

The Unspeakable Turk.

By GEORGE HORTON.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. John Curtis, a young American, had been...

CHAPTER VII.

The peace of the valley was transformed, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye into a scene of tumult. An invisible thunder cloud seemed hovering in the clear sky.

"Build one fire at the mouth of the pass—"

but here he was interrupted by a chorus of protest. "Let the Turks get into the pass and then we will kill them," cried his listeners.

CHAPTER VIII.

Curtis was left alone in the priest's house. Pappas-Maleko had gone up the ravine. "If one of my boys were wounded," he said, "and I were not there to comfort him, God might forgive me, but I should never forgive myself."

CHAPTER IX.

That was enough of Lindbohm's confidences, sure enough. Perhaps a battle was going on at that moment. "Mother of God, save my man!" cried the woman with the baby, "save him, save him!"

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CHAPTER XI.

"Hello! What's that for?" asked Curtis. Michal shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he replied. Curtis hurried to the door, unlocked it and looked out.

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"Now, I call that thoughtful of the old man. God O God!" But suddenly the brave woman's soul asserted itself and her frail body straightened, tense, defiant, ready for any effort.

"Come!" said the mother, and she ran lightly up the ravine, followed by the boy. The babe bleated "Mama! Mama!" like a frightened lamb.

CHAPTER XV.

They laid the wounded Cretan on the lounge in the parsonage. He was pale as death from loss of blood and kept snapping at his under lip with his teeth, but he did not groan.

CHAPTER XVI.

"We are a pair of storks now," he said, smiling at Curtis, and then he faintly away. Curtis cut the trousers from the wounded leg.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man, but I've got to hurt you—like the devil, I'm afraid." Curtis cut the trousers from the wounded leg.

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There stood a tall shepherd with a rifle in his hand. His face was blackened with powder and he seemed covered with blood.

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THE PRIEST CAME DOWN, LEADING A CROSS. PANAYOTA BY THE HAND AND CARRYING A CROSS.



STRIDING TO THE WOUNDED SHEPHERD, HE SNATCHED THE GUN FROM HIS HAND.



CURTIS PUT HIS HAND ABOUT THE BROKEN SHIN IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE COULD PUSH THE BONE INTO PLACE.