

THE WRONG MAN.

An exclamation—a horrified scream—and Nellie Joyce started back with a bright blush, wishing that the earth would swallow her up then and there, while before her, like a culprit, stood an astonished young man.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body.

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles in Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation in Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver.

The assertion made that this is the clearest instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts.

It was easier far, she told herself, to climb to Rostrevor stone in the gathering darkness, than to meet the gaze of those gray eyes, easier the stiff ascent than to utter a formal goodbye to the man who had shown her her own heart!

Her fall, coming so unexpectedly, together with the intense loneliness of the scene, caused her to close her eyes for a moment, and then—then a most wonderful thing happened. Strong arms were suddenly placed round her, her auburn head was pillowed on a broad chest, and in a tone of ineffable tenderness a voice whispered in her ear three little words—but three words which made all the world seem glorified.

"My little girl." It was all he said, but Nellie lay still with closed eyes, wondering could heaven hold greater rapture than this.

"Jack," the violet eyes opened, and reminded him of his treachery to his brother and the next moment the two stood facing each other in the dusk, and an anguished cry burst from him.

"God forgive me—I never meant you to know," looking into the sweet young face which now reflected his own misery, "but I am going away, and I forgot myself."

"It was not your fault," she murmured, while despite the pain of the awakening there thrilled through her the exquisite delight of loving and being loved, "but take me home now to grandma, and do as I shall try to do—forget."

"It is the second time you have told me to do so—then as now, I am the wrong man—it is the fate in the life of some."

"Life itself is wrong, I think," she cried struggling for a moment against temptation to be true to her heart at all costs; "but there let us go home, I am tired."

"Have you heard the latest?" exclaimed one gossip to another six months later. "You know the firm of Vereker & Co. Well, it turns out that one of the nephews of the head of the firm—Dick Vereker—has been for months defrauding his uncle and try to put it all down to his brother Jack's account, taking advantage of the likeness between them. The fellow was engaged to a pretty heiress in Ireland, and thought to have got her before anything was found out, but the bomb is burst and everything is known."

"And the girl heartbroken, of course?" "By no means, for this morning her marriage is in the paper." She has consoled herself with the brother.

"Just the way of women all the world over," is the sententious remark of the man about town, but under a clear, starry sky on the verandah of a foreign hotel a violet eyed girl is murmuring to her husband, and he bends fondly over her slight form. "Not the wrong man this time, Jack, thank God."

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