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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. ords, a young American, who o be in Athens at the outbreak of

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Panayota was part of the flight and of the panie, but she was not, even in the moment of her greatest fear, a part of the Turks. Her one thought as she repeated the name of the Virgin beneath her yashmask and crossed herself with her hands bidden within the loose black robe was to get away from the Mahometans. Let the heavens fall and the earth yawn, so she escape from Kostakes and his kin! The ever-increasing stream of humanity ran, scrambled, and, as it grew denser, fought its way on to the city gate, through which it poured into the dusty road beyond. Once outside the city a momentary feeling of relief possessed the throng, as though they had arrived at a place of safety. They did not cease to run, but there was a full in the frightened chatter. A woman seized Panayota by the arm and addressed to her a question in Turkish, between gasps for breath and bysteric sobs. The Cretan, not understanding a word, plucked away her sleeve and struggled toward the edge of the human stream. The woman, following, again seized her by the arm and repeated the question in a voice of shrill querulousness. In the midst of Panayota's new terror, that of betrayal, sounded the boom of another gun and the crash of nearby walls. Her tormentor screamed and clutched both hands into the back of a tall Turk, in whom fear had proven a stronger passion than lust or fanaticism and who was fighting a way to safety through his weaker neighbors. Panayota, suddenly released, fell clear of the human stream against the corner of a hut that stood by the roadside. She ran to the end of the building and looked back. It

the building and reeled for a moment against the rough mud wall, hands upon it high up, face between them. She felt faint, of aloes invited her. Through this she stepped and, stooping, ran for a long disa little building, long and low, standing by a smile flickering upon her lips. She was of a cross road almost ready in her confidence to cry out: were sleeping upon the floor of hard She pushed the door open and gave

e cry of joy. The tall stand, with undeceived her. its circular top, covered with spikes for the further end of the room, the crude world?" earthern censer in the window-all told her that she had taken refuge in a about four inches square, bearing on its feebly, but steadily.

hither surface the dim resemblance of an

clothing in the hedge and returned to light once, "Help! Help! Panayela-" one of the yellow candles which she found upon the stand. She took it as a good and the Greek, they shouted, "Ho! Ho! A you." omen that half a dozen matches, evidently Greek pullet!" and came stumbling after. Panayota rose to her feet. She was a not afraid for their safety, over there in her finger, once given her by her father. coins on the stand. Wonderful peace and most high seemed pervaded by the divine presence. Save for the flicker of the bees-It was nearly sunset and the only light

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of day that entered came through a narrow slit in the thick wall. She went to

John Curils. a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greoo-Turkish war, pins a filbustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curits, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michail, reach the island safely. They arrive at a vilage and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curits has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, the priests daughter, in a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michail is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes and Panayota along as primoners. Curits, representing himself as a newshaper ourgestondent, also accompanies the Turks. Kostakes has the old priest mordered. Curits kills two of the guards, wounded and the ended the color of the decay was an accompanies of the hard the figure of the work of the work of the work of the work of the guards, wounded and the color of the church above her hard of the church above her he hash if Bazouka, who recapture Panayota. Kostakes now imprisons her in his haren in Canes and triends and attack the Bashi Bazouka, who recapture Panayota. Curits in love with the Cretain captive Kostakes now imprisons her in his haren in Canes and threads and attack the fash in Bazouka, who recapture Panayota. Curits in love with the Cretain captive for her hiding place, as she stood there with those with the fights have a subject to their boats. The captain of the illustration of the stream of the illustration of the stream place to their boats. The captain of the illustration of the curital back and peef the passersby were Turks. The world ear: Just at dusk three men stopped opposite Turks!" The men entered. She heard their ex- greater danger than that of the knife." though she could not understand what they Panayota, turning her face toward the door said. She looked about her impotent with and listening. terror, her white lips moving mechanically to be screaming. Then, all at once, the her mind. room was empty. Still those dreadful screams continued, mixed with bestial chuckling and laughter. A Christian girl as hysterically shricking for mercy. But the shricks abruptly ceased and then broke

forth again at a greater distance, as though some ruffian were holding his hand over the poor girl's mouth as she was being dragged away. Panayota turned sick with pity and terror-pity for the unknown and unseen victim and terror at her own narrow escape. A long period of silence ensued, at the end of which Panayota plucked up courage to pull the door open a trifle and peep out. It was now nearly dark. She heard distant voices, but could see no one. The church had become to her an abode of fear. Mahometans might enter it at any moment to commit sacrilege. The hedge was near by. If she could only reach that unobserved she could flit along in its shadow toward the open country. Then she could run all night. Several times she nerved herself for the start, but found her courage insufficient. Once, when she had really pushed the door open wide enough to let her out, she heard men's footsteps. She drew back, and again suffered that dreadful apprehension that ney were coming into the church. She had no hopes of escaping a second time. They

darkness. "I cannot follow the hedge all night," she reasoned. "If I get out into the country, it

were two Turkish soldiers, and they went

right on. As soon as their footsteps had

died away in the night and distance

Panayota crossed herself, and, stopping low,

ran to the hedge. She stole by it for some

distance until it was cut in two by a gray

streak of road that dimly threaded the

must be by the road." Again commending herself to the Virgin. INSTINCTIVELY SHE COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS AND SHRANK she started down the highway, walking as quietly as possible and stopping every few human sheep saw her. She stepped behind she became aware of gruff voices and she the door, the sound of footsteps and husky. Sister Aglaia, she knows it all." stole a little way into the field and crouched gargling voices talking Turkish. Panayota

among the vines. "Perhaps they are Christians," she mused, to, that she actually fancied that she heard the prostrate form, had closed the door, Greek words. Resting upon one knee, with tance, keeping the bedge between her and her hands pressed tight to her fluttering the fleeing Turks. She came at length to heart, she leaned forward in the darkness,

"Oh, mother of God!" she moaned, "are holding candles, the curtained recess at there then, no more Christians in thy forgot its own bitterness for the moment

More cautiously than before she stole along maiden who had taken refuge in her horrid the faint, slate-colored ribbon of road that home. unfolded before her, a few feet at a time in On the wall beside the curtain was a tiny she beheld before her a light that flickered quently given and caught." shelf, and upon this stood a bit of board and went out several times and then burned

As she stole along, undecided whether to wait, for the young, vigorous constitution you, solemnly, "Do you never ask for oval-faced weman and chubby, naked child | make a wide detour or to trust to the dark- | soon asserted itself. Panayota opened her | happiness in that?" "Ah, the dear Panayela!" cried Pana- ness and pass by near the light, two men eyes and stared straight up at the ceiling: yota, transported with delight. Tearing seemed to rise from the ground at her very then the light caught them and she looked her Turkish garments from her, she threw feet. Panayota saw them first and managed at the elkon, murmuring, "Panayela, save them to the earth with a "Na!" and spat to slip by them, but her foot hit a stone and me?" She sat up and looked deep into semetimes I go down to the bank by the upon them. Then she turned to kiss the sent it rolling down the bank. One of the Aglaia's large and mournful eyes. The roadside, where the other lepers go to beg. elkon, but ere she did so it occurred to men called after her in Turkish. She did latter said nothing, but she saw complete and my husband brings them and stands ing which she had just removed. She toed away with long steps. The men made her guest's countenance. therefore gathered the pile up and peeped a sudden rush for her, and the flew down from the door. Seeing no one, she hid the the road on the wings of fear, screaming "I will not touch you nor come near you, will know."

left by a previous worshipper, were scat- But Panayota was a Sphakiote maiden and priest's daughter, and religion was her Canea?" tered about among the candles. Panayota not so casily caught. On, on, she ran, with ever present comfort. "She has saved me had no money with her, not a lepton, not the sound of those heavy footsteps and that thus far in a wonderful manner," she re- of a calque. He has gone to Athens and a para, so she took a thin gold ring from Satyr laughter ever in her ears, and, as it plied, and going over to the eikon she taken the two children with him. Before seemed to her, nearer, nearer. She came to prayed that the Panayela would protect be went away he brought them down to kissed it and faid it among the few copper a place where th roads forked, and, by her from the horrible disease and help her see me. And the baby laughed and some instinct, followed the right branch to escape to the mountains and her own comfort came to her. The sanctuary of the toward that tiny, flickering beacon that people. Agiala brought bread from a My baby has red cheeks and curly hair, seemed to becken her in the darkness, closet, olives and cheese and set them upon And all at once her pursuers stopped, burst the table, wax candle, she was almost in darkness. into a hoarse guffaw and went back. Panavota could not for the moment believe it. and we will devise some means for you to She feared that they were simply torturing get away from here." ner; that they would turn back in a most Panayota felt as though the very food ment and resume the chase. She staggered were contaminated, but she managed to en, too faint, almost, to stand, yet not eat some of the bread, pulling morsel daring to stop. She was passing a row of from the interior of the loaf. Once again tiny houses. They were square patches of she heard voices from without and started duish gray and the doors were long holes from her seat, whispering: where the dark came through. Here was absolute silence, as though she were in the city of the dead, and the walls of the calm, uncaring voice, "you are as safe here a friendly ear into which to pour her a great army. dwellings were giant tombstones. But here as it you were in your grave-safer, for serrow. She described to Panayota minat last was the house of the light. Pana- the Turks sometimes exhume the bones of giely how the symptoms first came on-

> road and looked into the open door. "Now hate of the world, to its love, to its friend- sleep. Then followed chilliness and fever, "A Christian at last!" she cried. A bare little room she beheld, with a

couple of chairs and a pair of barangas, or such sorrow as this. She stepped to the platforms of plank, on either side of the door and looked out. All was silent in the Indignant protests were of no avail. She speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the speak of him as a godly man and the fireplace. But what mattered the poorness narrow street. The lepers are not a gay had been seized with burning and itching eikon of the dear, blessed Virgin and upon boon. a shelf beneath sat a tumbler of olive oil A woman stood before the elkon crossing it! I must get away from here." herself rythmically and praying with a silent motion of the lips.

But while Panayota stood in the door, gently forward and back. before she could open her mouth to speak, her fleeting joy gave place to the old terror. This was but a woman after all, rosy? Why, you look as well as I do." with whom she was about to take refuge. and the Turks were just behind her and all

around about. Panayota seized the door jamb to keep herself from falling and her head drooped Dead. I am only one-fourth rotten now, against her arm. "Woman," she gasped, "are you not

the Turks! The woman looked around. She was

was uncanny at such a time and back of it again. was a depth of accepted despair that has tasted all grief and hence knows no further voice. fear.

here," said the woman. Her voice was infinitely calm. It came into Panayota's world of fire, massacre, outrage, like a voice from another world or from the grave. Then all at once light seemed to break in

ipon Panayota's mind as she stood there bewildered. "She is dazed with fear or some great

ver she heard excited voices and footsteps her mind," and, springing forward, she of people hurrying along the road. But all seized the woman by the arm, crying in her Listening she heard the words; "Come away, sister-the Turks! the

the door and fell into a dispute. After | But the woman shook her off and shrunk wrangling for a few moments they came from her and motioned her back with outdirectly toward the church. Panayota ran stretched arms and uplifted paims, saying: "Do not touch me!"

"But the Turks are upon you!" holy of holies, even to save her life? A hoarse laugh at the very door decided her. of the Turks. Who comes here runs a "We who live in this village are not afraid "Yes, I know, Violence," whispered

"Who would offer violence to a leper?" If there is any horror in a Cretan girl's her head was a narrow slit to admit the mind equal to that of dishonor it is the My mother died when I was a little girl light. Even as she started a swallow flitted horror of leprosy-that hideous sore on the and left me to his care. He never said an in and out. Fainting with fear she seemed body of the leveliest siren isie that floats unkind word to me in all his life. He used to feel herself dragged by rough hands in any sea. Panayota in her vigorous and often to talk to me about mamma, and his lish will one day kill all the Turks in the from her hiding place, as she stood there life-giving mountain home had heard leprosy voice was very, very tender. And he used world and give Crete back to Greece. And with closed eyes behind the thin cur- spoken of as a curse of God. She had al- to put his arm around me there in the door the English are in some respects like Christain. A fearful scream, the scream of ways classed it with the punishments of of our little parsonage at night before we a woman in the last extreme of fright and horror, did not at first arouse her. when mentioned, but the possibility of com- would say: 'When we all get together up The leper It seemed perfectly natural for a woman ing into contact with it had never entered there you will tell mamma that I was good

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Aglaia stood irresolute, looking at the

woman who lay as quietly as though she

pick her up and drag her to one of the

and was filled with pity for the Christian

"No, no, I will not touch her," she mur-

So she drew up a chair and sat watch-

ing Panayota. She did not have long to

and it is only by contact that one catches

"Na!" she said, "eat and gain strength

"The Turks are coming!"

and stamped upon the ground.

whether I am a leper or not."

but it will creep on, on over my whole body.

Come here a few years from now, when it

ship.

platforms at the fireplace, for her heart

"Eh, fellow countrymen!" when the voices beaten earth. Her first impulse was to

young and comely, with an eval face, from out into the darkness. She was weary to drep of dew on a spray of Blac. Youder light and joy. They were passing a row of which the black hair was neatly brushed very faintness, but it seemed safer to stand were the hills to which she longed to fice, square white buts, each containing but one back, low down over the ears. Her eyes there, leaning her face out into the night, gray glants, moving toward her out of the room. The first half dozen that they passed were large-unnaturally large and dark- breathing the cool air. Besides, she could darkness. and there was in them an expression which not talk with this woman. She did not know The whole earth was swallowed in si- to hear the music and had remained by

You are in no danger from the Turks for years for years. But you must be very the dark deeds of yester eve and last night, resting place of lepers who have gone to barangitza. I will not come near you."

> and made a pillow of her arm-"I cannot offer you the bedelothing," said Aglaia. "It might not be safe." So weary was Panayota that she dropped

a few moments by the sound of low sobbing. "Oh, my God, I am an outcast, a thing suspicion? accursed. I am a poison to the touch. Hely

Panagota sat up on the bench. "I cannot sleep, Sister Aglaia," she said. I am so sorry for you. If my father were here he would know what to say to you.

He was killed by the Turks. I am an orphan." She spoke of her own grief instinctively, feeling that the sympathy of the prosperous

s not a comfort to those in sorrow. "My father was a good man, Sister Aglaia,

shuddered even at the thought of her?"

ward its mother.

and day for my children.

Aglaia laughed bitterly.

tune would have made my love greater.

"Do you really think so?" cried Aglaia.

"But." interrupted Panayota, who had

"No, praise God! My husband is captain

shouted, 'Na, mamma, come here, mamma!'

but Yanne don't know how to fix her hair.

ome here, mamma." And later, "when my

any more. I shall never let them see me

Panayota could not sleep, and Aglaia

who had been but a short time a resident

of the leper village, and whose horror

finding companionship among them, could

of her fellow sufferers prevented her from

like that

"But you do not seem to be sick, my put in this but. No, there was no doubt

"Numb, numb," she said. "No feeling, to sand heaps by the roadside and beg.

say so. I have a husband and two chil-

awed Panayota. Their utter fearlessness what to say to her. At last Aglaia spoke lence, and the beautiful valley that spread the roadside to beg. out before her seemed wrapped in the "Forgive me," she said with a sob in her slumber of peace. But alas, if she looked farther end of the town. Several humble "I have no one to talk to and I to the right a few slender columns of tembstones standing among the tall grass sit here and brood over it. And it will be smoke rising from Canea bore witness to and a black cross or two marked the last tired, and you must rest so as to go on with Papayota's momentary for at the coming the comfort prepared for those who do not your journey. Come and he down on the of day forsook her at sight of that smoke. get their good things in this lifetime, barangitza. I will not come near you." The light was cheering, but it did not help "Now, goodby, and God bless you!" Panayeta lay down upon the hard planks her to see any escape from her perilous Panayeta. position. If she ventured forth she would certainly be caught by the Turks. To re- Spire main longer in the lepers' village was to continue a horrible risk. And might not the door frequently and listened, when-misfortune," she thought. "She is losing off into a drower, only to be awakened after Kostakes search for her even there? The I took her in." Turks who had pursued her last night might they not tell of the incident and excite

> An hour passed away and the sun arose. Virgin, save my chlistren, save my little Aglaia made some coffee, which Panayota herself, drank without revulsion. Everything about the little but was spetlessly clean and the stricken woman herself had not fallen into those careless ways which come to the leper when all pride is extinguished. 'How will I be able to go on my journey?'

asked Panayota. "God will show a way. He has not deserted you as he has me."

Perhaps he has deserted all Christians Perhaps the whole world has turned Turk. He was a priest and everybody loved him. If so I would rather stay here and be a

> "Never believe it. Yanne, my husband who is a great traveler, says that the Engtians. At any rate, they do not believe in The lepers began to bestir themselves.

patriarchal looking man, with a tuft of white to you, won't you, Panayota?" And I used hair above each ear, a snowy beard and a She turned to flee again into the darkness, I to say to him, 'Oh, papa, I ask the Virgin dirty moustache, shuffled by the door, carrying a water jug. Seeing the two women he stopped and peered into the hut, say-

"Good morning, Sister Aglala," and "Good morning, Sister-' "Pa-Paraskeve," stammered Panayota.

"Where are you from, sister, and how long have you been afflicted?" Aglaia answered glibly. Her guest was from a little village far away. God only knows how she had got leprosy, and she had only come last night. The old man wore a priest's frock, shiny and ragged and reaching to his feet. His woolen shirt was open in front, disclosing two or three tawny angry looking, veinlike lines. He had no

eyebrows. "Hum," he said. "Adio! Adio!" and he shuffled away muttering.

"God have mercy! God have mercy!" "That's Papas Spiro," explained Aglata. He is a priest. They say that it is a judgment on him, that he made love to one of his congregation."

she stood listening and then turned deadly "Kostakes!" she gasped, "Kostakes and the Bashi Bazouks!" and again she caught

at the door jamb to keep herself from fall-"Hark!" cried Aglaia, "that is not Turkish music, neither is it Greek. It is foreign

music. This should mean great news. You wait here a few moments and I will go and find out what it means." Aglaia hastened down the road and Panayota stood in the door, waiting and listening. The sound of the music grew louder,

came nearer. The body of troops was passing down the line of the fork that formed the opposite boundary of the lepers' village. Aglaia had been right. That was not Turkish music, the time was foreign to Panayota, but it thrilled her some was absolutely certain that no one of all directly managed and the street, almost before every night to tell her. But mamma knows, how. She loosed her fingers from the door that hysterical, panic-stricken flock of minutes to listen. She had not gone far ere when she heard in the street, almost before every night to tell her. But mamma knows, how. She loosed her fingers from the door the sound of footstare and heard in the street, almost before every night to tell her. But mamma knows, how. jamb, her hands dropped by her side and "Oh, but your mother is dead and in she stood erect.

As she listened thus and looked down sank to the floor senseless. Two Mahometan | heaven," replied Aglaia, "and you can cherlepers, who lived further down the street. Ish her memory and plant flowers upon her the road, auxiously waiting the return of and the mere possibility thrilled her with passed by on their way home. They did not grave. But suppose she had been a leper, Aglaia, a man approached quite close to but the Virgin answered her prayers with and the most pleasure. So greatly did she wish it to be look in because Aglaia, stepping quietly over accursed of God, would you not have thought her. The first intimation that she had of the presented force had closed the door. of her with-with horror? As she grew his presence was the sound of crunching thanks." more and more repulsive would you not have footfalls. Instinctively she covered her face with her hand and shrunk back into "No. no. indeed. I should have thought the house. Mother of God! Was this peralways of her beautiful soul. Her misfor-|son, too, about to inflict himself on her Whoever it was, he had evidently stopped That is the way any child would feel to- outside, before the house-was waiting there. Perhaps some face, more hideous than anything she had yet seen, would ap-

"O, it does me so much good to hear you pear at the door. "Will he never go?" she muttered, her dren-a girl and a boy. That is why you teeth chattering with revulsion. "I must saw me praying when you came in. I pray get away from here-away into God's clean, free mountains. No! I believe he is going all the time to the virgin to save them bad neither been damaged nor defiled, the dimness of the great stars; and at last mured at last, "for so it is most fre- from the curse. I never pray for myself, away. Praise God!" for the crunch, crunch I am past all help. But I pray, pray night of footsteps in the coarse gravel was renewed-grew fainter in the distance. Pana-"But there is another world," said Panayota was about to peep from the door again when she heard other footsteps, or people walking rapidly. These passed by without stopping at all. She heard a man call as "Listen," she replied, "my children never though shouting at someone far away, and come here. I would not allow it. But then there was silence for so long that she once more ventured to look out.

It had been Hassan Bey calling to Curtis and begging him to walk more slowly. What her that the place was defiled by the cloth- not dare to run, but, lifting her skirts, tip- consciousness and recollection dawning in afar off, and I look at them and stretch my trifles affect our destinies! Had Lindbohm "Do not be so frightened," said Aglaia. hell than that? When you're a mother you doing this story might possibly have a different ending.

Panayota saw only Aglaia coming down As her pursuers heard the feminine voice the leprosy. And the Virgin will shield entirely forgotten her own troubles in the the road, waving her arms. She lost all fear presence of such great sorrow, "are you and ran to meet her.

presence of such great sorrow, "are you "It's the English," cried the woman

"They are arresting Turks right and left. They are throwing the leaders into prison "Now God be praised!" laughed Panayota

"The Turks are hiding like hares. Not one dare show his head. Papas Spiro says that all the principal Turks will be hanged and the rest driven into the sea." Panayota's eyes blazed and she held her She sat for some time in thought and head high as she marched back to the leper's Panayota heard her mutter, "Na, mamma, hut, unconsciously keeping step to the tune face changes I shan't go down to see them of "Tommy Atkins."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. "I will walk with you to the other end of

he village," said Aglaia. Papas-Spiro had returned also from the roadside. He had talked with a young man from Canea. The English were thoroughly angry because their soldiers had "Fear nothing here," said Agiaia, in that not contain herself now that she had found been killed. They were going to send over "O, yes, it would be perfectly safe for a

Christian to go anywhere now. Not a Turk yota stood on the opposite side of the Christians, but they never disturb us. We languor, general debility, weariness after would dare peep.

are all dead in this village, dead to the slight exertion, depression, tendency to Panayota had long ago formed her plans when she had dreamed of escape in the dizziness and bleeding at the nese. A house of Kostakes. Her mother's brother, Panayota could make no reply. Human woman whom Yanne had jilted in order to Kurios Kurmulidhes, lived at Asprochori floor of beaten earth, and containing only a sympathy seemed a mockery in the face of marry Aginia, and who had never forgiven a little village about twenty miles from Papas-Spire said that Asprocheri had not of the place? Upon the wall hung an folk, and sleep is to them God's greatest all over her body. This passed away and fallen into the hands of the Turks. In the then came back again. So great was the early days of the insurrection the Cretans "We do not fear the Turks!" she mut- scandal that the neighbors demanded an had held that religion and since the arrival upon whose surface floated a burning wick. tered. "My God! Suppose I should catch examination. She was hauled at last before of Colonel Vassos from Greece the Mathe authorities and examined. By this hometans had not been able to get out Turning, she looked keenly at Aglaia, who time little round spots had begun to ap- there at all. It was still early morning: sat with hands clasped in her lap, rocking pear upon her body, reddish brown in she would be able to reach the place before celor. She was torn from her family and nightfall.

> She talked excitedly as she set forth Why do you think you have lep- that she had it, for her left leg was dead; carrying the cotton bag into which Aglala it had turned brown, and there was a sore had put a half loaf of bread and some Aglala laughed bitterly. Rising, she on her fout. She was better off than the cheese, struck her left leg with her doubled fist other lepers, for her husband sent her "Oh, yes, this is a glerious thing for Crete.

food, and she was not obliged to go down God was long suffering, but everything came right in the end."

Panayota went to the door and gazed at Aglaia's enthusiasm had passed away as he sky through a mist of tears. What a suddenly as it had come. Her dreadful place this was, where grief abode leg felt more lame than usual crazy? Why do you not run? The Turks! gets into my face, and you will know that not even the Virgin could assuage! and she had great difficulty in sonce of a subscriber and gives them ou A cool breeze from the sea was abroad over keeping up with the strong, healthy young hours or days afterward, when he holds th

were vacant; their occupants had gone

They passed the little graveyard, at the

"Now, goodby, and God bless you!" said "Why, where are you going?" asked Papas "She is not a leper," explained Aglai-

"Not a leper!" exclaimed the priest. 'Now pray God that she has not caught it. "Christ and the virgin save me! Christ and the virgin!" cried Panayota, crossing

"She came to me last night for refuge, and

"Amen! Amen!" said Aglala. "Do not even speak of it, Papas-Spiro." "Adio!" said Panayota, moving away. Adio, and God be with you!" The old priest with the bloated face and the white

beard extended his hands. "Before you go, daughter," he said, "take the blessing of a poor old leper, who still believes in the mercy of God." Panayota bowed her head.

"God be with this thine handmaiden," said the priest solemnly, "bless her and keep her and bring her to a place of safety In the name of the father, son and holy ghost, amen.

Once out of the leper village Panayota walked very rapidly, once or twice actually breaking into a run. The great hills, upon whose lower slopes lived her mother's brother, looked so near that she fancied herself able to climb to the top in balf an hour. But she soon lost breath and vas She had no doubt of her welcome by Kuriou Kurmulidhes. He had often written to her father-poor papa!-and had expressed the goods.

greatest wish to see his sister's daughter "I must not tire myself all out at the start," she reasoned. "It is much farther away than it seems." So she struck out again in the bright sen

at a strong, steady gait. Once she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance, rapidly growing louder as they came near and she fancied herself pursued and looked about her for some hiding place. Then, turning around, she saw half a dozen redcheeked, light-haired foreigners upon branding which marks the genuine. horseback and at their head a mere boy stains. His face was unnaturally red far up less sat very straight and took himself quite seriously. She felt the earth shake with the beating of hoofs and stepped to the side of the road to see them pound by in a whirl of dust. But they had not gone far ere the young officer threw his arm in the air and called out a single syllable in a clear, sharp tone, and the horses stopped so suddenly that they reared on their haunches. The officer spoke a few words hurriedly and one of the troopers fell out The insistent, eager notes of the martial and rode back toward her. She must music caught Panayota's ear A moment have exhibited evidences of fright, for the man called out in Greek, laughing merrily; "Don't be afraid, stupid. We are friends.

"What is it? What is it, fellow country men?" cried Panayota delightedly. What a change had come over the earth! But yesterday you met only Turks, heard only Furkish, and now the whole world was speaking Greek. "Are you from Canea?" asked the trooper

taken prisoner by the Turks, but now, thank God, I am escaping." "You wouldn't happen to know Yussuf efendi by sight, then?"

"No, I am a Sphaklote maiden. I was

"No, why?" "Did any old Turk with a white beard

pass here on a mule?" "Not a soul, but I've only been on the road about half an hour. Why, who are What has Yussuf done?

"We're arresting the ringleaders in the massacre. Yussuf is one of them. I'm an interpreter with the English army. You can go back to Canea or anywhere you wish, prepaid. Con-ultation and advice iteration and property of the A. M. MASON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, sister, in perfect safety. It isn't healthy to be a Turk these days, Adio, and many "Adio."

There were gone and Panayota resumed her way. After an hour's walk through gardens and vineyards enclosed in low mud fences overgrown with vines she came to the foot of a tluy hill. Climbing this, she peaceful and pretty against the foreground a dollar to Ad Sense, 83 Fifth Ave., Chicago. of green trees and vines. Further away were the round Turkish mosques, the Christian bell towers of Canea and the tops of high buildings rising above the gray walls Two or three thin columns of smoke ros to a great height and bent lazily landward Toward noon Panayota came to a mounain stream, beside which grew several fig trees. She climbed into one of these that forked near the ground and succeeded in finding half a dozen purple fice amone the cool green leaves. Then she washed her face and hands in the brook and took the bread from the bag.

"Poor Aglaia! Poor Aglaia!" she said shuddering. "Heavenly virgin comfort

She pulled the crust off the bread and threw it away, together with the sack and the cheese. "The first thing I shall do when I get to Uncle Petro's," she resolved. 'will be to ask him for some clothes. Then I will burn these-uh!"

Much refreshed with the bread and figand a drink of the cool mountain water Panayota again set out briskly on her journey, her heart full of hope. Indeed she seemed to be under the virgin's special care, for just as she had come to a place where there were two roads and was in doubt as to which one she ought to take venerable priest came trotting around corner, seated sidewise upon a very small bluish gray donkey.

"Yes, the road to the right leads to As prochori, about ten miles distant," he re plied, removing his tall hat and wiping hi brow with a red bandana handkerchief "Oh, yes, he knew Kurius Kurmulidhes very well indeed, a godly and just man-b

The last remark was addressed to a palof young goats, hung to the saddle in sack and covered by the father's long blac robe. He had already heard of the arriva of the English and was in hopes, by the grace of God, to sell them these two kids at twice their value. So he trotted away, bobbing up and down on his little donkey not looking at all grotesque to Panayota in his tall hat with eaves, his gray chignon and his long, wind-lifted robe. And as Panayota fared onward she had

ever in her mind that she was coming into the country of the Cretan insurgents and she muttered again and again; "Perhaps I shall hear something of him Perhaps he will be there!" In this new, bright world everything

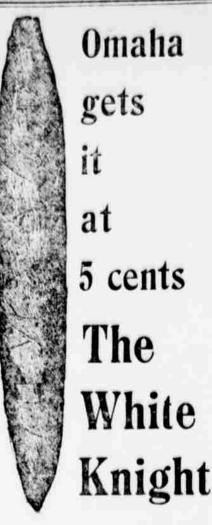
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