

The Unspeakable Turk.

By GEORGE HORTON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

(Copyright, 1900, by George Horton.) John Curtis, a young American, who came to Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war...

CHAPTER XVII.

It did not require a trained eye to see that the Greeks had defended themselves stubbornly and had inflicted much more injury than they had suffered...

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live..."

new plowed ground lay in patches of rich, brown, terra cotta and black loam. The vines were just putting forth their pale green sprouts...

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Voila, monsieur," cried Kostakes, patly. "There, watch that rest tonight and shall find time to eat. Are you hungry?"

help you myself. So—so. Ah! How is your foot?"

The American placed the wounded member on the ground and attempted to bear his weight upon it. To his surprise it seemed much better. But a happy thought, an inspiration, took possession of him. He seized the leg tightly with his hands above the knee and sank upon the edge of the water basin.

"I believe it's worse," he groaned. "Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

Curtis attacked the repast with the zest of a ravenous appetite. The salt cheese, the brown bread and the country wine seemed to him viands fit for the gods. The orderly brought several heads of long Italian lettuce, which he washed at the fountain and cut lengthwise. They ate it like asparagus or celery, dipping it in salt. The American thought it delicious and rightly. He would never again be able to relish the pale, tasteless chips sold in America.

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal meal."

and then I'll put the matter in the hands of the English consul. Hello! What's that?"

He was sure he heard a dull, crushing blow, followed by a moan and the sound of some one falling. He listened for a long time, but heard nothing more, and yet he was conscious of a sense of horror, as though he had just awakened from a nightmare. He pinched himself.

"I'm awake," he thought, "and yet I feel as though a murder had been committed. Look, but I'm all haled up. If she keeps on I shall turn spiritualistic medium. I wonder if I can see the folks at home!"

And he shut his eyes and fixed his mind upon his father and mother.

"Let's see, now, what time of day is it in Boston?"

He was awakened from his reverby by the voice of Panayota, violent and pleading, by turns; one moment mingled with sobe and the next angry. She was demanding "Where is my father? and asking for Kostakes. The latter sat up and listened for a moment. Then hastily buckling on

his belt and throwing his cloak over his shoulders he went out. Curtis, who was not undressed, followed him. As he passed through the door one of the guards seized him, but he struck viciously at the soldier and spoke two or three words sharply to the guard, who released him. Suddenly remembering that he was very lame, he sat down upon the edge of the fountain. Panayota was standing in the door of her lodging, in the full moonlight. Her attitude, her voice, her face, were eloquent of terror and despair. As soon as she saw Kostakes she stretched her arms toward him and cried:

"Don't let them kill my father. Bring him back to me, please, please! Bring him back to me, please, please!"

"Why, certainly, my Panayota. You know that I would not harm you or any one belonging to you. But where is your father?"

"He asked the guard to bring him a drink of water, and the guard told him to come out here. He hasn't come back. O, mother of God, help! Don't let them kill him!"

"I see it all," cried Kostakes; "he has escaped," and he questioned the bystanding soldiers in Turkish.

"Yes, my Panayota. He has taken advantage of my kindness. I ordered that he be not bound and that he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota!" Here his voice became low and tender and he moved nearer.

"The moonlight was indeed a brilliant figure in the moonlight, leaning gracefully on his sword, the cape of his long military cloak thrown back over his shoulder.

"You hear the men; they say that he darted away and that they ran after him, but could not catch him. Had it been anybody else they would have shot him down. But I had ordered them not to injure him under any circumstances. This I did for you, my Panayota, because I love you. It is you who—"

"Murderer!" screamed Panayota, leaning toward him with a look of pale hate.

"Coward! Liar! You come to me red with my father's blood and talk to me of love. Apostate! Renegade! Where is my father? You perjured Greek, where is my father?"

Stepping down from the door, majestic as a goddess, she advanced toward Kostakes with arm extended.

He shrank slightly from her and looked uneasily right and left, to avoid her eye.

"But, my dear Panayota, you shouldn't give way to your temper like that. You must be reasonable, my dear Panayota, assure you, your good father has escaped."



"MURDERER!" SCREAMED PANAYOTA, LEANING TOWARD HIM WITH A LOOK OF PALE HATE.

had sat down by him on the rim of the basin.

"What do you keep the girl for, anyway?" he made bold to ask. "You surely would not force her to join you—you're a man, aren't you?"

Kostakes sighed. "Monsieur," he said, "is a poet. He will understand and sympathize with me. I love Panayota. I would make her my sole wife in honorable marriage. I desire no other woman but her. Bah! What are other women compared to her? Is she not beautiful? I could not get her loving her, even just now, when she was cursing me. It is true that I am part Greek by extraction, and that I was baptized into the Greek church, and that I have become a Turk. But what is religion compared with love? For my country, my country, I am willing to turn Greek again and have a Christian wedding, if she would take me."

"Aren't you conducting your courtship in rather a violent manner?" asked the American. "In my country your conduct would be thought, to say the least, irregular."

"Have you in English the proverb, 'All things are fair in love and war'?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you see this is both love and war. I have possession of Panayota and I mean to treat her so well that she shall love me. Not a hair of her head shall be touched until she marries me of her own free will."

"But your wives?" asked Curtis. "How many have you of them?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "Three," he replied. "Dumpy, stilly creatures. A Mahometan has not much difficulty in getting rid of his wives."

Curtis arose. "If you will help me to the house," he said, "I will try to get a little sleep."

Kostakes sprang to his feet. "Lean on my shoulder," he said. "So, how is the leg?"

"Bad, very bad. I'm really worried about it. Do I bear a scar too heavily?"

(To Be Continued.)

The blood is strained and purified by the kidneys. No hope of health while the kidneys are wrong. Foley's Kidney Cure makes healthy kidneys and pure blood. For sale by Myers-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha, and Dillon's Drug Store, South Omaha.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

America has 2,500,000 telephones. Cuba is the greatest sugar producing country. St. Louis has the world's largest hardware house.

Doctors in Germany are increasing four times as fast as the population. In Switzerland a telephone can be fitted to private homes for less than 10 cents. The Austrian government has introduced the eight-hour day in workshops conducted by the state.

The approximate value of vessels built in shipyards of the great lakes during the last year is \$125,000,000. Europe not only produces more than one-half of the world's wheat crop, but consumes almost the entire surplus.

The pineapple crop of Florida will break all previous records. The value of the crop on the east coast alone will be in excess of \$30,000,000. Portland, Ore., exported 2,500,000 bushels of wheat during the last eight months. More than half of this was raised in the state of Washington.

SENT FREE TO MEN

A Most Remarkable Remedy That Quickly Restores Lost Vigor to Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail To All Who Write.

Free trial package of a most remarkable remedy are being sent to all who write the State Medical Institute. They cure so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood...

BABY'S BIRTH

Is looked forward to with expectations of joy and gladness. The ordeal of bringing the little one into the world, however, is a critical one for the mother-to-be, and her anticipations of the coming event are shadowed with gloom.

Half the pain and all the danger of childbirth can be entirely avoided by the use of "MOTHER'S FRIEND," a scientific liniment of priceless value to all women.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

IS YOUR HAIR DEAD?

What the Microscope Reveals Regarding Diseased Hair and Its Follicle.

Nine-tenths of all diseases of the hair and scalp are caused by microbes and micro-parasites. The microscope, in the hands of the skilled physician and bacteriologist of the Cranitonic Institute, has proven this fact.

It explains why ordinary hair preparations are of absolutely no value in the treatment of itching hair, dandruff, premature baldness, and other hair and scalp diseases. It is because they are manufactured without any exact knowledge of the real cause of the diseases which they are intended to cure.

We know that diseases of the hair and scalp are caused by microbes and parasites. The cause being microbic or parasitic, it logically follows that a cure can only be effected by a scientific microbicide—a specific that will destroy the microbe.

This Cranitonic Hair Food and Scalp Soap will do. Your hair receives its nourishment from minute blood vessels which end in a long sheath in which the hair grows. If these vessels are clogged, the hair is starved and falls out.

In a microscopic view, different samples of human hair, made in the cranitonic laboratory, show that diseased hair and scalp were discovered, many of them being contagious and all fatal to the life of the hair.

The Cranitonic Treatment was formulated for the exact purpose of preventing and curing these diseases. It is a scientific, microbic, the delicate lining of which it soon destroys. In time the hair root is affected, becomes shriveled up and the hair falls out. If the ravages of the microbe are not arrested, baldness soon follows.

Cranitonic Hair Food cures diseases of the hair and scalp because it destroys the cause which produces them. It does more—it feeds the weakened hair follicle back to health and aids in replacing lost tissue.

Split hair, harsh hair, lustreless hair, brittle hair, falling hair, and prematurely gray hair can all be cured by the use of Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and keeps it permanently clean and healthy. Itching and irritation of the head are instantly relieved and positively cured.

Unlike ordinary hair preparations, Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food contains no oil, grease or dangerous mineral ingredients. It is not sticky and will not clog the scalp or stain the clothing. It is perfectly harmless, clear as crystal, sparkling as champagne, delightful to use and most exhilarating in its effects upon the system.

Free Hair Food and Scalp Soap. To convince every reader of this paper that Cranitonic Hair Food and Scalp Soap will stop falling hair, make hair grow, cure dandruff and itching scalp, and that they are the only hair preparations fit to put on the human head, we will send by mail, prepaid, to all who will send name and address to CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 140 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY, a bottle of Cranitonic Hair Food and a sample cake of Shampoo Scalp Soap.

ONLY \$5.00 A MONTH.

RELIGIOUS.

There has been appointed in Havana a local board to consider the question of the ownership of church property, with a view to a quick and equitable settlement of the matter.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, in an article on "The Fiction of the Old Testament," says: "The fiction of the Old Testament not only entertains, instructs, describes, interprets, but inspires." Some of the Hebrew stories are vastly entertaining.

The Boston Pilot states that "there are 280 Catholics in the province of Fokien, Bishop Fuir, who was born in France, has been in China many years. He is the 'Savior of the Orient.' He has 120,000 converts and twenty-four native missionaries."

It is twenty years since the establishment of the Moravian church. The Moravians have the reputation of being in foreign missionary zeal all the other branches of the church, and today have more than 200 representatives in 150 lands, with 100,000 souls under their care.

The Presbyterian mission at Wet Hein, which is reported to have been destroyed by Boxers, is a property 200 feet wide and 150 feet deep. The buildings were of Chinese architecture and were well adapted to the purposes of the mission. They included a boys' school, a girls' school, men's hospital, women's hospital, chapel, dispensary and residences of the missionaries.

Attached to this mission were 12 separate groups of Christians, numbering about 20,000. The mission was destroyed in May of last year. The district was made a separate presbytery. The property is valued at \$100,000. It is doubtful if the mission could be restored in all its parts for that sum. When order is finally brought back in the Celestial empire, there will be an enormous bill of damages to be met by the government in one way or another.

CONAN DOYLE STORIES FREE. The Great Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories Grant to Every Reader of This Paper.

The greatest detective stories ever written in any language are those of A. Conan Doyle, the distinguished author in which his celebrated character, Sherlock Holmes, is the central figure. These stories abound in mystery, startling surprise, dramatic situations and intensely exciting plots. They are celebrated wherever the English language is spoken and translated into a number of foreign languages.

We have collected some of the most popular of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories. By A. Conan Doyle, these wonderful collections of stories will be sent free because we want every reader of this paper to be familiar with "New York Home Life," which is the most beautifully illustrated periodical in the world. More than 20 exclusive features every month. Crisp, startling stories of New York life. A new subscriber writes us: "I consider the New York Home Life Magazine the most interesting and beautiful I have ever read." Send your 25 cents in stamps or silver today, as the edition of this collection of Sherlock Holmes stories is limited.

NEW YORK LIFE, 1293 & 1295 Broadway, New York.

TURKISH L. M. CAPSULES MAKE HAIR, HEALTHY AND HAPPY MEN. Out of every physical and mental weakness and especially preventing giving new lease of life, vitality and happiness. Harmless and effective. Avoid dangerous drugs advertised by press. Ask your druggist for a sample of these capsules. Address: Hahn's Reliable Pharmacy, 15th and Franklin Sts., Omaha, Neb.

Advertisement for SAMOSET COLLAR, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and the product name.

Advertisement for LADIES SAFE REMEDY, featuring an illustration of a woman and the product name.