

(Converight, 1900, by George Horton) Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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John Curils, a young American, who thances to be in Athens at the outbroad of the production to Corta. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curils, accompanied by Lieurang and the production to Corta. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curils, accompanied by Lieurang and the production to Corta. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curils, accompanied by Lieurang and the production of the curil of the production of

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Hell had now broken loose. The report soon spread among the Turks that the English had been driven into the sea. Islam, that always believes in final unithink how few they were. It seemed to them that the vengeance of Allah was at hand and that the whole world of the faithful had arisen. A band of howling demons poured down the streets of the Christian quarter, shooting into the windows and doors of the houses, hacking down with their long knives all who were not able to get out of sight. The shells which the Hazard continued to drop into the town in hopes of quelling the uprising but added to the terror of the victims and the fury of the murderers. The Mahometan has no fear of death when he is on God's business. Kostakes' terrible Bashi Bazouks were everywhere. These are the irregulars who furnish their own arms and equipment. They or their families have suffered in some previous conflict with the Christians, and they kill for revenge and the true faith.

Old scores were paid off and all settled any special Christian he hastened to his house to cut his throat.

Some resistance was made and guns Into the faces of the marauders. But whenever this happened it only hastened the awarmed with Turks. They crowded the streets, leaped over the garden walls, pried

The timid Christian girl, scarcely out of her teens, who has been marked by satyr eyes as she walked modestly through the streets of Canca, now hears loud voices in the house and the tramp of heavy feet. She knows from the clash of the knives and the wild supplications of her mother that her father and brothers are being butchered. Then she crouches, white with were corpses in all the Christian houses horror, in her hiding place, gasping, "Vir- that were burning, and there was congin, save! Virgin, save!" But there is no stantly heard the rumble and crash of fallbein for her. Hands wet with the blood of her parents drag her forth. Her shricks the sweet breath of the sea was tainted are drowned in brutal laughter and obseenity. This is the unspeakable Turk!

Now the bridegroom rushes vainly about the small cottage where he had hoped to be so happy, searching for some place to hide the woman who loves him with a pure Christian dog to a beautiful girl? Were mission whenever he chose. laughing caution in a gruff voice to "be even now coming to pass. careful, you may kill the woman." The husband draws a knife from his belt and said Souleima, peeping through the gate thrusts it to the hilt into the side of "All the Christians in Canea." the tender being who is clinging to him With a piercing scream and a shudder, she falls limply across his arm, her long brown fault if they are Christians." hair slipping loose and flowing to the floor. When the blood-stained, powder-blackened the room he greets them thus, answering their ery of rage with insulting epithets. And this is the unspeakable Turk!

Other hubbands and many fathers had Nor did they thus save their collapsed and bloody, drooping from bed-

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head or window shutter. And this is the unspeakable Turk!

had offered the father money, but had been Recovering consciousness, she had found slipped it into the tail pocket of the long regulated. He had attempted to speak to the herself too weak to rise, and had crept to coat. His little blue-eyed sister at home and Mahometan had brooded over the fancied dreadful sound had ceased forever. But following, holding the crooked scimeter. The insult, and as he brooded murder grew in no, they always commenced again; one reclumsily away from his hip. Lindbohn been made ridiculous in the eyes of the dogs in quick succession, or else a general with the back of his big pink hand.

his wife is a sweet and gentle woman trembling with age? These are the vermin her was the open door of a bedroom, and far out in midfield. The Turk sat down who spread this baleful doctrine of Chris- upon the bed lay the black garment and upon a rock, and, removing his fez, fanned tianity, who teach the people to despise Mahomet. There is no god but God, and themselves when about to walk or ride out. Mahomet is his prophet! Now we shall see She pounced upon these and literally throats cut scientifically. Long practice has scrambled into them. Then she stepped to this country concerning people who walk versal triumph and the death of all un- made the Turk most skillful in this accom- a window and looked down into the street. believers, was drunk with victory. The plishment. Rufflan fingers are tangled in It was nearly deserted, save for the groups Mahometans of Canea did not stop to the fainting woman's thin, gray hair, her of women peeping from windows and halfhead is jerked back and a heavy curved opened garden gates. She wondered if she in the sun. blade backs at her throat. The bodies of the would be able to run that gauntlet of eyes ancient couple are lifted high in air and without being questioned, discovered. At her now that I have heard it, but it was hurled into the street upon the cobblestones. Then, with a dreadful shrick, a young girl for her. The sound of a cannon was heard foreigners' when I heard it. Now I underushes from an inner room and falls upon her knees beside the quivering and bloody began. When she reached the garden the of the Orient. It is because of your politecorpses. A Bashi Bazouk pulls her to her feet. A petty officer of the Turkish regular army touches her with the point of his sword and commands her to kick the bodies of her dead father and mother and to spit on them. On these terms she will be free from further molestation. She is half insensible with fear, she scarce hears what they say, but instinct prevents her obeying the horrible command. A bayonet is thrust into her and she sinks upon the forms of those whom she had so loved; yet not to die. For she recovered and is now in Athens, her wounds bearing testimony to scenes that have no aroused the indignation of the so-called civilized world because they are so hideous in blood. If a Turk had reasons for hating that they have sounded unreal in the telling. Things that we cannot imagine touch no sympathetic chord in the breast.

Kostakes, with his friend, Mehemet, and barked from half-closed window shutters a half dozen of the Bashi Bazouks, did terrible execution. The captain, as with grawn sword he drove his victims to bay of humanity, was swallowed up and swept tate of those within. The Christian quarter in their gardens, or into angles of the wall, imagined that he was still talking to Panayota.

with his sword, or as some form writhed on the bayonet that pinned it to the adobe

wall. "We're going to kill them all!" For hours murder, rapine and plunder ran riot in the streets of Canea. When the moon came up that night 800 dead bodies were lying stark and ghastly in the beautiful gardens, in the streets. ing roofs and walls. For weeks afterward by the sickening odor of burning flesh. And

CHAPTER XXXIV.

this is the unspeakable Turk!

At the first sound of distant firing the and holy love. O, that he could dig a hole women of Kostakes' harem were not In the earthen floor with his hands! The greatly terrified. Another slaughter of frightened creature clings to him, hysteri- Christians did not mean danger to them. cal with fear, and he tries to comfort her. Thoroughly ignorant (they could not ever although he knows that every word is a read), they believed that all the kings and Forget his beautiful Marigo? There potentates of the world were vassals of they are at the door now-what right has a the sultan, who was able to enforce subsuch not made for the sole enjoyment of heard from earliest childhood that some the faithful? The Bashi Bazonks throw day there would be a grand killing of themselves against the door, but it does Christians and other unbelievers, after not yield. There is a crash of guns as which the earth would be inhabited by they attempt to shoot away the lock, and a Turks alone. No doubt the prophesy was

"They are killing all the Christians, "Aren't you sorry for them?"

"Bah! why should I be? It's their own "I am serry for the little children." said

Ayesha with a shudder, thinking of her monsters in disheveled turbans burst into own little boy, which had died in infancy, Souleima looked shyly at Ferende, who was sitting on the stone steps at the outer side of the court, her fingers in her ears The sound of the guns made the ex-fanot the courage to act so wisely as this vorite nervous, and she wanted to think. man, but where bound and made to wit. She believed that a crisis had arrived in ness the unforgivable insult to pure her life. The terrible Turk had been the womanhood, the unthinkable degradation bogey man of her infancy. Surely he was now conquering the world. Who would own lives, for their throats were cut at the be queen of the domestic kingdom which end of the hellish orgy, and they were left Kostakes would rear, when he should re-

turn, covered with blood and giory? Would Panayota remain a Greek when all her country people were killed? Alone by herself, the only Greek in the world"

Ferende laughed scornfully at the thought The boom of a cannon was heard. It sounded very clear and distinct and seemed to cause a slight tremor of the earth where they stood. They looked at each other with startled and wondering eyes. The sound was repeated. Then, in a moment, the Turkish quarter, which had been hushed to whispering silence, broke forth into a Babel of feminine screams, cries of children and the noise of many frightened women, all chat-

"What is it? O, what is it?" shricked Ayesha and Souleima, in a breath. They looked toward Ferende, but she was gone. Again that dreadful "boom" and now shricks are heard in the streets and the sound of flying footsteps. Ayesha and Souleima pull the gate open and look out. They behold a panic. Wemen clutching their offspring however they can, or dragging them through the street by the arm; men doddering with long staffs and holding to the garments of their flying daughters children darting after their elders, screaming, "Mama! Mama!" Some of the Turkish women, in their terror, had not covered their faces. Others instinctively held handkerchiefs, or even bare hands, before their mouths as they ran. From all that shrill uproar an occasional word or syllable detached itself, cries to "Allah" and the virgin, supplications for present help to any God or saint that happened to be uppermost in the mind. And every time that terrible 'boom" was heard out in the bay the tumult swelled like a wave rising to its crest. Ayesba and Souleima waited for no

explanation, but, adding their voices to the

were swept along with it toward the nearest gate of the city.

Ferende had gone to free Panayota. Bounding up the dark, narrow stairs, she muttered

all my life else." Kostakes' anger or his possible vengeance. A clematis vine, that had once carried its There would be time enough to devise some | fragrant snow up to the tiny balcony, lay tion that she must face, was "the Christians | trellis. are all being killed and even the girl upstairs will see that Mahometism is triumphant. If I get rid of her I shall live it was, the results are the same. If we like a queen the rest of my days."

Panayota was lying on the bed with her face in the pillow, shuddering and whis-

Her Christian lover, though a mere boy, had ments of quiet, when she would raise her was strolling away through the stumps of hastened the day of his union with her to head and listen, hoping against hope that what had been a pear orchard ere the ax her from his persecution. The something had happened, and that the of the vandal had laid it low. Curtis was his heart. He had been despised, he had port, another, and then several following wiped a tear from the corner of his eye

if there was any opportunity of escaping through which they had come. The only why, then, she did not want to die. Before veil in which Mahometan women bundle with it his scanty gray locks. the gate was open, and the street was ness."

the rabble of fleeing non-combatants, dropped open. Panayota had heard cannon before, they were simply one of the voices of war-in Curtis. The relaxed features looked tired and rapine which had broken forth upon go, and he does look done up."
earth. But she was going to flee away "He's a brave man," said Lindbohm earth. But she was going to flee away "He's a brave man," said Lindbohm. from it all. In that brief moment that she "Let him sleep for a little while," and the seemed to call and beckon her. Often had little patch of sea, glittering far away, she dreamed of them in the days and nights like a lake among mountains. mountains of God-her refuge. Crossing watched the innumerable twinkling of the herself, she, too, plunged into the stream pale green olive leaves above him.

harem; came back cursing the mother of take hold in the office with a great heap of smoking rubbish. a precipice. surged through his voius again. Trembling the pride of his father's heart. Virgin! I am accursed!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Ab, the shade is so delicious!" said the if removing his fez. Lindbohm dragged the she ever saw the girl cross herself." handkerchief, tied turban-fashion, from his with his features.

how white hot it is in the sun." They were following a path that wound like the thread of a screw athwart the face of a hill that had been terraced with infinite pains and labor. Plateaus, from four to twenty feet in width, supported by walls of cobblestones, rose one above the other like steps of a wide stairway.

"I wish I had a drink," said Curtis. "Do hey have beer in Canca, major?" Beer, certainly. All kinds of drinkscer, ginger ale, lemonade, gazoze-what you will. But I hope we shall find some

vater soon. Eh. Muley!" One of the four dusty and bedraggledooking soldiers, who were standing at a respectful distance, stepped forward and saluted. The major addressed him in Turkish, and the man repited.

'He says there is a well not far from iere, about a mile." 'Whew! Let's be going, then. Ask the

man to lead on, won't you?" Curtis struck so brisk a gait that the thers found some difficulty in keeping up time that he jumped from one little plateau gun of the Hazard. to the one next below, he was obliged to grasp the scabbard to keep it from becom-

ing entangled with his legs. After the terraces came a forest of small English like a red rag on a bull." ines, cool and fragrant. They were now nearing the middle of the afternoon and the locusts were at work, plying their sieur?" sleepy rasps, infinitely numerous and steep incline. A few gnarled pines had heard again. traggled out from the forest onto the height and they stood looking down into a guns had spoken almost together. square reservoir of masonry, containing about three inches of green, slimy water. Curtis. The soldiers ran to a point a little farther from the green slime. But the spell was quickly broken by a voice from the depths

that cried: "Kek, kek, kek, ko-ax!" "Viola des grenovilles!" observed the persons must yust take their chances." major moving on. "Shades of immortal Aristophanes!"

general tumult, plunged into the throng and ejaculated the American, in English "Grunweels, indeed: Vatrakee!" "Yes, that is the Greek name," assented

the Turk, "and now for the water, Was this a Turkish or a Christian house?" asked Lindbohm, after they had It's my only chance. I'll be a drudge satisfied their thirst. The windows and doors were broken, and a pile of smashed She did not stop to reason concerning furniture lay in the middle of the floor tory. The thing that was certain, the situa- upon the ground, among the ruins of its

The major shrugged his shoulders "Who knows?" he replied. "Whichever look around, perhaps we may find a body

"No, no," said the Swede; "I have no curiosity. Let us be going. He furtively stooped and picked from the angled clematis a crude rag doll and in their native land had once possessed "Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, save such a doll, and this ruined house touched a very tender spot in his heart. The Turk ish major, white-haired, erect and slender clumstly away from his hip. Lindbohm

"It's nice to have a wife and children. he mused, "to love 'em and bring 'em ut "O, my God! There is no help! No I'll help him find her, and then-America! They came to a broad white road cutting in twain the level greenness of an interminable vineyard. The vines along the "Quick, Panayota, run, run! They are highway were powdered white with dust and the dusty little grapes, green and hard, gave small comfort to the thirsty way farer. The three pedestrains cast their eyes down the long, shining stretch, over which the heat quivered visibly. They s always living where it seems most dead. were standing beneath an olive tree at the edge of the rocky and wooded tract other shade visible for at least a mile was that made by a solitary brush watch tower.

> "Do you know?" he asked, smiling sweetly at his companions, "the proverb of

> They said they had not heard it. "It is, 'only fools and Englishmen walk

"Ah," said Curtis, laughing. "I rememthat very moment the situation was solved not exactly like that. It was 'fools and and the flight from the Turkish quarter stand why you Turks are called the French

full of frightened women and children, all Hassan Bey protested feebly and running in one direction. There was an drowsily. Sleep, more powerful in the other roar, louder and fuller than the Orient even than politeness, was overcomspiteful chatter of the rifles. It was like ing him. He settled himself comfortably giant shouting in a yard of children, and against the trunk of the olive tree; his it was followed by a general shrick from head lolled to one side and his mouth

"It would be a pity to wake him," said this case a mere phase of the riot of blood and old. "He's not a bad sort, as Turks

stood in the gate the great, faithful, righte- Swede, sitting down upon a flat rock, with ous mountains rose before her mind; they his face between his palms, gazed at a of her capitivity, but then they were far Curtis lay down upon his back, with his away. Now they had moved nearer, the fingers interlocked behind his head, and

"I've been in this island so long." mused, "that I don't believe I shall be able And Kostakes came back to his home; to go around the world. Shame, too, as

house rent in twain, and his garden filled upon her shoulder, standing on the edge of and picked clumsily at the knot.

a house, and there was no sign of any live was the high priest of common sense in the for me." was Panayota's room, with the bed stand- respected his father's judgment and feared the major and listened. The lieutenant ing in the corner and her Cretan jacket his good-natured ridicule. John Curtis stood looking at the sea, tying and untying hanging to a nail in the wall. Then a had been brought up as an exemplification the handkerchief, and, as the vision of great fear seized Kostakes, and his of the motto, "My son will never make a scientific maneuvers, artiflery duels, baymother's blood awoke in his heart and fool of himself," and, so far, he had been onet charges, sieges, took shape in his mine. in every limb, and with pale face, from "Come to dress Panayota in European on his unshaven cheek.

which the flush of passion had fled, he costume," he mused, "and she would make unconsciously crossed himself, muttering a sensation in America. But lord, wouldn't "I will draw my sword for liberty and proghoarsely: "It is the vengeance of the she be queer! She's grand here in her ress," and again the imaginary sword leaped were but the forerunners of a long stream of blen." she'd give up crossing herself. My headed down the white road. Turkish major, stepping under a pine and mother would have seven kinds of fits if Mrs. Curtis represented the religious re-

brow, and wiped his face with it. The sponsibilities of the family. A tall, angucloth was black with powder smoke and lar, bespectacled New England woman, grimy with dust from previous contact brought up strictly in the Presbyterian Canea?" faith, she regarded all foreigners as "It is always cool in the shade in this heathen, pining to be converted to the doccountry," he observed, running his fingers trine of infant damnation, and a taint of that this is madness in this hot sun. through his damp pompadour, "no matter papacy was to her as a taint of leprosy. That this woman had eloped with William or three hours in the shade, and walk the women, the half and the lame, frail mothers Curtis when he was a penniless drummer for a shoe house was no indication that and the night. See, your head even is un. that scene of despair and horror, there that he's right?" she would countenance similar conduct in her son.

"If I could manage in some way to have Panayota educated for a couple of years." about the Swede's brow. he mused, "and then bring mother and the governor over here to see her-they've long fercibly that they may be bombarding siender, this boy, bareheaded and coatless, been talking about taking a trip abroad. The first thing is to get her away from now it does not seem possible to me." Kostakes." But here a thought occurred He talked as one apologizing partly to himto him of a more serious nature than any self and partly to another, for a serious that had yet passed through his mind in offense. "But the young woman in whom could not restrain a cry of admiration. connection with Panayota.

askance at a woman who had lived in a And emphasizing the remark with a violent shoot as not. But what in the name of-Turkish harem? Wouldn't she bring a tain; thrust, he again hurried to ward. The sun ach, my God!" of suspicion with her, no matter how pure heat down with fearful intensity, but the body-

His reflections were interrupted by Lindbohm exclaiming:

"Hello! What's that?" The Turk sprang to his feet and looked with him. The major's scimeter was buck. away toward Canea, as he realized that a led about the American's waist, and every cannon had been fired. It was the first

"Perhaps Yanne has set up his flag on the blockhouse again," commented Curtis. The Greek flag seems to act on those "It is not in that direction," said Lindbohm; "It is toward Canea, is it not, mon-

"Exactly." replied the Turk. "Perhaps monotonous. They emerged from the it is a salute, of some ship just arrived." grove into a narrow path on the edge of a For, even as he spoke, the sound was

"Possibly!" assented the Swede, "and yet ide of the slope and down the path. At the interval did not seem exactly righttheir right was a precipice twenty feet in no, by damn! It is a bombardment!" two "Could they be bombarding Canea?" asked

"Let me see," replied the Swede. "Well, on, where a pear tree, growing close by the it is not probable, but possible. Suppose side of a precipice, acted as a ladder, there was one grand uprising and one They scrambled down its branches into the party had seized the forts and fired on the garden that pertained to a farmhouse not town. Then they might reduce the forts. far distant. Curtis and his companions Suppose there was one grand massacrestood looking into the reservoir, fascinated Turks kill all the Christians, or Christians for the moment by half a dozen pairs of kill all the Turks, or both kill each other; buiging eyes that were staring at them then they might drop a few shells to scare 'em and stop 'em.'

*But might not some innocent persons be killed by the shells?" "In times of massacre and war innocent

The sounds continued, irregular and frequent. Lindbohm stood gazing in the di-

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came back, covered with Christian blood, the governor had sort of set his heart on rection from whence they came, a dreamy turned and looked inquiringly at the Turk. "Ah, I remember. But then she is not open the doors of the houses. Those who open the houses. The house the house the houses. The house the houses where the houses. The house the house the world. They were the heart beats of war, God and gloating over the deed which he Then his mind reverted to Panayota throbbing fiercely in the far jungles of Cuba baggy breeches, holding a little girl un-her later on. While if you go and get had resolved to do. But he found his He always saw her in thought with a jug He pulled the handkerchief from his brow der each arm like water jugs, appeared.

"Let 'em yust go it," he muttered, "shoot,

native mountains, but you can't lug a from the scabbard and his pliable wrist terrified Christians, who, at the first sound her for Boston, or even for Lynn. I wonder fied from his cheek and he started bare- came up, at sight of whom the fugitives,

"Hello!" cried Curtis, leaping to his feet. "what's the matter, old man? Wait for a Curtis and Lindbohm, determined to learn ran to Curtis. chep, can't you?" and he ran after him. "My God!" said Lindbohm, "have you forgotten that she is there? It may be tesque throng blew backward as though advance is certain death!"

covered," and, taking the handkerchief flashed out a spark of beauty, inspiring as

which was hanging by one corner from a lone star on a dark night. A stripling-he Lindbohm's hand, he twisted it dexterously could not have been over 12-lingered be-

Canea." explained Lindbohm, "and even in blue breeches of Cretan make and high, my friend here is-ah-interested, is in that city. We must go to her rescue. she might be? Of course, if I caught any- tall Swede forged along the dusty road with doubled fists and a swinging stride. standing erect in the encircling handkerchief, like a field of ripe wheat in a fence, the hips and her long hair that dabbled in the huge fists striking at the trickling heads of sweat, as though they were living things. But no, old Lindbohm was never ridiculous, and Curtis struck out after him. his arm aching with the heavy saber, that would fall between his legs the moment ha

let it go. "Lindbohm was right, of course, Panayota, what a fright she must be in!" In utter silence they strode ahead. The Turk said nothing, although he marveled and suffered greatly. He owed his life to these foreigners, and he had determined to see them safely into Canea. If they a unit in the tribe of women, who are as the blades of grass and all alike, why it protect you till the danger is over." was "kismet." The four soldiers followed because he was their officer, and a Turkish the rescue of a woman." soldier always goes stupidly wherever his a woman by the hand. The couple stopped honor of a Turk you will never even and looked about them in perplexity of to the city alive." terror. Then the woman leaped up and seizing the top of the wall, bristling as it was with broken glass, scrambled over like a cat. The man tossed the baby after her and followed. Curtis and Lindbohm both She is a Cretan in the house of a Turk."

A tall, bareheaded Cretan, in shirt and stopped and stared irresolute. A half- snapped his fingers, dressed woman whith a new-born babe at He looked into the cleft rooms as specta- "I wonder what the governor will think kill, burn and then blow the whole d-d her breast, and a girl of 12 clinging to Curtis, from whose heart the words of the tors at a theater behold the interior of of Panayota?" he muttered. His father island off the earth. It's too mixed up her skirts, came next. The woman, with a Turk had lifted a great load of fear. "He's shriek of terror, slid to her knees be- right. Pannyota's safe enough, and we'd thing save himself in all the street. There Curtis household. From infancy he had Curtis was tired. He sat down beside side the man. It was a painting of fear, a only get her into trouble by going now.

the wild beasts.

"Back! Back!" cried the father hoarsely. pushing the woman with his knee. had come. Curtis ran down to the corner into its sheath. "I will join the Americans," he mused, just in time to see them dart into another what in truth had happened, walked briskly forward, and the motley, gibbering, Danstruck by a wind, with much looking over hind, retreating slowly and threatening the "It did not till this moment strike me oncomers with an antique gun. He was untanned boots. He held his long rifle

> the yellow hair from his eyes, Lindbohm "Stop," he said, laying his hand on Curtishoulder, "that boy would yust as leave

> featly, and, as he stepped backward, shaking

As if in answer to the unfinished question a woman, completely crazed with fear and grief, came stumbling along the stony road. Curtis wondered afterward that the curi- bearing upon her back a lad nearly as large bus figure had not impressed him as as herself, holding him by the wrists. His ludierous; with the long tails of the throat had been cut and the head fell back shrunken coat falling apart, the pompadour horribly, lolling from side to side, pumping out the blood that had sonked her dress t

> Lindbohm caught her by the arm and shouted to her in English "What is the matter, woman. What ha happened in Canca?"

She looked at him with vacant eyes, and then staggered on with her awful burden. "Come on, little Yanne; come on, my cypress tree. Hurry! Hurry! Mother will save him from the Turks!" The major stepped up to Lindbohm and

Curtis and said firmly "Gentlemen, I see that a general massacre of Christiana is taking place in chose to go there in the broiling sun, and Canea. If you go there you will surely be into a storm of cannon balls, and all for killed. I beg of you to come with me to my country place near here, where I will

"Never!" cried the Swede. "We go to

"You can do nothing." replied the major. officer goes, whether to a massacre of impatiently. 'If she has not already es-Christian babes or a hell of belching can- caped, it is too late, and our own position non. So, for a full hour they walked, till at here is becoming dangerous, for I and my last they came into a region of gar- men are unarmed, and a band of armed dens, fenced in with high stone walls, and Christians may appear at any moment. suddenly from around a corner came a Join your voice with mine, monsteur, man, carrying a small child and holding turing to Curtis. "I assure you on the

> Curtis hesitated. "Doubtless the woman is at the English consul's " bazarded the major. "No, she is in the most fearful danger.

will remain the same, and you can find killed-" He shrugged his shoulders and

"By jove, he's right, old man," cried Christian family in the collseum awaiting Of course, if you go, I'm with you, but he's right, by jove, he's right."

Lindbohm, who had been impatiently fencing with his invisible enemy, looked ing wildly at his clothing, she pulled herself absent-mindedly away toward Canea, the the flush of excitement flooded the stubble to her feet and they all disappeared as they while ramming the imaginary sword home

"Adieu, monsieur," he said, sweetly, lane, between two other gardens. And these "and if I do not see you again, merct

"All right, old man, I'm with you." mountain around with a girl. It would moved nervously in unison with his of the firing at the custom house, had fled shouted Curtis, grasping the sheath of the take about four years of education to fit thoughts. Then, of a sudden, the flush from the town. Lindbohm and the Turks heavy scimeter and starting after. At a motion from the major his four soldiers pouring down the lane in a steady stream, fell upon Lindbohm, and, after a mighty were thrown into the greatest consternation. struggle, held him fast. The Turkish officer

> "Monsieur, as a friend, I do this. It is the only chance to save your lives! To

So they here Lindbohm away to a little "Gentlemen." expostulated the Turk, as the shoulder and many pitiful shricks. As vine-clad stone tower in a garden; bore him he came up out of breath. "I assure you they streamed in the other direction the away cursing in three languages, and sputweaker and those bearing the greater tering vain Berserker froth from his white was about to propose that we wait for two burdens dropped behind in a thin line; aged lips. And Curtis ran at his side, shouting "But, listen, old man, d-n it, listen a rest of the way in the cool of the evening carrying their children. And now, in all minute. The Turk is right, don't you see

(To Be Continued.)

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