

(Capyright, 1900, by George Horton.) herbor of Piracus, estensibly laten with correct English he mispronounced his j's was blowing fresh and fair, and the waves that ran behind shivered blackly ere they licutemant. They were standing, together mountains of Creic, at the left and far below small revolving cannon and a large numbe. whenever taken off his guard. Gras rifles to the insurgents in Crete, was had risen for the hundredth time and vire fighting desperately for liberty and L k" in Greek characters on the deck, and sword. number of boxes that here the legend, "Two dozen bottles from Kumbas, Athens," The legend was not untruthful, and one of the hold, were filled with guns, and the heavy ulster and a flat derby hat. hoxes below deck were packed with ammunition.

ing families. They had been declared contrahand by the admirals of the great powers, and the whole cargo, should it be reized by any of the war ships prowling about the ancient island, was doomed to confiscation. The captain, a thick-set, square-shouldered Greek in greasy blue suit, soft woolen shirt and felt hat, held the long tiller in his left hand and made thsign of the cross repeatedly with his right.

tered. "St. Nicholas protect and help us!" A stiff breeze was blowing and the vessel leaned over, like a tall man shouldering Curtis. "I'm glad to know you. his way through a storm. The three young being shortened to half its length by bend- water. ing at the hip and knee.

"Holy Virgin be our helper," he mut-

Two natty officers stepped to the prow of on the caique.

sign of an imprecation.

you will, and again I'll chest you."

the narrow mouth of the harbor. A great sail was thrown out on either side roar.

vessel turned its beak to the south and that was said, but he felt himself seized panions, who refused. Soon a smell reof the calque, like a pair of wings. The | Curtis at first could not understand a word now, their legs of equal length.

American against the man at his side. "I beg your pardon," he said, "or per-haps you do not speak English?" 'Oh, yes," replied the person addressed;

Peter Lindbohm, Lieutenant de Cavalerie. which he received in return.

American read:

Mr. John Curtis. "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Curtis," said the lieutenant, politely lifting his straw the buttonhole by means of a shoe string, end of its tether every few moments. "And I you, Heutenant," replied Curtis,

heartily, extending his hand.

"You are going to Crete?" "No, to Cairo," laughed the lieutenant. "Oh, we're all onto the secret, or we wouldn't be here. And I'm mighty glad whose fame will last for many a day. there's somebody going along who can speak don't see why we shouldn't be, I'm sure. he I'm just out of college-Harvard, you know -and the governor told me to take a trip travel to kind o' complete and round out his shoulder by a strap hung a camera. a man's education."

"I find it an excellent idea," said the lieupuff of wind had swept from his head. get ready to tell him."

maked the lieutenant.

man-my father, you know,"

to not know the English so well."

came right along, hence my straw hat." harbor of Piraens, catensibly laden with cognar for Cairo, but in reality carrying a correct English be mispronounced his f's

olive complexion and large, liquid, chestnut

"May I do myself the great honor to present myself?" He spoke stilted English There were other things, too, in the and evidently composed his sentences becalque's cargo, articles of a seemingly fore uttering them. Curtis, fresh from pacific nature, such as hams, hard tack, Aeschylus and Plato, and the excellent flour, sausages, olives and beans. These course of modern Greek in Harvard, had no were intended for the Cretan heroes, but difficulty in translating the legend on the tling for their freedom and for their stary- proffered card: "Michael Papadakes, Student in the National University of Greece." "I am a Cretan, and I go to fight for my

country. The Turks have burned my father's house and his three villages. They have cut down his clive trees, insulted my sister and murdered our tenants. My famlly are now in Athens, refugees. against my father's-what do you call it?command. But had I remained at Athens I should have been a lache-a-

"Coward," interposed the lieutenant, seizing the young man's hand. "It is you who do us the honor."

"By Jove, you're the right sort!" cried

"I go to kill Turks," continued Papadakes, men standing upon her deck maintainel shaking both his elenched fists in the air. their equilibrium by shooting one leg out "They may kill me, but not till I have paid straight, as though it were the props of a to them the debt which I owe. At least, I cabin built on the side of a hill, the other shall with my blood the tree of liberty

When John Curtis suddenly flew off on tangent to Crete from the Puck-like circle a Russian gunboat, that was white and trim that he was putting around the earth he as a bride, and fixed their glasses keenly acted under the impulse of youth and its ever present enthusiasm. He arrived "Curse you!" growled the captain, in- Athens in the midst of tremendous popular panions rattled about in the narrow room voluntarily opening his hand, the Greek excitement. Great throngs were gathering like peas in a fool's gourd. Every few daily in front of the king's palace, waving moments water slopped and sputtered on the "St. Nicholas strike you blind! Look all banners and throwing their hats in the air. Curtis could see it all plainly from the bal-But the time had come to tack, and he cony of his hotel on Constitution square. shouted the order to the sailors. The con- Occasionally some member of the throng venient canvas was shifted, the helm was put over, and the calque bore straight for his arms wildly about, begin to speak; but the speech was always drowned in a hoarse of those ineffable cigars that one buys in

swooped down the wind like a bawk. The with a growing excitement. If he started sembling burning goat's hair filled the cabin. three young men stood with their feet apart for the Acropolis or the Garden of Plato he forgot his intention and found himself run-A sudden lurch of the ship threw the ning, he knew not where, and longing to shout, he knew not what; for as his ears became accustomed to the sound he observed that the whole city was shouting the same words over and over again.

hand that presented the bit of pasteboard mind was like a pendulum, caution taking rose cautiously erect and threw himself at was large, pink and well groomed. The the place of the attraction of gravity. Just the nearest mast. It was not raining, but at the moment when it reached the highest point of oscillation there was an ever present force waiting to pull it the other way. Lieutenant Lindbohm read on the card But at present he was only 22 and the struggle between New England prudence and youthful enthusiasm had not yet been de-

Besides, his mother had bestowed upon his it to a hook on the forward mast. For over hat and then drawing it down over his ears nature a tinge of romanticism and that im- an hour there had been no lightning and with both hands. The hat was secured to pulsiveness which sometimes becomes rashnow a sudden flash hissed and died as ness in a man. He was rather short in though one had attempted to light a match and had a startling habit of leaping to the stature, with a thick neck, long arms and stature, with a thick neck, long arms and in a gusty room. There was but a moment sinewy hands. His closely cropped hair was of light, but that was enough. There, a dark brown and his mustache was more of a quarter of a mile distant, extended beckonpromise than a fulfillment. There was a ingly and invitingly toward the little vessel, healthy color in his boyish check, neither were the arms of a narrow bay, and down ruddy nor pale. The fact is that John Curtis the shore, perhaps a mile away, a gunboat had been an all-around athlete at college,

As he stood now upon the deck of the English. I hope we'll be good friends, and calque he looked every inch the thing that was, a wholesome, healthy-minded American youth-clear grit, muscle and selfreliance. He wore an English yachting cap around the world. He believes in a year of and a heavy new ulster. Suspended from

Some one ejaculated a long-drawn-out "Ah!"-a mingled sigh of wonder, joy and tenant, grabbing for his hat, that a sudden admiration, followed by a chorus of "Ahs!" and a shout of "There she comes." Curtis us like rats in a trap. That's one of the "Isn't it? Its jolly. Well, I'm going and Lindbohm sprang to their feet and to suprise the governor. I'm going to write looked around. An uncouth sailor, with yust such people as we are." n book—sort of prose, "Childe Harold." I shaggy capote thrown over his left shoulder, wish I had the knack to do it in verse. I was pointing with outstretched arm at the thought this Cretan business would make a rising moon. The entire crew was gazing at great chapter, so I went straight to the a great golden disc that was slowly sliding the captain, who stood at the tiller. The president of the committee and told him I into view from behind a mountain. A long calque was now skipping from crest to crest would write the struggle up from a Chris- trail of light fell athwart the caique and tian standpoint. Nice old fellow. Said he seemed to pave the way to a group of would do anything for an American, and shadowy islands, now dimly visible. They put me onto this snap. I ought to find were sailing across a golden road, through some good material down there. I'm glad a shower of impalpable gold dust. Higher the governor can't hear of this thing till I and higher rose the giorious sphere, until merely its edge rested on the mountain top; "That is, the governor of New York?" there it clung for a moment and then swung shot the spreading lash, as though spiteloose into the starry sky. In the mystic, un- fully wielded by a giant arm, and then, "No. Ha, ha, ha! My governor-my old earthly glow the faces of the rough sailors were idealized. They looked at each other "Ah, I beg pardon. You will see that I in silent wonder. Curtis partook of the awe, the joy. He felt as though he were in You have given me your confidence," he a grand temple and the goddess had revealed "I will give you mine, though there herself, and so did these poor descendants is not much to tell. I am a soldier by pro. of ancient Greece, though they knew it not. fession. I was down among the Boers when The American had seen the moon rise before heard of this trouble in Crete. I had in Greece, but never on the sea and never in hoped for war there. I was also at Ma- the society of genuine, unspoiled children of

juba hill, you see, and President Kruger the country. It was a revelation, a birth of knows me. But the English will not at- glory, a miracle,

Again the whip fell, again and yet again. At last it struck fairly upon the little ship with blinding radiance. Curtis gave vent to tack now, so I decided in a moment. I yust For several days the "Holy Mary," as a surprised "Ah!" as he had sometimes done in a theater, when the electricity had been unexpectedly turned on after twenty minutes of midnight murder or burglary on the stage. A sailor was luridly sprawling in the air, half way up the foremost, and the two others were pulling at a rope. The faces of the little group at the tiller looked ghastly in the unnatural light. The calque rose and fell with the long striding motion of a ficet

thing," he muttered, "if these beggars un-

stole stealthily and slowly along.

instantly gave the necessary orders.

cried Michali.

like a flying fish.

To the left a stretch of coast, perhaps

two miles in length, ended suddenly in a

towering cliff. By turning they would have

the wind square in the sails and would be

making straight for the promontory. This

expedient evidently occurred to the captain,

who knew every inch of the Cretan coast as

well as the deck of his own calque, for he

"It would never have done to put into the

bay." observed Lindbohm, "they would have

blockading squadron. They're looking for

"They haven't seen us, glory to God!"

The three passengers had crowded about

"To St. Nicholas and the Virgin I give

equal praise," devoutly responded the cap-

The words were hardly out of Ms mouth

with its searchlight. Up into the clouds

in the world for a good English "damn,"

"What orders is he giving?" asked Curtis.

"To put on all sail," replied Michali, "

caique had been five minutes before.

which is exactly what it means.

hope he don't tip us over.'

After another twenty minutes a satior

derstand their business."

swept lengthwise of the deck and stung the face like handfuls of rice, flung at a wed-The light was now a great triangle, lying on the sea, and the calque was flying toward its base. The promontery seemed to slide rapidly toward them along one of its sides. A gun boomed in the triangle's apex Curtis and Michali ducked their heads and closed their eyes tight. The captain and erew again cried "Katarra" in chorus and

horse running close to the ground. At regular intervals a discharge of fine spray

"Blank," he said sententiously; "that means 'lay to.' " The promontory slid nearer. Another gun this time with a sharp, coughing sound, fol-

lowed by a crescendo-diminuendo scream

like the demoniac wail of winter wind. "A shell," explained the Swede. "That means business. If they're Russians, they can't hit us. If French, they probably won't in this sea. If English, they probably will We must yust take our chances. What does the captain say?"

"Here's the point," translated Michali, once around that, they will never find us." Curtis looked. The steep cliff photo-

calque was called, cruised among graphed itself indelibly upon his mind. It "I think," replied Michail, "that we must islands that seemed to float in an opal sea. Iowered high above their heads, rude, grim, to the sea go down and pass around the Some of them were steep rocks, on which a and perpendicular, but at its base a spur shore to where the calque wished to come single shepherd dwelt with his flocks. Often of land sloped into the water, like the foot up. There we will find Greeke waiting. as they fitted through the shadow of a to a mighty leg. And as he looked, a Embros." (Forward.) precipice that rose, high and stern as the crashing sound was heard, and the little But, alas, when they arrived at the beach scattered pines were perilously scaling, a death,

shaggy head would look down from the over- "English, by damn!" cried Lindbohm, against an abrupt wall of rock, hanging battlement and shout some saluta- "Can you swim?"

tion in Greek. At other times they skirted

green valleys, guarded at the shore by a

CHAPTER II.

straight; through these tiny streams came my life;" leaning and laughing down to the sea. "Very easily. If you know anything about of the island." Arcadian villages, gleaming white in the this part of the Island you can yust lead. At the end of the sandy beach a steep sun, sat peacefully on distant cliffs, or us out of here. If we don't find something rocky hill uprose. By the time the three straggled down through olive orchards to- to eat today we shall be sorry we didn't comrades reached the top of this the sun Another leap into the air of the article wards a bit of whiter beach, old monasteries drown. I'd rather drown than starve any was pouring down his flercest rays upon

"A soldler cannot draw his sword in a broke into foam, the captain set all sail and with the American, beside a fire of drift- stretched the winsome sea, strewn with better cause than in behalf of these brave headed straight for the northern shore of Cretans, who have wen their liberty a dozen. Crete. The calque plunged like a child's matchbox had enabled them to light. A bit walked for half an hour over volcanic rock. times over," he added, drawing his cane rocking horse. The three passengers went of sand, sheltered from the waves by a through spiteful, thorny shrubs that clutched the Christian faith. There were several from his left thigh as though it were a down into the little cabin, that smelled of projecting rock, had made it easy for them at their ankles and tore their clothing, and bilgewater and stale goat's cheese. A smoky to land. It is true that Michali's streng h came at last to the brink of a ravine whose "In the name of my country, thank you." lantern, hanging from a hook in the roof, had soon given out, but his friends, both walls were as perpendicular as though they said the third of the trio, a very young cast a flickering light on the rickety ladder, being powerful swimmers, had brought him had been cut with a giant saw. In the bed, Greek, with a round face, a brilliantly tinted the four plank walls and the cikons of Mary to the shore in safety. After scrambling far below, a mountain torrent dashed eagand Nicholas, that peered from round holes for a ways blindly up the side of a hill, erly to sea, making sheer leaps over smoothly the huge casks, at least, contained the fiery eyes. He was a small man and excitable cut in tawdry squares of silver. There were actuated by an instinctive, though perhaps worn rocks or swirling about in hollow liquid attributed to it; numberless others, in his actions. He were a business suit, a two bunks and a table that, when not in groundless, fear of capture, they had paused business. use, drew up its one leg and fell back and looked down upon the sea. There were against the wall. Curtis and his two com- two of the sailors hanging to the arm of a thirst grew.

walls of a medieval castle, which a few vessel shivered and lurched, wounded to the again they found that the little stretch of sand which had been their salvation ended "We must go around the hill the other

way," said Curtis, We may happen on a shepherd or see a band of sentinel cypress trees, tall and "How shall I ever thank you for saving village," suggested Michali, cheerfully, "Many people live along this northern coast

The three looked down at it and their

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to reach the village. The sun was shining usually stands on one leg. He, being lame rivulets that were racing and leaping down- entire weight on one, like a stork." ward glittered like molten silver. From the bed of the ravine not a house was visible. Lindbohm made a trumpet of his hands and, looking upward, shouted lustily, explained the interpreter. drawing out the last syllable of the word as though it were a vocal felescope.

"Hillo! Hillo! Hillo!"

A girl came to the edge. She appeared not understand a joke. to be standing on the top of a wall. She Tall, straight, deep-bosomed, she wore a part of hospitality and politeness to laugh. skirt of blue homespun and a short jacket whereupon he smote the table with his were white from the elbows down. Her plan laughter. The constituency looked on hair, that was in reality a soft brown, seemed of gold; one massive strand fell over her bosom, quite to her knees. Her face was oval, the features as clearly cut as those of a goddess, with a certain warmth eningly toward the group, which broke in and softness about them that no sculptor all directions and darted for cover. They wide apart, beneath a low, broad forehead, beamed with fearless innocence and wonder. On her left shoulder reposed a huge the demarch assisted Curtis to his temporary earthen water jug, two-handled, bulging residence. On the way shockheaded boys near the top and dwindling at either end. Her right hand held this in place and her left rested on her hip.

"What is it, stranger? she called down, in a winning voice, "Sphakiote," said Michalt.

"What's sphakiote?" asked Lindbohm. 'Greek for goddess?"

The Cretan shouted back a few words of explanation and the maiden disappeared. Ten minutes later the edge was lined with citizens of Ambellaki, tow-headed children, women, old and young, tall pallikaria, boys and maidens. All the males, of whatever age, wore high, yellow boots, voluminous blue trousers and soft red fezzes that broke across the crown and fell backward, ending in a long, black tassel. The women and girls were for the most part attired like the maiden who had first appeared, though several of these wore handkerchiefs tied about their heads.

"Here's the demarch," shouted a shrill "And Papas Maleko," cried the rest, as

though in response. A majestic old Cretan, with two silver mounted pistols and a long pearl-handled knife in his belt, took his place in the middle of the line. He was soon joined by priest in venerable robes and tall hat. Curtis imagined that the inhabitants of some comic opera town had come out on the walls to hold parley with himself and his two OF riends. He wondered what character b was, but his foot hurt so that he was unable

to make up his mind. "What is your business with us?" asked the demarch, pompously, remembering that he was acting in official capacity in the No Rancid Oils, No Diseased Fats. presence of his entire constituency

Michali explained at length. His story threw the listening Cretans into a state of great excitement. Several of them had lighted the beacon for the guidance of the Holy Mary. Two or three youngsters, letting themselves down from the edge of the natural battlement, descended by means of shrubbery and jutting stones, sprawling midair like huge spiders. On reaching the bottom they commenced an animated conversation with Michall, the upshot of which was that they must all go up as the youngsters had just come down, and that it was very easy if you had courage. In proof of which a boy of 15 sprawled awkwardly skyward again, looking back every moment to laugh and shout "Embros!

"I can do it easily," said Michali, with pride. "All Cretans can climb, if some of them cannot swim. Can you follow me?" "I can certainly try," replied the lieuten-

Finally Michali and Lindbohm concluded o mount, and consult with the citizens as to the best means of assisting Curtis to the

top.
"There's some other way to get up," sug

gested the Cretan, "only they are suspicious of us as yet, and will not tell." Michali, true to his boast, climbed the face of the terrace with the greatest ease. Lindbohm reminded Curtis of the frog in the mental arithmetic that goes up three inches of a well thirty feet deep every so many minutes and slips back a certain dis-

tance. "How long will it take him to reach the top," he mused, "if he stops to rest during every seventh minute?"

He was a genius at mental arithmetic and had nearly figured out the proposition to

an immense plantain tree. Unler this latter were four rickety tables and a dozen or so of chairs, for the accommodation of those who chose to enjoy the beauties of nature in the open air and partake of the mayor's coffee or masticha. The mayor, be it ob served, was proprietor of the only refectory which the town was large enough to support. The influence of the saloon in politics s felt even in the mountains of Crete ..

Lindbohm and the priest rushed forward and assisted the American to one of the chairs. The mayor brought another and tenderly placed the lame foot upon tenderly placed the lame foot upon it. shouting, meanwhile, a storm of voluble orders in a good-natured, blustering voice. Michail arrived and interpreted, for which Curtis was thankful, as he did not understand the mayor's guttural, rapid Greek.

"He bids you welcome in the name of all Ambellaki! He has ordered you a glass of masticha. Ah! Here it comes now. You are to stay in the priest's house, who will say a prayer over your foot as soon as he gets you home."

The group was by this time surrounded by the entire population of the town, or as much of it as was not out in the vineyards, or on the hills with the sheep and the goats. Curtis rose on one leg.

"Behold the human stork," he exclaimed in English, because he did not know the Greek for "stork."

What does he say?" asked the demarch.

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when they arrived at the foot of the tre- Michali explained the joke at length. "He mendous rocky dam which they must scale compares himself to a stork, because a stork against its face and the dozen or more and unable to stand on both legs, rests his "But he does not at all resemble a stork,"

objected several voices. "They say you do not resemble a stork," "Oh, thanks! But I was joking. Don't you

Cretans understand a joke "He says he is joking and he fears wo do

"It is a joke, my children," cried the dewas floating in sunlight; she was glorified. march, "an American joke, and it is the of the same material, with sleeves that mighty palm and burst into a roar of Olymin silent amazement.

"Laugh, you donkeys!" cried the demarch. "Laugh, I command you. Are we uncivilized like the Turks?" And he strode threatever attained to. Her large, brown eyes, laughed, however, long and conscientiously at first and, ere they had ceased, a genuine ring crept into their mirth. The priest and looked out at him from over ruined walls of adobe and cobblestones and, pointing their fingers, cried, "There goes the stork!" and girls peeped from behind doors or, pushing their blooming faces through screens of trellised vine, giggled, "How are you, Mr. Stork?" Curtis' name was seldom asked in the

mountains of Crete. He was known, and is to this day, as Kurios Pelargos-Mr. Stork. As soon as opportunity presented he made a new head in his notebook and entered the following observation: "Character of the modern Cretans. I. Ex-

traordinary sense of humor." (To be Continued.)

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had nearly figured out the proposition to submit it to Lindbohm, when he heard people shouting above. Looking up, he perceived that they were letting down a long rope and that several young Cretans, accompanied by Michali, were coming with it. "Put it around your waist," exclaimed the latter, "they will pull on the other end and so you will go up, slowly, slowly. You can use your hands and the good foot to help and to keep yourself away from the stones and bushes."

Several pairs of strong hands pulled Curtis onto terra firma and be found himself in the public square of a picturesque little village. White, two-story houses surrounded an open space, in the midst of which stood an immense plantain tree. Unler this latter

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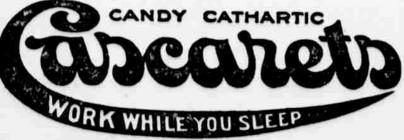
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"WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS WITH US?" ASKED THE DEMARCH.

gallows frame planted in the sea. The brought a lantern from the cabin and hung The captain clung to the arm of another darted to the brim of a waterfall and leaped torn canvas fluttered helpless in the wind. gallows a few feet distant, and the third again skyward. sailor was floating about over the submerged caique on the cabin roof. The gun- claimed Michali. boat shied out into deeper water and brought the filibusters in. Then the three plied the Swede. "The hedgehogs are on comrades crouched behind a rock, while the fire inside of me. We must reach that water Cyclopean eye of the mouster that hurls to quench them. It would take the whole

dreamed of searched hill and shore. "They'll never try to catch us," said Lind- trail that, leading from above, ended abbohm, as the gunboat sailed away. "They ruptly and zig-zagged from ledge to ledge couldn't if they wanted to, and they've no

So they built a fire and kept themselves the pallid sea and kissed its face to ruddy Michali had lost their hats, and Michali had tied a handkerchief about his own head in tails parted in the middle of his back as though the space between them had been

particular business with us anyhow."

"We must take our chances," asserted

cut out with a triangular stamp. He alone chances," replied Lindbohm. Instinctively of the three had removed his shoes after seizing the tails of his coat he held them reaching the shore. Not being able to put out like wings and sprang into the air. tied the remnant on with strings, which he right," and throwing himself flat on his

"Now we are ready," he said to Michali; "lead on to breakfast."

same office for Curtis. Lindbohm's straw The descent was not so difficult as it ap-

"whiz," it struck the waters where the "Katarra!" cried the crew in chorus, rolling the "r's." Katarra is the best substitute

warm as much by the exercise of bringing shall a shepherd find with water or may be and breaking up wood as by the flames a village, who knows?" themselves. When morning finally peeped at life and laughter, the Cretan, the Swede perhaps ten. and the American looked each other over and took an inventory of their condition. They were dry, but hungry. Curtis and peasant fashion, and had performed the Lindbohm. had not escaped from the tether, and he still peared. Within twelve feet of the bottom wore it, glistening with salt and banging they found themselves on the edge of a rock down on one side like the wing of a wounded Below them the stream gurgled enticingly duck. His long coat had shrunk until the between banks of snowy sand. before the gunboat began to whip the sea them on again, he cut away the uppers and passed through the holes slashed in the stomach he sucked up long draughts of the sides. A resourceful and courageous man cool, refreshing water. In a moment Michali

deadlier missiles than old Homer ever stream to put out the ones that I ate." After another hour they came upon a goat down the side of the cliff into the stream Michali's delight was unbounded. "Follow this trail," he cried, "and we "How far is it?" asked Lindbohm "How do I know? Perhaps one mile-"If it is two, the hedgehogs would burn through before I got there," replied Curtis. "I'm going down." "It is very dangerous," replied Michall.

"I could drink it all," said Curtis.

"How is a bird superior to a man?"

A swallow drifted by on slanting winge

"The wings of a man are his mind," re-

was the lieutenant.

"And now " asked Curtis. "We must yust yump and take our

"Hurrah!" he cried, looking up. "It's all and Curtis were lying beside him. CHAPTER III.

It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon

FINALLY, WHEN MICHALI HAD CLAMBERED BEFORE THE OTHERS TO THE TOP, HE GAVE A SHOUT OF JOY.