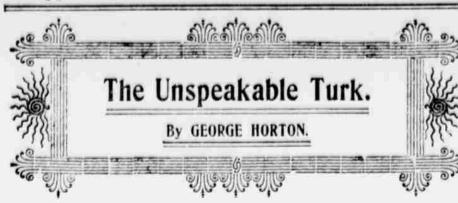
# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1900.



#### (Copyright, 1990, by George Horton.) Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Gracco-Turkish war, joins a filbustering expedition to Crets. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Liou-tenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and setting Crets. The little vessel is the drace of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold set of the sold of the sold set "We weren't fighting. Kostakes, after texpedition to Creta, secompanied by Least analyze Cretan, Michai, willage and are and gianced sharpy after the signeder. The fighting approximation of the advance to the the fighting approximation of the advance to the the second of the advance to the second of the advance the to the second of the advance the to the second of the advance the to the second of the advance to the second of the advance the second field of the second the second the second of the advance the the the second of the advance the the the second of the advance the the the second of the second of the second of the the the the second of the second of the second of the the the the the second of the second of the second of the the second t

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Men. still running, were disappearing into the distant hills. The Swele and the American were entirely alone. The toy ships continued to isunch their polyphemian minuiles

"Are they firing at us?" gasped Curtis. "Judging from appearances, I should say they were," replied his companion.

Four Cretans had turned back and were running toward the ruined blockhouse. One was the color bearer of Lindbohm's company and he was carrying the Greek flag. Straight up to the house he ran and, handing the standard to one of his companions, he climbed upon the wall. As he stood there a shell dropped so near that he was for a moment obscured in a cloud of dust. When the air became again clear he was jamming him from the ground. the flagpole into the soft mortar. Then he feet from the four Cretans and only three her to love him-bah"

"What killed him?" asked Curtis.

"A flying piece of rock, probably," replied Lindbohm. "When it is raining six-Inch shells a man must just take his the distance. chances.'

longer. The Greek flag was also brought thousand, thousand thanks." down by a shot which elicited unbounded admiration from the Swede, a shell striking the corner of the house where it was planted.

Curtis realized now for the first time the peculiar sensations of a soldier of fortune. leave the island." He had been risking his life for that flag. yet he saw it fired upon without the thrill of horror and rage which would have surged and I may be able in some way to prove my through his heart had it been the American gratitude to this gentleman who has saved emblem.

"They are shooting at the flag!" he exclaimed, noticing that the ships in the bay had become silent.

"Yust so," observed Lindbohm: "and that is why they commenced in the first place. stopping and looking back over his shoulder, They mistook the Turkish officer's shirt for monsieur the Greek flag. But here he comes now

| cipline. I think I'll go to America. There should be some beautiful fighting between

Bazouks passed by here with the girl, who and I have joined them. But I would do officer could be heard, and the rattle of is now located up in Kostakes' harem at anything for you if you would only let me, oars as they were unshipped and boated Canca. He has gone daft over her. That Say that you will marry me and I will give by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. The is why he was not here today with his the foreign officers warning and the Chris- crowd at the wharf surged back, with band to support the blockhouse as he tians will be saved. I will then turn Chrispromised. He cannot be depended on. He tian-O, Panayota, won't you marry me?" passes half his time laying slege to the

affections of a girl who is already in his and given her courage. She pointed superbly power. Bah! Kostakes is no good. He to the door. "Go," she cried. "God will save his only half a man-he is half Greek." Hassan had grown suddenly voluble. people without this sacrifice. He will not

Kostakes, with his incomprehensible do- connive at the pollution of a Christian ings, was evidently a thorn in the flesh. maiden!" Rage, indignation, pity, swooped down upon

CHAPTER XXXI. Curtis like a flood, now hot, now cold, as Kostakes went to the bazar of his friend. he thought of Panayota, restrained in the house of that square-jawed, cruel, su- Mehemet Effendi. Mehemet was about of

percilious Turk, subject to his vile solic- an age with the captain and had attended school with him. He was young and handitations, perhaps his insults. "You do not think he would dare to do some, with red cheeks, thin, large nose and her violence?" he cried, as the thought thick lips. He affected European costhat he knew where Panayota was and tume, but being a full blooded Turk was might yet save her seemed almost to lift a sincere worshiper of the prophet and an enthusiastic member of that society of

"And why not "" demanded Hassan. "But, youths who believed that Islam was about jumped down and ran away, together with bah!" (with indescribable scorn). "It is the to be rejuvenated and purified, after which his comrades. Another shell exploded thirty Christian blood in him, I tell you. He wants it would rise and overwhelm the unbeliever in a series of victories greater than when it swept Asia and the isles

Curtis' face was flushed and he was trembling with eagerness. Lindbohm, pale as of the sea with the besom of fanaticism death, was leaning against a rock, biting his and carried its one star to the gates of bearded, pale-faced Persian, 40 years of "It is the Cretan trumpeter," remarked age, who wore a blue vest, blue trousers

The bombardment did not last much the Turk. "So, once more au revoir, and a that were full about the hips and tight at the ankles, carpet slippers and a red "I am done with the troop," said Lindfez. Hassan Ben Sabbath was a Mahombohm. "I cannot control them, and I am a ctan by profession, but his belief was colsoldier. I will not fight where discipline is ored and weakened by the secret influence impossible. My friend and I wish to go to Canea. We-we-desire to take ship and

"Then, come with me." cried Hassan He was prudent in business and mildly gayly. "I will pass you through the lines my life. Volia, we are comrades!" and, stepping between Curtis and Lindbohm, he grasped each by the arm. Again the bugle

sounded. "They can fight." mused the Swede sadly. "but no discipline, no discipline. Allons. lieved to be in imminent danger. If she glorious sultan, the light of the world and could only escape and give them warning! the defender of the faith. Has he not been But she dismissed that thought, for she had keeping all Europe at hay for the last ten tried every possible means again and again. years? There is no God but God, and Ma-She might stand at the window and scream, homet is his prophet!"

but she had already done that with no effect. "We must not interfere with the English, Kostaken house was right in the center of I tell you," protested Hassan, in great the Turkish quarter and the screams of a alarm.

hysterical or angry woman attracted little "A Christian is a Christian-all dogsattention. A girl shouting in Greek for froth of the spittle of dogs. Kostakes, 'boethia'' (help) was a time-bonored legend they have come to install the new Chrisof Turkish rule, as old as Islam and as nat- tian officials and to collect the tax. The ural as murder. Besides, her window looked money of the faithful goes into Christian out against a blank wall and her voice hands. Your old enemy, Platonides, is to would be stifled in a closed court. No, there be made deputy collector. How do you was no use in shouting. So, as a last resort, like that?" she fell upon her knees and besought the "Curse his Virgin!" growled Kostakes.

virgin to help and save the people, to pity again resorting to Greek. "But he won't the mothers and the little children and to live long to enjoy it. I'll see to thatturn away from them this danger. Now, despise me!"

while she was praying, a conflict had been "Now you're talking sensibly," intertaking place within the breast of Kostakes, rupted Hassan, admiringly. There's a way of which he felt the effects, but of which and a time to do all things, of course. But he was entirely unconscious. The blood of to oppose the English by force-it's the veriest madness."

The metalic burr of the chain paying out rapidly as the Hazard's anchor plunged, came to their ears with startling dis "she shall have me as a Turk," he turned tinctiveness. Mehemet groaned.

"Our slavery dates from this moment unless we nip this tyranny in the bud unless we strike a terrible blow. They will be coming into our houses next and people," she said in a solemn tone. Her taking our Christian wives away from

eyes were streaming with tears. Kostakes us " "Not into mine while I have 200 Bashi restraining himself with difficulty from Bazouks at my back!" cried Kostakes. "Curse the Christians!"

"Have they not given them the privilege of trading in the town; have they not de-"Panayota," he said, "I-I was too rough nied to Mahometans the right to go out with you just now. But you are very ob- and visit their farms and gardens? You

stinate. Listen I tell you the truth. The will see what their next move will be." The sharp, clear tones of an English groans and cheers. But the wharf was not destined to be the chief center of at-But the virgin had comforted Panayota traction. The scrannel drone of a bagpipe sounded faintly in the distance and grew

rapidly more distinct, a waving thread of sound that led the measured trend of many feet, marching to quickstep, out of the silence and nearer, nearer. The three Mahometans fixed their eyes upon the open-

ing of a street that debouched not far away

into the square. The bagpipe turned the corner, and its defiant wail came straight to their ears. The throng at the wharf turned and looked, then turned back again. like the distracted spectator at a modern circus, where the prodigality of attractions prevents the enjoyment of any. But they were not long in doubt as to the principal attraction, for the street ejected from its mouth at that moment the most devilmay-care, picturesque, obstreperous, robust, businesslike compound of wailing wind and true courage on earth-a Scotch bagpiper. Tamas Macmillan flung across the square, looking neither to right nor left. His hair was red, and his face flamed in the tropic sun. Every time that he puffed iip. A bugle sang out sweet and clear in Vienna. Mehemet's partner was a black- his cheeks full his head shook with the effort, and the streamers of his Scotch cap leaped on the breeze. He was a tall, gaunt, awkward Scot, whose projecting kneecaps played in front of the sinewy knees like round shields. On he fared, with chest thrust out and face thrust up, squeezing the bag between his brawny arm of an ancient religion. His soul was and letting out its protesting squeals in the notes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Behaunted by the unrecognizable ghosts of hind him at a distance came a small body the dead gods of Mardonis and Masistius. of Seaforth Highlanders and a few bluedeprecatory in speech. The bazar into jackets, bound straight for the customs house. The throng scrambled out of the which Kostakes now walked was a tiny way to right and left, as though from a om fronting upon the kaleidoscopie bayonet charge. In fact, the natives did square. The greater portion of its stock not wait for the troops, but melted away was piled in the capacious windows-brass candlesticks, Cretan knives and revolvers, before the flaming countenance of Tamas

> Byzantine silver jewelry, antique earth-One of Kostakes' Bashi Bazouks, a great, enware, Turkish and Persian embroideries. splendid fellow, with a blue and yellow tur-The only furniture consisted of a roundban about his head and a gaudy sash about topped wooden table, inlaid with mothers waist, in yellow Cre

# The Woman on the Wall.

She regards her fair face in the mirror with justi- | The general health of every woman is so in lips, and rounded throat.

But there is a woman on the wall watching ; a shadowy woman with thin cheeks and wasted hands. The young wife does not see the woman on the peculiar to women. It contains no alcohol, neither wall. If she did she would only smile at the opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is grotesque shadow-picture. How can a shadow so distort the beauty which casts it?

"Coming events cast their shadows before." the chamber wall there is a forecast of a day all too It regulates the periods, dries the drains which near at hand, when the cheeks shall lose their softness, the eyes look dully out upon the world, the and cures bearing-down pains and female weakpouting lips shrink and shrivel, and the rounded throat grow lean. The changes which marriage be summed up in the statement : "It makes weak often makes in women are matters of common note. How terribly Mrs. Youngbride has fallen off in her looks. She's only the shadow of her old self." So people whisper as they look at the young wife whose beauty is already in process of eclipse.

# WHAT CAUSES ARE AT WORK

should lose my mind, my head would feel so bad. My heart

was so bad that the least excitement, and even to turn over in

bed, would cause palpitation. Had female weakness so had for three years that I was in bed most of the time; in fact,

could scarcely be on my feet at all. I tried seven different

loctors, but received no lasting benefit. I was entirely dis-

advised me to try his remedies, and I did so. The first bot-tle I took helped me, and the bloat began to get out of my

bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and nine bottles

derful. My bad feelings left me and I can work with com-

fort now. I give all the praise to Dr. Pierce and his remedies, for I believe they saved my life. Our family physician

WOMEN, THINK OF THIS!

If you follow out the clue of headache, backache,

the physical torment and mental misery endured by

and nervous system will be cured too.

couraged when I wrote to Dr. Pierce, stating my case.

stomach.

said I could not get well."

To undermine the beauty and strength of married

fiable pleasure. A fair woman has a right to rejoice | timately related to the local health of the womanly in her beauty; in mooth cheeks, bright eyes, ruddy organism that when this is diseased the whole body must suffer.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a medicine specially prepared to cure the ailments and diseases purely vegetable and will not disagree with the weakest constitution. The results produced by its use are marvelous, because it cures the causes In that worn and wasted shadow of a woman on which undermine the womanly health and strength. weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration. ness. The scope of "Favorite Prescription" may women strong, sick women well."

## NO LONGER A WALKING SKELETON.

"I endured nearly four years of suffering," writes Mrs. L. Myers, of Washington, West Virginia, "caused princi-J. L. Myers, of Washington, West Virginia, pally from improper medical attention after the birth of a child, and female weakness, resulting in a complication of diseases. I suffered from bilions attacks, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, and numerous other ailments. Rad



longer the 'walking skeleton' that I was a few months ago. I gladly and cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's great medicines to my friends, and especially to all suffering women."

There is no stronger proof of the sound remedial value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription than in that it restores the wasted form to its wonted roundness. Alcoholic or narcotic medicine will make one "feel good" for a time, the one by stimulating, the I continued the medicine until I had taken nine other by stupefying the nervous system. But there is no real gain. "Favorite Prescription" tranquilof his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and six vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I also followed special directions for home treatment (which he advised), and the result was wonizes the nerves by feeding them, and builds up the body by nourishing it. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription. The dealer may be tempted by the little larger profit women, you will find it lead to a diseased condition paid by less meritorious articles to offer a substitute as "just as good " as "Favorite Prescription." of the delicate womanly organism. Cure that diseased condition and the effects of it in head, back, There is nothing just as good for weak and sock women as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

16

Hassan Bey was powdered as white as great moth. He advanced with a sprightly step, the scabbard of his sword jingling among the cobblestones. Greeting Lindbohm respectfully with a military salute. he turned to Curtis and bowed low, his

had hastily prepared an address.

that of my little band. I thank you for saving our lives. Your heroism and magnanimity do credit to the nation which you represent. I beg of you to accept this yent in a slight degree to his boiling pas- the chairs inside the shop, began to beat a sword as a pledge of my undying gratitude." And he grasped with both hands his curved scimeter in its richly mounted being in every way more satisfactory than ing to sleep on the divan, rose to a sltting case and held it impulsively toward the Turkish in a crisis demanding profanity. Al-American, who looked amazedly at Lind-

"Better take it," said the latter. "Need lessly offend a brave man if you don't." "But what for? Why the deuce should he give me his sword?"

Very graceful act, seeing you yumped in front of the Cretan guns and saved his

life." "Did I do that? I don't remember anything about it."

"Better take it," repeated Lindbohm, her young companions and the despoiler of "He is beginning to feel embarrassed." her home. She was not afraid because, with Curtis accepted the scimeter, but could a woman's quick perception, she understood not find appropriate words. The occasion seemed to demand a set speech.

"Merci! Merci!" he stammered. "My father will be glad to get this. He is fond of this sort of thing. He already has a pair of pistols and an old Turkish gun." And he fell to examining the hilt, which was embossed with silver, and the scabbard, adorned with flowers and various animals. An awkward silence ensued, broken at length by Hassan Bey, who addressed himself to Lindbohm.

"And now, if monsieur does not consider me a prisoner of war I will take my leave.

Again saluting Lindbohm and salaaming to Curtis, he turned and walked away. "What'll we do now?" asked Curtis. "Get the band together again?"

'To h--I with the band!" exploded Lind-"I'm sick of them. They fight all right, but there's no way to enforce dis-



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 mailed to all who write the State Medical Institute. They cured so Cretans. There won't be one left. Islam lant and addressed many facetious and inmany men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has deof lost manhood that the institute has de-cided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home. The remedy has a pocularly grateful ef-fect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location riving strength and neck. you."

The remedy has a pocularly grateful etc. fect of warmith and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It tures all the line and troubles that come tions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute 30 Elektron Building, Ft Wayne, ind, stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of free sample will enable these to be treated and the free sample will enable the to be treated and the free sample will enable the to be served and the free sample will enable them to see how when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes the restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sam-pie, carefully scaled in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-barrassment or publicity. Readers are re-manded. The Institute makes an o fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-barrassment of publicity. Readers are re-mand the word of secular of the plan package, so that its recipient need have no fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-barrassment of publicity. Readers are re-mand the word the shill be to fear of eer-that its recipient need have no fear of eer-barrassment of publicity. Readers are re-man who writes will be sent a free sam-pie. Carefully scaled in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of eer-barrassment of publicity. Readers are re-barrassment of publicity mathemates are re-barrassment of publicity mathemates are re-barrassment of publicity. Readers a Readers are reested to write without delay.

CHAPTER XXX.

with her idea of his real character; that

scowling brow, those glaring eyes, that pro-

that the passion which had taken posses

sion of her persecutor for the moment was

not the one most dangerous to her honos.

Death she did not fear; it was one of the

doors of escape which she counted on to rid

her of the terrible risk which she felt her-

dreadful than death to a Sphakiote maiden

and the daughter of a priest. If Kostakes

should come into her room some time when

he was drunk! But now he was only angry

been peering through the grating of her

window watching a rat that was running

to and fro in the sunless court below; he

was so fat and his legs were so short that

the door.

seemingly speechless with rage. She had

self to be running every day-a danger more

truding under jaw trembling with rage, well

Kostakes had something of importance to hung the sad, cruel, blase faces of Abdul say to Panayota-something unpleasant, to Hamid and the latest successor of Xerxes. judge from his perturbed appearance. The Mehemet was standing under his awning doar to her room failed to open at the first watching the shifting throng, and occasionhand upon his heart. He spoke as one who turning of the key, the lock was old and ally casting expectant glances at the bay. worn and the bolt did not always respond. His eyes were bright and his face was pale 'Monsieur, in my own behalf and in But Kostakes did not calmly try again, like from nervousness. a sane man. He threw his weight pettishly "Any news, Kosta? Any news?" he deagainst the unyielding barrier and kicked manded in a cautious tone. Kostakes made

noisily at the panels. Having thus given no reply, but flinging himself into one of lively tattoo with his riding whip on the top sion, he again tried the key, swearing to himself meanwhile in Greek-that language of his boot. Hassan, who had been pretendposition and yawned. "Don't betray your feelings so." said Memost falling into the room, he brought himself up with a jerk and stood glaring at

hemet; "the hour when the faithful shall triumph is almost at hand. Be patient." the unhappy girl. To Panayota, who had always seen him hitherto in a gentle and "I'm sick of the whole cursed spawning of Christians," cried Kostakes, making the persuasive mood, he seemed like a man who had put off a mask. Somehow he did not whip crack on his boot-top like a pistol shot. "I want to see the throats of the last one frighten her, for his looks now corresponded

of them slit. I----"Now, Kosta, Kosta, in the name of Allah," protested Hassan, springing to the befitted the murderer of her father and of door and looking to right and left. Mehemet patted the excited man on the chief."

shoulder soothingly. "He can't help it," he explained. "It is Islam rising. Patience, Kosta, but a little longer, and you shall have your fill of slitting. We shall spare no one, ch? No Christian sluts to breed more litters of Chris- leathern sheath, tipped with silver. tians; no babes to grow up into Christians!

cpt for dress." "Merciful Allah! If you should be heard!" "There will surely be trouble," whiped

whispered Hassan in an ague of fear. "You can't make anything out of a Chrisian, try how you will." continued Koscustomers."

for him

with fear.

ccompanied by Mehemet.

those English there."

despises me, she abbors me-met"

And rising to his full height he smole his expanded chest. "Never mind, never mind," said Mehe-

he seemed to be sliding over the pave like a toy mouse that her father had once met, "you shall have your house full of brought from Athens. When she first heard Christian girls tomorrow." "I've offered to make her the head Kostakes' key in the lock she grasped the iron bars to keep herself from falling ant, my harem, to-to-do everything in fact, And thus she stood now, a smile with kindness now. This is a fine state of

takes strode across the room and, seizing her wrist, wrenched her hand loose from the officer to boot!" Under ordinary circumstances some of "You won't marry me, ch?" he said. Mchemet's Christian neighbors would have

"Eh? I'm not good enough for you, eh" heard Kostakes' raving from afar and would suppose I'm old or ugly or you prefer have stolen near. At the present moment, comebody else? Is that it, ch? Well, now however, the entire population of the square I'm going to tame you. You wouldn't have was surging down to the water's edge watchme as a Christian, you shall have me as ing an English ship that was rapidly and a Turk. There aren't going to be any more noiselessly sliding into the harbor. Evi-Christians, do you hear? Eh? Do you hear? dently it had been expected and its mission

We're going to kill the whole cursed on this occasion was supposedly favorable brood of them, English, French Italians, to the Christians, for they were noisily jubits aroused. We'll cut their throats-" he sulting remarks to their Mohametan neigh- again. Everything was proceeding quietly shouted, flinging the wrist from him and bors. The latter remained silent and gazed and in order. making an imaginary slash at his own at the approaching vessel with scowling

"The streets will run with blood, brows, "Here it comes." cried Hassan from the Every dog of an unbeliever in Crete must door, us the masts and funnels of the Hazdie-men, women and children, except ard suddenly drifted into the background.

The blood of the Turkish father had above the heads of the throng. Mehemet prevailed and Kostakes had been over- grabbed Kostakes by the arm and dragged whelmed with that form of religious mania him to the door.

but of her fellow Christians, whom she be-

"Bah! Look at nothing! Look at our most

of-pearl, that stood in the middle of the Cretan breeches of a baggy sort, appeared floor, a divan and a couple of chairs. Side beneath Mehemet's awning and salaamed; by side upon the wall, in cheap frames, "Your men are going up to the customs house." he said.

Macmillan.

Kostakes was fretting to and fro in the shop like a big lion in a small cage, gnawing his upper lip, twitching at his mustache. Every moment his passion grew, and the snorts of indignation became more and more frequent.

"Doesn't want me, ch? The slut! What does she want? Wouldn't have me on any terms? Ha, ha! We'll see about that!" "Effendi," said the man in a louder voice The captain whirled about with a jerk and glared at the speaker.

Well, what do you want?" The man retreated a step. Kostakes' face was purple and his eyes looked uncanny in the half light, like a cat's

"Your men, I said, are going to the customs house." "Bah! Tell them to go to the devil!"

The Bashi Bazouk salaamed and started away, but Mehemet caught him by the arm.

"The effendi is in a terrible rage about Platonides. Tell the men to go up in twos and threes, and-and-to keep out of mis

"We are not armed, effendi," replied the man, smiling grimly, and laying his hand upon the butt of one of the large, old-fashioned pistols in his belt. Beside these weapons, he carried a long Cretan knife in a

"We are not armed," he repeated, "ex

"What are the Christians doing now?"

had passed into one of those periods of calm his fist in the direction of the enemy, man. At any rate, he could die bravely; he hand. Seeing that the effort was uncleas which manifest themselves in violent ebul- whereupon one of the statues in klits came was not in doubt about that part of it for a he knelt by Tamas and seizing his two litions of rage, like the fearful silence be- to life and dropped the butt of his musket single moment. But his hesitation did not wrists drew the fainting man's arms about tween thunderclaps.

the marines were drawn up in front of the Turkish: custom house. Red jackets and gleaming "Death to the Christians!"

helmet tips on one side; hare knees in a A Bashi Bazouk, enraged at the insult row, kilts and little caps with frisking tails suffered by his commanding officer and on the other. Numerous Bashi Bazouks taking the exclamation for a command, were seen standing among the throng, sev- drew his knife and plunged it to the hanleaning against the wall, stood looking at 1ut still she is obstinate. O, I am through eral of them upon its outer edge. Kostakes die into the Highlander's back. As the caught sight of the hated Platonides in unfortunate man fell his gun was disof scorn faintly curling her pale lip. Kos- society when it is possible for a Christian company with a British officer. The guard charged, causing the death of Hassen Ben slut to despise a Turkish gentleman and an saluted and the Cretan raised his hat, as Sabbah and awakening the demon of masthough the military courtesy were intended sacre that now for many years had lurked

in the towns and villages of Crete, fev-"If there is a row," chuckled Kostakes, erishly and fitfully sleeping. And what an "my men will attend to you. They'll install inconceivably horrible demon it is! Here

And he started briskly across the square Hassan retired into the shop, trembling villages that should hear no sound save such as harmonize with the vesper chime of some monastery bell, drifting across the ingales. And yet, nowhere on earth has other moment, he peeped from the door hate, irresponsible and pitiless, found so

> scenes. Mehemet whipped an English navy revolver from beneath his coat and shouting "Allah il Allah!" fired point blank at the lieutenant in charge of the guard, who sank to the earth, gasping.

Kostakes' Bashi Bazouks came plunging through the press from all directions, gathering about their master. Knives twirled in the sun and flashed above the heads of the people-horrible knives with concave edges fell dead, with one loud cry to Allah for from the mob, from windows and from the help. Like many another peaceful and in-

The beardless boy who stood there now own men now, assisted by the marines, the line of Highlanders making insulting in command, a triffe pale, but firm as a strip- were answering the fire, shooting at the

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Address :

Dr. R. V. PIEROE, Buttalo, N. Y.

tonides and their Christian neighbors, ends. He could not give an order to fire into shelter of buildings or arose at the edge Hassan, "and these foreigners are our best Stung beyond endurance the excitable Greek the crowd, killing Turk and Christian alike. of roofs to take aim. Tamas was clutchpulled the English officer's sleeve and That certainly would not be obeying the last ing one of the pipes of his munical instrupointed to his tormenters with raised arm. command of the man whom he had loved, ment with an unloosable grip. His resmeered Kostakes, standing in the door. He Kostakes stepped boldly forward and shook who had been his model soldier and gentle- ever vainly attempted to open the lany on the Turk's toe. The latter sprang back last for long. A gun boomed out in the his neck; rising to his feet he staggered Mehemet pointed. The British troops and with a cry of pain and the exclamation in bay louder than all the pandemonium that toward the wharf with the Scotchman

> at the British. He would get his men to the wharf, as close under shelter of the guns leaped in and cried "Shove off!" The sheath as possible They arrived at the wharf just as the

steam launch frem the Hazard drew up to take them off, and two sailors held it fast with grappling poles. Other boats were

creeping across the parrow strip of sea, their cars moving rapidly, like the legs of frightened centipedes. The little subieutenant drew up his company facing the

rioters. He then detached a squad to put the wounded into the launch. The fall of the two or three shells had caused a momentary panic in the town, during which the British succeeded in getting into the boats, save one wounded man, who had been overlooked somewhere in the excitement

"Shove off!" cried the little sublicatenant. standing in the stern of one of the boats. whither he had leapt last of all of that gallant company.

"Shove off?" repeated the middy in charge, and the boat drifted a foot or so from the wharf as the grapping poles were lifted. But at that moment the brave boy with a man's heart saw the wounded Highlander lying helpless .epon the cobhlestones. Even as he looked the man rose to his knees, swayed a moment and fell over on his side, a bundle of

bright tartan on the gray cobblestones. It was Tamas, the piper. Without a momade for the cutting of throats. And now, ment's hesitation the little sublicutenant sprang to the wharf and ran to the rescue. roofs of houses commenced a sporadic sput- The place was clear, as the rioters had tering of guns against that gallant body of drawn back from the threatening guns men standing in front of the custom house, of the British and were pouring a galling statues yet, save when now and then one fire into the hoats from windows and corsank to earth-brought to life by death, ners of houses. As the young hero ad-Their officer lay dead at their feet, and his vanced all these rifles were turned upon

zip!" of the bullets about his ears. His remarks in Greek for the benefit of Pla- ling oak, was for one moment at his wit's Turks as they stepped silly out from the hold any office of a political nature.

was increasing here on shore every minute upon his shoulders. The bagpipe daugled and a shell dropped on the roof of a house like the limp body of some animal held by from which several Turks had been firing one leg. Strong arms lifted Tamas into the hoat and again the little sublicutenant

> of his sword was badly bent by the impact of a bullet and a spot of blood appeared near his groin and rapidly grow

larger. "My God, sir, you're wounded!" almost sobbed a burly Scot. But the sublicutenant was young and familiarity is the death of authority.

"Be silent, Ferguson!" he said, sternly, without deigning to look at the flesh wound in his side, which was beginning to smart like a great burn.

"Did you bring off my hagpipe?" asked Tamas Macmillan, wounded to the death. 'Tis the sweetest instrument in a' Scotland.

A laugh of derision greeted the question and even the little sublicutenant smilled as he fainted away into the arms of Ferguson, who muttered flereely. 'If they don't give him the Victoria cross for this [11] desort."

Mr. Ferguson is still with the army. The arrival of the ship's boats showed the captain of the Hazard how serious was the uprising on shore. Twelve of the soldiers had been killed and four sallors and there were fifty wounded. He therefore determined to drop a few more shells into

the town. (To Be Continued.)

#### It Helped Win Battles.

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No person working for the Baltimore allowed to

is the sweetly wimpling sea, with the Grecian sky above; here are vineyards and pastures on the hillsides and the ancient pipe of the shepherd boy; here are white

"Our best customers," he muttered, "and they never forgive nor forget!" But he could not restrain his curiosity and so, after an- waters, or the choiring of the Cretan night-

congenial a home as among these idyllic "Bah! There will be no trouble with all He tiptoed across the open space in front of the door, ready to scurry back at the

least symptom of alarm. He reached the "Steady, boys, steady edge of the throng and forgetting his fear in the midst of so many friends and neighbors, pushed boldly through, arriving at the further edge just in time to receive a bullet in his breast. Clutching at the air he staggered a few steps in the open and

last words had been, "Steady, heys, him and he was aware of a continual "sip!

steady!"

offensive man he had fallen the first victim in a scene of violence. CHAPTER XXXII. Kostakes himself had been the indirect

cause of Hassan's death. This is what had happened: He and the impetuous Mehemet were standing close to one end of

"They don't appreciate kindness takes. Now, take that girl of mine, Panayota-----You are not triffing with her yet ?" "I have treated her with the greatest kindness, I have humbled myself to her, but she