

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 15, 1927.

EPIC OF THE RESURRECTION.

Long, long ago, within the Holy City,
The eager throng had gathered for the
paschal feast;
And out beyond the walls the fires of
camps were gleaming.
Where, worn with weary leagues, there
rested man and beast.

The city stood in richest glow and splendor,
The shining object of all Jewish pride;
And from its heart there rose the golden-
crowned temple,
To kiss whose marble walls men gladly
would have died.

Here, then, in days that ages have made
misty,
Was borne the pain of One who in the
shadows trod,
And here the eyes of men, with gladness
overbrimming,
Beheld the triumph of the risen Son of
God.

Then listen, ye who on this Easter morn-
ing
Find heart and soul atrob in joyous song,
Oh, listen as this day in gladdest notes is
telling
The story which the ages shall forever-
more prolong.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

One is passing through the city,
Guarded by the soldiers' spears
From the thronging crowd of scoffers,
From the rabble with its sneers.

Over Via Dolorosa
To the hill outside the gate,
Walks the weary Man of Sorrows,
Victim of his people's hate.

Slowly up the hillside toiling,
Followed by the eager throng,
With the cross his vision meeting,
Moves the Christ to suffer wrong.

Lifted is the soldier's hammer!
Nails are driven through hands and feet!
In the earth the cross is planted!
Shouts of scorn his sufferings greet!

Hands that healed and feet that carried,
Eyes that pitied, heart of love,
Is your ministry forgotten?
Oh! have mercy, God above!

See! the noontid sun is hidden,
Darkness reigns, no golden light;
God's own heaven is clothed in mourning,
Angels cannot bear the sight.

Hark! the earth is loudly groaning,
By its quakings split and rent;
Nature's lamentation mighty
For the King whose life is spent.

Look! the temple's massive curtain,
Glory of the Jewish faith,
Now in fluttering strips is waving,
Torn by unseen hands apart.

THE DEATH.

On the breast the head has fallen,
Glazed are now the weary eyes,
Veins no longer sear with fever,
Ears are deaf to ribald cries.

Broken is the heart of mercy,
Sufflers, have ye now no tear?
See! that now the side is pierced
Blood and water meet the spear.

Shame has touched the Lord of Glory!
Shadows claim the Lord of Light!
Helpless seems the Lord of Power!
Death has seized the Lord of Might!

Dead he hangs upon the summit
Of Judea's skull-shaped hill;
When the black tide surged tumultuous,
None could utter, "Peace, he still."

So it ends, this life of goodness,
So it ends, upon the tree,
So it ends, oh, Son of Mary,
Wondrous Man of Galilee.

THE BURIAL.

From the cross the form is lifted,
Mangled like an earthly clod,
Bruised and broken, stained and bloody,
Body of the Son of God.

Hasten, Joseph, unto Pilate!
Beg the body for the tomb!
Bathe and cleanse with tender pity!
Let thy love shine through the gloom!

Thou, too, Nicodemus, hasten,
Burdened with the precious spice;
For 'tis he whose radiant teaching
Gave thee truth beyond all price.

In the grave, the battle ended,
Lies the body of the King;
He who came with angel anthems,
Now is slain by death's sharp sting.

"Earth to earth" is this thy portion?
"Thou whose power the grave could rob?"
"Dust to dust" shall ashes claim thee,
Now the pulse has ceased to throbb.

THE SORROWING WOMEN.

WEEPING Galilean women
Mark the tomb which is his bed;
Turn them homeward sorrowing,
For their Lord of Life is dead.

Tenderly they mix the perfumes
Moistened with their tears of grief,
With the love which in his wanderings
Ministered to his relief.

—By Henry Clarke.

THE PRINCESS ZARAH'S AMULET.

Stepping out upon the balcony of
her room in the Grand Crescent Hotel,
Theodosia Bowen breathed in the
balmy evening air and gazed with en-
raptured delight at the panorama be-
fore her. Ever since her fairy-book
days, back in Philadelphia, she had
longed for this wonderful moment;
and now, spread out below, was Con-
stantinople itself, bathed in the shimmer-
ing light of a gorgeous silver moon,
a vista that would have appealed to
the romantic notions of any American
girl, especially a dainty, pert little
miss still on the youthful side of being
a debutante.

It stirred her recollections of the
fabled magic carpet, affording its pilot
a birdseye glimpse of a fanciful mod-
ern Bagdad. And she wished that she,
too, were there, peering down at the
minaret tops; on terraced gardens and
lattice windows and crafty Turks and

Armenian Jews whispered of gain or
intrigue. Or did they, in these days?
Theodosia wondered.

Her uncle and aunt had just gone
out to attend some formal reception
which Theodosia had dreaded. What
stupidity of such boring affairs? So
she had pleaded being fagged after the
day's inspection of the throbbing
bazaars. But down in the depths of
her secret heart she longed for some
adventure, at least a mild flirtation
with a Prince or the younger son of
a titled diplomat—any clean-cut, nice
young man who did not wear a fez
and trousers more foolishly baggy
than the college boys at home.

Nevertheless, she was weary of being
chaperoned, and she wished to
enjoy to the full the thrillingly mys-
tical atmosphere of her exotic sur-
roundings. They had kept her cooped
up in Paris, and while at Monte Carlo
she'd not even been permitted to step
inside the Casino. Pretty tough, she
thought, with a saucy toss of her head,
and recalled with an impish moue that
"Terrible Ted" was the name by which
she was known at home.

"Terrible Ted, indeed!" she stamped
her little foot. "Whatever I am on
my native heath, I'm an angel child
out here. And I'm sick and tired and
through with being reproved and step-
ped on."

Then with a sigh of regret and a
feeling of loneliness, she left the little
balcony and went toward her bed.
Spread out on the counterpane was
a lovely, colorful bundle of filmy,
silky things, a bodice of bright red
velvet, spangled and bound with bul-
lion; the baggiest satin trousers and
a tasseled sash, worked with silver
thread and semiprecious stones. Be-
side them a tiny pair of shoes with
pointed, turned-up tips, stockings of
golden mesh, and a fabric which look-
ed like a bridal veil, but which she
knew was a yashmak. Just fancy the
girls at home hiding their faces like
that!

Quickly she slipped off her trim
little frock, and, standing before the
mirror, arrayed herself in these curi-
ously, softly clinging garments. And
she smiled at their effect. But for the
boyish bob of her curly dark
brown locks, she might have been the
laugher of some mythical Caliph, for
her eyes were Oriental, dark and
heavy-lashed, and the natural red of
her lips contrasted entrancingly with
the olive tint of her skin.

Staring at her reflection, she seem-
ed to feel transported into realms of ro-
mance, and she fancied herself as a
Princess.

The night seemed to call out softly,
and the city beckoned to her with a
subtle, compelling allure which made
her pulses quicken and stirred within
her a reckless desire to explore it for
herself, not under the watchful eye of
dear, kind, prim Aunt Mary, nor yet
with Uncle Powell pointing out the
sights, but just to gad about by her-
self, as she'd often done in New York,
when she'd been permitted to go there
to visit Cousin Mae.

And she suddenly remembered the
very excuse she required. It wasn't
a very good one, but Ted thought it
might serve and in any event she'd
be back in her room before her aunt
returned. So she carefully thought it
over and wondered what she'd wear.
That would, of course, be important
in view of what she proposed, for she
meant to take a taxicab to the Street
of the Bazaars.

In the foyer of the hotel Theodosia
was divided between a sense of diffi-
dence and a thrill of real delight. The
lounge was thronged with chatting
men and women in evening dress,
tourists in tweeds, foreign officers in
khaki and gold lace, and here and
there a Turk, whose dark, suspicious
eyes beamed at her inquiringly be-
neath their bushy brows. She felt
like some adventuress in a romantic
play, and it dawned on her that her
costume was at least incongruous. Yet
she realized that the yashmak was the
only visible touch of the Orient in her
make-up. No doubt it made people
more curious and she softly laughed
to herself.

She was conscious of the glance of
an Englishman's monocled eye; of the
fact that loggions were leveled in sur-
prise at her; and now she started ab-
ruptly as she saw a good-looking
youth quickly rise from his chair. It
couldn't be that he knew her. She'd
never seen him before; yet she was
vaguely conscious that he was follow-
ing her. In fact, as the native starter
shut the taxicab door she saw the man
on the steps, tossing away his cigar-
ette and staring after her.

"Can you beat it?" she asked her-
self as she settled back on the cush-
ions. "The one man who's mean
enough to be fresh undoubtedly comes
home!" She meant to find out who
he was and teach him a lesson tomor-
row. Then she promptly forgot him
in the joy of her evening's adventure.

According to her direction, the taxi
was slowly proceeding across the Gal-
ata Bridge, and, peering out of the
window, she saw a motley mob of
Nubians, Greeks, Armenians, Kurds,
Italians and Chinese, mingling all of
their varying tongues into a babel of
sound. After a long drive she came to
a dark and crooked street.

Then she tapped on the windowpane
to attract the chauffeur's attention.
She had not been able to give him the
precise address but she knew if he
drove through this street she could
find the bazaar she desired. Now,
however, as she looked into the dark-
ened areaway that had been so active
that morning, she found it deserted and
quiet. And she could not locate the
place she was searching for. The
shops had all been shuttered. Now
each one was shuttered with only
slits of light from within gleaming
through the cracks.

Stepping out to the pavement, she
tried to explain to the chauffeur, but
either his English or his mentality
declined to comprehend. And Terri-
ble Ted grew peevish. Having come all
this way with a purpose, she did not
mean to go back until she had made
her purchase. So telling the taxi-
man to wait, she began to examine the
houses.

A beggar sidled along, filthy and re-
pellive, calling out with whining ap-
peal, "Alms! Alms for the starving!"

In the name of Allah, alms!" Touch-
ed, although disgusted, Ted felt in her
purse—a delicate gold meshbag which
brought a covetous glitter to the
mendicant's eyes. For an instant Ted
was furious, and meant to send him
off; but on second consideration she
tossed the creature a coin and began
to question him.

Of course, that proved to be use-
less. Aside from begging parlance,
his ears were as dumb as his tongue
was mute to all save Arabic. But at
last, with the aid of the chauffeur, Ted
gathered that she should go to the
third queer house on the right. And
with an air of "I told you so" she
knocked against the shutters. For
some time there was no response.
Then, growing more impatient, she
rapped and rapped again, until finally
a wicket in the panel slid open. By
the light of a lamp which burned in-
side Ted recognized the features of
the man who had sold the costume she
wore beneath her cloak; and his crafty,
keen old eyes apparently pierced
the mist which thinly veiled her fea-
tures.

"Most welcome to my miserable
shop, illustrious daughter of the
West!" he greeted her in an oily tone,
and she heard the scrape of bolts as
he promptly opened a narrow, low-
topped door in the center of the board-
ing.

Peering through the opening, she
saw him deeply salaam, holding open
the aperture as he waited for her to
step in. For just an instant she fal-
tered; then overcame her fears and
boldly stooped to enter the now des-
erted shop. The place was only dimly
illuminated and the air was oppressively
heavy, yet she felt no cause
for anxiety and promptly explained her
errand.

The wily proprietor smiled and
making his way through a hodge-
podge of goods piled up for the night,
brought out a tray which contained a
variety of trinkets. As though he
had known beforehand precisely what
she desired, his long, grimy fingers
lifted out a chain of curious
workmanship. Then, with a smirk
and a cringe, he handed it to Ted.

Holding it up to the light diffused
by the ancient lantern, she examined
the fragile stone-studded links with
evident admiration. She had wanted
this chain that morning, but had not
brought her purse, and after Uncle
Powell had purchased for her the cos-
tume she simply could not resist, she
hadn't sufficient nerve to ask him to
get it for her. Yet its beauty had
haunted her throughout the afternoon,
and when she had put on the silken
things she was wearing beneath her
cloak, she knew that she simply must
have this darling chain.

Then, in the glow of a polished
shield hanging against the wall, she
glimpsed her strange reflection, half
Occident, half Orient, in her combi-
nation of costume. But what she saw
over her shoulder made her heart
start still, and if her blood had not
frozen she would have screamed with
terror. For instead of the delicate
chain's caress about her shapely throat
she felt the clutch of fingers which
cruelly bruised her flesh, and a sickly,
pungent rag was thrust against her
mouth.

Outside a second taxicab drew up
before the cul-de-sac into which Ted
had gone. Her chauffeur was lolling
at his wheel, puffing a vile cheriot;
but nowhere about was the beggar
whom he had questioned for Ted.

Then, after an interval, the taxi
which first had come cautiously slid
away and was quickly lost to sight
in the labyrinth of streets. After
several moments more a light-haired
chap in a dinner coat stepped out of
the second cab and, instructing his
chauffeur to wait, made his way into
the passage whence Ted had disap-
peared.

He had barely reached the dingy
shop, where a faint yellow streak
from within began cautiously to
fade, when a tiny door in its shutter
had closed in his face. But he threw
his weight against it and the impact
of his shoulder sent it violently in-
ward, hurling him over the threshold
to sprawl out on the floor. With
quick, athletic recovery he was up on
his knees, and found himself glaring
into the eyes of the merchant who
owned the place.

The keeper of the bazaar had also
lost his balance, and his posture was
far from dignified, his expression far
from friendly. Yet the two stared at
each other with challenge plain on
their features, despite their discomfit-
ure.

"Where is she—the girl who just
came here?" asked he of the dinner
coat, narrowly watching the other.
But the trader only stared at him with
outraged stupidity, and extricating
himself from the heap into which he
had tumbled, managed to shrug his
shoulders.

"Effendi perhaps is seeking the
nearby home of the Ouled Nail Ney-
fessah," he leered in sarcastic reply.
"I am an honest man."

"You can tell that to the police, if
it seems necessary!" snapped the
light-haired one. "The lady I am
seeking came in a cab just now. If she
made her purchases I will escort her
home. Her being detained here might
result in your being nailed by the ear
to the door of your miserable hovel."

The merchant cringed. He had seen
other men so crucified by a Turkish
Adjutant's order, and now a sudden
fury flashed from his shifty eyes.
Then the merchant's features grew
pained, horribly distorted, as though
he suffered unbearably; and he stooped
to rub his ankle, mumbling all the
while in an unintelligible dialect,
strewing with lamentations. Then quick
as a wink a blade from the bottom of
his trouser, and the gleam of its long,
keen shaft flashed in the light of the
lamp.

Straightening up, he hurled it with
all his furious might—directly at
the other. But the man in the dinner
coat flattened himself against the rug-
ging wall, just as the point of the
knife imbedded itself with a vicious
thud into the tapestried back-ground.

With a shrill cry of hatred, he leaped
behind his counter and seized a
narghleh, precious piece of crystal and
jade that he lifted above his head and
sent wildly crashing before him.

A tinkle of glass, a shower of sparks
and the little bazaar was in darkness.
Silently, in the pitchy black, like
panthers in a jungle, the two moved
about the narrow space, stumbling in-
to cabinets, over piles of pillows and
rugs. Only their quick, heavy breath-
ing, occasional grunts and thuds, be-
trayed the presence of either man, and
neither was fully certain whether the
other was armed.

An unexpected impact and then the
two were locked in a steel-like wrest-
ler's clutch, each a trifle amazed at
the skill and strength of the other.
But the pain which the merchant in-
flicted with his tricks of barbaric cunning
was unequal to the prowess of his
antagonist, and after several
moments of intensely straining mus-
cles, the man in the dinner coat lifted
him abruptly from his feet and sent
the screaming merchant into a heap
in the corner.

He did not move and the other
quickly looked about. Already little
sprits of flame were springing up
from the pile of rugs which the shat-
tered lantern had fired. But in the dull
red glow there was no sign of the
girl. Then the quick padding of sand-
als shuffling in from the court warn-
ed him of other dangers and he ducked
behind a cabinet of curious ornaments
just as two bashibazouks rushed into
the place excitedly. At first he
thought that it must be the fire which
had attracted them, but now their ex-
clamations and their survey of the
room told him they were unfriendly.

One of them spied him, and he
caught the glint of a wicked-looking
kris. Beringing himself for a fool that
he had not brought a gun, he took
what came to hand, and wrenching
the merchant's knife from the wall he
sent it spinning into the face of the
foremost native. The fellow collapse-
d with a moan, and in an instant the
other Turk was felled by the blow of
arazier crunching against his skull.
Quickly the man in the dinner coat
inspected their motionless forms and
then peered cautiously through the
door to be sure that the court was
clear. His taxicab had gone, the
chauffeur no doubt terrified by the
sounds of the struggle within. No
one else was there.

Then he thought he heard a stir-
ring beneath the floor of the shop, and
as he crouched in one corner, a trap-
door in the boarding slowly raised it-
self. Out peered a swathy counten-
ance, indescribably ugly, with a great
livid scar running clear across the
cruel, hideous features. Rage was
mingled with panic in the bulging
eyes, and now a grimy hand leveled
a heavy revolver.

Once more the man in the dinner
coat took stock of what was about
him, and now he caught up a statu-
ette, oddly wrought in bronze. It
was a heavy missile, and he threw it
as hard as he could, trusting to luck
that his aim would be true, for if he
missed he had no chance against this
newest menace.

With a grunt the face disappeared,
and the cover of the trap fell back in-
to place. The man in the dinner coat
sprang to the spot and with the blade
of a scimitar snatched from a stand
of arms, frantically pried at the lid.

At last it gave and he peered be-
hind into an inky cavern. The flames
behind him afforded a glimpse of a
flight of steep stone steps; but there
was no sign of the native who must
have just slid down there. The other
plunged through the opening, and
looking over his shoulder knew that
the shop would shortly be a seeth-
ing inferno. So he pulled the trap
shut above him and felt his way down
the dark passage.

Then he stumbled over something
soft and fell to his hands and knees,
aware that the thing over which he'd
tripped was a human body. No move-
ment. Only silence. So he took a
chance and struck a light, assuring
himself that this hulk was the crea-
ture whose face he had seen, and
quickly possessed himself of the big
blue-steeled revolver.

Now by the match's glow he saw
that he had reached the bottom of the
stairs, and that he was in a sort of
windowless vault, not unlike a dun-
geon, yet fitted with rude comforts.
In a cleft of the wall was a lantern,
and fring its wick, he peered about,
ascertaining that no one else was
there to threaten him. And on a
couch in the corner was the figure of
a girl.

In amazement he stared at her.
This wasn't the one he had followed.
It couldn't be possible, for she was
dressed like a native, yet she was either
dead or asleep, and he bent down
anxiously over the motionless form.
Then he chuckled softly. Her fea-
tures alone confirmed the fact that
she was the girl he sought. Her cloak
no doubt was up in the shop.

"Please don't be afraid," he was
smiling down at her. "It's true that
I followed you—and it's rather good
luck that I did. You see, I went on
pleasantly. 'I've even found your
amulet. I didn't come to steal it. No
one would be so foolish who knew its
history.'"

"It's what?" Ted asked in perplex-
ity, suspecting the man might be
crazy; yet forgetting her distrust of
him as she listened to what he said.
"You don't mean to say that you
didn't know the story behind this
charm?" he asked her as though in
amazement. "It's the Princess Zarah's
amulet, given to her by Constantine
fifteen centuries ago. Whoever wears
it is perfectly safe against any Mos-
lem man, which is why our friend in
the shop met with sudden misfortune.
He apparently wasn't aware that a
treasure he had in his shop."

With Theodosia close by his side,
shuddering as she avoided the body
on the floor, Holloway began to ex-
plore the subterranean place. Its chill
was becoming unpleasant and the
ceaseless lapping of water began to
get on his nerves. Then in a flash
the reason for this suddenly dawned
upon him.

This chamber must communicate
with the famous underground conduit
which supplied the ancient city of
Stamboul with water. And now, to
confirm his belief, he found a narrow
passage leading off from the cham-
ber. Holding the lantern aloft, he
cautiously moved along it, coming at

last to a sort of wharf past which
flowed a stream that was black as
ebony except where it shimmered
faintly in the feeble rays of the lan-
tern.

This labyrinth of waterways twist-
ed and turned formless beneath the
houses above it, and Holloway had
heard of its many fantastic legends,
how curious folks had disappeared in
its uncharted channels as a result of
their folly in venturing into its wind-
ings. Yet the fact that a boat was
moored beside the small stone wharf
suggested that navigation must be
possible if one knew the way.

Holloway shoved off and, steering
with an oar, let the craft drift slowly
until his eyes grew used to the
awesome gloom about them and the
flaring torches showed him the wind-
ings of the channel. In spite of the
danger involved, their progress was
fascinating, and he marveled at the
symmetry of the endless rows of col-
umns.

She had no recollection of what had
happened to her after the attack, that
sickly, sweetish-smelling rag had been
pressed against her lips; but her
throat still throbbled from the mer-
chant's clutch, and she felt a little
ill, tired and miserable.

Then, out of the darkness ahead of
them, appeared a flicker of light, and
instantly Holloway backed his oars,
holding the craft as still as he might,
while he felt for the revolver on the
seat beside him. Startled and appre-
hensive, yet feeling a sense of relief,
Ted peered over his shoulder and saw
another boat rowed by a motley crew
of ragged Levantine boatmen. In a
cushioned seat at the stern sat a man
in uniform, a Turkish officer, who now
arose in his place and called out to
them.

Neither Ted nor Holloway could un-
derstand what he said, but, in spite
of his ragamuffin aides, he appeared to
be an official. So Holloway shouted
back—in English and then in French.

"Give me the amulet!" he whis-
pered quickly to Ted, and with a look
of amazement she passed the trink-
et to him. Could it really be that this
chain with its curious pendant would
prove an open sesame to this officer's
favor—that it would really protect
them if his intentions were hostile?
It seemed quite too absurd, yet she
gave it to Holloway.

Now the boats were side by side,
and Holloway was conversing with the
official in French, which neither Ted
nor the boatmen were able to compre-
hend. But, to her utter amazement,
Holloway leaned over the side and,
spreading out his palm showed the
amulet to the Turkish officer. His
expression instantly changed, and,
making a sign of obeisance, he quick-
ly gave a command.

"It worked!" came Holloway's
whisper as he passed the amulet back,
and Ted stared at the trifle almost in-
credulously. What was this amazing
trinket she had come upon by chance
—that Holloway and this Turk recog-
nized at once—which had plunged
them into danger and now gave prom-
ise of safety?

She had not thought it anything
more than an odd little bit of jewelry,
Somehow, in this modern age, she had
suddenly stumbled on a most intriguing
mystery. It was really too uncanny,
but the fact remained that the oars-
men were slowly turning their boat
and Holloway was lashing their own
to the other craft.

Long into the night, from her win-
dow in the hotel, Theodosia stared at
the yellow-red glare in the sky. Her
aunt and uncle had returned almost
as soon as she had quietly slipped up-
stairs. They'd been looking at the
fire, her aunt explained, when they
stopped at Theodosia's door. Street
after street of bazaars had been com-
pletely wiped out.

"Very worst dens in the city," Uncle
Powell repeated what he had been
told. "Good riddance to the commu-
nity, but the way these Turks fight fires
would make a pessimist grin!"

"It was really a wonderful sight
from the hilltop on this side," Aunt
Mary apologized, "but then I knew
you were tired, and better off in bed."

Ted gave an inward chuckle and
Uncle Powell seemed to choke over
his cigar.

When morning came and she dress-
ed in her prettiest frock, she found
her uncle alone, waiting for her down-
stairs. And something in his expres-
sion told her that he was aware of at
least a part of her evening.

"You ought to be spanked and sent
home!" he declared as he led her off
toward the end of the shaded veranda.
"But you needn't explain to your aunt.
You might be arrested for arson if
this tale gets out."

"I can't see how I'm to blame!" she
snapped with a toss of her head. "I
should think you'd be simply wild over
the way I was treated. Why, Uncle
Powell, I might have—"

"Indeed you might!" he growled.
"That's what you get for completely
upsetting my personal plans."

"Your plans?" She stared at him
in perplexity. "I'm sure I don't un-
derstand. Have you by any chance
seen Mr. Holloway?" She was exasper-
ated at the thought that he should
have told what had happened; espe-
cially after his having enjoined her to
strictest silence.

"Well, I'm going to tell you plain-
ly," her uncle announced, with a
twinkle in the depths of his eyes. "I
was sure as shooting that you'd slip
out last night, so I asked young Row-
land Holloway to keep an eye on you."

Ted was furious, and her regard for
Holloway instantly turned to resent-
ment. The two of them had delibera-
tely been making sport of her!
"Now just hold your horses!" her
uncle advised. "I knew you wouldn't
be happy unless you had some adven-
ture, and Heaven only knows what
sort of mess you'd have kicked up if
I left you to yourself. Just a minute,
now! Holloway was to stick around
until after the dinner hour, and then
send up his card and introduce him-
self; suggest that you go on a slum-
ming trip, and then take you to some
place where they fool the tourist
boobs like the stuff that's seen from
the rubberneck backs in Chinatown,
New York. I'd privately arranged
with a native restaurant to stage a
little riot, to give you a real good

thrill, and let Holloway rescue you."
"Indeed!" Ted stamped her foot, her
patience at an end. She hated them
both, and hated herself. They'd been
making sport of her. "Since you knew
Mr. Holloway, you might have pre-
sented him in the usual formal man-
ner," she said disdainfully. "But
save yourself the trouble, don't care
to know a man who would lend him-
self to such a contemptible trick!"

"Hold on, hold on!" cautioned her
uncle. "Young Holloway didn't know
that I'd planned the riot act. He'd
have thought it was real; and I want-
ed to see what was in the boy. I knew
I could count on him. Besides, there
wouldn't really have been any genuine
danger."

"I think that you're despicable!"
she cried in a fit of anger; and a sud-
den surge of sympathy for Holloway
possessed her. "He might have lost
his life. And I might very well have
been killed or worse. What's more,
if you think I'll keep still about your
burning the city—"

"Holy Jehosophat!" her uncle ex-
ploded. "Do you think that I'm an
incendiary and a murderer? You spon-
dered the whole blamed business by mak-
ing your getaway. Holloway didn't
suppose you'd be downstairs so soon;
and when you came he wasn't sure
because of that crazy veil you were
hiding behind. Thank Heaven he had
sense enough to follow anyway; but
the place you got into wasn't the one
I'd planned. So the danger proved to
be real."

"It was real enough!" she recalled.
"But listen, Uncle Powell. Did he tell
you about the Amulet of Zarah?" Her
eyes were sparkling now and her eger
romantic nature longed to relate
the story.

"The Amulet of your Grandmoth-
er!" her uncle sniffed with contempt.
"That trinket from the five-and-ten
was probably made in Berlin. Hollow-
way only told you that to keep your
course up."

"But it worked when he held it out
to the Turkish officer!" Ted indignantly
insisted.

"Oh, did it?" chuckled her uncle.
"The thing which turned the trick was
Holloway's signet ring—a gift from
the chief of police, whose daughter's
life Holloway saved one day when her
horse ran away."

"Oh, I won't be treated like this!"
She burst into bitter tears, and tearing
the chain from about her neck
hurled it away in a rage.