

Synonsis of Preceding Chapters.

Copyright, 1900, by George Horton.)
John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war, joins a fidbustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michail, reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants, Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Pannyota, the priest's daugnter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and griskeeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michail is hadly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes plunders the town, taking the old priest and Panayota along as prisoners. Curtis, representing himself as a newspaper correspondent, also accompanies the Turks. Kostakes has the old priest murdered and Curtis plans to rescue Panayota and avenge her father's death. (Copyright, 1900, by George Horton.)

CHAPTER XIX.

The sound of a reveille awoke Curtis and he looked out into the dim, dewy morning. The wigwams of muskets had disappeared and the little army had already fallen in. Several horses, saddled and bridled, stood how? How?" by the village fountain. One, a young and sleek charger, was impatiently pawing the was sitting at a table, giving some orders to his second in command, the veteran with the scar. A sword attached to a leather belt kept company on the cloth with a pile of eggs, a loaf of bread and a pot of steam-

Bon jour," cried the captain gayly, springing to his feet, as he espied the American. "How have you slept and how is the

"I got a little sleep, despite the pain, but the foot seems no better. I am getting very anxious to see that doctor of yours."

"Tomorrow, I promise you without fail. And now for some breakfast, as we must

The captain and his lieutenant ran to the American, who put an arm about the neck of each and hopped to the table, greaning ostentatiously. After the hurried breakfast Panavota was summoned. She came forth, pale as death, a beautiful, living statue of despair, and mounted without assistance. Kostakes offered to help her, but she repulsed him with loathing, and climbed into her saddle as a refuge from his attentions. There were dark circles under her swollen eyelids. As she looked about her as though in hopeless search for the missing dear one, her features trembled on the verge of tears

"Ach, my God!" She clasped her hands tightly in her lap and stared into vacancy Her beautiful hair was disheveled and her long white cuffs were wrinkled and soiled. The chivalry in Curtis' nature prompted him to speak and comfort her, although the words sounded hollow and false to his own

"Take comfort," he said, "your father is surely alive. Believe me, he has escaped." She smiled sadly.

"You do not know the Turks," she re plied. "Did I not tell you, my darling?" cried

Kostakes eagerly. "Of course he has es-She did not even look at him, but mur-

"Murderer, perjurer!" Kostakes shrugged his shoulders, as one

who would say "See!" and turning to Curtis "But monsieur speaks Greek famously!"

"Only a few words, and those with diffi-"Mais non! On the contrary, I find your

Greek very perfect. And now allons!" They pushed briskly up the narrow street, through a scene of utter desolation. The whirlwind of war had struck the town and wrecked it. As they turned a corner a long-legged, half-grown fowl broke for cover and stilted away, balancing its haste with awkward, half-fledged wings. They came unexpectedly upon a little orthodox church

and a putrid odor assailed Curtis' nostrils.

Their path led them around to the front "My God!" he gasped. "Oh, h--1!" and leaning over his horse's mane, gave vent to a spasm of retching disgust. A sight had met his eyes that was destined to thrill him with sickness and horror to the latest day of his life, as often as the black phantom of its recollection should arise in his mind. The village priest, an old, graybearded man, had died about a month before and had been buried in his robes. There was the body, hanging to its own church door, like the skin of a great black bat. Nails had been driven through the clothing at the shoulders, and the weight of the carcass, sinking down into the loose garment, had left it pulled up above the head into the semblance of joints in a vampire's wings. The viscous fiesh had parted and fallen in a flap from one cheekbone, disclosing a V-shaped opening of jaw, studded with infrequent, yellow teeth. The eyes had slipped from their sockets and hung at the end of their loosened cords. The poor old

der. It was a sight, obscene, unthinkable, fantastically profane-ghoulishly fithy. From a bonfire of bones, half-decayed corpses and sacred eikons-the last named Curtis shuddered. gathered from the houses and the churcha disgusting odor arose and filled the air The Turks broke forth in derisive laughter as their eyes fell upon the horrid spectacle. "My rascals have eluded my vigilance, I

whisker, lay broken-necked upon one shoul-

see," observed Kostakes, "and have been having a little fun in their own way." Different nations have different ideas about a joke," gasped Curtis through his

handkerchief. "O. God!" Emerging from the town, they picked their way through a large patch of freshly felled clive trees. The sound of the nocturnal chopping was now explained. About 11 o'clock they stopped for dinner in a small, deserted hamlet. During the progress of the meal a wounded Bashi Bazouk rode into the town and up to the table where Curtis and Kostakes were sitting. The man wore a red turban, which gave to his pallid face a tint similar to that of the underside of a toadstool. His soft shirt had sagged into a little bagful of blood, that dripped out like whey from the sack of cottage cheese upon his yellow such and blue breeches. He said a few words with mouth wide open, as though his under jaw had

the saddle and carried into a hut. 'I must ask you to excuse me?" said Kostakes, rising, "for several hours. My Bashi Bazourks, whom I left with certain commissions to execute, are getting the swinging, sledgehammer-like blow upon his worst of it at Reveni, about an hour's march from here. How fifty Bashi Bazourks can find any difficulty with a little place like like an ox under the butcher's hammer. Reveni is more than I can understand! But Then Curtis hastily bound him, hand and I shall soon put a new face on affairs when foot, with Panayota's bandage, and tearing

suddenly grown heavy, and then, reeling,

was caught by two soldiers, dragged from

Gad help the poor people," prays Curtis,

inaudibly. look after your wants and those of the up the opening. young lady. I shall explain to the one I

| leave with you that he is your servantthat he must bring you anything you ask

to get along with him." Five minutes afterward Kostakes was riding away at the head of his troop. He hand to Curtis. The American picked up has his hat from the table and swung it in the their beat,

"Au revoir, Kostakes," he cried. "The devil confound you and your whole erew of cutthrouts-I wonder if this beggar speaks other would have me at an advantage." English?"

He glanced suspictously at the tall, sallowfaced Turk who stood a short distance away, leaning upon his musket. "No, I guess not. He'd give some sign

if he did. Two other Turks, with muskets on shoul- Turk out of sight through instinct. der, were pacing back and forth before the door of the hut where Panayota was im- leave Panayota. If I call to them maybe prisoned. Curtis could feel his heart thump- one will come out of curiosity and I'll do ing against his breast. He struck the place this thing right over again. But what'll I

with his doubled fist. "Keep still, curse you," he muttered, "and let me think. Here is the opportunity-but evitable chest, studded with braze nails,

The army was crawling along a white road that streamed like a ribbon athwart the foot earth and another was drinking. Kostakes of a hill. The ribbon fluttered as the dust a large jackknife from his pocket, delib-

but, as old Lindbohm says, 'you must yust black and tan mules that are stronger than any horse and tough as steel. This one, a He walked once or twice the length of the pack animal, had been left behind in charge hut. The foot gave him considerable pain, of the three guards. Curtis picked up the but it was possible to step on it. The clumsy pack saddle which lay near and threw wound, which had taken a turn for the beta- it upon the beast's back. In his excitement ter from the moment the spine had been he bungled the unfamiliar straps, but Panaemoved, had made wonderful improvement you assisted with nimble and experienced fingers. He helped her to mount and was What'll I do with the other two?" he about to climb up behind when he happened to think of the dead Turke' ammuni-He picked up the gun lying on the floor tion. Bringing a supply from the but, he and examined it. It was a mauser and climbed up behind the girl. So they rode charged with five shells. He peeped cau- away, the American astride the animal's tiously through the door at Panayota's rump, the fair Cretan sitting sidewise in prison, concealing his body. The two the saddle. He passed an arm around her guards appeared at the corner and looked waist to steady them both and accelerated "Bah! What a fool I am!" he thought, his musket into its side. He could not use for. He speaks Greek, so you will be able and hopped holdly into sight, holding up his his heels, because one foot was bare and lame leg by passing his hand under it, while still somewhat lame. Panayota guided the he leaned against the jamb. The guards mule by flipping in its eyes, first on one faced about and disappeared, putting the side of the head and then on the other, the turned once in the saddle and waved his house between themselves and Curtis on end of the rope that was tied about its their backward march to the other end of neck. As Curtis felt beneath his arm the firm but yielding form, innocent of corsets; "I could pot one of them, and then-but as the warm, strong heart throbbed against no. I might miss, and then I'd be in his hand, his madness became complete. pretty mees. And even if I did hit one, the He had killed two men for this girl and she was worth it. He was feroclously There was a sound of kicking against the happy. The very touch of her thrilled him. boards at the fireplace. He sprang to the He knew now why he had killed the menspot, rifle in hand, and tore up the plank. for the same reason that David had slaln The man was lying upon his back with his Uriah. Woman, gentle, refining, softening eyes open. A great light broke in upon woman will, in an instant, blot two thou-Curtis-an inspiration. He had thrust the sand years of civilization out of a man's nature and turn him back into a primitive "Pahaw!" he exclaimed, "they can't both savage. He had her very tight and she destinies! In the giddy happiness of the Greek sentence to save his He cast his eyes about the room. The inas he leaned but for-He went again to his victim and, taking

oleander. Curtis slid to the ground and the animal's speed by jabbing the butt of last." made no resistance. What triffes shape our moment he could not have framed an origiward with his lips close to the girl's ear, with his face partly buried in her hair, the refrain of Byron's "Maid of Athens" sang itself in his brain, and he whispered again and again, "Zoe mou, sas rose in the wind. The bayonets twinkled in erately opened it. The man turned as white agapo, zee mou, sas agapo," (My life, I love

THERE WAS A MAELSTROM NOW OF HORSES IN THE SQUARE, AND A PANDEMONIUM OF YELLING MEN.

luring the last thirty hours.

curiously in his direction.

tie him with?"

stood against the wall. He opened it.

"Cleaned out, by Jove!"

How?" Kostakes plunged into the hill and disap peared, and the blazing bayonets, line after line, were extinguished in a billow of green tnyme. The American looked back over his shoulder at the door of a stone hut-the one into which the wounded Bashi Bazouk had

been carried. "Hey!" he called "You there, hey!" The Turk left ostensibly as Curus' serv-

ant, but actually as his guard, stepped briskly forward, and taking in his own the American's extended hand pulled him to his "Help me into the house," said Curtis

'Now bring me that bench.' The man complied, after which he went to the door, and leaning against the jamb looked wistfully at his fellows. At one end of the room was a fireplace, filled with ashes and charred pieces of log. It was a primitive concern, the only vent for smoke being a hole in the roof directly overhead. Board platforms on either side the fireplace served as couches for the family. On one of these, flat on his back, lay the wounded man.

"I wonder how badly he's burt" mused that's queer."

clbows. For a moment those bloodshot. then they swept the dingy hut and went out fluttered on the hard planks and was still.

"That wasn't nice," he muttered, "but this is no time for sentiment."

The other Turk stood by the body of hi dead comrade, looking down at the ghastly upturned face. Curtis pinched the muscles of his own right arm with the fingers and and over again; thumb of his left hand, and moved his doubled fist tentatively up and down. "Where shall I hit him?" he mused. "In

know what struck him." cloth about his foot and unwound it. Tak- old barbaric ages,

ing it in his hands he pulled several times on it, to test its strength. "Strong as a hemp rope. You could hang man with that." It was Panayota's blue homespun

"Hey!" he called to the Turk. "You there. Say, look at this foot of mine, will you, and see what you think of it." The man kneeled. Curtis drew back his

arm, but realized that he could not get sufficient swing in a sitting posture. "Oh, hold on a minute. Let me iry the

foot on the ground and see how it goes." They rose to their feet together, and the insuspecting soldier reeled backward. stunned by a vicious punch on the temple But be did not fall, and Curtis, maddened by a great fear lest he bungle his opportunity, sprang forward and delivered a victim's ear, throwing into it the entire strength of his body. The Turk dropped the lining from the man's coat stuffed it down his throat. Pulling up a plank from one of the platforms by the fireplace he "I shall leave three of my men behind to thrust the limp form out of sight and closed

"I hope I didn't kill you," he muttered;

as veal, his jaws worked convulsively on you!) She shivered slightly the first time "Four against one," mused Curtis. "Four the gag as he made a vain effort to plead that he placed his face against her flaming Turks against one Yankee trick-but how? for mercy and a pitiful noise, a sort of "What the devil alls you?" asked Curtis

O-I see." and he added in Greek: "No kill. Cut your clothes-see?

And stooping, he elitted the Turk's sleev from wrist to shoulder. Following the seam around with the blade, he pulled away the large rectangular piece of cloth. Seizing the other sleeve, he was about to slash into it, when he thought he heard footstep among the stones and gravel outside th hut.

"My God!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper and jumped into the corner beside the door just as one of the other two Turks walked boldly into the room. Without a soment's thought Curtis brought the barrel of his rifle down upon the man's head who dropped his own gun and pitched sprawling upon his face. For fully a minute, which seemed an hour, the American stood motionless, breathless, in the attitude which had followed the Every muscle was set to knotted hardness he held the rifle in both hands, ready to throw it suddenly to his shoulder. He did not breathe, and he listened so intently that he could hear his own heart beating "There isn't strength enough left and the breathing of the man at the fire in him to put up a fight, but there's enough place. Suddenly his muscles relaxed like left to pull a trigger if I tackle the other an escaping spring, and he looked nervchap. Hello, he's got the hiccoughs; why, ously about for the detached sleeve. Picking it up, he stooped over the second Turk The man became quiet, and again Curtis when the latter moved his left arm sev relapsed into thought, to be disturbed a sec- eral times with the palm of the hand ond time by the sound of knocking on down, feebly suggesting an effort to rise boards. Looking around his eyes fell di- Then the arm dropped and the hand bear rectly upon the eyes of the Bashi Bazouk, a faint tattoo on the earthen floor. There and he felt as though he heard some one was a great shiver of the whole body. crying for help when no help was near. The twitching of the muscles, a queer rattle man was resting upon his back and both in the threat, and-silence. Curtis stared with open mouth and dilated eyes, and head, streaming with hoary hair and praying, awful eyes were fixed upon Curtis; great, inexplicable herror came ever him "Ah." he gasped, and, dropping upon his like panes of glass when the light is extin- knees, he ran his fingers over the skull. guished in a room. The man fell backward. The hair was matted with blood, and a deep, ragged-edged dent bore witness to the terrible force with which the rifle barrel had fallen.

"I've killed a man." he whispered, in an awestruck voice, rising to his feet. S aring fixedly at the silent thing lying there before him, he repeated the sentence over

"I've killed a man-I've killed a man Then all at once a great change came over him, the joy and flerceness of the lust the chin or back of the ear? He must never of blood, and he laughed hysterically, gloating over the dead man before him, as Bending over he united the long strip of the victorious heroes used to do in the

> He thought of the other Turk and looked out of the door just in time to see him turn at the hither corner and disappear as dash for an olive tree about eight rods distant, and skulking behind it, peeped between the high gnarled roots. When the guard had again appeared and turned back behind it, instinctively using tactics by which he had sometimes crept up on a living duck. He was now within listening distance. The next run brought him to the side of the house and he had just time brow hie gun to his shoulder when the guard stepped into view. Curtis fired and he man dropped. He might have taken him prisoner, but the thought did no occur to him. He had tasted blood. Panayota came to the door and tooked wonder ingly out. The American ran to her with the smoking musket in his hand and seized her by the wrist. It was the natural act of the savage who had won his woman in

"Come, Panayota!" he cried, "you are free. They are all dead?" And he started down the hill, pulling th girl with him. She came without a word.

CHAPTER XX.

cheek, she did not repulse him. And at ast that first keen madness of contact with her passed away and he chattered excitedly as he jabbed the ambling mule again and again: "Don't be afraid. Panavota: they'll never catch us. I've got you now, not Kostakes. My life, I love you! Go on, you dromedary, or I'll punch a rib out of you! They must kill me before they take you

After they had been about an hour on the

road they began to feel uneasy. "They must have got back by this time," thought Curtis. "I wish I had killed that other Turk, then they would have thought we were rescued," and he looked anxiously back over his shoulder. The idea came to Curtis of turning off sharply from the path and biding in the hills. But the mountains that enclosed the long valley looked formidding. They would certainly lose their way and perish of hunger. Besides there were Greeks ahead of them somewhere. As they began to ascend toward Galata they could sec for a long distance over the lovely plain hands and moaning gently. 'O, my father, new stretched out before them in the rays my little father!" of the atternoon sun.

"It'll be time to make a break for the voods," mused Curtis, "when I see them oming." Once a cloud of dust arose far whind and he caught Panayota's arm. "Lock!" he cried. "They're coming!" But he replied

Curus did not understand the word, but here was no mistaking the speaking gesture which accompanied it. The mule beoming tired Panayota slid to the ground. and, throwing the rope over her shoulder, "There's Galata!" she cried, pointing with

evel arm to the distant village. "How many hours?" asked Curtis. 'about two more.'

We shall get there after dark, then?"

"Certainly.

does in the interior of Crete, behind mountain. Curtis turned in the saddle and cok one last long look. The white road ay very plain on the side of the low ridge at the summit and the other among the green vineyards, climbing half way up the lope. The trees and the deep waterways and castles of rock on the side of the hill were indistinguishable at that distance, all dending into a general effect of soft color. But the top of the hill was sketched against Michali." the sky as distinctly as a crayon line and on it every tree, nay, every shrub, stood magnified in the parting light. There was something unnatural about this row of trees, rope-walking on a curved line swaying in the sky. As Curtis gazed at the weird effect two giant horsemen balanced and crashed like the wate, s of Lodore. on the aerial rope for an instant, and then enged headforemost into the purple glow row after row of mounted men, four abreast, that appeared and disappeared in rapid suc-

cession and in the same way. "Look, Panayota," said Curtis quietly. The girl went deadly white and crossed her-My little Virgin, help us," she prayed.

The Bashi Bazouks!" "They haven't got us yet. How far away tra they?" 'An hour, maybe an hour and a half."

"We'll turn off into the hills when it's a little darker. Can they see us?" "I think not," replied Panayota. "We it for a sword." ire now among the trees. But we better wait a little before we turn." The Turkish troops had now become a

ong, dark quadrangle, sliding slowly down bayonet, in the hands of a man who doesn't the giant S. The sun dropped behind the nountain, the white letter became black Give me your ammunition. Thanks, Here's and the quadrangle disappeared. The fleeing man and woman were walking in the world's amethyst shadow.

"Shail we turn now, Panayota?" asked game, to indulge the innocent impulse of

Ourtis. "I care not where, so we go together.

For answer she turned and held up her hand. He listened, but heard nothing. "Voices," eaid the girl, "and footsteps But I hear no more. They are moving stenithily.

"Is it more Turks, coming from in front?" "God knows, but I think not." And she led the mule some distance to the side of the road into a clump of green

looked carefully to his rifle. "Panayota," he whispered, hurriedly "they shall not take us while I live. I love you. We may have but a few moments to live. Let me take one kiss, the first, perhaps the

He put his arm about her neck and drew her toward him in the dark. He drank the milk-warm breath of her lips, but ere he had pressed his own to them she placed her hand against his chest and pushed him from

The footsteps of many men could be heard plainly not far up the road now,

"If they would only speak," she muttered The words were hardly out of her mouth ere some one uttered a sharp and hurried command in a suppressed tone. "They are Greeks!" exclaimed the girl.

her, with a cautious "hist!

Now Christ and the virgin-But Curtis put his hand gently over her mouth, whispering:

"Hush! Perhaps it is a ruse." The moon had not yet arisen and the darkness was like ink. Some one stumbled and a musket or other weapon fell "ching!" among the rocks.

"Take care!" said an imperious voice in Greek. "That's Kurios Lindbohm," whispered

Panavota. "I know his voice." "Lindbohm don't know any Greek," replied her companion. "He could not be in Crete one day with-

out learning the word for 'take care!' I tell you it's Lindbohm. Who that has ever heard that voice could forget it?" The men were now passing them quite close and several of them were conversing loud voice:

"Patriotal, where are you?" Utter silence for several moments, broken at last by an inquiring "Eh?" and the clicking of rifle locks.

"Lindbohm!" "Curtis, by damn! It's all right; come

The American sprang eagerly forward, but stepped on a stone. Then he leaped onto the back of the mule and Panayota led the animal out into the highway and into the midst of a goodly company of armed insurgents, who forgot all discipline and broke

forth into a volley of questions. The American and the lieutenant were shaking each other by the hand through

"I saved her!" cried Curtis. "I killed two Turks and did up another. Then we ran away on the mule. I cracked one of em on the head and shot another. I smashed one with my fist and took his gun away from him. Then I-"

"So you saved Panayota?" "Yes, I saved her, I tell you. I-" "Thank God! Thank God!" cried Lindoohm, throwing his arms about Curtis'

"Where is my father?" asked Panayota, in a shrill voice that pierced the bubble of questions, suddenly, awkwardly.

"Her father is dead," said the lieutenant huskily. "We found his body. She must not know. Poor girl! Poor girl!" "I blew a hole right through the last one

and then we departed. We got here just in time, old man, for they're right behind us, the whole shooting match." "How many?"

"All the Bashi Bazouks-about fifty of "Good," cried Lindbohm, "we'll ambush

em. We'll give 'em hell!" "We'll settle 'em, Lindbohm. We'll lick 'em out of their boots. How many men

"Thirty." "Why, it's a cinch. We shan't let one of them get away alive. We'll shoot down the Bashi Bazouks and ride away on their

horses.' When, half an hour later, the great, tranquil, yellow moon looked down upon the town of Galata from a neighboring mountain top, all was seemingly peaceful in its desolate streets. Save the dreadful figure nailed to the church door, not a human form was to be seen. And yet death and hate crouched there in the shadows, for Lindbohm and his thirsty men lurked in the ruined houses that surrounded the square. and whosoever looked close might have seen here and there the dull gleam of a rifle barrel; but even then he would have suspected nothing, for the moonlight playe strange and fantastic tricks. Curtis and Lindbohm kneeled side by side at the same window and Panavota sat on the floor in a dark corner, clasping her knees with her

CHAPTER XXI.

Interminably they waited, listening for the sound of galloping horses. Curtis' extreme tension passed away and the situation suddenly assumed an unreal aspect in his thoughts. His knees began to feel bruised on the hard floor. He was strongly tempted to rise up and ease them. "Pshaw!" he said to Lindbohm, "I

believe they're coming, after all. I guess I'll go out and take a look.' "Keep still!" replied the Swede. "Don" you stir on your life and don't you speak

a word aloud," and a moment after he dded more pleasantly: "They may send scouts on fcot." Panayota had fallen asieep. They could

hear her deep but troubled breathing as The sun was just setting, as it always her frame continued to vibrate with the sorrow that for the moment she had mercifully forgotten.

"Michali was burned alive," said Curtis in a low tone, after another stretch of wer which they had come. It was in shape waiting, during which his knee had become like a giant letter S, one end of which ended the most important portion of his entire anatomy.

> Lindbohm seized him impatiently by the arm and whispered: "Tst, be quiet, can't you? Do you want

"I tried to save him, but Kostakes-

Curtis worked himself onto his sat upon his heels. The nightingales were singing in full chorus and he wondered how anybody could hear anything in that infernal racket. The water in the fountain of Petros Nicolaides hissed and gurgled

Curtis' new attitude became more painful than a spiked chair and he slid back onto on the hither side. They were followed by his knees again. He sat down for awhile, but the desire to peep over the window sill was irresistible. Finally, just as his knees had become boils, the Swede touched him upon the shoulder and he forgot them. The screeching of the nightingales, the hurtling of the fountain, were swallowed up in the dull and distant pounding of horses'

> "They're yust coming right into it." said Lindbohm, in his natural tone. "Kostakes, be's too mad to be careful. Have you got a bayonet?" "No. I forgot to take it. He was wearing

hoofs.

"Here, take this gras and give me the Mauser. You'll yust get all tangled up with that. The gras is simpler and th know how to use it, is a terrible weapon my cartridge belt."

Lindbohm was gar with the galety of a child. He was about to play his favorite

ARRIVED! ARRIVED! CLAIRVOYANT TRANCE MEDIUM

Power of Prof. Lawrence X. James

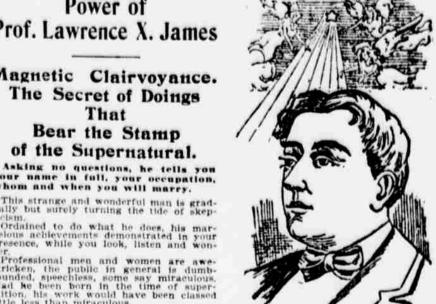
Magnetic Clairvoyance. The Secret of Doings That Bear the Stamp of the Supernatural.

your name in full, your occupation, whom and when you will marry. This strange and wonderful man is grad-cally but surely turning the tide of skep-

Ordained to do what he does, his mar-velous achievements demonstrated in your presence, while you look, listen and won-

der.

Professional men and women are awestricken, the public in general is dumbfounded, speechless, some say miraculous.
Had he been bern in the time of superstition, his work would have been classed



all matters of interest in business transac-

1714-DOUCLAS STREET-1714 **ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?**

in low tones. Then suddenly she called in a "Truthful in His Predictions-

"Truthful in His Predictions—
Reliable in His Advice."
No matter what troubles you may have with yourself or others, come and he will guide you. He advises you with a certainty by a higher than human power.
Prof James may be consulted daily on all affairs of life. His work is entirely different from other mediums and self-styled chair-voyants. No darkened rooms or cabinets, but everything done in the broad, open light of sober sense (and you in possession of yours.) He positively refuses to accept a fee in advance for readings or special work until he is through and not then if you are not perfectly satisfied. Prof. James has thousands of written testimonials from leading citizens of the United States, but he never publishes a name of any of his patrons, as he considers his business a sacred trust. If you doubt his ability, call and he will give you positive evidence in your own case.

all matters of interest in business clause, idons, lawsuits, contested wills, life insurance, damage suits, divorces, deeds, mortgages, claims, collections, speculations, adventures, gold mining stocks, and all financial difficulties. Truly predicts the successor failure of new inventions, put-ents, pending pension claims, etc.; tells whether you will receive fair dealings with pattners. If you care to know what business you shall follow to be successful, where to go and whom to avoid; if you intend to make any changes or start in business, buy or sell property, or, in fact, take any intended to make any changes or start in business, buy or sell property, or, in fact, take any intended to make any changes or start in business you shall follow to be successful, where to go and whom to avoid; if you intended to make any changes or start in business, buy or sell property, or, in fact, take any intended to make any changes or start in business you shall follow to be successful, where to go and whom to avoid; if you intended to make any changes or start in business you shall follow to be successful, where to go and whom to avoid; if y

case.

It is Not What He Has Done for Others, But What He will Do For You.

He is a living connection between the unseen existence and this world. He can read the innermost thoughts of souls, see the past, present and future as in a mirror, and by his mysterious power can tell you how to avert evil, how to succeed in business and obtain good fortune. He locates mines and buried treasures, minerals, old estates, lost friends, etc.

Concerning Business Africa.

estates, lost friends, etc.

Concerning Business Affairs.

He gives dates, facts and figures, reliable and important advice and information on

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed or No Fee Accepted.

Prof. Lawrence X. James, 1714 Douglas Street. NOTICE-REMEMBER THE NUMBER-NO SIGN.

came nearer, grew louder.

"Do you know the orders?" he asked. aim, but nobody is to shoot shall take Kostakes."

killing."

"All right-now ready!" The galloping changed into the chug! chug! chug! of men sitting upon trotting horses. The moon had risen and had filled hairy as an ape. Curtis threw the gras to the trees and about half of the square with his shoulder and pulled the trigger. He its silver snow. The battered features of had forgotten to reload it. The Turk Fetros Nicolaides, the benefactor, were laughed. Curtis lowered the gun, and, prethose of a frozen corpse. The horses could senting the bayonet, tiptoed about his foe now be heard plainly staggering through in a semi-circle. The Turk revolved as on the narrow, stony street. Now was the a pivot, squat, alert, weapon deftly ad-

"Your gun is already cocked," he whispered. "Aim just above the saddle-shoot when I say 'three.' '

old squirrel hunter, I am." Kostakes trotted into the square and jerk- square. ing his horse nearly to its haunches whirled about to face his lieutenant and the Bashi Bazouks who debouched from the mouth of the street in twos and threes-a wild, motley, terrible throng. Curtis aimed first at the captain's breast and then at his head. The intended victim was evidently in a vile temper, for he kept twitching viciously at American was one moment aiming at the

horse's neck and then at the marble corpse of Petros Nicolaides. "Will Lindbohm never shoot?" he asked

herses' necks. "Hup!" cried Kostakes, flourishing eight abreast.

"One!" whispered Lindbohm, Curtis glued his cheek to the rifle barrel and aimed full at the breast of Kostakes, who was now sit-

ting quietly upon his horse. "I've got you, d-n you, I've got you," he said in thought.

"Two!" he tightened his finger on the trigger, when "bang!" went the gun of an impatient Greek on the other side of the square, and one of the Bashi Bazouks pitched from his saddle. Lindbohm sprang to his feet, with a roar of rage that was to spoil the whole thing? No, we rescued cut in two by the terrific clatter of the rifles that were now spitting fire from more than a dozen doors and windows. And one sound had wailed out between the first shot and the volley, as vivid as a lightning flash between thunder claps. Panayota, fatigued beyond human endurance, had fallen asleep as soon as she found herself again in the hands of her

friends, and the sound of the gun, breaking

in upon her overwrought nerves, had drawn

from her a long, piercing shrick. There was a maelstrom now of horses in the square and a pandemonium of yelling men. Curtis could not distinguish Kostakes. He had, in fact, forgotten all about him. He stood in the door laughing and swearing and shooting into the whirling, plunging, snorting, yelling, scrambling But the maelstrom period was brief, for there were three streets that gave into the square, and the outside horses broke for safety. They were hurled like mud from a wagon wheel into these exits and went clattering away, with or without their riders, until at last only one he ground a Turk whose foot was caught was something pitiful to see. He ran blindly into a house. He plunged into the fountain, slipped, fell and scrambled to his on a sharp rock, and he left the saddle be-

CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT. IT DOES NOT APPEAR DAILY boys and of untutored men. The clatter Then he found the opening of a street, and disappeared with a mad clatter of hoofs. The Greeks darted from the houses and scurried after the Turks, loading and firing "Each man is to pick out his mark and as they ran. Curtis shot into a last tangle of a lane. They slipped loose and plunged "I, too, to make sure of him. He needs through, scraping off one of the Bashi Bazouks who bounded to his feet uninjured, and, whipping out a long, curved sword, came toward Curtis. He was a big man, in baggy trousers, bareheaded and time when Lindbohm was cool. No detail vanced. Suddenly, to Curtis' surprise, his enemy turned and ran. The American bounded after, and then, for the first time, during the fray, he remembered that he had a sore foot, and that that foot was "I'll hit him," replied Curtis. "I'm an bare. Panayota came to him. She carried a rifle that she had picked up in the

"Bravo! Panayota!" said Curtis "Two to one frightened him away. But why didn't

you shoot?" "I wanted to get close and make sure." replied the girl, "and then, when he ran, you were in the way.'

Slipping a fresh shell into his gras Curtis picked his way through the stones toward the bridle rein, causing his tired animal to a distant spot where he heard continued rear and throw its head in the air. The firing. Panayota attempted to follow, but he stopped her with a wave of the hand. "I'll be right back," he shouted, "as soon

as I get another shot. You're safe enough himself every time that the Turk's form He left her standing in the descried swung squarely in line with his gun. The square among the dead Turks. The moon Bashi Bazouks continued to pour into the shone full upon her there, leaning toward square, sitting very straight, resting their him, holding her gun by the extreme muzshort guns over their shoulders or on their | zle, the butt trailing behind on the ground. Her hair, that fell like a double mane on either side of her face, blew into her eyes, sword in the moonlight and giving an order and she tossed a great brush of it over her in Turkish. The men began to fall into line shoulder. It sprayed in the moonlight like a wave broken against a jetty. A wounded horse rose to his haunches near her and threw its fore feet dangerously about. Then

it pitched over on its side with a groan. Curtis had gone quite a way up the narrow street when he heard again the clatter of horses' hoofs. He stepped behind a tree that grew close against a wall and waited. A Greek ran by and darted under a house. He was followed by the Bashi Bazouk who had run from Panayota's rifle. He was trotting by the side of a mounted comrade, holding to the stirrup strap. One, two, three, four, five, six horsemen followed. The firing continued in the outskirts of the

town "My God! Panayota!" It flashed over Curtis in a moment. The Greeks had scattered too much and the Turks, getting together in small parties, were returning to the attack. He stepped from his hiding place just as a seventh Bashi Bazouk was passing. He stabbed his bayonet clear through the man, who toppled off on the other side of the horse. While he was still in the crooked lane making frantic haste toward Panayota he heard a shot in the square. His heart stood still for one moment with terror, which instantly gave way to fury. A woman's scream, mingled with brutal laughter, told bim that the girl had again been made a prisoner. When he had at last reached the square the six Bashi Bazouks had gone, taking her with them,

(To be Continued.)

"I am a switchman." writes A. J. Jennesse of 9291 Butler street, Chicago, "and maddened beast was left, dragging over am out in all kinds of weather. I took a cold which settled in my kidneys and was in in the stirrup. The terror of the animal very bad shape. I tried several advertised medicines with no benefit until I was recommended to take Foley's Kidney Cure. Twofeet again. His master's clothing caught thirds of a bottle cured me." Myers-Dillon Durg Co., Omaha; Dillon Drug Stere, South