"Now, I call that thoughtful of the old 'Yanne! Yanne! What shall I do? O the excited exclamations of the listeners.

But suddenly the brave woman's soul as-

foot, bearing his weight on it till he could seried itself and her frail body straightened. The wounded man's eyes were open, but he

tense, defiant, ready for any effort. Clasping

many times. Holding it for a moment at

arm's length, she looked at it hungrily, and

back. Hopping two or three steps from the

Unfortunately, everybody understood and |

"Silence!" cried the old man with the

"No," he replied to Curtis, slowly and

"Thanks," replied the American. "Thanks,

Just before sunrise Michali, with his

distinctly, "not killed. Badly wounded."

broken leg, was brought in on a donkey.

CHAPTER X.

They laid the wounded Cretan on the

ounge in the parsonage. He was pale as

death from loss of blood and kept snapping

"We are a pair of storks now," he said.

would be to wash it, support it with some

"What you need?" asked Michali.

tis washed the blood away carefully.

The end of a piece of bone pushed against

"I'm awfully sorry, old man, but I've got

"All right, my friend," replied Michali,

"No, only a minute. Here, lie on your

the sides of the lounge and hang on tight.

teeth filled. Now, tell this old man to take

not to commence pulling till I say 'now.'

You'd better explain-your Greek is some

"This can't be wrong," he reflected.

Looking at the old man, he nodded.

the skin from beneath and made a sharp

o hurt you-like the devil, I'm afraid."

shouted Curtis.

"Killed?" he asked in Greek.

all commenced talking at once.

"I don't understand,"

too-willing talkers.

not groan.

up into stripe.

pertuberance.

'only do not be long."

better than mine.'

"Perfectly."

Michali explained.

"Does he understand?"

fragment of bone into place.

thanks; I understand."

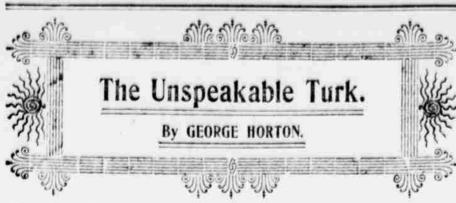
Silence! Killed? Killed?"

God! O God!"

"I believe it's better," he sollloquized, and the babe to her breast she kissed it tenderly

the child.

"Killed?"



(Copyrighted, 1909, by George Horton.) Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

John Curtts, a young American, who changes to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war, joins a fillbustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but curtis, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native of train, reach the sisiand safely. They arrive at a village and sire cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, the pricat's daughter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town.

In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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CHAPTER VIL

The peaceful village was transformed, as It were, in the twinkling of an eye, into a scene of tumult. An invisible thunder cloud seemed hovering in the cleary sky. The frightened little children and the timid women, running about the streets, reminded Curtis of the sudden matherward flurry of chickens at the shadow of the swooping hawk. He was left alone in the deserted inn. He dragged a bench to the open door and sat down. Those rapid preparations for defense were going on which suggest themselves instinctively to people bred and seared in a land of strife. Despite the sinking of the "Holy Mary" and her precious cargo, guns and ammunition existed. A group of sturd; mountaineers soon collect d on the square, wearing well-filled cartridge belia and currying gras rifles. The throng grow and every new arrival was greeted affer tionately by his first name, "Bravo, Kur Yanne," or "Bravo, Kur' George." The demarch formed the nucleus of the group the red maris under his eyes blushing like

new cut slashes. A rapid jingling of bells, as of animals running, was heard, and a sentinel goat appeared on the edge of a distant rock. He cast an agitated glance back over his withers and slid down, his four boofs together, his back humped into a semicircle, his bucoin beard thrust outward. Others appeared and alld over, as though borne on the crest of a Then two tall shepherds were sketched for an instant on a background of mountains and sky, swinging their crooke i staves. But they, too, were caught by the imaginary torrent and swept into the town. Boys were dispatched into the surrounding hills, and within an hour the streets were filled with bleating flocks. The group of armed men grew to fifty. Lindbehm and Michali had both been provided with guns. The Swede had been induced to could be effectively done. discard the straw hat as too conspicuous a

and yet knew that he was not.

a proud smile on her face and her eyes were and boys were to act as carriers. riors, after which he presented the sacred of Alikiano. symbol to the lips of each in turn. Lindbohm strode over to Panayota and, pulling low, with his hand upon his heart.

"Before they get you," he said, "they must yust take us all." Curtis shouted "That's right!" and was not aware of the fact until the little army turned and looked at him inquiringly.

"I'll make a fool of myself here yet," he said, sinking back onto the bench. "Michali translated Lindbohm's speech and a great shout of "Bravo! bravo!" went

Lindbohm was in his element.

There was," he understood, "no other

way for the enemy to get in from the land side except through the pass. They might approach with difficulty '-- "e seashore, but there was only o. could land. Men were

a smoke by day or a fire b, n. bitton warn the villagers. Very good. Fifty men might defend this pass against 250, but they must lose no men and must make every shot count. How much ammunition had

"Not much. Only their belts full, and possibly as much again, curses on the Eng-

"Very well. We must use it the more carefully. We must not get excited. Kostakes effendi cannot possibly reach the ravine before nightfall-can he get through "No," replied the demarch. "Impossible."

Panayota spoke. She said only two words and she said them quietly, though distinctly, but they fell like a thunderclap. "Peter Ampates!"

This was the name of the cowardly shepherd whom Lindbohm had driven from the "Is there any way to build fires so as to

light up narrow places in the ravine?" There were two or three such places where bonfires could be located that would make the pass as light as day. People standing behad the rocks in positions of comparative safety could feed the flames by

tossing wood into them. "Send out the boys and girls, then, to prepare these fires and to pile up brishwood erough behind the rocks to keep them burning all night," commanded the Swede

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"Build one fire at the mouth of the pass-" but here he was interrupted by a chorus of muttered.

The Sphaklotes often got the Turks into blowing her hair straight out from her forecarrow deflies and rolled stones down upon head, and he could only see her mouth and



man.

After he had finished eating he tried his

By Jove! I wonder if that old block-

head thought I was making for something to

eat? I said those sentences perfectly right.

Panayota would have understood me in a

minute. Why, she and I get along all right

together in Greek. But, then I mustn't

judge the rest of these people by her. She's

He wound up his watch at 10 o'clock and

"There's going to be no fight tonight," he

He fell asleep and dreamed of Pauayota,

gigantic in size, standing on a cliff by a

wan, heaving sea. She was hurling jagged

pieces of rocks down at a line of ant-like

Turks, crawling far below. The wind was

"And, at any rate, it wouldn't

s bright as a steel trap, that girl is,"

endure the pain no longer.

lay down upon the divan.

then cried, inconsequentially;

THE PRIEST CAME DOWN, LEADING PANAYOTA BY THE HAND AND CARRY-ING A CROSS.

am lame, if I could only get into position. of an effective commissariat. The mayor's away. Pshaw! What's the matter with me? This brother, too old a man to fight, was inisn't my fight. I'm a noncombatant, I am." structed to superintend the sending of food The priest came down, leading Panayota twice a day, in case the siege should be proby the hand and carrying a cross. The girl tracted, and above all, water, which could was white, even to the lips, but there was not be found up among the rocks. Women that moment,

shining. She were a short Cretan-knife in A messenger was sent to Korakes, an inher belt. Papas-Malecko held aloft the surgent chief, who, with 300 men, had es- him!" cross and solemnly blessed the waiting war- tablished his headquarters near the village

"We might be able to hold out for week," said Lindbohm to Curtis, "and Kothe handkerchief from his head, bowed rakes will surely come to our aid. At any rate, we must yust take our chances."

> CHAPTER VIII. Curtis was left alone in the pricat's house.

Papas-Malecko had gone up the ravine. "If one of my boys were wounded," h

said, "and I were not there to comfort him, God might forgive me, but I should never forgive myself." The day passed very peacefully, Curtis

sat in the door of the parsonage, with his bandaged foot upon a stool. The children. usually so noisy in the streets, were quiet and the gossips were either gone or were talking in whispers. A woman sat in doorway opposite holding her babe, that squealed and shouted with delight at the familiarity of a pet kid. The mother smiled sadly and then clasped the child to her bosom, smothering it with affection. Th sudden purple twilight of the orient fell and a light breeze flew up from the sea, beating the blossoms from the cherry and pear trees and scattering their faint. delicious perfume. The purple changed to black and the nightingales began to sing The flocks had gone to sleep. The antiphonous bleating and the jangle of the bells were swallowed up in the darkness that was silence, save where now and then a little lamb cried softly to its mother across the meadows of dreamland or a bell tinkled musically. There was a purring of many waters. "By Jove, war's a queer thing," mused

Curtis. "It's hate and lust and bigotry. It's a big fiendish lie, and all the time a thousand voices are preaching truth and love. Here am I, sitting among the night ingales, the cherry blossoms and the dreaming sheep, and a mile from here all the men of the vicinity are trying to cut each other's throats. And I suppose I'd be with 'em if it wasn't for this blamed foot. These Cre tans are plucky fellows. By George, I glory in their sand! Had they been a lot of cowardly fellows they would have given up the could hold a gun! Why, she's a natural a gun; I'm old enough to shoot." queen! She'd grace any man's fireside, she cient herolnes! Why, here's the Trojan war aren't shy on men and women these days; heard in the distance; we're shy on Homers. And that girl, that Panayota, she's as pure as snow. She'd herself to fall into the hands of the Turks. pale faces. By Jove! Whatever else the boys do, I hope they'll pink that Kostakes effendithe d-d scoundrel! I'd like to pot him mywoman like that!"

As the time were on Curtis found himself for the sound of distant shots. He wondered if the Turks would attack that night and if he could hear the shots if they did. He went to the door and called to an old man who was talking in a low tone, but excitedly, to the woman across the way. The babe had been put to bed. They both came running and he asked them, framing twenty or more surrounded the poor boy. his sentence with much care;

"Has the fighting begun? Can the guns be heard from here?" They replied in concert, volubly and at great length. Then they held a consulta-

ion with each other and withdrew. "That's the trouble with a foreign tongue, nused Curtis. "You can talk to them all right, but they talk so fast that you can't the earth were slipping from beneath her understand what they say to you. said it perfectly right," and he repeated the fell limply to the ground. Then, while sentence again.

After about half an hour the old man re- rubbed her hands, the boy talked rapidly, turned, bringing some bread, cheese, halva shrilly, flinging his arms about with loose and a glass of dark wine. Curtis repeated elbowed gestures. The woman opened her the Greek word for "thank you" half a dozen eyes and two of the man helped her to her times and then fell upon the food vora feet. She tottered for a moment, disheveling clously. "The more I see of these people, her hair with despairing hands and whisperthe better I like them," he muttered, ing hearsely;

cipitous places in the gorge where this the other holding a very young babe in her arms, were crossing themselves hysterically "Capital idea;" assented Lindbehm. "Let and calling on the name of the virgin. An mark, and to bind a dark handkerchief about some more women go to those places and old man of 80, whom Curtis had frequently his head. Curtis felt himself one of them, pile up heaps of the biggest stones they can seen, bent nearly double and walking with carry." Lindbohm suggested that the men, a cane, now stood erect, fingering the trig-"If I had a gun, I might get up there who now numbered sixty, should take their get of a rifle. A strippling of 12 was shakamong the rocks and do something." he places near the mouth of the defile. In a ing his fist toward a red eye of flame that muttered. "I can shoot just as well if I few brief words he also laid the foundation glowed among the rocks, high up and far

CHAPTER IX.

any rate, there's nothing else to do.

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" gurgled Michall, as though the words were being pulled from his throat with a hook. There was so much agony in them, they meant so much more That was one of Lindbohm's confires, sure than the screams of a weaker person would enough. Perhaps a battle was going on at have meant that the amateur surgeon felt sick at his stomach and it cost him a tre-"Mother of God, save my man!" cried the mendous effort to see through a sort of woman with the baby; "Save him, save blindness that settled like a cloud before his eyes. But the two ends of the bon



STRIDING TO THE WOUNDED SHEPHE ED, HE SNATCHED THE GUN FROM HIS HAND

"Mother of God, save my boy, my cypress came together and he resolutely pushed the tree, my Petro!" grouned the old man. "Curse the Turks! May their fathers girl-but they wouldn't have got her while roast in h-I'" shricked the lad. "Give me Michali. Great dreps of sweat were stand-

For three hours they stood watching the would. What beautiful eyes she has! What | fire, as though they could actually see what | mouth! What a carriage, and spirit, too! was going on there. At times they stood Talk about your ancient epics and your an- silent for many minutes together, listening. listening for the sound of guns; but they right over again, or the spirit of it. We could hear nothing. At last a shout was

"Oo-hoo!" "What is it? What is it?" the watchers himself alone with his patient, shut and knife herself in a minute before she'd allow asked, hearsely, looking at each other with locked the door.

Again "Oo-hoo! Oo-hoo!" nearer. At last footsteps were heard, as of one running and stumbling among loose rocks. self. I wonder if the boys can shoot any? and at length little Spiro Kaphtakes The idea of a Turk casting his eyes on a staggered up to the group and stood panting efore them. His trousers were torn and blood was flowing from his legs. The women leaning forward in the darkness, listening and the old man stared at him open-mouthed

> "What is it? What news?" "Is my Petro safe?"

"How goes it with my Yanne?" Others ran up out of dark alleys and from the doorways of distant houses and soon gesticulating, screaming. They could not walt for him to get his breath. His tongue felled out like that of a Chinese idol and he swallowed the air instead of breathing rolling his eyes about helplessly the while At length, with a supreme effort, he gasped

"Yanne!" The woman with the babe reeled as though feet. A neighbor caught the child and she friends dashed water upon her face and

splinter into place. Still holding the leg tightly, he looked at ing on the Cretan's face and his underlip was bleeding, but he smiled bravely.

"All over," said Curtis. "Now for the sticks and the strips." Fortunately for the success of the operation the boy who had led the mule was outside, giving an account of the progress of the battle. He proved a greater attraction even than the broken leg. Curtis, finding

"Does it hurt you very much, old man?" he asked. "I suppose the proper thing now would be to give you something to put you to sleep. Don't you think you could sleep a little while anyway?"

"No. no. I cannot sleep. It hurts me some, but not much-not too much." semi-darkness of the room, listening to the

then turned her eyes away. A neighbor took "how is it going? What are they doing up there?" "Come!" said the mother, and she ran lightly up the ravine, followed by the boy, o'clock-but how can I tell you, since you The babe bleated "Mama! Mama!" like a frightened lamb, but the woman did not look

He glanced at the drawn face of Michali,

which had a ghastly bue in the wan light.

"He's a plucky beggar," thought Curtis.

"I wonder if it would do him any harm to talk? I say, Michali," he asked aloud,

"They tried to come through about 11 do not the ravine know? It begins wide on the other side-a deep, steep valley, with many pine trees and paths along the sides. doorway, Curils seized a woman by the arm. Near the top of the mountain the ravine becomes narrow, between walls of rock, what you call it !- perpendicular. If the Turk ever gets over the summit we are lost. Very well-that devil Ampates! Lindbohm should have killed him!"

"Why, what did he do?" "Without him the Turk never could have found the best path. Well, we have men musket, raising his right hand in a comon all the paths with dogs-good dogs, hear manding gesture above the heads of the half a mile, bark-oh, like the devii! stay high up, most of us, where ravine is narrow, so not to scatter out too much. We hide behind the rocks on both sides the ravine, on the other side the mountain. We listen and listen, oh, how we listen! Nothing. The wind in the pine trees. For hours

listen. My ears get very wide awake. I think I hear the wind among the stars. Then, all at once, we sit up very straight, bolding our guns ready. 'Boo! boo! woo!' It is old Spiro's dog down below. We sit | very still. Perhaps the dog make a misat his under lip with his teeth, but he did take. Perhaps he bark at the moon. But no. 'Bang!' goes old Spiro's gun. Then we O know. That was the signal-Ah, mother of

smiling at Curtis, and then be fainted away. God! Curtis cut the trousers from the wounded No Greek can talk without violent gestiou-A ball had struck the shinn, low down. lations, that frequently bring all the mu-cles "It's not badly splintered, old man," said of his body into play. Michali forgot the the American, as Michali opened his eyes leg in his excitement, and gave a little jump "I don't know anything about that wrenched it slightly. surgery, but I should think the proper thing

"Never mind, old man, Don't talk any more-you'd better He oulst." said Curtis. You drove 'em back, did you?"

splints and bind it up tight. Shall I try "Twenty men went down to the mouth of the pass. We stayed back the narrow part "Some warm water, two or three straight to guard, high up, behind the rocks. Pretty sticks and a piece of cloth that I can tear con they commence shooting and yelling It was moonlight there, you see, but dark The wounded man called for the necessary like-like-" articles and they were soon brought. Cur-

"Like a pocket," suggested Curtis. "Like a pocket in the ravine, where we were. They keep shooting-biff, bang, biff, bang-then all at once-r-r-r-r! more than a hundred guns at once. 'That's the Turks,' said Lindbohm. 'By damn' they must not get through. Michall, twenty men must 9 come down with me; twenty stay here." pick out twenty, and down we go, and bide. 9 back. That's right. Now, take hold of Then the women light the fire, whoof! the O light jumps up and slashes open the ravine. That'll help you. I know it from having There they come, there come the Turks, O running, running. The boys keep shooting hold of your ankle so, with both hands, and from above, ping! ping! but they not hit O pull, slowly, carefully, till I say 'stop,' and much, straight down so. One, two, three drop, but the rest keep coming. We lay our rifles across the rocks and take aim. Lindbohm, he keep saying, very low, 'Not

> yet, not yet, steady boys, steady-"Steady, boys, steady!" cried Curtis, "that's old Lindbohm-yes, yes?"

"My God! I think the Turks get right Curtis put his hand about the broken shin in such a way that he could push the on top of us, when 'bang!' Lindbohm shoot right by my ear and blow a hole through a Turk. Then we all shoot, shoot, shoot, but every time one Turk die, two new one: come around the corner. And I think they get through, but the women pry off big piece of rock, O, most as big as this house, and it kill two Turks. Then the Turks turn and run-

"Hurrah!" sobbed Curtis. "Hurrah!" echoed Michali. "We killed thirty-four d-d Turks!"

"How many men did you lose?" asked Curtis. 'One, shoot through the head. He high up and fall down into the ravine. Turks laugh very loud. Another here, through

the stomach. He die pretty soon-he with us. His name Yanne. And me. I get this little wound in the leg. How they hit my leg I don't know." As they were talking the church bell be-

CHAPTER XI.

"Hello! What's that for?" asked Curtis. Michali shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he replied.

Curtis hopped to the door, unlocked it and looked out. The church stood across the road on the top of a big, flat rock. Though small, it boasted a Byzantine dome. The bell hung in a frame erected over the porch and the rope was tied about a wooden pillar, to prevent its being blown out of reach by the wind.

"Why, it's Papas-Malecko himself," cried the American.

The priest gave the rope two or three more decisive jerks and then, leaving the end dangling, started for the house. His stately black robe was rent down the front and the wind blew the pieces out behind, exposing his volumninous Cretan breeches and his yellow boots. His long hair had writhed loose from its fastenings and had fallen down his back. It was beautiful and reminded Curtis of Panayota. His tall hat was battered at the side, so that the roof looked as though it were slipping off. He spoke a few words to Michali and then, opening the trunk studded with brass nails, took out and donned his sacerdotal vestments, a sleeveless cloak with a cross is the middle of the back and a richly embroidered stole. Running his fingers through his long, glossy hair and shaking it out as a lion shakes his mane, he strode back to the little church, into which the people were already excitedly pouring. "It look had," said Michali; "he is about

to ask for God's help." "I'm going across," said Curtis, "Can you walk so far?" asked Michali. "Oh, yes, with this crutch I can get over

there all right." Though the church was crowded, there was absolute, solemn silence. These simple dome above, peered dimly down upon the sgain, the sublime words, "Ein feste Burg the girls all jumped off, laughing. All worshippers. The windows were narrow, ist unser Gott!" but enough sunlight straggled in to give a shostly look to the candles, lighted here and Curtis sat quietly for some time in the there. Papas-Malecko's voice was musical and tender. He commenced chanting in a flock, one by one. Down the siste he passes, ently, distinctly, firmly, like the voice of



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

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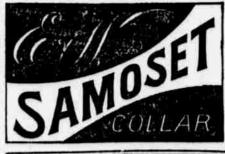
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people believed that they were in the very of the litany gradually took possession of There stood a tall shepherd with a rifle in presence of Ged. Kindly hands seized Cur- his soul, the melodious, full-voweled Greek his hand. His face was blackened with tis and assisted him into one of the high-syllables rolled more and more confidently powder and he seemed covered with blood. backed, narrow seats ranged along the walls. from his tongue. The poor frightened moth-Two tall candles threw a flickering light on ers and children of his flock raised their dozen voices. a crude St. George and the dragon, of mam- faces and sniffed the wholesome incense that moth size, painted on the screen. Every new pervaded the building. The spirit of new comer kissed the face of a florid virgin the scene carried Curtis away. He was that looked up out of a gaudy frame, awed and mysteriously refreshed, as one and strong like a trumpet: reposing on the slanting top of a tall stand who, in a noisome cavern, feels the cool, near the door. Numerous elkons in gilded aweet air blowing upon him from the darkframes hung about the wall, and a silent ness. He found himself beating the arm of throng of forgotten saints, painted on the his seat and chanting inaudibly, again and on top of the hill, where the girls were, but

> "Ab. yes, God will protect ua! He is our very present help in time of trouble." And now, Papas-Malecko is blessing his speaking words of comfort.

> "Courage, courage, my children," he says; when God is with us, who can be against us? Christ is fighting for us and the holy virgin and all the saints. Couarge, cour-

They seized his hand and kissed it Women sobbed in an exaltation of faith. Mothers pressed the cross to the lips and foreheads of their wondering babes. "The virgin is our helper," they said.

"Christ and the virgin be with you," reponded the priest. So he stood, his left hand lifted in blessing, his right extending the cross; stately in his flowing robes, calm in the dignity of his exalted message.

"Have courage, my children," he repeated, smiling benignly. "It came to me there in the mountains, like a voice from 'Ye are Christians; why do ye not call upon the God of hosts?" " "Papas-Malecko!"

In an instant the whole congregation had turned and were looking toward the door.

"What is it? What is it?" shricked a

"There is a terrible fight going on. Loukas and Spiro are killed-The words of the priest rang out clear "Our God is a very present help-courage,

my children! "My left arm is broken. The Turks got killed, Paraskeve, Elene, Maria-'

The speaker's voice was drowned in a pandemonium of shricks and sobs. But again the priest was heard, rever-

Christ calming the waters.

"They are with Christ in paradise. Still say unto you, courage. Since God is with us, who shall stand against us?" "Panayota was with them, but her dress

caught in a thorn bush and before she could tear herself loose they had her." Every eye in the church was riveted upon the priest. The cross rattled to the floor and his arm dropped to his side. His lips

in the large, brown eyes. "Panayota! Panayota!" he called hoarsely. His voice sounded far away now. Suddenly he tore off his sacred vestments and flung them in a heap on the floor. Striding to the wounded shepherd, he snatched the gun from his hand. Looking from the window, Curtis saw him running toward the hills, his long woman's hair

were white and there was a terrible look

streaming on the wind. The flock poured out after him and the American was sitting in the deserted house of God, gazing at a pile of sacred robes and muttering stupidly: "Panayota! Panayota!"

(To be Continued.)