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flerce snow-storm was raging. So heavy and awful was the darkness that the inhabitants of the mountain village could not recall when last they had seen the sun and the clear sky. The wind seemed to tasue from the very gulf of death. It roared wofully and ominously. It toyed with the snow like a demon at play. It touched everything with a killing breath. Men and animals froze; the whole village, with its huts, and its haystacks, and heaps of dung fuel, seemed to tremble and shiver. Was the world aquiver with cold, or with fear. The villagers stood in great awe of nature, - Thunder and lightning. storm and tempest were not the tarmiess, aimless sports of nature. The peasant believes that these things ome for a definite and sinister purpose, and there is cause indeed for him to tremble. It was lucky that to counteract the lightning there was the sign of the cross, and to counteract the blizzard there were stables for the animals, and warm sakhi, narrow compartments in the huts for

the men. 150% "Woo-o-o-o!" the wind howled, and each time the fearful sound penstrated the house of the Melikh-Shahin, his guests, who sat on both mides of the sakhi, ceased talking, took their pipes from their mouths, tooked at each other, and felt an innor need to move closer to one another.

Snow and storm are good in their time-but this terrible snow-storm - what did it signify? No one dared to speak aloud the language of the formidable element, but they all well knew its meaning. It was the mighty song of fate, which the storm, the eternal wanderer, sings to every man. Into its song it gathers the world's nuffering-the sighs and groans of the weak, the cries of the helpless, the tears of the unfortunate, the misery of the poor. The storm draws them all into its ethereal bosom, from the faintest heartrending whisper to the roar that shakes moundialon. And oftentimes the storm rivets them to the highest peaks, or to the wide, cavernous darkness; but sometimes he releases them that they may descend and re-echo through the world, uttering ' lamentable threats, and announcing to frightaned men the inexorable fate awaltlog them.

So thought the terrified peasants in the sakhi. That is why for them the howling of the wind was a gruesome concert.

"Woo-o-o-o!" The wind grew still stronger, the roof of the sakhi crashed. Every now and then some one seemed to be stamping upon it. "It's Hades outside," said one of the men. "I couldn't want even my enemy to be on the mountain now." "On the mountain?" said another. "Why, you wouldn't dare go into our garden! Don't you hear the voices? Heaven and earth have broken loose against each other."

Silence again. The door creaked heavily. Every one turned in the direction where, in the half darkness, appeared the figure of a man dressed in a shepherd's mantle, looking like a heap of snow. He must have been out in the snow-storm a long time. "Good evening," he said, shaking off the thick layer of snow from his mantle.

"Good evening. Come right in. Poor Chal, you look like a piece of ice. Make room for Chai. Let him sit down." 🗺

"Yes, by Heaven, I am frozen," said the newcomer, stepping forward. "It's impossible to remain outdoors any longer. It seems as if the sky were tumbling down. What a storm! What a storm. I thought I'd get warm and then go out again."

The oil lamp burned peacefully above the fireside in a little dark ening. The dull flame wavered and trembled softly as if it, too, were afraid of the wind. Nevertheless, its faint light was sufficient to outline some of the faces underneath their thick lambskin caps. Some yellowish quivering rays fell upon the newcomer also. It was a peasant's face upon which a life of suffering had stamped the seal of ruggedness, and sorrow had nestled in the deep furrows of his firm skin. He was still a young man, but he seemed to have lived too much. Beneath his bushy mustache appeared lips firmly compressed, which lent a stubborn exression to his face. He was a stranger who had come to the village a short time ago, and, finding no other work, hired himself out as the village night-watchman. -Chal took his seat in a corner against the wall. He was silent. It was warm in the sakhi, but the wind continued to roar and howl like a wounded beast.

"It was on such a night that out.)oor neighbor was lost," said the illage magistrate, Gevo. "No wonler he perished."

"We warned him over and over again," said another. 10 "Fool!" exclaimed the Melikh, while the wind piped shriller than Sver. "can't you see that it was his And who can argue with tate? Inte? Who, indeed!" murmured the hud-

died peamants. "I don't believe in fate." This time the speaker was Chal, the stranger. The other inmates of the sakhi peered at him with mingled suspi-

ion and anger, almost with fear, he rich and powerful Melikh, he believed in fate: so did Magistrate Gevo, the autocrat of the village; and the pastor, no matter what sermons he preached, he well knew he was a mere tool in the hands of fits ? All were subject to the invisible power and were afraid of it. Only poor little Chal did not believe in or fear it.

"No. I don't believe in fate," Chal repeated in a bolder tone, aware of the mocking glances furned upon him, "and I could prove to you in a minutes I'm right, if I did not C-W have to go out to make the round "Say, stay," several volces cried "Magistrate Gevo, tell him engerly. stay. Nobody is going to rob the

village on such a night as this." At the magistrate's request, Chal eated himself again, all eyes still turned curiously upon him. my set "There were ten of us that year." Chal began, "All of us stark mad. We all carried fire in our breasts, a

kindled by the same stroke of fightning. It burned and drew us close to one another. We all had one intrepid heart, and what a heart! It was a sea flooded over with pain, vering with shame, a forest set on fire by the passion for revenge. For months we wandered about from field to field, and from wood to wood, from ravine to ravine. We drank water with the makes, and got our snatches of rest on beds of stone. "What could we do? Too long had we swallowed dishonor; our patience and suffering had been long, but our enemy's iniquity, his shameless brutality, knew no bounds. It was impossible to live any longer;

there was no more bread, and what

it had turned into gall and poison. We abandoned everything-house and family, land and possessions; and, in order to cleanse our honor, each took a gun and withdrew into the mountains. an store of " "It was good that way; we were

free. Oh, when a man carries such injuries in his bosom, when his child has been killed and his old father disgraced, then there is nothing in the world to console him; nothing, His breast boils and seethes, it takes fire, tears are unable to quench its, flames, comforting words are but, mockery and scorn. But when he presses the barrel of his gun close, close to his bosom, when he sees himself spitting death upon the head of his blood-stained enemy, then, only then, does his heart grow cool, and he feels that he, too, has a lambskin cap on his head. He has reacquired his honor. 彩

"The Turks and Kurds called us conspirators, but the Armenians called us 'spirits of revenge.' Terror stalked before us, and behind us lay death. We and the eagles remained the sole rulers of the mountains. And we resembled each other a little, for we had the same way of pouncing upon our prey. We went everywhere, and many were the Turks and Kurds whose beastly greed and lust we

stifled forever. 10,58 (MI = 0) "One day, when we were on top of Sun Mountain, our provisions gave out. I was chosen to go out and forage. I knew the villages in the neighborhood, but whether they were still inhabited, or had been destroyed, I did not know. However, there was nothing for me to do but go and try. I left my nest in broad daylight, unarmed, even without a club. I hoped I would not meet the enemy, and if I should meet him I thought I might save myself by having no weapons about me; or, if I should not save myself, then it was evidently my fate. For a long time I met no one, and absolute silence prevailed. Then, suddenly, I saw a tall Kurd approaching, a Hornidy, armed from head to foot. "Good day, friend,' I said care-

lessly. 'Good day, Armenian,' answered the Kurd, stopping and looking at me. "I did not stop, but walked on. Though I felt that the Kurd was still standing there, following me

as not to arouse suspicion.

"'Hey, Armenian, wait!' he cried. I stopped and looked back. 'It's my fate.' I thought. And, in truth, fate might have borne the aspect of this Kurd. The rifle on his shoulder, the simitar at his side, the dagger with its white ivory handle stuck in his girdle, a hideous face with ferocious eyes precisely like a wolf's, "He walked up to me.

"'In these days,' he said, 'no Armenian would dare to appear in this place. You look suspicious to me.

"Kurd,' I said, 'the times are bad, but don't forget that we are neighbors. As a neighbor, I tell you I am from Chut. You know we're starving there, so I am going to Derdshan to buy some bread for my children. Let me go in peace."

"'No Armenian, you can't fool me. You don't look straight.'

'Kurd, you believe in a God, too. You see I have no weapons on me, and no knife in my pocket. And even if I turned into a wild beast. what could I do to hurt you? I beg of you, let me pass." "'Come along. Walk in front of

me. I'll take you to the police captain. "The police captain! That would be

dreadful. The police had been hunting for us a long time. 'Kurd don't take me to the police captain. I've nothing to fear, but I'll be late. My children are in an awful state; they're dying of hunger. For God's sake, Kurd, brother, neighbor, let me go. "The Kurd remained inexorable. It's my fate, I thought, and with drooping head I walked in front of him. The superiority was all on his side-the gun on his shoulder, the poniard in his belt, the similar at his side. What could I do with my 'two bare hands? It was certainly my fate, and so I walked on in advance of him without any thought of resistance. "It was a beautiful day. The sun

was bright, the sky clear, the mountains green. A crane soared up high in the air, free and bold. I don't know why, but, forgetting my plight, I began to watch the bird. Was it envy of its freedom, or was it something else that fascinated me? I do not know, but I kept looking at him." For a long time the crane soared in the air, then he suddenly swooped down upon a rock not far from us. He had seen a snake crawling there.

The snake writhed under the blow of the bird's wings, and hid its head

beneath its coils menian is like a snake. He must be strangled.' MM

BY AVETIS CHARONEAN

"I did not answer, but kept looking. The crane struck the snake with its bill, and stepped across it. The snake made use of the interval trying to escape, but it had scarcely; started when the terrible enemy was over its head. The snake again coiled itself together and hid its head. "The Kurd was right. There was great similarity between the snake's fate and mine. "The snake has also reached its destiny, it cannot escape any more,' I thought. I even found some consolation in the idea. ge "Gradually the crane grew bolder." His blows became more and more frequent. The snake still kept its head concealed, and continued to defend itself apparently very feebly. 5 "Suddenly, something remarkable occurred. The half-dead serpent, collecting all the remnant of its strength, made a final desperate effort, leaped and encircled the crane's long neck. In vain the bird tried to extricate itself from the deadly coll. He flapped his wings, prodded the ground with his bill, pulled backward and forward, rolled on the ground, and tried to rise again, to

desperate attack was terrible. It's coil drew tighter and tighter. At last, it was the bird which lay lifeless on the edge of the rocks. The snake glided away and disappeared. "The Kurd was now silent. He looked at me. Our eyes met, and for a few seconds we were unable to turn our gaze from one another. Each of us endeavored to define what was in ... 'his opponent's mind. There was no doubt that the thoughts of each of . us were terrible. So much we understood, so much we read in each other's eyes. I knew that the Kurd, angered by the snake's unexpected victory, had resolved to kill me. I read it in his eyes plainly, for his

Kurds well.

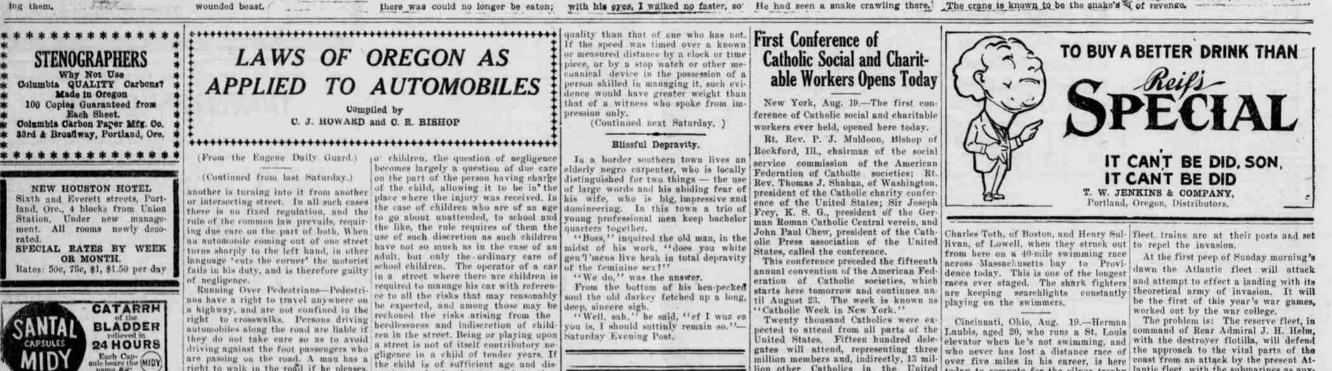
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fly, to escape-in vain. The snake's

expression was now even more malicious than before. I knew the

Kurds well. "But my mind, too, began to work. The struggle between the snake and the crane had wrought a change in me also. I had never yet heard of a snake being able to strangle a crane. The crane is known to be the snake's



deadly enemy, the embodiment of fate.

"How was it that that day fate had not been fulfilled? Is it possible that God, who did not permit even so loathsome a creature as the snake to fall an unjust prey to the crane, would permit this Kurd, ten times more loathsome than the snake, to determine my destiny?

"No, it is all a mistake about destiny, I thought. I mu" find a

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y "No, it is all a mistake about destiny, I thought. I mu" find a way of escape.
y "And I began a long, silent denberaation with myself. I looked for a means of escape, but what could I find? I didn't even have a knife. At that moment, my eyes fell upon the Kurd's pretty poniard which stuck in his belt. Oh, if that poniard at least were in my hand!
" "Go on," cried the Kurd. "What are you stopping for?"
" I started. We descended into a ravine—a black hole, with no human soul around. The Kurd began to look about, his movements uneasy. He repeatedly took the gun from his shoulder, then put it back again. I felt my end was at hand, but I was no longer ready to die. If the snake had a right to live, then a human being, especially a Christian Armenian, cannot be robbed of that right. I gradually slackened my pace. At any rate, I must not remain in front of the Kurd. That was dangerous. dangerous.

'Quick, quick!" he urged. He was

"Quick, quick!" he urged. He was plainly trying to keep me ahead of him, while I was trying to keep alongside of him. **
"We seemed to understand each other perfectly. We fought a silent battle for life and death, which was all the more terrible because of 130 treacherous nature. -"I stopped suddenly. I had to tt my sandal-strings. The Kurd stopped toward me and also remained still. Without raising my head I observed his position from below. He stood erect at my right side; the white hilt of the ponlard shone from his belt.
"Get done quick, Armenian," he said angrily, noticing my slowness.

"Get done quick, Armenian," he said angrily, noticing my slowness, "I lifted my head suddenly, snatched the poniard from his belt, and, before he had time to defend himself, I plunged it into his breast up to the very hilt. One plercing cry, then he tumbled to the ground. I was saved, and this is the poniard that saved me." Chai drew from his belt a poniard with an ivory handle, and placed if before the men in the Melikh's house. The shining blace cast a cold ray of light in the sheen of the lamp. All the men got on their knees, and ex-amined it in silence. The little, in-significant Chai had become a hero. He was a glant, He was master of his fate.

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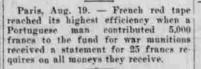
trains each way.

forms.

Rev. Philip Gordon, of Winnebago, Neb., one of the two Indian Catholic priests in the United States, will repre-sent the Catholic Indian Bureau.

Some Odd Things

London, Aug. 19.—A noted professor declares the phenomenal position ar-tained by labor during the war will mean the extinction of the middle classes. -a comfortable ride on



St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 19.-Minnesota saved \$224.811 by carrying its own in-surance on state institutions for three years, according to records compiled by H. D. Works, state insurance commissioner, today.

McGregor, Iowa, Aug. 19.-Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal church here have a close monopoly of the first class have a close monopoly of the first class angle worm supply of this locality and they have forbidden any digging in the church yard—that being the scene of the monopoly—on Saturday or Sunday, in the hope that those who can't fish will come to church.

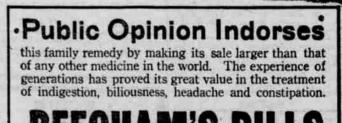
Nuntasket, Mass., Aug. 19.—Shark fighters armed with long knives accom-panied the two long distance swimmers.

Twenty thousand Catholies were expected to attend from all parts of the United States. Fifteen hundred delegates will attend, representing three million members and, indirectly, 13 million other Catholies in the United States. The expected for the solar a distance race of today to compete for the silver trophy in the approach to the vital parts of the over five miles in his career, is here today to compete for the silver trophy in the annual Ohio river swim. Laubis, and every western A. A. U. title from 220 yards to the mile. He has been swimming for four antice session of the convention will consider divorce, social reform, censorship of moving pictures, the Catholies theatre movement and other reforms.

"You say you are a pacifist?" "Yes," replied the indignant per-son, "and let me tell you sir"-"Hold on a minute!"

Off Newport Tomorrow "If you are pacifist, don't shake your fist at me."

Newport, R. L., Aug. 19 .- Hasty preparations were being completed by the tlartic sweeve fast today for the willie -- Ma, may I have Tommy Willie -- Ma, may I have Tommy



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