacher then preached a sermon that did them all good. He dwelt upon the hard life of the showman, and gave them such good advice that when it was all over and he said he wanted to shake hands with every one in the bunch, he marshaled them all up to the ring and introduced them, and no minister ever was more cordially congratulated, and they wanted him to go along with the show, and preach every Sunday.

The preacher said he couldn't join the show, but he traveled around for a good deal and he would preach in the same town with the show several times during the summer and he would drop in on them occasionally and keep them straight.

Pa was watching the crowd for the sailor who prescribes cayenne pepper for yellow fever, and when he saw the sailor come up to the minister, with tears in his eyes, and say: "Parson, I has been a bad man and killed a man once, but he was a Portuguese sailor, and he had the drop on me, the same as you did on Big Ike at the opening of these proceedings, and I had to kill him. And I begs the pardon of this old gentleman for lying to him." And then pa shook hands with the sailor and the parson, and the parson put his blue gun down his trousers leg, and said: "By the way, the bulldog you were going to let take a lunch off me, is he all right?"

Then the parson and the girl went away, and the boys carried out the melodeon, and the show was declared off. After dinner the boys took down the tents and put them on the train that Sunday afternoon, singing decent songs as they pulled up the stakes and rolled up the canvas, and on the train, late in the night, we could hear "Old Hundred" being sung by the cars ran through the pennyrail district of Indiana.

SEQUOYAH THE NEW STATE

Why This Name Was Chosen to Designate the Former Indian Territory.

In selecting the name Sequoyah for the new state of what has hitherto been the Indian territory, the statehood constitutional committee has conferred a fitting and very proper honor upon one of the leading members of the Cherokee nation, who did more than anyone else to advance the cause of education and civilization among the Indians.

The name Sequoyah to-day is chiefly associated with the big trees of California, but when used as a botanical name the word is spelled Sequoia, says the New York Times. Probably few persons, however, know that Sequoyah, from whom the mammoth trees were named, and who is now to be honored in the name of a state, was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. This famous Indian, whose memory deserves to be better known, was born about 1760, and his early life was spent in the village of Tuskegee, Tenn. Among the white men he bore the name of George Guess, and as a young man was noted as a successful hunter and trapper. His inventive turn of mind and was a skillful worker in silver ornaments.

On one of his hunting expeditions he broke his leg, and during his enforced idleness Sequoyah's attention was directed toward devising an alphabet for the Cherokee language. He realized the importance of written characters among the white men, and after months of hard work he submitted to the leading men of his tribe his alphabet, consisting of 85 characters.

Sequoyah was laughed at, and even his wife called him a fool for spending so much time in making queer characters. He succeeded, however, in formulating a list of characters, with every sound in the Cherokee tongue. It was put to a severe test. The missionaries among the Indians were quick to appreciate its value, and about 1821 Sequoyah had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his alphabet adopted by the Cherokees. With every character, Sequoyah's characters are in use to-day, and educators have called his alphabet one of the most perfect ever devised to express any written language. Sequoyah died in 1843.

The first printing press to use Sequoyah's alphabet was set up at New Echota in the Indian territory, and its first issue was a copy of the Cherokee Phoenix, published in February, 1828. Within five years of the acceptance of the alphabet, over 700,000 pages of Cherokee literature were printed in the territory. Sequoyah lived to see many beneficial results accrue from his invention. It such it can be said, that he made a chief of his tribe and received many high honors from the red men before his death. His remains are buried in the future state that will bear his name.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

that his promises had not been redeemed; ever the sultan expressed deep regret to hear this strange report, averred reforms had been set on foot, laid the blame on incompetent and dishonest officials; then made easy promises that a satisfactory state of affairs would soon reign in the territory under various governments. To-day, Macedonia is a little better off than before; the taxes of the people are stolen by Turkish authorities appointed by the government; those in power continue in acts of tyranny.

Repeatedly the foreign ambassadors called the sultan's attention to the fact

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Nevertheless a great part of Islam has deep veneration for the sultan, the veneration added to by massacre and persecution of the Armenians. War against the infidel is a duty, a religion; and outbreaks in the past going unpunished, give encouragement to the sons of Islam. "It is no sin to kill a Christian in Turkey, and the

END OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Greeks, Armenians and all Europeans—Roman Catholics and Protestants—within the limit of the empire are continually exposed to massacre, not only by mobs, but by the soldiers. They are in the same danger that always surrounded the Jews in Mesopotamia.

Mohammedans form only one-half the population of European Turkey, but a vast majority in Asiatic Turkey. There are adherents of seven non-Mohammedan creeds recognized by the Turkish government—Latin, Frank, or Catholic, Greek, Armenian, Syrian and United Chaldeans, Maronites, Protestants and Jews.

To return to the "Macedonia Question" and the "Balkan Storm." The question was created by the agitation of the Christian subjects, and the ambition of Greece and Bulgaria to annex a part of the territory; Bulgaria has stirred up the Christians against Turkish rule, the Greeks have set on foot guerrilla warfare against Turkish rule. The population of Macedonia consists mainly of Slavs, Bulgarian is the element that predominates in the language. The different nationalities are often in conflict. The Balkan states are restless of encroachment on the part of neighbors; are generally restive, evince eagerness to foment revolution against Turkish tyranny. The Sick Man of Europe is beset within and without; but holds on with the tenacity of grim death.

KATHERINE POPE

The Troubled and Troubling Ottoman Empire

The Sultan May Always Be Relied On to Break Peace—Promises of Reforms in Macedonia Not Fulfilled.

When peace and respite of quiet broods for the moment in world affairs, then Turkey can usually be depended on to stir things up. It has been her ability to set nations warring that has kept her own empire from ruin, and the habit of roughing international waters appears to make it impossible that she ever subside, ever keep from troubling. We had hoped, with Russia and Japan at peace, to have a little breathing spell; but ere we could settle to repose, up loomed Turkey with the sultan refusing the demand of the powers for the financial control of Macedonia.

Although to-day there is no official division known as Macedonia, there exists a very real Macedonia, a very big Macedonian question. The territory, if not officially, known as Macedonia comprises the vilayet (province) of Salonika with the eastern part of Manastir, Salonika is just north of the Aegean sea, it is bounded on the north by Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia. The recent international military demonstration against Turkey was evidence that the nations had grown utterly sick of the long delayed redemption of the sultan's promises. It was back in 1902, Abdul Hamid promised general reorganization and reforms for Macedonia, and a Christian governor to carry out the reforms. To be sure, the Christian governor was appointed, but he proved a very un-Christian Christian, much more cruel, more of a tyrant than his Mohammedan predecessor. In 1903, the powers presented a detailed scheme of reforms, the ready promiser readily promised adoption of these reforms. To-day, Macedonia is a little better off than before; the taxes of the people are stolen by Turkish authorities appointed by the government; those in power continue in acts of tyranny.

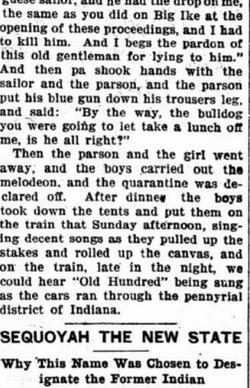
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