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DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XVI.

Vandine At Blackport.

"Grandpa must be English or nothing," said Ethel Greylock, as she leaned carelessly back in a chair of twisted vine, and let her violet eyes wander over the lawns and gardens of Greylock Woods. "In his estimation a thing that is not done in the style of the aristocratic Briton can never, by any possibility, be well done. What do you think of all this, Dr. Vandine?"

The person addressed stood by her chair-a young fellow, vith eyes and hair of no particular color, a bristling red moustache, and a rather flashy necktie-in fact, Dick Vandine, now a one upon whom fortune, as yet, had showered few favors.

The scene upon which the pair looked was like a picture after Watteau. It was 5 o'clock of a perfect summer afternoon, and the superb grounds of Greylock Woods were alive with elegant people-ladies in Paris bonnets and lovely dresses, men like tailor's lay figures. Lawn tennis, croquet and archery were in full blast. On the level sward a platform had been laid for dancers, and a band, hidden in arcades of blossoming vines, filled the air with delightful music. There were trained servants gliding hither and thither with claret cup, champagne cup and ices. At a huge marquee pitched in a wilderness of flowers, refreshments were served in the shape of salads and cold birds, pate de foie gras and jellied tongue, charlottes, patties and every other delicacy known to

such occasions. "It is heavenly-divine!" stammered Dr. Dick, without the smallest knowledge of what he was saying.

Ethel Greylock laughed mischiev "You are enthusiastic concerning garden parties. Do you like lawn tennis and croquet, and the 'twanging of

the bow string,' Dr. Vandine?" "No," he answered, coming to his senses a little, and pulling the red moustache down over his dubious

"There you and I agree," she answered, brightly; "even at school, where amusements were few, I always detested these absurd games. Do you like Watteau costumes, and rugs on the grass to keep the dam; ness from sensitive feet, and enormities of French cookery served under the trees when one would far sooner sit down to the table indoors-only that would not be English style? No, you have no penchant for these things, I see; so, I beg of you do not call our

garden party heavenly or divine." He colored to his eyes. "At least my words are applicable to some of the faces here," he muttered, gazing straight down at the heir-

ess of Greylock Woods. He had come to this garden party known Ethel Greylock just one hour sufficient to reduce him to as complete that no foolish moth will singe his by the clock, and that time had been a state of idocy as it is possible for a wings in a forbidden fire. Of course, tolerably sensible man to fall at short it is generally known that—that Ethel

She wore a Gainsborough hat with a sweeping feather. Her dress was a self." shining marvel of peacock blue. In the yellow Mechlin lace of the corsage drooped a great cluster of odorous blush roses. Her pearly skin, her yel- an unpleasant shock. low hair, clinging in thick, close rings at her. Repeatedly he turned away, only to turn back again, and stare anew with ever-increasing surprise and rapture at her flawless beauty. Ethel had fulfilled the threat made in jest to her grandfather-already Aunt Pam's new physician was the captive

"How hot and tired Aunt Pampoor soul-looks, in her role of hostess!" she said, paying no heed to the last remark of her companion. "Do you know many of the people here, Dr. Vandine? "No," he answered, frankly. "How

of her bow and spear.

should I? They are, one and all, rich somebodies, and I-well, I have my way still to make in the world." "Is Blackport a good place in which

to make one's way?" she asked carelessly spreading her painted fan. "I hope so," he answered, with great cheerfulness. "At any rate I am now

settled for good at Cat's Tavern. "Cat's Tavern!" echoed Ethel Greylock, with a ripple of amusement in her tone. "Pray, where is that?"

"It is the old public house that was formerly called Poole's Inn. The people at the hovels and cottages gave it Greylock before his eyes, how could Miss Mercy Poole, the landlady, runs was over. She was surrounded-mon-

particularly to cats. She keeps in and opolized. about the house a baker's dozen or her again, nor gain another word more. "Delightful! shows plainly that she is a spinster."

that she had some love affair in her youth which turned out unhappily, and since that episode and the death of the scious of, and indifferent to, the misold landlord, her father, she has fallen chief. Miss Pam, in her character of into eccentric ways."

"Tell me more about her." "I dare not attempt it. Mercy Poole must be seen to be appreciated."

"And the cats?" "The same can be said of them

"I will ask grandpa to take me to the tavern tomorrow," said Ethel, his adieus and rush away. looking intently at the pictures on he fan. "I yearn to make the acquaintance of that baker's dozen of felines. In my childhood I once saw Mercy

Poole, and I remember her still." There was silence for a moment The westering sunshine slanted in south wind set the wilderness of ver-Over the wide lawns, bristling with palms and aloes, and burnback to the place by a servant to whom of you you looked like a great hawk, ly; "they are an ungrateful, treacher- bish-that is the place," he shivered. absence, sat on a perch-Miss Pam's old gift to little Fairy. As Dr. Dick stalked by the bird cocked its head knowingly to one side, and called, in a drawn. He had been her guest for hoarse, derisive way: "Where's Polly, favor to an amazing degree.

Vandine could not repress a start The image of a certain Polly, a pa-Polly, flashed across his mind, looked breast, with unconscious tragedy,

He shrugged his shoulders and went bird: "Polly! Polly wants you! Polly

with the heiress of a million or morehaughty aristocrat, Godfrey Greylock. "And worse yet," mused Dr. Dick, with his jealous, woe-begone face still turned skyward, "she's reserved for another fellow. Deuce take that Englishman. Why cannot he stay at home and choose a wife from the bloated aristocracy of his own right little, tight little island! I hope the steamer in which he sets sail will sink him

fathoms deep in the briny! By Jove! some men are born to good luck, sure enough! But who was she crying for detest these emotional airs!-they at the garden party this afternoon?make one feel like some absurd, lovelorn Mariana in the Moated Grange." be bound-a man whom she never saw. She has a mother in Europe-do girls of her age cry for absent mothers? Oh, heaven! How lovely she is! dle to her! What an air she has! One what the folly cost me! The father of

times no!" Lost in the light gathered. Presently he awoke to or woman of the race-be warned in drew her hand promptly through his find the dell growing dark. He sprang time." "Come my darling, this will not to his feet and went on down the silent, dusky path, till he came to the borders of the Woods. Over a wall,

open high road. It was late and patients might be waiting at Cat's Tavern. Blackport he spread the Oriental stuff under her was a painfully healthy place, but occasionally there was a call for Dr. Dick's professional services. A cres-

> near the deserted salt pits. This piece of ground remained unchanged. No summer visitors ever ap-

give the pits a wide berth. Of late, reports had got abroad that the ground was haunted. Strange figures had been seen there by night-strange sounds of lamentation had been heard there -facts which rushed with unpleasant force upon Dr. Dick's mind: as by an abrupt turn in the path, he suddenly came in view of the cairn, and espied. sitting upon its rude top, a shape which seemed to be neither ghost nor

It was big, black, motionless. At a little distance it looked like some huge bird, watching for prey. Though Vanadvanced noisily, it neither dine stirred nor gave any sign of life. The head drooped, the arms trailed listless ly, the body crouched forward in an attitude, half of fear, half of pain. Vandine, careless, fearless fellow though he was, experienced an unpleasant thrill. He stopped a few paces from the cairn.

"Halloa!" he cried. The figure did not move or reply again, louder than before.

With a horse, strange cry, the shape leaped down from the rubbish, and with a feeling of intense relief Van-

"I hope I've not frightened you. Upits new name, because the taste of he look at other girls? His happiness on my soul, I didn't know you at a distance-thought it was the spirit, bogie, spook, or whatever the thing is, which haunts the spot, according to

"Yes. The Blackport people say plainly Ethel had forgotten his exist- light she looked almost gigantic. She wore a man's low-crowned hat on her wound, and gone on her way uncon- ropes of hair, which time had plentifully sprinkled with gray. Her face was seamed and wrinkled, but more with mental conflicts than with agecloser, he discovered that it was now

> "Being a doctor, you know the signs of fright when you see them," she answered dryly. "So I shan't deny that you startled me. Yes, the town folks

> He was thinking that she looked not unlike one herself. What was the landlady of Cat's Tavern doing in this desolate, evil place? Was she the bogie which Blackport people had seen from time to time hovering over the scene

"This is a villainous spot for a twilight meditation, Miss Poole," said Vandine-like everybody else in the town he had heard the story of Robert

it had been intrusted during Mrs. Iris's with broken wings, brooding on this ous lot at best?" rubbish heap-by Jove, you did!" Her sombre black eyes dwelt keenly on him for a moment—then were with-

"A hawk with broken wings," she echoed, laughing strangely; "that's not tient, long-suffering, much-enduring a bad idea. Years ago," striking her friend of mine came to his death on this spot. The stupid Blackport folks on, pursued into the shadow of the talk of meeting ghosts about the place. Woods, and far beyond sight of the My God! If they only knew of the cottage, by the shrill scream of the things I see here! I say he came to messenger came for you before I left his death, by which I mean that he was cruelly murdered-shot down, without mercy, without a word of

> where your feet now stand!" manner that Dr. Dick stepped involuntarily aside, as if he had touched the lotte Corday and the Borgias rubbing

"I've always heard that it was case of suicide," he said. "Of course," answered Miss Poole derisively: "who but me ever called it anything else? Mind you, Dr. Vantwas a long time ago-seventeen years old affairs-you couldn't awaken an let eyes. His hour had come! She interest in the subject now if you tried. ly pleased to renew his old acquaint-All the same, justice is only waitingsooner or later, she will overtake the

one who murdered him." Then her manner suddenly changed She moved off from the uncanny spot, the granddaughter of that most and Vandine, nothing loath, followed

"Have you been to Greylock Woods?" she asked, over her shoulder. "Yes," he answered.

"Did you see the young heiress?" "Yes. "I hear she is comely, like all he

race?" "She's the loveliest creature the sun

ever shone upon." She gave him a penetrating backward glance. "Ha! I like you, Dr. Vandine, which is more than I can say for most folks -let me give you a word of advice: the poor darling! Not a baronet, I'll Don't lose your heart to the handsome heiress of the Woods. It's bad luck, under any circumstances, to love a Greylock-nothing but woe can ever come out of it. I loved one of the Circe herself could never hold a can- name in my youth, and God only knows would know, without being told, that your handsome Ethel was most miserthere was blue blood in her perfect able in his married life, and the old veins. Even if no baronet stood in the man up there," waving one arm scornway, am I the sort of fellow to win fully toward the villa, "the aristocrat so much as the passing notice of a who is made of better clay than his girl like that? No, no-a thousand kind-I've heard a hundred times that his young wife, who died when her half-sweet, half-bitter son was born, went gladly, thankfully dreams of a lover whose cause seems out of the world. Yes, it's evil luck to hopeless, he lay there among the vio- love a Greylock—it's madness, misery lets, while the day faded, and the twi- ruin! There was never a happy man

> Without another word she striding off along the path like a grenadier. Dr. Dick followed her in silence to the inn.

In these later years few guests sought entertainment at the old house; the new hotel absorbed the majority of visitors: but this fact did not disturb Mercy Poole. Old Ike, who had long been gathered to his fathers, had left behind him a fair share of this world's goods. In New England parlance, Mercy was well-to-do; so it was whether her house was filled or emp-

As boarder and landlady entered the living-room together, they found themselves in darkness—the kitchen-maid had not yet brought in the lights. "Where can that jade be?" cried

Robespierre. There! I heard a mew. Stand, I say, while I strike a match.' She was too late to save the tail of Pontius Pilate. Close on her words followed the spitting and growling of ome angry feline, two eyes, like phosphorescent lights, glared in the dark, and then the lamp flashed out, and lo! Mercy Poole's keeping-room seemed alive with cats-yellow, white, black and gray-old and young, big and litle-on the chairs, in the windowseats-here, there and everywhere-a whole baker's dozen, even as Vandine had told Ethel Greylock.

Mercy Poole flung herself into an old settle, dashed off the man's hat from her gray head, and cried, "Pontius Pilate!"

At that call, out from a chest of drawers under which he had taken refuge, emerged an immense cat, black as a coal, sleek as a seal-all these animals bore evidence of good food and care. He sprang upon Mercy Poole's knee. She gave him a stroke or two of her sinewy hand. "Robespierre!"

Another feline sprang into her lap Each of the baker's dozen knew its own name and answered to it prompt-Robespierre had lost the end of his tail and one ear, in some midnight fray, and, though round as a ball, like his fellows, he had a ruffianly look.

"Did the great, blundering doctor crush you?" said Mery Poole, smoothing his remaining ear, at which attention he began to purr loudly. "Where's Charlotte Corday and Ravaillac and Queen Jezebel? Ah, I see them yonder in the basket. Look out how you sit down in that chair, Dr. Vandine-Captain Kidd is curled up there, and he has the sharpest claws of the lot." "By Jove!" said Vandine, "your pets have queer names, Miss Poole! "You must have ransacked history for ev-

"Exactly!" she answered. "There are more of them under the table. The vellow one is Eugene Aram-he has a keen scent for rodents. You will find neither rat nor mouse in the whole inn The others are Nero and Marat. Lady Macbeth and Herod, and the whole family of Borgia, Lucretia at their head."

erything reeking and sanguinary."

He laughed outright. "Good heaven! what a pleasant com-

pany! Do you ever have occasion to call your pets 'in the dead waste and middle of the night,' Miss Poole. How the chills must creep up your back as you give utterance to these names." shuddered, with a face as sombre as

his was smiling. Vandine leaned against the wall and watched his landlady, as she sat with urged Ethel, feverishly; "the exact her lap full of Pontius Pilate and Robespierre, while Ravaillac sharpened his claws on her ankle.

"Why do you keep all these creaaversion. "There-that pile of rocks and rub- er.

She went up to the heap on which

the gray-haired, tragic-faced woman

murder? Did he have an enemy?"

and jealously surely existed between

the entire evening in a city theatre.

"She comes here, then!" thought the

Miss Pam was first to discover i

"It's the English marriage!" thought

"Do you know," she demanded, "are

He stared at his sister in haughty

"Am I sure? Certainly. I think

"Pardon me! you have little knowl

"Do not taik like an idiot, Pamela,"

nderstand my granddaughter."

temper remained unbroken.

never, never one dollar to her!"

"Then God forbid that anything

At the end of a week the party re

piece of news awaited Godfrey Grey

So Ethel went to rest, ignorant o

All the same, the heiress of the

Woods did not sleep well that night

she aroused a sleepy groom, and

mounting her black mare Sultana, a

gift from Godfrey Greylock, she can-

tered off at break-neck pace to Black-

In her heart hope and expectation

Clouds filled the morning sky, and

hung darkly over the breathless salt

neadows. The heat was intense. Now

and then thunder muttered in the dis-

tance. There was a tempest gather-

ing-before many hours it would break

(To Be Continued.)

A Killiov.-There was a meeting

mingled with a painful sense of secre-

Godfrey Greylock.

agreeable to her?"

amaze.

the two. But-the person whom

He lowered his eyes.

at Cat's Tavern.

lessly.

longer.'

it before.'

"Never!"

altered voice, said:

"Ungrateful!" she echoed, dryly, Dr. Dick had found Mercy Poole sit-"Why not? The sin is common to man ting the previous night. This dead and beast. Treacherous? Yes: that's father was a shadow and a name to why I like them-that's the trait which Ethel-she felt no particular tenderness for his memory, but her eyes grew moist as she looked around his desolate death-place, and thought of

Vandine took up the hat which he

had just put down, and departed in cy Poole in the midst of her cats, with So strange and impressive was her Pontius Pilate, huge, black and opaleyed, purring on her knee, and Chararound her feet.

Godfrey Greylock and his heiress drove to Cat's Tavern the next day, and made a formal call upon Mercy Poole. The latter received them with -and the world cares little about such the dignity of a duchess. The master of the Woods, who was not particularance with the towering gypsy, saluted

> "You owe this visit to the curiosity of my granddaughter." he said. "She would give me no peace until I con-

Ethel stood in the low-ceiled livingroom, and looked around on the cleanliness there, the quaint old furniture and—the cats.

"Quite true," she said, lightly. wanted to see you, Miss Poole, and which Mercy Poole had worn at the your pets, and this old inn, where, long inn that morning. ago I once stopped with mamma and Hannah Johnson, and of which I have iways preserved a dim memory."

Her grandfather frowned. A sombre hat on her iron-gray hair, and a linen apron was pinned over the front of her black gown. To Godfrey Greylock she gave little heed, but his granddaughter she regarded with keen attention.

"You are welcome," she said kindly to the latter. Sit down. And so Robert's daughter is now grown to wo manhood? Yes, you are as old as was when I first knew your father. Let me look at you. You are handomer than any of his race. Isn't that so?" appealing abruptly to Godfrey Greylock.

"I beg you will not turn my grandlaughter's head with compliments,

Captain Kidd leaped from a window mantle, as a hint other murderers blinked at her serenely with their round, opal eyes.

"Why, this is like a show!" laughed "How glad I am that you con Ethel. Mercy Poole turned to the old aris

your library at the Woods, Godfrey a matter of small anxiety to her Greylock-the night after your son's burial.' "No," he answered in

"Pardon me, I think you ean't forget such things. It was the time I told you Robert had been murdered. You hadn't suspected the fact Well, we've both changed a Mercy Poole. "Stop, doctor. You will before. good deal since that night." be sure to tread on Pontius Pilate or His face darkened.

"It would be strange if you did!

she answered, with a low laugh, and she snapped the one ear of Robes-

son chanced to be absent, visiting his Sea Islanders, to the lunatic asylums, Blackport patients. After a few mo- to a society for the prevention of

he door.

trange tenderness. imes for your father's daughter," she but not you-not you!"

Moved by a sudden impulse, Ethel she departed with Godfrey Greylock "What a strange woman," she said musingly, as the two rode away from

Cat's Tavern. "What did she mean, undisturbed." grandpa, by saying that my father was murdered?" He looked greatly annoyed. hermitage, only a half-mile away-

"It is some mad fancy which got her mother whom she had not seen for ossession of her years ago; never months. give it a thought, my dear. She is mad, as you can plainly see by the abominable names she has given those The next morning she arose at dawn There was some boy and girl and noiselessly arrayed herself for a love affair betwixt her and your fathgallop. Stealing down to the stables, r-bah! do not ask me to speak of it

"And I like her, grandpa!" They were driving back to the villa through the summer sunshine. When reached the turn in the road which brought them nearest to the salt-pits, Ethel laid her gloved hand on her grandfather's arm.

"Point." she entreated, "to the spo where my father's body was found." He shuddered. "No! no! Do not look

"I must see the place, grandpa. Stop the horses, please, and let us alight and walked down the slope. Mamma told me the whole story, long and long

the new teachers and the old. It was "The whole story? I doubt it," muttered Godfrey Greylock, but being in- a sort of love feast, reception, or whatcapable of refusing anything to this ever you call it. Anyhow, all the spoiled darling, he ended by doing ex- teachers got together and pretended "Yes, that's often the case," she actly as she bade him, and the two that they didn't have a care in the paused together among the debris of world. After the eats were ate, the Symposiarch proposed a toast:

port town.

ev and guilt.

"Long Live Our Teachers!" It was drunk enthusiastically.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SURVEYING THE SOIL.

One of the Biggest Jobs Uncle Sam Has Undertaken. Copyright, 1911, by Frank G. Carpen

Washington.-I write today of the nost stupendous undertaking that Un "Grandpa," she said, earnestly, "wa cle Sam has ever attempted. It is the here anybody-anybody, mind, on the making of an inventory and work face of the earth, who, in reason, could ing plans for our biggest national have been suspected of my father's asset. I refer to the government survey of our soils. Our eyes bulge when we think of our enormous re-"Yes-one. There was living at the sources in mines, of the gold, silver, ime, a man who had, as I believe copper and coal and the mighty beds deeply injured your father. Hatred of iron which keep our industries moving. Nevertheless they are nothing when compared with our receipts speak of was not in Blackport on the from the soil. Take all the gold, silnight of Robert's death-the fact might ver and copper that the world prohave been proved beyond doubt by duces in one year, and its value would scores of people who saw him sitting not be half that of the corn crop. All the gold dug out of the earth in 1910 "His name?" said Ethel, breathwould not buy half the cotton we shall raise this year, and it would take "Kenyon. I trust you never heard twenty times the gold product of the world to pay for what we are annually receiving from the farms. The He wheeled quickly round, and in an amount is close to \$9,000,000,000. Since the discovery of America, the total "Years ago, the fellow died, I have value of the precious metals which een told, of yellow fever in New Orhave been mined aggregates less than leans. My dear, rest assured that \$27,000,000. In other words, three your father committed suicide, and crops like that of last year would that Mercy Poole is as mad as a equal all the gold and silver taken out March hare. Now come. You must of the ground since the Spaniards led not remain on this spot a moment by Columbus came across the Atlantic to begin their robbery of the Aztecs Her quick eye had caught sight of a shred of cloth hanging from the rocks. and the Incas. That was 419 years She plucked it away-looked at it ago, and since that the whole world has been digging and delving to get closely. It was a fragment of a woman's dress, and in texture and color out that silver and gold. Within the last thirteen years our little army of it reminded her of the serge gown farmers has taken from the earth crops

Big Things From the Soil.

than 400 years.

which are worth more than \$81,000,-

000,000, or three times the product of

the gold and silver mines for more

Before I describe the survey let me ay a word more as to some of the A day or two later Ethel Greylock things we get from the soil. The corn journeyed up to town with her grandcrop is the greatest. It amounted last year to 3,000,000.000 bushels, and was worth more than \$1,500,000,000. Nevertheless, it was dug from the ground out stint. A long week followed at the in a little less than 160 days, and the government experts tell us that if the from and how they were laid down most luxurious hotel in the city. Magnificent toilets and jewels were purcrop is rightfully handled its amount chased, and orders sent abroad for can be doubled. That crop comes from others still more magnificent. Many a comparatively small area. Until old aristocratic friends of the family within the last decade the most of it hastened to pay their regards to the was raised in the north. Last year fair young heiress. Sight-seeing she almost 1,000,000,000 bushels came had in abundance, unlimited freedomfrom the south, and that had a value everything that might gratify the close to \$500,000,000. It was created heart of 17; and yet, in the midst of because the south had begun to learn nore about the soil, and it is but the beginning of an enormous wealth and it struck consternation to her gen-

which further knowledge will bring. The cotton crop brought in an aggregate of something like \$900,000,000 which had we not learned more about the soil since its coming, would have Miss Pam, and she flew at once to wiped more than half our cotton plantations from the face of the earth. And then there is the hay crop, amounting to 60,000,000 tons, and worth more than \$700,000,000; the wheat crop which was almost as valuable, and our oats which exceeded 1,000,000,000 bushels, to say nothing of potatoes, sugar, tobacco and barley, each of which ran high into the millions. All this comes from the soil and the product depends on just what the soil is. The agricultural experts say that in nine cases out of ten every crop can be largely increased provided the right crop is chosen for the right place and the cultivation properly done. It is to show Time had not changed the character just what your soil is and how you

should treat it to make it do best that Uncle Sam is working in this great soil survey. he answered, sternly. "You know how But think what a mighty job it is love my granddaughter-she has be-Think of going over the United States come the joy of my life, the apple of with an auger, an inch and a half in my eye. Yet, I swear to you, if it were diameter and three feet in length, and boring down into every ten acre field her to forget her duty to me, and her to find just what kind of soil it conown interests, so far as to refuse Sir tains. That is what Uncle Sam is do-Gervase, I would turn her into the ing. He has already tested the most of the lands of the great plains, and her-I would never see her face again has actually made soil maps and work--I would give my fortune to the South ing plans for a territory larger than France, Germany or the Spanish peninsula. He has mapped and analyzed cruelty to parents and guardians, but the soils of considerably more than

100,000,000 acres in the eastern part of this country, having completed the work over enough land to make four states as big as Illinois, or five the size of Ohio or Kentucky. This testing has been done by coun-

ties or small areas picked out at some lock there. Hopkins, the housekeeper, distances apart, so that a general was the first to whisper it into his ear. knowledge of the soils lying between "The people of Rose Cottage are is already known. It shows just what back again, sir," she said; "they came the soils are, and to what crops they yesterday. I thought you would want are adapted and how they may be improved. It has been so done that we "Unwelcome tidings, Hopkins," he now have a fair knowledge of the soils frowned. Don't mention the matter to east of the great plains, although my granddaughter tonight—she is practical working maps and plans have tired and must be allowed to go to bed to be made for each county, and this work will go on for decades to come. An army of experts is now at work the arrival of her mother at the pretty

in the dry-plains region, mapping the country from North Dakota to Texas. Other experts are testing the places in the Rocky Mountain basin where the reclamation plants are being created, and considerable surveying has been done in California and in other parts of the Pacific slope, as well as in the Gulf states and the Mississippi valley. The work has been such that we have now a general outline of our soil territories as well as accurate knowledge of about 5 per cent of the whole. The total land of the United States proper aggregates about 1900 million acres, and as I have said, of more than 100,-000,000 acres we have already completed surveys. The work began just about eleven years ago. It is carried on by one of the chief bureaus of the agricultural department, whose scientific laboratories and other arrangements are among the finest of the government. In addition to the actual exhaustive surveys, prospecting surveys have been carried on in many sections and there are on file requests for 500 and more additional surveys, covering

about one-fifth of our country. What Soil Is.

It makes one's head buzz when he

thinks of these big scientific features Uncle Sam's work. They are nard will raise. 100 mm, describe in popular language, and ter of the earth. Some of it is coarse, gritty sand. Other soils are made up of fine sand and others of sandy of Uncle Sam's work. They are hard the scientists use terms which would gritty sand. Other scientists use terms which would of fine sand and of the new teachers was called on to frighten the reader. I have been talkrespond. He modestly accepted. His ing with many of the soil experts, and as silt, clay loams and clay, so that among others with Dr. Milton Whit- one can know the texture of the land "What on?"-Cleveland Plain Deal- ney, who has been at the head of the and for what it is fitted. A description bureau since its beginning, and who

knows more about soils, perhaps, than

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

any other man in the country. In the first place, what is soil?

It is the thin skin which incloses the body of old Mother Earth, formed of the dust of the old lady's scourings. We all know that it is disintegrated rock, but the experts say that the rock alone is not soil, and that it must have humus or some vegetable or organic matter mixed with it to make the crops grow. It must have water and air and also the myriads of little devils of a vegetable sort known as

bacteria. All rock is mineral, and the soil is made up of minerals washed from the rocks by the rains and loosened by other agencies so that it may furnish the root food for the plants. In order that it may do this it must consist of particles which are infinitesimally small. Many grains of the soil are so little that you cannot see them except when some millions are collected together. Take the Norfolk sand, which runs along the eastern coast of the United States, from Florida to Long Island. That is good vegetable ground, but a great part of it is so fine that s child's thimble will hold more of its particles than there are men, women and children in this whole world. It measures about 2,000,000,000 to the gram, and that many can be inclosed in a cylinder one-fourth of an inch in

diameter and half an inch long. There are other soils which have even more particles than this, and it is said that the best wheat lands and grass lands are so fine that from 10,-000,000,000 to 14,000,000,000 separate particles may be crowded into a thim-

These particles are usually roundish in shape. They are separated by air spaces, and a single cubic foot of soil is said to expose to the roots of the plants an area of surface equal to three acres. That is, each particle can be reached on all sides, and the aggregate surface of these billions of particles equals three acres. It is according to the division of the particles and the character of their contents, as well as according to the way they have been laid down, that we know what

our soils are. How the United States Was Made. Dr. Whitney could tell you just about how the United States was made. He knows where the soils came upon the rocky surface of the globe. I have before me a map made by his bu-

reau which shows our great soil provinces. It is in many colors, each of which describes the land of its location. In the first place, there are the soils which have been washed down from the mountains. This is disintegrated rock, which has rolled over and over, in these countless billions of grains, until it has built up the land on the edge of the sea. We have a great strip of that kind of soil running along the Gulf of Mexico and on the lantic coast as far north as th

of New England. This is excellent land for farming and vegetables. It raises corn and all sorts of crops in the south; in Florida it makes cotton and gives us the fruits of the tropics. Of this about 33,000,000 acres

have been already surveyed. Just back of this region, lying east of the Appalachian mountains, is what is known as the Piedmont plateau, another great strip of soil. This is made of a different rock and is so situated that the rock has disintegrated or rotted and lies where it went to pieces. These soils have a special character of their own and they need a special treatment.

Still further west is the Appalachian region, which, as far as I can understand, is of less value than most other soils, and to the north and west of it, comprising the upper Mississippi valley and the most of the land about the great lakes, are what are known as the glacial and loessial soils, These comprise a large part of the corn basket and bread basket of the United States and they are exceedingly rich.

You may have read of the great oess region of China. It consists of mighty plateau of clay made up of particles as fine as the finest dust Over this the winds are constantly plowing and through it some great The winds rivers run. he dust all over central and eastern have built up there the China, and richest lands of the world. tse Kiang and the Hoang Ho carry down many billions of tons of thi dirt every year, and that also goes to build up the land. In the same this upper Mississippi valley and the remainder of the great ince of the United States, comprising lands bordering the great lakes, is overlaid with wind-blown dust from the Rocky Mountains, and it is out of this dust that we get the wheat, and meat which form our chief food

supply. The greater part of this wind-blown dust lies on a bed of rock which was ground up and brought down by the claciers during the great ice ages of the past. There are places dust is not thick and where this gla cial soil lies close to the surface. This also forms some of the best whea and farm lands. The Red River val ley is a part of it, and you may find more about Lakes Erie and Ontario running up into New York, taking in Buffalo, Oswego and going on clear to the Canadian boundary. That land is the Canadian boundary. That land is excellent for fruits, and it is one of our best regions for the production apples and grapes.

In addition to these soils we have those which form the banks rivers and the lowlands adjoining. scattered along They are souri and Mississippi and the tributarles which flow into them. come from the highlands near by and are young soils, being usually more productive than the territory about 13,000,000 have been surveyed. And then there are other special patches, known as the limestone valleys and uplands of which we have tested between 7,000,000 and 8,000,-000 acres. under the Some of these are found where they produce excellent horses They extend down into Tennessee, and also cover a greater part of Missouri running south of that state into Arkansas. another class of soils in the Rocky soils are found on the Pacific slope.

The Bureau of Soils. I wish I could take you through the eau of soils and show you the peo-at work testing the earth which are great laboratories which have bottles containing soils of every descrip-

tion and representing every part There are upwards of the country. 800 different soils in these bottles and the reports will tell just what the property of each is and what crops it will raise. You may learn the characloams There are other divisions such

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

there were flirting and laughter. Balls and mallets rattled, and gay voices echoed from the croquet and tennis grounds "Hark!" said Ethel Greylock, suddenly. "What is that band playing?" A burst of passionate, heart-breaking music poured out upon the air. The leaves overhead, the burning intense sweetness. Directly Vandine

to his utter consternation, became aware that the painted fan had fallen from the slender hands of his companion. She was listening breathlessly to the music, and, as she listened, down her beautiful cheeks, the tears physician of some years standing, but poured like rain. Near the garden chair stood a group of guests. Vandine had the presence of mind to move promptly betwixt these and Miss

She nodded her thanks. "Do not look at me," she said, in

choked voice. He turned straight away. Even in his present dazed, enchanted state, Dr. Dick was not without penetration. He saw that something must be amiss with the beautiful heiress of Greylock Woods. He ventured to glance back at her as soon as she regained com-

posure. "What was it?" he stmmered, awk "The-the-music?" wardly. she answered, immediately ssuming her usual composure. "How

Under his breath he began to quote: She only said the day is dreary-'He cometh not,' she said. She said, 'I am a-weary, a-weary' "Spare me!" she interrupted, lightly; "that style of poetry is not to my taste. Surely, Dr. Vandine, you ought to take a rug to Aunt Pam. She dis-

likes standing on the grass, and under these trees the sward is damp. She will have influenza." He was dismissed. At the same mo-

ment Godfrey Greylock approached his granddaughter's chair, "What! moping here, Ethel?" he cried, and his eyes as they fell coldly on Vandine, seemed to add: "Wasting your time with this nobody." He he whisked her off like magic. Van-

dine picked up a rug and went to find Miss Pamela. "So you have been talking with my niece?" said the old gentlewoman, as

"Yes," groaned Vandine. She had a sincere liking for her new doctor, and meant to give him timely warning. "Everybody here is raving of her beauty," she went on, smoothing the by invitation of Miss Pam. He had point lace ruffles over her delicate, jeweled hands. "I hope the child's

> across the water-a Greylock, like her-Yes, it was known. Vandine had heard of the matter from a half-dozen sources - nevertheless he experienced

"It's a thousand pities," he blurted to her forehead, the splendor of her out, with the blood burning in his great, pansy-dark eyes took Vandine's rugged, unhandsome face, "that the breath. His head swam as he looked baronet cannot find a mate in his own country. Observe all those fellows yonder, clustering about Miss Greylock, like bees around the honey of Hymettus. It's uncommonly hard upon them-upon all her own country-

men, in fact-this abominable English engagement." "I do not approve of such betrothals myself, but we Greylocks are half English, you know, and nothing would satisfy by brother but an English marriage for Ethel. He fancies that

she will ornament the family title." "She would ornament a throne! muttered poor Vandine, with fervor. Miss Pam regarded him with a troubled air. "I fear, doctor, that you are not

finding your share of amusement here. Will you not join the tennis players, or those card parties on the piazza? There are scores of delightful girls among my guests-shall I not present you to some of them? Perhaps you will dance-the band is just striking

up a waltz?" "No, thank you!"

gloomily With the dazzling face of Ethel He could neither approach with her. Everybody was paying court the popular belief at Blackport." to her, as to a queen. What chance had he in such a company? And She had inflicted the fatal

hostess, was soon called from his side, and Dr. Dick found himself disgusted it was still a handsome face, like some and alone, among people for whom he gypsy queen's, and full of gloomy powcared nothing, and who cared nothing er. As Vandine scrutinized it a little for him, deprived of the friendly shelter of a roof, and as forlorn generally ashy pale. as a cat in any strange garret. He was the first of the company to make

ed from the main avenues and plunged avoid the pits at this hour-more fools into a side path, which at the end of they, for ghosts are out of date." half a mile brought him to Rose Cot-

The cottage had been closed for year-Mrs. Iris and her servant, Hanwarm floods through the trees; the nah Johnson, were abroad-but now, as Dr. Dick came in sight of the pretdure in the avenues and hollows all ty hermitage, the stir of human life about it, the opening of shutters, the figures of servants appearing and dising with huge pots and jars of rare appearing, told that preparations for exotics, richly dressed people came the return of the owner had already and went-little, bright-winged birds. begun. On the vine-hung piazza an Greylock's death-"such beastly asso-In the summer houses and rose alleys ancient green parrot, just brought ciations, you know. As I came in sight tures about you?" he said, whimsical-

good sir-where's Polly?"

at him with big, pathetic eyes.

wants you!" He came at last, to a spot where the path dropped down into a dell, blue warning, at midnight, on the very spot quest of his new patient, leaving Merwith violets. He threw himself on the fragrant grass and listened. The music sounded faint and far-a mere echo of delight. A jovial blackbird in bloom around, vibrated to its sad, its scarlet shoulder-straps sang loudly in a tree-top overhead. A little snake flashed like a shaft of green light through the grass. Dr. Dick lay for a

long time, staring blankly up at the and thinking—thinking of the dazzling face of a girl, in a ripple of dine, I know of what I speak. yellow hair-a girl like a born princess, with blush roses a droop on her osom, and a flood of tears in her viohad carried his heart by sudden storm. Greylock, whose agitation would oth- Dr. Vandine, the insignificant Blackerwise be sure to attract attention. port doctor, was flercely, furiously in love, for the first time in his life, and

matted in woodbine, he leaped into the

cent moon hung in the west, the afterglow lingered on the low clouds, two or three marsh birds were flying through the purple light. Whether the garden party had dispersed or not, Vandine did not know-there was no sign, no sound of it anywhere on the head will not be turned; I hope, too, road. He descended the hill and drew

is as good as engaged to a baronet proached it, no hand of improvement, but the old sheds were now leveled with the dust, and unknown hands had heaped a great pile of rocks and rubbish like a cairn on the very spot of Robert Grevlock's suicide. Blackport people were inclined

"Halloa, there, I say!" he called

dine recognized it at once. "Beg pardon, Miss Poole!" he said.

Mercy Poole was dressed in black from head to foot, and in the failing

weeks, and in this time had won her

makes them akin to me. I'm a treachrous being myself." He shrugged his shoulders. "I should never have guessed it." "There are more things in heave and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. I have read Shakespear -in my youth, I was a scholar. So now, Dr. Vandine. Somebody is sick at the Ocean House on the bluff-a

CHAPTER XVII.

On the Beach. her with hauteur.

sented to bring her here."

heiress of the Woods, "Poor soul! she must have loved my father very dearsmile flitted over Mercy Poole's dark ly." But she said no more—in silence face. Even indoors she wore a man's the pair went to the carriage, and home to the villa. father and Miss Pam, fully empowered to indulge every wish of her heart and spend the Greylock money with-

he answered coldly. all this, Ethel drooped. seat and began to purr about Ethel with friendly violence. Robespierre, with his one ear and abbreviated tail, tle soul. The girl seemed gay enough went came out of a corner and clawed her when her grandfather was by, but out of his presence, she became desired a little attention. The Borgias and the guid, absorbed.

you sure that this grand match which sented to bring me here, grandpa." you are planning for Ethel, is entirely "Do you remember the last time you and I met?" she said dryly. "It was in

edge of women, Godfrey. Like the majority of girls, Ethel is of the rotone. "I do not remember." mantic turn of mind. Suppose she should decline to live at Greylock Park, and be called 'My Lady'-suppose she should refuse the baronet?" of the man-his iron will, his high

"Oblige me by leaving the past out of our present conversation. I find no pleasure in recalling it."

possible (thank heaven it is not) for pierre, who had bounced rudely on her From certain signs which her grandfather was making. Ethel knew that street as I turned her father before her visit must be brief. She glanced around for Dr. Vandine, but that per-

ments caressing the cats, she prepared to depart. "You will let me come again, will

should prevent the match, Godfrey! ou not?" she said to Mercy Poole at said Miss Pam, with a heavy sigh. The landlady looked at her with turned to the Woods. An unpleasant "There's a room in this house at all

answered: "the other Greylocks I hate, urned and pressed her fresh young to know it at once." lips to Mercy Poole's dark cheek. Then

-I abhor the woman."

What morbid nonsense!"

the pits. "Point to the exact spot, grandpa, spot, I say! I want to stand upor the place where my father died." He made a gesture of horror and answer was: