

OUR STORY TELLER



HARDING'S REVENGE.



USH, Nellie! So boss, so!"

Obedience to the soothing words of the soft-voiced girl, the gentle animal stood quietly while the maiden took her place with the milking stool, and soon there came the rhythmic sound of the warm, sweet-smelling milk as in intermittent streams it struck the shining sides of the tin milk pail.

It was a beautiful evening in late June and the air was filled with the peculiar fragrance exhaled by rapidly growing vegetation. An ancient and untrimmed sweet briar half hid with its tangled mass the fence which separated the roadway from the milkyard, and sent forth from its countless pink blossoms a pleasing aroma.

It was a pretty picture—the mild-eyed cow contentedly chewing her cud and patiently submitting to the firm, deft hands of the girl, whose white arms were bared to the elbow and whose wealth of rich brown hair was partly revealed by the sun bonnet which she had thrown back in order to enjoy to the fullest the deliciously cool summer evening air.

At least Anson Harding considered it a pretty picture, as he stood leaning on the bars waiting for an opportunity to talk with the girl. He was an admirer of rural beauty and could fully appreciate the romantic, especially if they came in line with his financial interests and personal advancement. To a man who had gone the limit and was very much in need of a "stake," Farmer Madden's rich acres and comfortable bank account looked very attractive. With them, or with the generous portion of them which would come to the man so fortunate as to win the only daughter's hand, he would be "again on earth" and with his old friends at the faro table flirting with his darling goddess of chance.

True, Mr. Harding would have preferred the money without the girl, but there was no way of satisfying such a preference. To get the one he must win the other. Emma Madden was attractive enough—deliciously so, he thought—and he liked her very much. It was delightful to watch her graceful movements, to play the gallant to the unsophisticated maiden, to test his influence over her, and to watch the color come and go in her face as he talked to her. But—well, what would he do with a wife, and especially such a wife? He could not give up the life he had led so long, and as for her, she certainly would never come to his way of thinking. But the money? He must have that. And if the girl was foolish enough to be miserable and disappointed in him after marriage that was her affair.

The hired man had already visited the milk stand twice to empty his pail into the large can, which would be carted to the cheese factory at daylight next morning, and vaguely wondered if Emma was going to spend the entire evening milking a cow. Even Nellie turned her head inquiringly as if to discover why the process of relieving her of her lacteal store was so unusually prolonged.

Emma had seen the trim, well-dressed figure at the bars and with the spirit natural to all women, from the fashionable ball room favorite to the unsophisticated rural maiden, delighted in indicating a little torture. With Bob Russell, her neighbor and life-long lover, her little efforts in this direction had been immensely successful, and poor, earnest, loving Bob had suffered many, many times from her playful cruelty, much more than she knew. But with Harding—well, he just smiled and waited.

When Emma could daily no longer without making her efforts to tease too palpable, she arose and came to ward the milk stand beside the bars as demurely as though she didn't know Harding was waiting for her and as though her foolish little heart were not beating just a shade more rapidly than usual.

She was scarcely a beautiful girl, but she was something more than pretty. Her tall figure was carried with a charming grace, natural rather than acquired. Her shoulders, somewhat too square for a woman, were surmounted by a neck as white and delicately chiseled as a marble column, while her throat, partly revealed by the loosely-fitting gown, was a glimmering gem of snow-white purity. Her face, with its large, blue eyes, was fair, with a healthy glow in the cheeks, and a few light brown freckles enhanced rather than marred its rural attractiveness.

As she approached Harding, that gentleman welcomed her with a profound bow and his most alluring smile.

"Good evening, Miss Emma; truly a most charming rural picture, you know; pretty milkmaid, lowing kine and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes, and not even the calf is lacking to complete the picture."

It was a man's voice, and both turned to behold the figure of Bob Russell, clad in his farmer's blouse, long boots and wide straw hat. He had a whiffetree over his shoulder and his plow team were slowly following him in the distance. The girl's eyes sparkled, and Harding's face grew white at the insult conveyed in Russell's remark. He said nothing, however, for he knew from experience that he stood no chance with Russell in a contest of country rillery, but in his heart he swore to repay the giant granger with interest. He hated him intensely, as intensely as Russell despised him. Russell was jealous. From childhood he had looked upon Emma Madden as his own. He had fought for her at school, and afterwards when he had attained manhood's years and she had blossomed into the fairest maiden of the whole countryside, none of the rural swains sought of disputing his claim. Until now the girl had accepted Bob's air of proprietorship without a protest, for she was proud of him and really loved the huge, good-natured fellow. He was a prosperous farmer, handsome of face and as famous for his good temper as for his physical prowess. The coming of Harding into the neighborhood, with his city airs and elegant clothes, however, had interfered with the course of true love. The girl was pleased with his elegant attentions, and Bob's very evident jealousy had led her in a spirit of pique to encourage them rather than otherwise.

Without further recognition of Harding's presence Russell threw down the whiffetree, stepped to the bars, leaned over and said to the girl:

"Well, Em, you're early with the milking, aren't you? Have the Texas flies begun to interfere with the flow yet?"

"Not seriously, so far, Bob."

"They have with my cows, but your pasture lies higher than mine and I sometimes think that makes a difference. I'm not getting over a two-thirds yield for this time of year, but I'm going to try a new wash that they're using with success in the West. I'll let you know how it works. Queer, ain't it Em, how the Almighty has planned things; Texas flies to harass the cattle, and," with a glance at Harding, and stooping to pick up the whiffetree, "other insignificant but pesky things to bother honest farmers. Well, good night, Em. By the way, I suppose you'll go with me to the sociable Thursday night, won't you?"

Receiving a "Yes, I guess so, Bob," Russell strode away, leaving Harding



BOTH TURNED TO BEHOLD THE FIGURE OF BOB RUSSELL.

ful of rage and vindictiveness, and the girl with a growing sense of the latter gentleman's insignificance.

A month had passed, and Anson Harding was leaving the Madden orchard chagrined, defeated and filled with a desire for vengeance. He had proposed to Emma and had been rejected. Flattered as she had been at first by the city man's attentions, she had gradually come to see him as he was, to compare him with Bob, and in the end actually to dislike him. Moreover, Bob had pressed his suit earnestly the evening before, demanding a definite knowledge of the girl's intentions, and she had promised to marry him in the fall.

Harding had taken his rejection bitterly. His conceit had suffered a severe blow, and his hope of securing a handsome financial settlement from the girl's father had miserably failed—and all, as he thought, through Russell, whom he characterized as that "granger Colossus." As the angry and disappointed man left the orchard he sought to avoid the house by walking through the short lane, around by the barn and thence to the highway. As he walked slowly by the barn he caught sight of Russell crossing the wide pasture. He stopped, leaned against the building and looked toward the farmer with all the malignant hate of his heart gleaming from his eyes. Oh, if he

could throttle him! If he could only devise some means of wreaking his vengeance on the man to whom he attributed the failure of his plans!

Just then a sound within the barn attracted his attention and a look of fiendish exultation came into his face. Here was his opportunity for vengeance, as unique as it would be effective. And so perfectly safe! Should the worst result no one could suspect him.

Quickly the heavy oak bar fastening the door was drawn out and the door swung open, concealing Harding behind it. There was an interval of a few seconds, and then, with a low ugly bellow, "Bad Ben," Farmer Madden's Ayrshire bull stepped into the open air. For an instant the animal sniffed the free air and shook his ugly head. Then he caught sight of Russell. The brute advanced a few steps, pawing the ground and sending the dirt upward to fall in showers over his massive shoulders. Then he started toward Russell, his head low down and his wicked eyes full of rage. Before the distance was half covered Russell saw the maddened animal coming. He fully appreciated his danger, for "Bad Ben" had built up a reputation for ugliness which would have resulted in his execution long before, had there not coursed through his bovine veins an aristocracy of blood which made Farmer Madden loth to part with him. The young man was about to run for the nearest fence, which he might have reached in time, but just at that moment Emma Madden appeared directly in the path of the enraged bull. A clump of willows growing about the spring in the pasture had until that moment concealed her approach from both Harding and Russell. The girl was fully thirty yards nearer the bull than was Russell. She

saw her peril at the same moment that he did and for an instant was paralyzed with fright.

"Run this way, Em! For God's sake, run!"

She hesitated but a moment and then with the speed of a deer, the girl darted toward and past Bob, who stood still, encouraging her in her flight by his voice.

There was now no time for Russell to escape. The only hope for either himself or the girl lay in his ability to overcome the infuriated animal. Had he been armed, even with a pitchfork, this would not have been so difficult, but he had nothing on which to depend save his own strength and agility.

On came the ugly brute directly toward Russell, his head lowered and giving vent to his rage in low hoarse bellows. To Harding, who had stepped from behind the barn door and had fled to the road, from which safe place he turned to witness the result of his vengeful scheme, it seemed as though the man must be impaled on the sharp horns of the beast or borne down and trampled to death.

Just as the bull was upon him, however, the farmer stepped lightly aside, caught the rushing animal by one horn and threw his weight upon it. The result was just what he had calculated upon when in that brief moment of time he had determined upon the one effort left to him. The brute's head was borne downward and to one side, the horn struck and penetrated the ground, and the bull, with almost a complete somersault, fell with a broken neck, carrying Russell with him but fortunately inflicting no more serious injury upon the young Hercules than a few bruises.

Harding waited no longer. He slunk down the roadway and next day was back in the city.

To this day it is a mystery to Farmer Madden how "Bad Ben" escaped from his stall. Bob Russell, however, thinks he could guess, and not more than half try.—Utica Globe.

Old-Time Football.
Football has never been a very genteel game, to judge from what Master Stubbs says about it in his "Anatomy of Abuses," published in 1853.

For as concerning football playing I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a sport or pastime. For doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and pickle him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this means, sometimes, their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms; sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out.

A Clever Invention.
One of the cleverest inventions ever patented is the machine for sticking common pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper in position, crimps it in two lines, then at a single push passes the pins through the paper and sets them in position.

A Day of Suicides.
Two weeks ago in the Swiss City of Geneva, with 150,000 of a population, largely floating, there were, according to the official record, twenty-one suicides, and in all but one or two cases scraps of paper were found, in which the victims stated that they could bear the pangs of poverty no longer.



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I am glad I am not your maid, to have the care of such precious gems."

"My dear Miss L'Estrange! What an ideal! When you marry and have jewels of your own, you will know how to take care of them. Bring tea, Virginia; bring it quickly."

And Mrs. Ruthven applied herself to put the papers and letters lying on the table together with considerable method. "What a charming view!" said Nora, strolling to the window. "Do you know I never was in these rooms before. They were Mrs. Marsden's, and used not to be opened, at least, when I was here as a child."

Mrs. Ruthven looked down thoughtfully. "These rooms are over the library, are they not?" she asked, "on the same side as the conservatory? I would rather look out in any other direction. I shall not soon get over the impression of last night's terror."

Here Virginia brought in the tea, and Mrs. Ruthven, settling herself in a large arm chair, asked Nora to pour it out. "None of them will tell me any particulars about how I was found, or what happened," resumed Mrs. Ruthven. "I fancy that gruff old doctor ordered me to be kept from speaking of it. But you will not be so unkind! Besides, I am not to be kept from thinking of my misadventure by his dictum. Tell me, dear Miss L'Estrange, were you there when Mr. Marsden first found me?"

"Yes! I was in the breakfast room when he was trying to break away from an old gentleman who would keep talking to him, and I heard him say he wanted to take you an ice."

"And then?"

"Oh! then Mr. Winton proposed we should go and look at the tent; but when we came to the conservatory, the door was shut and locked. Mr. Marsden was looking angry and bewildered. Then he suddenly remembered the way by the corridor, and we saw him go past and return immediately to call for help. So Helen, Mrs. L'Estrange and I went in. She raised your arm, you were lying like a dead creature, and began to fan you."

"And who lifted me from the divan?"

"No one, at least, not while I was there."

"Not Mr. Marsden?"

"Oh, no! He looked so white, so dreadfully distressed. He stood behind Helen, and kept begging her to see if you were hurt. Then the doctor came and sent every one away except the Squire and Lady Dorrington."

"Yes! Hers was the first face I recognized, and then Lady Dorrington and the doctor helped me upstairs? It is strange, I cannot quite account for it."

"For what, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Oh, nothing; only a curious impression that some one had lifted me up—some effect of returning consciousness, I suppose."

She fell into a fit of musing. From this she roused to ask a good many questions about Winton and his old friendship with Mrs. L'Estrange, giving Nora a sensation of being gently but thoroughly sifted. Moreover, one or two significant looks and words conveyed the alarming idea that the clear-sighted widow suspected Winton of admiring Nora, or Nora of admiring Winton, which made that saucy young lady vexed and uneasy.

"Well, I suppose I must let her go," said Mrs. Ruthven, as Nora rose to escape further cross-examination. "It is so good of you to come and sit with me. In truth, I was glad to get rid even of dear Lady Dorrington, as no one would talk naturally, or let me speak of what is uppermost in my mind."

"I shall come and see good-bye to you to-morrow," returned Nora. "I earnestly hope you will soon shake off your nervousness, though you are wonderfully brave and composed."

Mrs. Ruthven went with her to the door, and then again sunk into the fastidiously, where she remained for some time in deepest thought.

Nora L'Estrange attracted her curiosity, her evident admiration and liking soothed the little lady's inordinate vanity, while it overpowered her comprehension, she was too keen an observer to believe it was altogether put on, still she occasionally doubted her sincerity, so contrary was a woman's honest appreciation of another woman, to all her previous experience.

Nora's pleasant, varying voice and frank looks had a certain charm for her, even while she feared their effect on Marsden. They gave the hard, selfish, fiery, material creature glimpses of possible sweetness that would never die, of passion or self-interest. But, perhaps, the strangest sensation excited by Nora, was resentful envy, not of the girl's fresh, youthful good looks, but of her free, untrammelled spirit; every word, every attitude, was unstudied, spontaneous; she wanted so little, her simple, poverty-stricken life, as Mrs. Ruthven considered it, seemed so joyous and satisfying, she appeared to have no craving for rank or riches or jewels. Life, pure, healthy existence, was enough; she had nothing to strive after, or scheme for, or want from others, at least, so she seemed—yet, seemed—but who could tell what lurked under the seeming? She must have her cravings, her hidden passions, which she dared not show the world. What was she? What differences were there between her human flesh and that of other women? No, she was as yet but half developed, and how often childish simplicity was but the outer garb of cunning?

There was something in Nora L'Estrange that puzzled and disturbed Mrs. Ruthven. If she could have found her guilty of any vicious folly, she might have liked her better than she ever liked anything except a lover. As it was, the balance trembled between liking and hatred.

"She does not care for Marsden," thought Mrs. Ruthven, her supple form crouched together, her chin resting in one palm, her elbow on her knee, "she has some unaccountable fancy for that cold, scornful, insolent Winton. But Mars-

WOMAN'S WIT.

ben himself? I am not so sure about him. He has not often encountered indifference. It may be attractive. However, if she cares for Winton—ah! my difficulties are growing complicated. I must think. If the faint, vile suspicions that have come to me prove correct, how shall I act? Oh, I will punish, punish bitterly! But I will secure my object, too."

Then she sprung up and rang for her maid.

"Take away the tea things. Ask if Captain Shirley is in the house; if so, ask him to come to me."

"Captain Shirley has not returned, madame. Mr. Marsden had just asked to see you, but Miss L'Estrange was going out and he went out with her."

"Mr. Marsden asked for me?"

"Yes, madame; he said he would be back directly."

"Excuse away those things, then," returned her mistress in a sharp voice. "And I will dress; I shall go down to dinner. It does me no good to be shut up here."

Half an hour after the lamps in the boudoir were lighted, and Mrs. Ruthven, in black silk and jet, wrapped in a soft Indian mantle of blue and gold, beneath which she shivered occasionally, was sitting by the fire. She had scarce taken her place when Virginia ushered in Captain Shirley.

"Excuse my dusty boots," he said coming quickly to her. "Hearing you wished to see me I came at once. I am glad to see you are looking better than I expected."

"Yes; I am nearly myself," she returned, smiling graciously, and motioning him to sit down. "When do you return to town?"

"By an early train to-morrow."

"And I, in the afternoon. Shall I see you on my arrival?"

"If you need my services, yes; but I had intended running over to Ostend to see my sister, who has been seriously ill. I ought to have gone before."

"To Ostend?" repeated Mrs. Ruthven, as if to herself.

"But if I can be of any use—"

"Yes, you can," she interrupted abruptly. "Do you remember a wonderful detective who was employed by Lady Darterey to obtain evidence against her husband in that famous case?"

"I do, at least I recollect hearing of him." Shirley rose as he spoke, and rested his arm on the mantel piece, his face deep in shadow, as the lamp was behind him.

"If you will get me this man's address, I should be glad."

"I have not the faintest idea where to find him."

"Lady Darterey's solicitors would tell you. He is a private detective, you know, and I do not want any creature to know that I am employing one on my own account. You must undertake this for me, Shirley."

"I will, if you are so anxious for it. But I must warn you that he will be a costly machine, and, unfortunately, you have not the faintest clue to guide him; wait until—"

"Until all chance of discovery has passed by? No, Captain Shirley, I have too much common sense. Find me this man, or I shall do it myself."

"I will look for him and bring him to you, Mrs. Ruthven."

"I shall be quite content with his address."

"You will hear what the police detective Marsden has sent for has to say?"

"I shall follow my own line. No matter! But hush, I will speak to you later." The door opened to admit Lady Dorrington and her brother.

"I have sent for one of the best detectives in their employment to Scotland Yard," said Marsden to Mrs. Ruthven, after they had exchanged a few words.

"And I must beg you not to leave until you have given him your own version of the story and show him the position in which the thief surprised you. The tent remains as it is until he comes! We will keep his coming dark, as the thief, or thieves, will be less on their guard, if they think the local Dogberries only are concerned."

"But, Mr. Marsden, I really do not think I could bear to enter that horrible tent again! You do not know—"

"I can well imagine your condition of mind. Yet, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, you must not shrink from anything which may tend to discover the scoundrel who not only robbed you, but endangered your life. Let me entreat you to stay a couple of days longer. I expect the detective officer to-night. I ought to tell you, that in the road outside the Oldridge gate—you know it?—to Lady Dorrington—"there was a slight mark, as if a two-wheeled conveyance had turned sharply round; but on such a night when vehicles of all kinds were coming and going, it proves nothing."

"You really must not go, Mrs. Ruthven," said Lady Dorrington, impressively.

"I will not oppose you, then," said the fair widow, "though I begin to fear it is but lost labor, the search for my jewels."

"No, no. I do not give up hope yet," cried Shirley. "Detectives do wonderful things."

"There goes the gong. I must run away and dress. You will join us at dinner, will you not, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Thank you, I will."

Lady Dorrington and Shirley went off to their respective rooms, and Marsden, pushing a low ottoman close to Mrs. Ruthven, sat down, almost at her feet.

"You are a shade less pallid than you were," he said, taking her hand. "Let me see if your pulse is steeper," and he proceeded deliberately to manipulate her wrist. "I cannot say how awfully cut up I am about this frightful business! If I were a millionaire, and could replace the gems you have lost!"

"Even if you were, you could not," interrupted Mrs. Ruthven, leaving her hand in his. "There are associations—"

"I know," said Marsden—"Poor Charlie—"

"Charlie?" she repeated, in a peculiar tone.

"At any rate you will not leave until I can accompany you," he continued. "I must stay and see this detective myself."

"Very well," and she tried to withdraw her hand; Marsden kissed it and let it go.

"Did you see Miss L'Estrange safely home?" she asked.

"Nora? No. Fortunately Winton

turned up, and I gave her over to him; it was too dark to let her go alone."

There was a pause, then Mrs. Ruthven asked, dreamily, as if speaking out of her thoughts:

"What did the jeweler in Paris say that man who was collecting rubies for a Russian prince was willing to give for mine?"

"I don't remember," said Marsden. "When? When you were last in Paris?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the clasp of the necklace did not seem secure, and I gave it to the jeweler that Count Henri de Meudon recommended? Or, was it before you met me there in June?"

"Before, I think. I should not have forgotten, had I heard, though my mind was full of different matter." An expressive glance gave point to his words.

Mrs. Ruthven looked down with a thoughtful smile.

"Well, believe this agent, or jewel merchant, offered something like 1,500,000 francs!"

"That was a large sum! I suppose it is worth it?"

"I have always been told so. It is too much to lose."

"It certainly is! I must bestir myself, and find some good investment for that money of yours, which is lying fallow in the Three Per Cents."

"I shall not invest in jewels, at all events! The sense of insecurity will never leave me." And she shivered.

"You ought never to be alone again," said Marsden, in a low voice. "Well, you will endure this ill-omened hour till Monday, at least, then I will escort you to town. Is that understood?"

"So be it," she returned.

"And you will come down to dinner! You must not allow yourself to despair! These detectives do wonders, sometimes."

"No doubt. But I see the difficulty of recovering my rubies is enormous. Once out of their setting (and Mr. Winton says thieves always take them out), how can I wear them? How can I identify them?"

"Let us hope for the best. Now, I have barely left myself ten minutes to dress. I shall find you in the drawing-room, shall I not?"

He took and pressed her hand once more before he went hastily away.

Mrs. Ruthven looked after him with anxious eyes, then she clasped her hands together and walked once to and fro. Finally she went down to her toilet table and touched her lower eyelids with Kohl, delicately, artistically; took up a shell containing rose-colored powder, but laid it aside again, desired the thick, curly fringe on her forehead to show her fine eyebrows, and fastening a bouquet of deep red geraniums among the black lace of her corsage, wrapped her cloak close round her, and descended to the drawing-room.

The well-known astute London detective, however, had no more success than the less experienced rural police.

He made a careful search through the rooms, insisted on Mrs. Ruthven's reproducing her position in the tent and minutely describing the circumstances of the robbery, and inquired the length of time Marsden was absent. Finally he hinted darkly that he had an idea as to the guilty party.

"I don't say it's more than a suspicion," he said to Mrs. Ruthven and Marsden; "but it seems to me it's not impossible that some trained hand might have got in among the confectioner's men, and watched his opportunity. You see, if he had the pluck to go straight back to his post, with the jewels in his pocket, and just kept at his work, he'd be as safe as a church. There is no tracing the cloak and hat to any one. I have spoken with the men who were here, and they seem all right; but two have gone away. I'll find out all about them when I go back to town. If one or other is a stranger taken on a job, I'll have to track him."

"It seems impossible that any man would have the daring to do such a deed and then return to his duties in the supper-room!" cried Mrs. Ruthven.

"You can have no notion, ma'am, what a high-class swell mobman would dare do and do it. It's possible the jewels have gone that way. We must hunt up the thief in London, and especially the big Dutch stones. There are a lot of Jew precious-stone merchants abroad, as would give a long price for such gems and no questions asked. Of course, if they had a clear idea the goods were stolen, they would give notice fast enough, but they would not be too keen to act even on a shrewd suspicion."

"You will give notice to all the principal jewelers at home and abroad, and in the colonies, in case the lost gems are offered for sale?" cried Marsden.

"Yes, of course; but there comes in the difficulty of identification. Any way, I'll do my best by my own character's sake, and the lady's sake; but we'll say nothing of the handsome reward you mentioned, sir; that is against my principles; but if, when I have done my 'dooty' you like to make me a compliment, that's another pair of shoes."

"You may trust me," said Marsden. "And me, too," added Mrs. Ruthven, with a sweet smile, whereupon, after enjoying the strictest secrecy on his hearers regarding his suggestions as to the possible thief, the highly intelligent officer departed.

(To be continued.)

How Turks Pray for the Infidel.

The following is an exact translation from the Arabic of the official prayer of Islam, which is used throughout Turkey and daily repeated in the Cairo "Azhar" University by 10,000 Mohammedan students from all lands:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, the accursed. In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful! O Lord of all Creatures! O Allah! Destroy the Infidels and polytheists, thine enemies and the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip, and give them, and their families, and their households, and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends, and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all Creatures!"

In all the other religions of even the semi-civilized nations of the globe there can be no prayer found to parallel this cruel appeal of Islam to the spirit of inhumanity. Bulgaria, Damascus, Lebanon and Armenia may or may not be hotbeds of anti-Turkish intrigue; with such a national prayer Turkey stands self-condemned before the world.—Philadelphia Record.