

Synonsis of Preceding Chapters. (Copyright, 1960, by George Horton.)
John Curtis, a young American, who hances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war, joins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is recked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lleuisnant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortung, and a hative Cretan, Michall, reach the tsland ifely. They arrive at a village and are red for by the inhabitants. Curtis has jured his foot on a sea urchin. He is ursed by Panayota, the priest's daughter, if a few days word comes of the advance the Turks under Kostakes toward the wn. The Cretans gather in the pass, the en fighting and the women and girls beeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are illed, but Michall is badly wounded and I mayota is captured by Kostakes. (Copyright, 1900, by George Horton.)

CHAPTER XII.

"Hark!" said Curtis, who was sitting in I didn't hear anything," replied Michali. I did. I believe it was a gun. It was a faint throb in the air. There it goes un. There they go!"

No mistake was possible this time. "They're coming through," said Michall, ing upon his elbow. "The Turks will be re pretty quick, now, I think."

cried Curtis, "there comes the march. There he goes into that house. ow he comes out-there he goes into ancher-what's up, I wonder? Here he

Kur' Nikolaki looked in at the door. His face was flabby with fatigue and his under is had dropped perceptibly, enlarging the 1rd pits beneath his eyes into semicircles. What is it? What is it?" asked Curtis, ho had not clearly understood the few tried words addressed by the demarch to

They're nearly out of cartridges. They c n't hold the pass over an hour longer. They're going to send the flocks and the men and children down to the sea. The age owns a lot of calques there. Then the men will retreat last, fighting, shooting

all the time." But what are you quarrelling about?" O, nothing. Nothing at all."

It did not take the Ambellakians long to ps k up. The most treasured belongings thrown into blankets, which rel'ed into boulas or bundles, and then away for the ravine and the sea!

mother dashed by the house with a bate under her left arm and a bundle over right shoulder. Another dragged two fri htened children along the stony street, clusching tight a tiny wrist with each hand. An aged couple doddered by, the man with feel e and palsied hand striving to support soman, who clung to a frame containing two bridal wreaths. From amid the l orange blossoms smiled the unaled eyes of a shy mountain girl and a etout palikari-man's work lasts so much than man himself-and these bridal wre: hs are saved for a lifetime in Crete. Ti - confusion grew to frenzy. A parrot-

like chatter and screaming of women filled the air. A florid housewife stumbled and sed down the street, carrying a pair of long 'andled coffee stew pans. She did not know what they were, but had seized them three h force of habit. Another hore a chean chromo, representing skin-clad hunters I custing spears into a number of colossal polar bears. She fell and jabbed her knee through the picture, but picked up the frame and ran on with that. Scrips, or bags of pi d and brightly-colored wool, of which two or more are to be found in every Cretan peasant's house, were hanging from the arms

and shoulders of many of the fugitives. The demarch came in again, accompanied by Lindbohm and a stalwart mountaineer. The Swede had a gun in his left hand. In the prime of his powder-blackened face his eyes looked unnaturally blue. But they were no longer childlike. It was rather the blue of an angry sea.

"Panayota's taken," he said to Curtis.

"There's nothing to be done now except to rally the men and rescue her." Swede did not talk like a man in despair. He seemed, on the contrary, exalted by a 'We will get together and fall upon Kos-

takes like a thunderbolt. We'll not let him go far. And if he harms a hair of her He doubled his ponderous flet and shook it. Then he whirled about briskly and gazed at Michali.

"We take you somehow," he said. "We'll be as careful as we can. They'll kill you if "I not go," replied Michali. "I have said

It to the demarch. Take two strong men to carry me. They better be fighting. Leave a gun with me. When they find me I kill two, three Turks. Ha! ha! ha! By God, I surprice them! So I die!" 'Come, no more of this d-d footishness,'

said Lindbohm. "I take him on my back, and the shepherd here take you," turning to But Curtis had been thinking very fast

and the bright image of his beautiful and hight-spirited hostess in the hands of the Turks had sharpened his wite to an extraordinary degree.

"Lock here, Lindbohm," he said, speaking very rapidly, "I'll stay here and look out for Panayota. They won't kill me, I'm a pencombatant, and the Turks won't be so apt to abuse the girl when there's a forelgaer among them. Help me to the wine I'll hide there till the right moment - and then I'll give myself up."

Lindbohm saluted. 'I would not have asked it." he said, "but It is the brave thing to do. Ah, tell the

A Most Remarkable Remedy That Quickly Restores Lost Vigor to Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail To All Who Write.

Free trial package of a most remarkable the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emactation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It curss all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 300 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., s'ating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of emporrasment or publicity. Readers are Fauested in write without delay. against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has de

That's the safest thing." The firing had ceased entirely for several minutes. Now rapid footsteps were heard. Looking toward the door Curtis saw a Cretan shepherd fling by. He was running low to the ground, carrying his gun horizontally like a man hunting-or being hunted. Another and another passed.

officer you're a newspaper correspondent

"We have five minutes now," said Lindbohm, holding out his arms to Michall. They have given up the pass. Come! Must take you or will you come on my back?" "I come," replied Michali, "to the wine cave."

Lindbohm kneeled by the divan and Michall put his arms about his neck. The Swede arose, wrenching from the Cretan's throat a groan that ended in a low, sharp

"O-h-h-ah-h!" Lindbohm strode from the door, followed by the demarch and the shepherd, the last mentioned carrying Curtis. Pive or six shots, followed by a numerous

and persistent fusillade, were heard. "Now I think they come through," muttered Lindbohm, breaking into a run. Michall was breathing in tremulous, faint groans between his set teeth. Then he mercifully fainted, and remained unconscious

until the Swede, panting with exertion bounded through the arbor into the dim The demarch ran to his wine barrefs, and pulling an empty on around parallel with the wall, smashed in its end with butt of a musket, using the weapon as though it were a battering ram. Michali was shoved in the barrel as tenderly as possible and the broken pieces were laid in beside him. Then they

open end against the wall. "And you?" said Lindbohm, turning to Curtis, who was sitting upon the table where the shepherd had dropped him.

pushed the tun back into place, with the

"Save yourselves!" cried the American, pointing to the door. A shepherd, standing behind the plantain tree, was aiming at something above him. He fired, and, jerking the empty shell from his smoking piece, releaded. Three Cretans darted to the rear

behind the tree started after them, but he did not have confidence in him. stopped at a crash of musketry and dropped his gun with a ching! among the rocks. His legs broke at the knees as though some give himself up. If he thought it were safe. have not the honor of knowing your name. one had playfully jabbed them from behind. As he instinctively threw forward his arms ask him to leave me the cafe as a shelter. wrist, like penguin's wings. He was dead before his body reached the ground.

of a cat, was followed by a humming sound, priest, who was sitting on the floor, sup- dier.

"I must see what they are doing," he said

It's a good fight! It's a good fight!" He slid around the smooth, cool crock and leaned out from his hiding place. He could see nothing but a strip of the open door and a huge vine, sturdy as the trunk He jumped back just in time to save himself. The cafe w s poured full of Turks, bringing Panavota and her father. An officer, young, slender and very hand some, dropped into a chair and laid his unsheathed sword before him on a table. The soldiers fell respectfully back, leaving the girl and the priest standing facing the officer. Ampates slunk in the background with Panayota's Cretan knife in his hand It was he who had led the way to the

women, by a round-about path.

A long conversation ensued, in which Kostakes effendi spoke with insinuating sweetness, smiling continually and occasion ally twirling the ends of his small, dark moustache. His intentions with reference to Panayota were honorable, he said. The priest began in a pleading tone and ended with a fiery denunciation. Once or twice a soldier stepped threateningly toward him, but Kostakes waved the would-be murderer back with a slight gesture or al most imperceptible movement of the head. Panayota was magnificent. She seemed at no moment to have any doubt of herself. She stood erect, pale, calm, contemptuous, until near the end of the interview when, with an incredibly quick movement, she snatched the sword from the table and, turning the hilt toward her father, threw back her head and closed her eyes. The officer with a loud cry sprang to his feet, tipping over the table, and a soldier knocked the weapon harmlessly into the air. All the Turks in the room leaped upon Papas-Malecko, who fought like a cornered cat, wounding one, two, three of his assailants. The Turks did not dare shoot for fear of killing their officer and the girl. Curtis from his hiding place, crying hoarsely

in English: "Panayota! For God's sake! For God's sake! Panayota!" and then: "Don't shopt! Don't short! You'll kill Panayota!"

But it was no part of Kostakes effendi's plan to kill Panayota's father in her presence, as will be seen hereafter. A Turk, cooler than the rest, reaching over the heads of his comrades, dropped the butt of a rifle on the brave man's skull and he sank to the ground. Panayota fell on her knees beside him, fumbling in his hair and sobbing, "Papa! Papa!"

The heart has a little vocabulary of its own, which it has spoken from the beginning of the world, the same for all peoples, unchanged in the confusion of tongues. Curtis was not noticed in the tumult until he had forced his way into the officer's very presence, where he stood, shaking his first and shouting, still in his own tongue:

"This is a d-d shame! Do you hear me? A d-d shame! You're a scurvy blackmedy are being mailed to all whoswrite guard to treat a girl in that way. If I had you alone about five minutes I'd show you what I think of you!"

Two or three soldiers sprang forward and a petty officer half drew his sword, but Kostakes, astonished at hearing a language which he did not understand, but which he surmised to be either German or English mottoned them back.

"Qui etes vous, monsieur, et que faites vous ici?" he asked in the French which he had learned at the High school at Canea. "Je suis Americain, correspondent du-du -New York Age," replied Curtis,

"Ah, charme! charme! Comment dites vous en Anglais? Welcome. Je suis Kostakes effendi, capitaine de cavalrie, a votre

CHAPTER XIII.

Curtis did not find it so easy to express his feelings in French to this smiling officer with the straight, large nose, dazzling white teeth and cordial manner, who wore an how red and velvety they were. inverted red flower pot for a hat. French is no language for a self-respecting man to swear in, anyway. Besides, one doesn't

stone in Ollendorf. All Curtis could think tured. of was "lache," "sacre bled" and "caramba." The first did not seem appropriate. the second lost its force by translating itself | Panayota. in his mind into English, and he wasn't | The priest put his hand on his daughter's certain whether the last was French, Span-shoulder and shuffled to his feet. He stag-leh or Italian, so he asked: gered a little and caught his head in his "Is this lady a prisoner of war?" And hands.

Kostakes answered: "Monsieur is as gallant as he is brave. give you my word of honor that neither the lady nor her father shall come to any that's all." harm. Is that sufficient?"

It had to be, so Curtis, being anything but s fool, replied: "A gentleman's word of honor is always

sufficient. "And now," continued Kostakes, "being a on-combatant, you are at perfect liberty to his right. assure you, charmed to have your society." "How long will you stay here?"

"About an hour. Just long enough to sollect any spoils of war and burn the town."



"I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. DO YOU SEE THAT? VOILA! IF YOU DO

consists in doing your enemy as much harm as possible."

Besides, Michali could understand French. "I would stay here," thought Curtis, "and

of a cat, was followed by a humming sound, as a bullet, slightly flattened by the sand. ported by the kneeling Panayota, covered as a bullet, slightly flattened by the sand. his eyes with his hands and shuddered with desolation which had been accomplished in vrenched loose from the grip of the despaircafe and tossed it through the open door. Then he dragged out a long bench, that scraped and spluttered on the floor of hardbeaten earth. Two others braced themselves between the wall and the oil crock. An inspiration flashed through Curtis' mind "Stop! stop!" he shouted. "It is full of

il-the lady on the floor. "Mais / certainment," cried Kostakes, and he sent the soldiers from the room. "The same argument will apply to the

wine barrels," reflected Curtis. "The would have been at them in a minute more." "Does monsieur elect to stay with us or with the Greeks?" naked the captain. "We must leave here immediately, before the Greeks return with reinforcement and seize the ravine."

"If I might be permitted to go with you! But I am lame; I have hurt my foot." "I regret greatly to hear it. Not seriously,

"No, I stepped on a-a thorn;" he did not know the French word for sea urchin. "I will give a horse-my own, if necessary. I shall be charmed, charmed. And now, perhaps you will excuse me one moment while I marshal the force? Perhaps. also, you will look at the priest's head. regret that our surgeon was killed in the

Rising, he said a few words in Greek to Panayota, bending deferentially with his His tones were musical hand on his heart. and earnest and Curtis understood him almost perfectly. He spoke high Greek very distinctly. He expressed regret for Papas-Malecko's hurt, and assured the girl of his

"You are the cause of all this ruin, fair, creature," he murmured earnestly. love for you brought me here. Have no reminded Curtis of men whose eyes had The smoke from a score of fires tumbled You shall be treated like a queen. Not a hair of your head nor of your father's shall be harmed. All I ask is a little love in return.

She made no reply. She did not even look up. Curtis felt a great spasm of rage contract his heart and a queer sickness swoop down upon him. He wanted to kill Kostakes, he did not know exactly why. The man certainly had a right to love the girl; it is any man's inslienable right, established from the beginning of the world. to love any girl; and the protestations of protection were exactly what Curtis wanted, but somehow they made him sick and mad. In the midst of all this killing, why couldn't was a manly and appealing, albeit extrahe do a little for himself? Then Kostakes bent lower and attempted to lift Panayota's her with horror, and, shrinking back, with double fists, locked at him with such an ague of open-mouthed, staring disgust as no Duse or Bernhardt ever dreamed of. Curtis felt quite friendly toward Kostakes, who bowed solemnly, with hand upon heart, and strode from the room. Two sentinels took their places inside the open door and closed

CHAPTER XIV. Curtis parted the long hair carefully on

Papas-Malecko's head with his fingers and looked for the wound. "I ought to have been a doctor," he said

it with crossed bayonets.

She smiled, a little fleeting smile that was sadder than tears. Her hair, that had been wound into a great coil at the back of across the door, and, breaking, gave up its her head, had slipped partly loose. Even inoffensive, golden contents. as she looked up at Curtis the glossy rope writhed like a living thing and a massive loop dropped down upon her temple. Though her cheeks were pale, her lips were still red-Curtis had never noticed till nov

"Is he badly hurt?" she asked. Papas-Malecko's hair was clotted with blood from the broken skip, but Curtis made

learn a vecabulary suitable to critical occa- absolutely sure that the skull was not frac- pour on their bonfire," remarked Koetakes

"No," he replied, 'It is not broken. "Thank God! Thank God!" cried

"O, papa! papa!" cried the girl, throwing her arms about his neck.

"Nothing broken. Nothing broken," reiterated Curtis. "The blood is from the-" he did not know the word for skin, so he lifted up a little tent on the back of his

"Nothing, nothing at all," said the priest. and cobwebbed rafters and crossed herself. effendi reappeared. Twirling his mustache,

he gazed perplexedly at the group within

NOT LET ME GO. YOU WILL SUFFER FOR IT."

"Certainly, this is war, and war, even | the cafe, but recovered himself in a moment for a nation so highly civilized as Turkey, and advanced smiling. "So his reverence is quite well again! I am glad to see it, very glad. I feared that Curtis glanced uneasily at the row of bar- his skull was fractured. A musket butt is

rels in the cave. Here was a new dilemma. no plaything." Should be give up the brave Cretan and The Turk assisted Curtis to the door and of the cafe, trailing blue ropes of smoke appeal to Kostakes manliness and chivalry? into a cavalry saddle on the back of a refrom the muzzles of their guns. The man He looked at the Turk shrewdly. Somehow spectable looking horse.

"It is the horse of my sous lieutenant." explained Kostakes, "who really prefers to If he were conscious he could call out and walk-Lieutenant Gadben, monsieur-but I "Curtis."

"M. Curtis, American journalist." to save himself from falling his clows But there's Panayota, i mustn't desert her." Half an inch of saber cut disfigured the collapsed and his hands fell limply at his The firing had ceased and the looting had lieutenant's left temple. Curtis wondered Half an inch of saber cut disfigured the begun. Turks darted by the door in the at first glance how far it extended under abandoned glee of destruction, or passed the flower-pot hat. The possessor of the Lindbohm enatched his musket from the more slowly, dragging bedticks, doors, cut was a grizzled man of 50, with a short table and ran from the cafe, followed by pieces of furniture and other inflammable pointed beard and a mustache, into the left the demarch and the shepherd. Curtis articles, which they were casting upon a side of which cigarettes had burned a semi-slipped into a corner behind the huge oil great bonfire in the square. A wave of circular hole. The Turkish troops were crock. The sound of firing continued, but ribald laughter, that started somewhere in drawn up in marching order, dirty, dustno one came into the cafe. Ten minutes, the distance and ran nearer and louder, stained, faded, some of them shoeless, but twenty minutes, passed by. They seemed splashed into the open door. A soldier there was something about every mother's hours to the American. Occasionally he danced in with an elkon of the holy virgin son of them, something in the attitude of heard a sput, sput against the outside of and held it up for the guard to spit upon the bodies and the obedient expectancy of the soft wall. Once a fthat like the hissing it. Then he tossed it into the fire. The the countenances, that suggested the sol-

> as a discontented child smites a playhous ing vines. The benches whereon the gossip of blocks. Everything combustible had shepherds had been wont to sit and sip their been set on fire, and even from the stone coffee bore company in the fire with the houses smoke was pouring. It is wonderful only rocking chair in the village, in which a what a bright and persistent blaze can be very old lady had used to sway to and fro ignited in a seemingly fireproof structure. I should have taken off my hat just the and sing lullables of her forgotten childhood. Doors had been torn from the hinges, same." A soldier seized one of the tables within the windows smashed in, arbors pulled down. The fire in the square filled the nostrils From their elevated position the whole with the familiar odor of burning clive oil. town was visible. The American turned

judicially. The sound of duil blows caused the exptain to bend and look in at the door. "Hey! Hey!" he shouted, and gave an "I told them not to spill the wine, order. but to roll the full barrels close to the fire," he explained to Curtis. "There is sure to be one or two of them filled with brandy, and their loud explosion does more execution than half a dozen axes." "Bah! I'm all right. I was a little dizzy,

Michali's barrel was fourth from this end. "Why the devil wasn't I born with some brains in my head?" groaned Curtis, in-wardly. "Why can't you think of something, blockhead?" He was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to butt his skull against the stone wall of the cafe. He knew that a happy thought would save poor left hand with the finger and thumb of Michall, and he realized also that undue excitement on his part would betray every-The picture of his friend being thing. follow your own wishes. Will you remain "Nothing, nothing at all," said the priest, thing. The picture of his friend being here or go with us. We shall be charmed, Parayota turned her eyes toward the smoky dragged from his hiding place by his broken leg and thrust through with bayonets leaped The steel cross in the door leaped to a before his imagination with the suddenness parallel of presented muskets, and Kostakes of conviction of a revelation by lightning

"Monsieur," he said, "I beg grace for the cafe. Stop the soldiers one moment and I will explain. Kostakes called to the four vandals and

they desisted. "I beg of you," he said inquiringly to Curtis, "but pray be brief." "I am the correspondent of the New York Age. I am neither Greek nor Turk, I as-sure you. I wish to write glowing accounts of your heroism-and your magnanimity. I

poem about it. It begins thus:" "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold."

have a sentiment connected with the cafe.

It is so beautiful. I have written a little

Curtis beat off the waltz time of the meter with great energy. "It sounds very beautiful. What a pity that I do not understand English! monsier's sentiment shall be respected. He shall write for his paper that Kostakes effendi is only a magnanimous soldier, but a patron

of letters." The four vandals took their places again in the ranks, Kostakes, waving his sword thestrically, gave the order to march, and they were off up the rocky, winding streets, with the little army pattering behind. As they passed the parsonage Curtis noticed that it was in ruins, but the festal wreath of yesterday hung brave and bright above the blackened door.

CHAPTER XV.

The priest strode by his daughter's side. his hand still lying upon hers. As the cavalcade started he shuddered, and, looking at Panayota, sobbed: "O, my daughter, my daughter! Would

to God you were in your grave beside your mother! She put out her white arm and laid it around his neck. "I am my mother's child," she replied,

plously. "I shall find death somehow sconer than dishonor." An occasional corpse lay in their path. Curtis observed with pleasure that wooden flower pots were beside two of the bodies. but a wave of indignation and pity passed over him as his borse shied from a corpulent body, bent horribly over a sharp-backed bone of rock. The head lolled downward and the pupils of the eyes were rolled upward out of sight. There were two red pits beneath the eyes, that made the whites look doubly ghastly.

Curtis lifted his hat. 'Why do you do that?" asked the captain. "Because he died like a brave man," replied the American, shuddering as he thought of the jolly and hospitable demarch, who, like a heroic captain of a sinking ship. had remained at his post of duty until es-

sang in through the open door.

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It did not occur to him that the these things is a short that the things is a short that the things is a short that the th thus, he foresaw, could be hope to be of any help to Panayota.

"He stayed behind to fight, when he might have escaped. Had he been a Turk,

They were about to enter the ravine.

heavenward until, commingling, it formed

a somber roof above the town, supported

by trembling and bending pillars. There

the "Holy Mary" had been sunk. The little.

stream, whose course they had followed to

the ill-fated town, looked no larger than a

silver thread. There was the square, end-

through his mind during the brief moment

feminine caresses that cry "courage" when

even God himself seems to fail. She was

Christian powers of Europe, defending the

Curtis gave such a violent start that he

nearly fell out of his saddle. Great heav-

ens, was not that the cafe on fire? The

and friend, Michali, the brave, the boytsh,

"Monsieur!" he cried, "the cafe! It is

the noble-minded?

burning!

Christian, the father a Christian priest,



SHE THREW HIS ARM FROM HER WITH HORROR

"My The houses with their denuded window holes in his saddle and cast a glance backward. been ruthlessly gouged out.

Lieutenant Gadben brought the hilt of his sword to his forehead and said something to the captain in Turkish. The latter glanced at his little army and Curtis tollowed his eye. The men involuntarily straightened up, stiff as posts.

Turning in his saddle Curtis cast a furtive glance at Panayota. She was sitting on a seen Panayota with the water jug upon her mule, looking sadly to earth. One white shoulder. It had been but a short time hand rested caressingly on the wrist of her father, who stood by, holding to the pommel of her high pack-saddle. She had tied a handkerchief about his wound. He days, and yet their whole history flashed ordinary figure, as he stood there erect, his dark eyes flashing scorn and deflance. His of this parting glance. There was the girl, beautiful, desolate, defiant, pure as snow; her hand rested on the shoulder of her hands to his lips. She threw his arm from billowy, spade-shaped beard covered his entire breast. He wore no coat and the enormous Cretan breeches and yellow boots father, in one of those pitiful, yet sublime seemed to take on added proporitons for that reason. An empty cartridge belt, passed under his right arm and over his left shoulder, here strange comradeship with the and this was the nineteenth century of our cross that hung from his neck. His dark blessed Lord, and there, but a few miles brown hair, that any woman might have away, lay the great battleships of envied, fell quite to his waist and rippled in the breeze. Even as Curtis looked integrity of the Turkish empire! Panayota gathered it in her hands and hastily twisted it into a knot. The captain said a few words to the lieutenant, who, turning to the ranks, pointed to four of the cafe, where he had left hidden his comrade men nearest him with his sword and transmitted the order to them. They saluted, and, stacking their muskets, ran into the cafe. Instantly the huge oil crock fell

"Monsieur, you will destroy the cafe! cried Curtis in alarm. Over went the bar with a sound of smash

ing glass. "It will take but a moment," replied the captain, apologetically. The tables and benches were now going into the pile in swallowed up in the ravine. the middle of the floor. "You are right," he said, "It is indeed the "The rascale should have saved the oil

"But it is. I can see it plainly; you must send people back to put it out." Kostakes took a pair of field glasses from he hands of an orderly, and, calmly adjusting the focus, looked down the hill, while the little army, escorting Panayota and her

"Oh, I think not," replied Kostakes.

IS YOUR HAIR DEAD?

What the Microscope Reveals Regarding Diseased Hair and Its Follicle.

Nine-tenths of all diseases of the hair and scalp are caused by microbes and micro-parasites. The microscope, in the hands of the skilled physicians and bacteriologists of the Cranitonic Institute, has proven this fact.

The importance of the discovery cannot be over-It explains why ordinary hair preparations are of absolutely no value in the treatment of falling hair, dandruff, premature baldness,

and other bair and scalp diseases. It is because they are manufactured with-out any exact knowledge of the roal cause of the diseases which they are in-

tended to cure. We know that diseases of the bair and scalp are caused by microbes and

parasites. The cause being microbic or para-sitic, it logically follows that a cure can only be effected by a scientific microbicide-a specific that will de-

stroy the microbe. This Cranitonic Hair Food and Scalp

Soap will do. Your hair receives its nourishmen from minute blood vessels which end in a long sheath in which the hair grows. This sheath is the home of the lerobe, the delicate lining of which it soon destroys. In time the hair root

is affected, becomes shriveled up and the bair falls out. If the ravages of the microbe are not arrested, baldness soon follows. Cranitonic Hair Food cures diseases of the hair and scalp because it de stroys the cause which produces them.

It does more—it feeds the weakened hair follicle back to health and side in replacing lost tissue. Split hair, barsh hair, lustreless hair,

brittle hair, falling bair, and prema-turely gray bair can all be cured by the use of Cranitonic Hair and Scalp It cleanses the scalp from dandruff

and keeps it permanently clean and healthy. Itching and irritation of the head are instantly relieved and posttively cured.

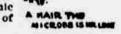
Unlike ordinary hair preparations.

Oranitonic Hair and Scalp Food contains no oil, grease or dangerous min-

eral ingredients. It is not sticky and will not clog the sealp or stain the clothing. It is perfectly harmless, clear as crystal, sparkling as cham-pagne, delightful to use and most exhilarating in its effects upon the

Free Hair Food and Scalp Soap

To convince every reader of this paper that Oranitonic Hair Food and Scalp Scap will stop falling hair, make hair grow, cure dandruff and itching scalp, and that they are the only hair preparations fit to put on the human head, we will send by mail, prepaid, to all who will send name and address to CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 140 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY, a bettle of Cranitonic Hair Food and a sample cake of MICROSS IS IN LINE Shampoo Scalp Soap.



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"But you are not sending anybody back "Monsieur could hardly ask me to do that much for sentiment. Some of my rascals

was the distant sea-the very spot where must have eluded my vigilance. They shall be punished." Curtis whirled his horse around, urging it with his fists and his foot, started back toward the town. But the way was steep ing in the ledge upon which he had first and rough and the animal had not gone ten paces ere two soldiers sprang to its head and seized the bridle on either side. Curtis ago, a few hours comparatively, and there kicked and struck at them, and, suddenly she sat now a captive,, being led away, in overcome with a paroxysm of rage, swore all probability, to a shameful fate. Curtis at them, but all to no avail. They turned seemed to have lived ages in the last few the horse around again and led it back to

Kostakes. "Monsieur's sentiment must be very trong," said the captain, smiling sweetly. "There's a wounded man in that building wounded man, I tell you, and he'll burn

Kostakes shrugged his shoulders. "It cannot be helped," he replied, "in war what is a man more or less? But we must not delay. Allons, monsieur." And he spurred his horse to a brisk walk, while a stout Turk, throwing the bridle rein of Curtis' animal over his shoulder, trotted along after.

The American looked back. "I'll slip off and run to the cafe," he thought, "footlor no foot-d-n the foot, anyway!" But another soldier with a loaded musket was following close behind. In his despair the thought of his passport occurred to him. He pulled it from his pocket with

face and shouted: father, marched rapidly past and were will suffer for it." I will guarantee that my Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent. of all forms of kidney many instances the the disease is com-plicated send a four-cunce vial of urine. We will analyze it

Sold by Beaton-McGina Drug Co., and Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. upon as he plunged into the ravine was a cloud of smoke pouring from the front door

of the demarch's cafe. (To Be Continued.)

"The marvelous cure of Mrs. Rena J. Stout of consumption has created intense excitefeverish haste. It was badly damaged by ment in Cammack, Ind., writes Marion water, but it held together and the big seal Stuart, a leading druggist of Muncle, Ind.

was still there. Urging his horse forward She only weighed 90 pounds when her doche flourished the document in Kostakes' tor in Yorktown said she must soon dia Then she begar to use Dr. King's New Dis-"I am an American citizen. Do you see covery and gained 37 pounds in weight and that? Voila! If you do not let me go you was completely cured." It has cured thousands of hopeless cases and is positively But all to no avail. He was hustled along guaranteed to cure all throat, chet and lung by order of the smiling and affable Kos-takes, and the last thing his eyes rested at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.