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John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Graeco-Turkish war, soins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lioundar Lindbohm, a soidler of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michail, reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and arcared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, 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 girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michail is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes for Turks 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 har father's death. In the absence of Kostakes has the old priest murdered and Curtis plans to rescue Panayota and avenge har father's death. In the absence of Kostakes has the old priest murdered and Curtis plans to rescue Panayota and avenge har father's death. In the absence of king. Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Curtis plans to rescue Pansyota and avenge her father's death. In the absence of Kos-takes, Curtis kills two of the guards and wounds another and escapes with Panayota. They meet Lindbohm and friends and at-tack the Bashi Bazouks, who recapture

CHAPTER XXII.

Curtis sat down upon the edge of the water basin. There was a faint smell of dead Turks, of whom the number proved to powder in the air. He heard a shot now be eight. Their plan was to conceal them- under her, upon a rug spread on the earthen and again in the distance, but growing selves somewhere in the fields and get some floor of the court. Before her is a charcoal fewer. A bugle sounded. Fortunately no sleep. But half a mile out of Galata they fire, suspended over which on two crotches the square.

"Gone!" said Curtis; "Gone!"

excitedly and gesticulating like madmen. eign officer of approved mettle, put them- at one extremity into a crank. They seemed to be in high spirits. They gathered about Curtis, and, pointing at the dead bodies, all talked at once. They en- The next morning he pushed on vigorously breeches drawn tight about the ankle, and desire to jump up and lay about them with to last several weeks and that was prose- pers and walks in her stockinged feet to the the butt of his musket. Lindbohm pushed cuted with a continually increasing band, coffee roaster. his way through the crowd. Holding his Several encounters took place and three gun in his left hand, he brought the right Turkish villages were destroyed by way of ing a little door on one side of the cylinder imaginary sword.

"Well, my friend, we had a little fun with them, didn't we? The ambush, however, would have been more of a success had the men obeyed my orders. If I had my way I would just shoot a soldier who disobeyed orders. Still, we taught 'em a lesson. We have killed, let me see how many, one, two, three-" "H-I!" cried Curtis, rising suddenly

"H-1, I say!" "What!" said Lindbohm, turning upon him, "what's the matter?"

'She's gone." Lindbohm clutched at the shoulder of a by-standing insurgent.
"Panayota?" he gasped.

"Huh! Where were you? Eh? Where right down here, and the girl and I all then peeped out from under the black. The women of Kostakes' household could takes. For a week now the girl had been Christian mother and I will pray the virgin all over the country! Lindbohm, you're to blame for this. You've got to answer to me-somebody's got to settle for this." Flinging his rifle down among the stones he turned his back contemptuously and limped toward one of the houses. A kindly insurgent sprang to his assistance.

Right up through there they went, carrying her with them. Four men could have and, pushing the insurgent from him, he shook his fist in his face. "Get out of my sight, get out!

Lindbohm was sitting on the side of the basin, his face buried in his hands. He slippers on the path sounded like the prewas sobbing and talking to himself in Swedish. Those who stood near heard the word "Panayota" frequently. Reason returned to Curtis as speedily as he had lost place came a resolve to recover Panayota of cold water when one is hot and thirsty?" paid an oke for them?" present debt and all that might accrue. The spirit of Crete had taken thorough possession of him. He had been wronged by the Turk; he lived only for vengeance. His eye fell upon a Cretan in the act of pulling a boot from a dead Turk's foot. He was tugging with all his might. All at once he flew over backward with the boot in his hands. His comrades broke into laughter. Lindbohm did not look up.

"They don't feel this thing about Panayota as badly as Lindbohm and I do," so liloquized Curtis. "Poor old Lindbohm! I'll tell him I'm in love with Panayota and then he'll see how foolish it is for him to take on so. He ought to stand it if I can.' The insurgent detached the other boot and brought the pair to him.

'Will those at?" he asked. "Good boots." Curtis took the boots and went over to the drinking fountain. He patted Lindbohm on the back. "Cheer up, old man, he said "They can't get away from us. There's another day coming."

It was impossible to get the boot upon the sore foot, so one of the insurgents cut it off at the ankle and slit it down nearly to the toe. Then he punched a number of holes, and Curtis was able, by means of a string, to lace on this improvised shoe, As the leather was soft it proved quite comfortable. Lindbohm staggered to his feet. stretched like a man awakening from sleep and ran his finger through the blond pompadour that rose precipitously from his

"That's right, old man," said Curtis: "we must brace up. Of course you feel had be cause we sort of fumbled the thing. But consider what my feelings must be. Lindbohm. I love that girl." The Swede started violently.

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"You have made court to her?" he asked. yes, several times." "And, pardon me, she said that she loved

"Now that you ask me, I don't believe she Lindbohm held out his big, soft hand, and

"We will not turn back," he said, "we will

"Old man, you're a friend worth having."

of Canea, spoke considerable French. It servants. The appearance of Panayota has was through the medium of this man that led them to believe that a new mistress will Lindbohm had communicated with his troop roon be established in the household, and thus far. He called him now and told him they are looking forward with great delight to get the men together, as they must to the degradation of Ferende. The latter, march. He feared lest Kostakes, surmising fearing her own downfall, has not openly the smallness of their numbers, might re- declared war against her two associates, but turn to the attack.

with them the arms and other spoils of the with her against Panayota. encountered a band of fifty Cretan insur- driven into the ground is a thing like a gents, young men of the region, armed to section of stovepipe, closed at the ends. An the teeth and thirsting for vengeance. Iron rod, running lengthwise of this con-The Greeks began to come in. talking These, learning that Lindbohm was a forselves also under his leadership. Thus reinforced he returned and camped in Galata, appears arrayed like her sisters, in baggy Kostakes, but two wounded Turks that fell into their hands at different times told them that Panayota was in his camp.

CHAPTER XXIII. A Turkish woman, closely veiled and will have to grind her own coffee, and Panacarrying a black umbrella, was walking yota's, too." along the Spladjia, or principal street of Canea. A nondescript urchin, bare-footed, the drawer of a pine table standing beneath in Cretan breeches, with a tuft of black the garden's one mulberry tree, and dipped hair shooting straight up through a rent a quantity of the brown smoking berries in his straw hat, followed with a string of into one of those cylindrical brass mills As the mysterious woman passed the little housewives of the Orient. Sitting on the locks and cried: group of men sitting under the awnings, tablea's edge, she grasped the mill with her or in the doorways of the shops, they left hand and firmly embedded one end of turned their heads discreetly to one side. not even casting a furtive glance at the while she turned the tiny crank with her pale face grew paler, and she trembled with were you? Here they came, seven of 'em. dainty embroidered slippers that now and right. tiptoed along beneath the projecting upper tions without fear of intruding eyes. The her in the care of his harem, with stern

culiar to women whose slippers are so con- enough to overlook it had no windows on her wants supplied. Ayesha and Souleima kerchief from her bosom and passing it un-

ing her head, she sniffed the air sharply, eagerly. "Allah be praised!" she exclaimed.

believe that Ayesha is roasting coffee." such an extent that the rapid sliding of her channel from the hydrant in the wall.

The aroma certainly proceeded from a "Ninety parades," suggested Ayesha.

lady these days. Never mind, my girl, when kneeled in front of the fire and held the are worse than a Turk, for their women be Panayota comes to her senses you will have dipper in the coals until its contents boiled lieve at least that they are honestly marto work like your betters. You're getting over. Ayesha lifted the smoking cylinder ried. But you-bah! You are a common fat, too, and Kostakes is tired of fat women.

Isn't she getting fat, my Souletma?" The lady appealed to made no reply, but, the house, going over to the water faucet that proected from a marble slab built into one called from the door of the kitchen. ide of the wall, hung the string of fish from the iron cock and laid the lettuce in the hallow stone basin beneath. Then she urned on a thin stream of cold water. As the reader has doubtless divined ere this, nasty cat." we are now in the harem of Kostakes effendi.

His wife, Souleima, had just been to market: Ayesha is browning coffee and Ferende "Why, I told her that I leved her-yes, and lazily on. Ayesha and Souleima are dark and greasy, with black eyes and black did. No, she didn't. But 1 didn't have and their faces somewhat pimpled, from too she raised her eyes and hands to heaven. little exercise and too much greasy food, sweetmeats and black coffee. Ferende is a from this infamy, from the pollution of the her hand on Panayota's shoulder and murstrapping Albanian girl, about Panayota's Turk. Save me in any way; help me to mured: age, though of coarser build. Like the escape or to die!" find Panayota. And if Kostakes has in- beautiful Greek who is under lock and key eyes, set wide spart in her head.

cried Curtis, wringing the hand which he ning smoothly in Kostakes' harem, and the It is easy to see that things are not runheld. "Til never forget this till the last reason is this: Up till quite recently Fe-One of the insurgents, a former resident elder wives have been little more than her rende has been the favorite, and the two is racking her brain night and day in search So they set forth in the moonlight, taking of some method by which to enlist them

Ayesha now sits with her bare feet crossed

Souleima removes her outer garments and after Kostakes—a pursuit that was destined a loose-fitting shirt. She kicks off her slip-

reprisal. They did not succeed in capturing and letting out a great black cloud of aroma. "Can I take out enough for one little

> "You might find enough for two while you are about it." Yes, even for three. Poor Ferende, she

Souleima produced a wooden spoon from it in the fat of her corpulescent stomach, of any commotion in the court below, her you caught her by the sleeve.

Turning down a narrow street she converse or carry on their domestic avoca- shut up in this manner. Kestakes had left every night to bless you. stories of the houses, with that motion pe- wall was very high and the one house near commands that she be kindly treated and all hung up the key. structed that they fall off if the toe is not that side. A pleasant place was that in- had derived much pleasure from attending her." she sollioquized, and she went down shoved into them at every successive step. closure, albeit two long shallow rectangular upon Panayota, as though she were indeed stairs humming a popular Greek song. tubs leaned against the wall of the house, a member of the harem and their lord's Finding Ayesha and Souleima still in the They were washtubs, and upon them Ayesha whom they cordially hated, much unhappi-"Phew!" she said, "it's hot." Then, rais- and Sauleima from time to time played the ness. It seemed to Panayota that she had near, another adjunct of the home laundry. Lindbohm and Curtis and their band of in-

"Nu!" said Souleima, unscrewing the top paratory steps of a jig dancer in the sand of the mill and looking inside, "that will be She saw again the impetuous Swede chasing "Yes, that's from our court, sure. I do first, and then some dinner, out here under hope it's nearly ready to grind. What's so the tree. Look at those fish. Did you ever it. His blind rage passed away and in its delicious as a fresh cup of coffee and a glass see finer barbounta? What do you think I

garden which the Turkish woman was now . "Only 80. I bought them of a Greek.



"AYESHA, FERENDE! LET ME IN," SHE CRIED.

approaching and as she arrived at the mast | Ferende, clean them, that's a good girl, sive gate in the high adobe wall the sound while I make a cup of coffee." penny, whereupon he set up such a loud he will make it hot for you." and voluble protest that she was obliged dog of fearful biting powers if he did not plain now that your turn has come. Better priest's daughter, too!" instantly depart. The boy out of the way, people than you have been through the same Souleima knocked upon the gate.

"Ayesha, Forende! let me in," she cried. voice within.

"Go yourself. When did I become a door opener' "Bah! Don't you see I can't leave the offee? It'll burn."

The sound of a rattling chain, and a woman peeped out, holding a black veil over the lower part of her face. Souleims entered, shutting and locking the gate after

"Whew!" she exclaimed, pulling off her veil with the finger and thumb of the hand that now held the sheaf of lettuce. "It's hot outside. You two ought to be he breaks her spirit." thankful to me, running around in the sun for you, while you sit here in the cool

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail of a coffee reaster in motion could plainly "Clean them yourself. I shall tell the be heard within, Souleima gave the boy a effendi of these insults when he comes, and "Poor Ferende!" cackled Souleima. "He to give him five paras more, with a threat will take off those silk trousers and put place I would let them kill me before they Souleima, fetch my slippers."

> remember it," and rising disdainfully, she walked into the house. Souleima raised the coffeemill as though to burl it after her, and then, thinking better of the act, let her hand fall to her side.

> "Maybe she'll be able to warn Kostakes over again," she reflected aloud. "I don't believe it," replied Ayesha. "He's razy about this Greek. I never saw him like this before."

> "Then why doesn't he-" "I don't know. Perhaps he wants the girl to love him."

Soulcima filled a long-handled brass dipper from the hydrant and put into the water | else do I want except to get out of this place shade."

"Very cool it is here by this fire." retorted Ayosha. "It's Ferende who is the

from the crotches and shaking it violently thing!"

"Shall I bring two cups or three?" she she wished to make sure. "Only two. Let Ferende make her own coffee

"Hadn't I better call her?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

feet distant. A grating of iron bars pre- able is to turn Turk." about of an age-30. They are both fat, vented her escape in that direction and the door was locked. She was very pale and who Kostakes murdered, that I will die behair. Their lips are thick and their teeth there were deep circles under her eyes. She fore I will yield!" cried Panayota. not too good. Their complexions are muddy was muttering as one distrait. Occasionally Ferende with difficulty suppressed an ex-

for a moment set it up against the side of Ferende winced under this torrent of abuse, but there was a certain point which

"You talk very bravely now, my lady," she replied. "Many Greek girls have talked like that before. But after Kostakes has had his way with you by force, then what "You'll only get insulted if you do. The will you do? No Greek will want you then, and there will be nothing for you to do except to become one of us. It's easy enough for a girl to remain Christian as long as she Panayota was walking to and fro in a can save her honor, but after that is gone om whose one window looked straight the Christians are more cruel than the is siffing on the doorstep, looking insolently against the blank wall of a house not ten Turks. Then the only way to remain respect-

"I swear to you by the soul of my father

clamation of joy. Simulating a serrow "Dear little Virgin, all holy one, save me which she was far from feeling she laid

"Did Kostakes kill your father? For After each prayer she stood listening, as give me, Panayota, for speaking so harehly suited her we will punish him, though he upstairs, she has soft brown hair and brown though waiting for an immediate response but you were very hard on me. Now we some miraculous intervention in her be- can sympathize with each other, indeed, half. Often seized by utter despair she Both my parents were murdered by the



THE HOLY VIRGIN BLESS YOU! SO YOU HAVE COME TO SET ME FREE!" red mullets and a sheaf of Italian lettuce. which are sold by wandering gypsies to the sank her fingers deep into her thick brown Turks. I must go now, but remember I am

"No help, no help. Oh, God! Oh God!" At every sound of a footstep without, or | She turned to leave the room, but Pana

stern music of necessity. A huge copper been in captivity an age. For the first three kettle, with a very black bottom, stood or four days she had hoped for a rescue by In the middle of the court was a stone surgents. Time and again the wild scenes The thought accelerated her footsteps to basin, into which water ran through a tiny which she had witnessed passed through her mind as she stood with hands clasped and mark of Kostakes' favor had inflated her chough, I think. We'll have a cup of coffee Ampates out of town because the scoundrel had wished to give her up; she saw Curtis standing before her with his smoking rifle, while the fallen Turk, his

features still twitching in the death agony, lay at her feet. But as the days passed and no help came

despair. "They cannot find me," she mouned; "perhaps they're dead. Perhaps they think I have yielded to the Turk and they despise Do they not know that I would die first?" Whenever she thought of death, her mind involuntarily sought for some method by which she could accomplish it, if worst came to worst. To hold her breath, to plunge her head against the side of the wall, to strangle herself with a strip torn from her bed clothing, all these ideas suggested themselves. And as often as she thought of self-destruction, there rose to memory a slender white shaft that had frequently been pointed out to her in childhood. For there had once been a suicide in her native village, and the body had been buried in a lonely place on a hill, far away from the holy comradeship, the blessed crosses and the benediction of God's acre. This isolated tomb had made a great impression on her childish mind. She and the other children had always crossed themselves when they saw it, and they never mentioned the dead man's name. It seemed a terrible thing not to be buried in consecrated ground.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I wonder if that Greek will come to her senses and supplant me?" mused Ferende. If she keeps on at her present rate Kostakes will soon get over his infatuation. Lord! But she's growing ugly, with that sallow complexion and those big, black upon the table and tried to pat her stragmarks under her eyes. She never saw the day she was half as beautiful as I am." Going to Panayota's room, she took down the key that was hanging outside the door and went in. Locking the door on the inside, she stood for a moment looking at they both rushed to the gate. But they the girl, who sat on the side of the bed, her were too good Turks to open without inface buried in her hands. Panayota glanced quiring sweetly: up when Ferende first entered and then took to further notice of her visitor. She knew that this was the favorite, although Ferende. consulting her dignity, had had little to say to her.

"Panayota." very sweetly, "I am your riend. I, too, am a Greek and was brought up in the Greek religion, but the Turks the middle of the garden and, plucking off killed my father and mother and took me away when I was very young. I cannot help being what I am, but if I were in your many men who had battled for years to open the gate and let out an imaginary them on Panayota. But you shouldn't com- should turn me into a Turk. And you a

The woman spoke Greek with a native accent. A sudden wild hope thrilled Pana-"If you ever went through it," snapped yota's bosom. She sprang to her feet and and grooming. A prickly black heard had Go open the gate, it's Souleima," said a Ferende, "it was so long ago you can't land toward Ferende with arms outstretched, grown upon his square chin and perspira-

> much she would have liked to. Ayesha and Souleima once fix upon her the high boot tops and swept the court with blame of having disobeyed a command of their common husband no subsequent wiles could save her from complete degradation. "Oh, I dare not set you free now," she faltered, somewhat embarrassed by the suddenness of the demand, "but-"

"Then save me, holy Virgin!" cried Panayota, the bright gleam of hope dying within "Bah" She'll love him fast enough after her, leaving her soul darker than before, There is no other help for me. Aren't you ashamed, coming here to mack me? What

your friend. Hold out against Kostakes

and I will find some way to help you." "Help me to escape from here," she fear and revulsion. She was expecting Kos- sobbed. "I beg of you in the name of your

Ferende locked the door behind her and

strolled up to them with the insolent air f a quee

"Get up, you women," she said, "and prepare dinner." Poor Ayesha and Souleima looked inquiringly into each other's eyes. Thus was Ferende wont to act after some special confidence. They arose slowly. The favorite jerked away the rug and spread it in an attractive neck of shade beneath the mulberry tree. Sitting upon it she removed her gold embroidered slippers and crossed her stockinged feet beneath her. As the two older wives glanced at her their hearts sank within them. She certainly did not have the appearance of a deposed queen her keen hope faded into the blackness of Her eyes, recently treated with belladonns, had a melting, lustrous look, suggestive of passion. The little touch of henna under the lower fringe of lashes added a slight look of abandon. Her trousers of magenta silk and her sleeveless purple jacket embroidered with gold thread, were immaculate, save for a loose hair or two, or a speck of dust, which she removed with dainty finger tips. Twisted carelessly about her waist, with the knotted ends hanging loosely at one side, was a broad sash with yellow and magenta stripes. Passing her hand beneath this she extracted a silver olgarette case. Putting a brown elgarette no larger in diameter than a slate pencil,

> she called out lazily between her closed "Ayesha, bring a match and light my eigarettte," and Ayesha, with a muttered Moslem imprecation, obeyed.

one of the sort that is two-thirds paper

tube and one-third tobacco, into her mouth,

CHAPTER XXVI.

Alas, for human greatness! A horseman trotting along the stony street drew up in front of the gate with a sudden cessation of the jingling of a saber and the rattling of trappings. Two musket butts struck the ground almost simultaneously, as the two sentries at the gate finished their salute. Ayesha dropped the fish which she was cleaning at the hydrant, wiped her hands upon her dirty apron and tore it from her waist. Souleima set a little pile of dishes gling hair into place. A heavy hand, supplemented by a cavalry boot, shook the gate

till the fastenings rattled. "Merciful Allah, the effendi!" screamed Ayesha and Souleima under the breath, and

"Who is it?" "It's I, Kostakes. Open the gate before kick it down."

"He's mad!" whispered Souleims, undoing he fastenings. Kostakes paid no attention to the low salaams of the two wives. He strode into

his sword, cried fiercely; "Here! Some of you lazy women, take sword. Ayesha, bring me a chair. He sank into the proferred chair with ; sigh of satisfaction. The effendi had been

riding hard and was evidently tired. He was uncomfortable, too, and needed a bath "The Holy Virgin bless you! So you have tion had made little water courses in the dust upon his dark brown cheeks, Now Ferende could not do tills, however laid his right foot upon his left knee, Could slapped his hands side by side upon the inquiring eye.

"Barbounia, ch?" he inquired of Ayesha, as his glance fell upon the string of half cleaned mullets. Yes. effendi.

'Are they fresh, ch? Are they fresh?" "Fresh, effendi? They are alive!" "Brava, brava!" There was a softer not his voice. "Well, get 'era ready. haven't had anything to eat in twelv

"Yes, effendi; immediately, effendi." Ayesha trotted over to the hydrant and began scaling the mullets with commendable | tered, and she stole into the house.

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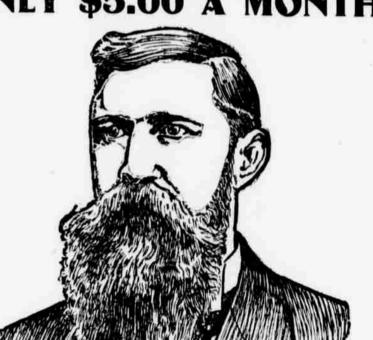
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"How long before dinner will be ready

Kostakes called after her. "About twenty minutes, effendi." "Call me as soon as it's ready. I shall be

Then an idea came to Ferende, She threw away her cigarette, crossed the court and disappeared into the house. Souleima ran after, and, hiding her body behind the wall, peeped within. She saw Ferende step out of her slippers and tiptoe up the stairs. Sculeims waited until she was out of sight

and then followed. Ayesha, overcome by a woman's curiosity that passion which fears neither death nor shame, clapped the fish, now ready for the pan, into a drawer of the table and did like

"I must know what's going on," she mut-(To Be Continued.)



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