The Unspeakable Turk

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war, joins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

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

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

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

"What does he say?" asked the demarch. Michali explained the joke at length. "He compares himself to a stork, because a stork usually stands on one leg. He, being lame, and unable to stand on both legs, rests his entire weight on one, like a stork."

"But he does not at all resemble a stork," objected several voices.

"They say you do not resemble a stork," explained the interpreter.

"Oh, thanks! But I was joking. Don't you Cretans understand a joke?"

"He says he is joking, and he fears we do not understand a joke."

"It is a joke, my children," cried the demarch, "an American joke, and it is the part of hospitality and politeness to laugh," whereupon he smote the table with his mighty palm and burst into a roar of Olympian laughter. The constituency looked on in silent amazement.

"Laugh, you donkeys!" cried the demarch. "Laugh, I command you. Are we uncivilized like the Truks?" And he strode threateningly toward the group, which broke in all directions and darted for cover. They laughed, however, long and conscientiously at first, and, ere they had ceased, a genuine ring crept into their mirth. The priest and the demarch assisted Curtis to his temporary residence. On the way stock-headed boys looked out at him from over ruined walls of adobe and cobblestones, and, pointing their fingers, cried, "There goes the stork!" and girls peeped from behind doors, or pushed their blooming faces through screens of trellised vine, and giggled, "How are you, Mr. Stork?"

Curtis' name was seldom asked in the mountains of Crete. He was known and is to this day, as Kurios Pelargos—Mr. Stork. As soon as opportunity presented he made a new head in his notebook and entered the following observation:

"Character of the modern Cretans. I. Extraordinary sense of humor."

CHAPTER IV.

The house of Papas-Malecko Nicolaides consisted of three rooms, two downstairs and one above. Curtis was given a seat upon an antique couch with a wooden frame, upon whose high back was carved the date, 1855. Papas-Melecko's father-in-law had received it in that year as part of his wife's dowry, and had given it in turn to his own daughter. It was a highly prized possession.

A trunk studded with brass-headed nails, several low wooden stools and a bureau completed the furniture of the apartment.

The priest brought a stool for Curtis' foot, and lifted the wounded member tenderly thereon. The windows and doors were darkened by the wondering population. Two or three leading citizens pushed through into the room and commenced talking in chorus. All gesticulated wildly. Lindbohm, knelt down by the foot and begged to move the stocking.

"I know something of medicine," he said. "Do I hurt you?"

"Go on," replied Curtis; "that's a mere detail."

Lindbohm poked the puffy sole here and there until his patient gave a jump, as when the dentist finds a nerve,

"There it is," cried Curtis. "There's something in it!"

Further examination discovered the head of a black sliver, which, after several attempts with a penknife blade and his thumbnail, the lieutenant succeeded in extracting. The curiosity of the throng that now packed the room almost to suffocation found expression in a storm of volubility. The sliver was passed from hand to hand. Curtis thought he detected again and again the syllables, "many, many." He forgot they were speaking Greek.

"Do they say there are others?" he asked.

"No," replied Michali; "they say 'kaimene,' which means poor fellow!"

"Oh, tell 'em it's nothing. Just a sliver in my foot. I'll be all right in an hour."

"On the contrary, I regret to say that you a sore foot may have during two or three weeks. It is a spine of the achinoos."

"Oh, the sea hedgehog. Is it poisonous?"

"Not exactly poisonous, but it will make much irritation. You should have spoken of him immediately, then it would not have been so bad. Did it not hurt very bad?"

"Why it hurt some, of course, but I thought I had scratched my foot upon a stone. I wasn't going to delay the game for a little scratch."

"Well, by Jupiter!" cried Lindbohm, "you Americans have plenty of gravel."

"Plenty of what?"

"Plenty of gravel. Isn't that what you say? I heard that expression once."

"Perhaps you mean sand?"

"Maybe it is. At any rate, you've got it."

At this moment a tremendous hubbub arose. The demarch lunged through the crowd, and throwing his constituents to right and left, made way for the entry of an old woman, who stabbed the ground at every step with a long, quivering staff. She was bent like the new moon, and her wrinkled skin was the color of a mild cigar. In her left hand she held a whisp of dried herbs. The cries of relief and joy which her presence evoked reminded Curtis of the arrival of a tardy fire engine.

"Who's this?" he asked.

"She is the wise woman," replied Michali. "She will put something on the foot that will cure alm very quick."

Her orders delivered in a shrill voice, resulted in the immediate production of warm water, a towel and a basin. The old woman made the sign of the cross over the foot. She then washed it, applied the leaves and bound them on with rags.

"That does feel nice," said Curtis. "How much ought I to offer her?"

"Money?" asked Michali.

"Yes, of course."

"Nothing, nothing. She would be—what you call him? She would suffer in her feelings. You are the guest of the village. Bid me to thank her for you."

"Sure. Tell her she's a regular old brick. Tell her my own mother couldn't have done it better."

"Ah, that, yes. I do not know what is that brick, but the mother will make her very glad."

Michali evidently knew what to say, for she patted Curtis' head affectionately, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"She says she had three boys, all big, strong fellows like you, and the Turks have killed them all," explained Michali.

"Yes," replied Curtis, "I understand the most of that myself. She speaks very plain.

The demarch now made a brief speech, which resulted in clearing the house. As the Ambeliakians retired, a merry voice shouted:

"Perastika, Kurie Pelarge!" (May you recover soon, Mr. Stork) and all took up the refrain, shouting the syllables over and over, amid great laughter. To Michali's unbounded delight, Curtis cried "Eucharisto!" (Thanks.)

"That was splendid," said Michali, when all had left except himself, Lindbohm, the demarch and Papas-Malecko. "How did you understand what they have said?"

"I studied modern Greek in college and used to practice on the Greeks in Boston. But I don't understand hardly anything. I'm disgusted with myself. I said 'Eucharisto' because it was the only word I could think of."

"Oh, you are too modest. You answered exactly right. They said, 'May you get well soon, Mr. Stork,' and you answered, 'Thank you, thank you.'"

Curtis took from his pocket a book, badly damaged by the bath which it had received when he had jumped for his life from the ill-fated Holy Mary, but still serviceable.

"This is a new method, just out," he explained, holding it up to view. "Oh, I shall be talking in a day or two—I lose confidence when there are so many people together. They all gabble at once, and I can't understand a word."

The demarch and the priest examined with great reverence the copy of Rangave's excellent method.

Their ideas of books were chiefly associated with the Holy Scriptures and the "Lives of the Saints." The Mayor crossed himself devoutly but the priest refrained. He had heard that there were profane books.

Evening was now at hand and a girl came in, bringing two lighted candles in tall brass candlesticks. She was the maiden whom the shipwrecked strangers had first seen standing on the edge of the precipice, with the water jug on her shoulder. Her height was rather greater than that of the ordinary woman, her figure was both slender and athletic. There was something antique and statuesque in her attitude now, as she advanced, holding the two tall candlesticks. Papas-Malecko introduced her as his daughter and Michali explained. She smiled sweetly and replied with charming graciousness of manner that the strangers were welcome. There was no simpering or coyness. She demeaned herself with the modest courage of innate nobility and innocence. The false standards of so-called civilization were unknown to her. She was a daughter of the democracy of the mountains. In her theory of the world all women were virtuous, and all men, except Turks, were gentlemen and heroes. When Curtis heard her speak Greek, he redoubled his resolve to perfect himself in the language without delay. He even framed a sentence with which to address her, but a certain shyness, the fear of exciting laughter in those beautiful eyes through some mistake in accent or grammar, deterred him.

Lindbohm, as soon as he comprehended that he was being presented to the mistress of the house, brought his heels together, and, bowing low, lifted her hand to his lips. It was a knightly and courtier-like act, that clothed him in dignity despite the shrunken and salt incrusted Prince Albert and the grotesque remnants of shoes. Panayota flushed like a peony and looked inquiringly at Michali.

"It is the custom among the gentlemen in his country," replied the young patriot, who had read of similar scenes in foreign romances. "He salutes you as though you were a queen."

"It is a beautiful custom," said the demarch. "But is not the American also a gentleman?" for Curtis, rising with difficulty on one leg, had shaken Panayota cordially by the hand.

"O, the Americans are great democrats," replied Michali. "This is a royal salute, you know, and they know nothing about such things."

The beautiful young girl brought in a tablecloth and spread it on the floor. The demarch stepped to the door, and, calling a young boy from the street, said something to him in a low tone.

A noisy but good-natured discussion immediately arose between the Mayor on the one hand and Papas-Malecko and his daughter on the other. The priest, darting from the door, called the boy back; the Mayor, Kur' Nikolaki, seizing Lindbohm's cane, threatened the boy with it and pushed the priest back into the house.

Panayota protested laughingly, calling upon the virgin and crossing herself.

"What's the row, anyway?" asked Curtis, to his great disgust, not being able to catch enough words from the rapidly spoken sentences to be quite sure of their meaning. Panayota's enunciation was more clear-cut and distinct than that of the others, and from what she said he concluded that the Mayor was ordering food from his cafe, a proceeding which the priest and his daughter good-naturedly resented, as a reflection on their own hospitality.

"Seems like a quarrel between church and state," observed Curtis.

Michali explained the remark, easily understood in Greek, and the Mayor, shouting great thunder claps of laughter, patted Curtis on the back and cried, "Bravo! bravo!"

Panayota placed on the cloth a huge loaf of brown bread, a plate of black olives and a jug of water. The Sphakiotes do not take kindly to wine. But the feast was not yet complete; a young man entered, bearing a large bowl of brown earthenware, filled with something that emitted a cloud of fragrant steam; and a plate containing a large chunk of white halva. These he deposited upon the tablecloth, and Panayota, with a graceful wave of the hand, and a dazzling smile that flashed from her white teeth and beamed in her great brown eyes, cried "Oreeste." The demarch sat down upon the floor, crossing his legs under him. The priest laid his hand upon Lindbohm's shoulder, and pointed to the spread. The Swede sat down as awkwardly and as many jointedly as a camel. The floor seemed far away to him, and when he had finally reached it, do what he could with his legs, his knees persisted in rising on a level with his ears. Curtis slid his lame foot along until he was sitting on the floor with his back against the sofa. The Cretans made the sign of the cross, which corresponds with our blessing, and Panayota, who was standing meekly by as serving maid, distributed four forks among the five diners. There not being enough to go around, the demarch unsheathed a long knife whose silver-mounted handle ended broadly, with two flaring ears, not unlike the butt of an Arab's gun. Cutting the bread with this, he impaled a bounteous portion and offered it to Curtis, who took it from the point, saying, "Eucharisto polo, Kurie Demarche" (Many thanks, Mr. Mayor.)

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Michali, "you're getting on. At this rate you will speak Greek by tomorrow better than I do!"

"This is truly wonderful," observed the priest, and asked Curtis, slowly and distinctly, "How many years have you been in Greece?"

"He says—" began Michali.

"Hold on, old man, I understand him," interrupted Curtis, and he replied, slowly but correctly in Greek:

"I have been here only two weeks."

"This is a miracle," roared the demarch. "We shall make a Cretan of you; but let us begin eating," and spearing a piece of bread with his knife he dipped it into the soup.

"You must do as I do," said Michali, dipping his own chunk end eating it from his fork. "This is lenten soup—black-eyed beans cooked with oil. Over this was the contest betwen church and state. The Mayor's cook makes famous lenten soup and Kur' Nikolaki wished to send for some, but Papas-Malecko desired the dinner himself to furnish.

"Kalo (good)?" asked the Mayor, holding a huge chunk of dripping bread suspended midair over the bowl.

"He asks you is it good?" explained Michali to Lindbohm.

"Kalo? kalo?" repeated Kur' Nikolaki.

"Kalo," replied Lindbohm.

A medium of general communication was now established. Papas-Malecko and Kur' Nikolaki with nearly every bite smiled upon Curtis and Lindbohm and asked "Kalo?" and they both replied, "Kalo, kalo."

MICHALI EVIDENTLY KNEW WHAT TO SAY, FOR SHE PATTED CURTIS' HEAD AFFECTIONATELY.

After dinner the demarch departed, taking Michali with him and Panayota made up the bed on the floor for Curtis and Lindbohm. She brought in a mattress from outdoors, which somewhat mystified Curtis until he remembered that the stone stairway to the upper regions was built on the outside of the house. She laid a sheet on the mattress and a quilt with a sheet sewed to it in such a manner that the end was doubled over and bore the letters, beautifully embroidered, for Panayota Nicolaides.

CHAPTER V.

Curtis was confined to his room four days with the foot, which time he devoted assiduously to the method. As modern Greek is now taught in our leading colleges, he already knew the grammar fairly well. He could decline the nouns and conjugate the verbs, of course, and possessed a fair general vocabularly. What he failed in was the names of the practical objects of ordinary use, and in pronunciation. The average French scholar, who knows the words for virtue, love and cabbage, but who could not speak of a stump, a lamp-chimney or a dandelion to save his life, will comprehend his difficulty.

On the fifth day he was able, with the aid of a rustic crutch, to get down to the demarch's cafe. Michali assisted him as he hobbled down the stony street, his lame foot clumsily bundled in rags and swinging in the air. Lindbohm strode on ahead, instinctively making sword-like passes with the rattan cane. The latter's appearance had been much dignified by the assumption of a swashbuckling pair of yellow boots. He had been repeatedly offered a Cretan fes, but he clung with inexplicable affection to the shapeless and uneasy straw, still tethered to his buttonhole.

"Behold!" cried Michali, as they reached a turn in the street whence the view was unobstructed over the tops of the houses, "Yonder is the ravine where we came up, and there is the sea. You will hardly find a village in all Greece from which the sea is not visible."

The village, on this fragrant and dewy Spring morning, was peaceful and idyllic. Curtis drew a long breath into his lungs, and, closing his eyes, imagined himself in ancient Arcadia. On the balconies of the neatly whitewashed houses pots of basil and begonia had been set out, and formed green patches against the white. Here and there an almond tree in full bloom dispensed wide sweetness, or shook its snowy petals to the breeze. The site of the town was so uneven that it seemed possible to step from the threshold of some of the dwellings on to the red-tiled roofs of others. There was water everywhere. Sometimes it ran through wooden troughs and sometimes it darted down clear byways worn in the blue rock. They walked beside a wall, on which was an aqueduct, and they heard the water gurgling above their heads.

The demarch was standing in the door of his cafe. A single grape vine, spreading out on a frame, supported by two posts and the wall, made a panopty above his head. The leaves were new, and were as pale green as young frogs. Kurios Nikolaki was an imposing figure, and doubtless felt his position in the community, combining as he did in one person the important functions of Mayor, grocer, saloon keeper and banker. He stood now, with his hairy hands crossed over his semi-spherical stomach, watching the advent of his guests and smiling benignly. As Curtis glanced at the tall yellow boots, the voluminous breeches, the double-breasted vest with woolen balls for buttons, the hakish fez, he thought for the first time since landing in Crete of his camera. That had gone down with the Holy Mary. The demarch was clean-shaven, with the exception of his gray mustache, and his shirtsleeves were fresh from the iron. His cheeks were florid with good living, and he would have been a comely man save for the fact that his lower lids had fallen a little, disclosing a red and raw looking spot under each eye.

"Welcome! welcome!" he cried, as the party arrived. "How is Mr. Stork? And the Lieutenant? And Kur' Michali? And where is the Church this morning? Why did you not bring him along, that he might take a drink of cognac with the State?"

"I am very well," replied Curtis in Greek. "We did not bring the Church, because we did not see him."

Curtis had made great progress in Panayota's language during his brief stay, as he had lost no opportunity of practice. He had found the girl very willing to talk with him and not a little interested in his efforts to acquire fluency in her native tongue. He had also made this discovery, which pleased him greatly, that the Greek of these sturdy mountaineers was easier for him than that of Athens, as it possessed a more archaic flavor.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" shouted the demarch. "Your progress is wonderful. I observe it every day."

"Ah, this is comfortbale," said Curtis, sitting on a bench with his back against the plane tree. "Are all the Cretan villages as pretty as this?"

"Some are much more beautiful," cried Michali. "That is, those which the Turks have not destroyed. But this village is not so easy for them to reach. You see how hard it is from the sea to come. And behold, we have all around us a circle of mountains."

"An enemy couldn't get in at all," said Lindbohm, casting an experienced eye about. He was striding nervously to and fro, fencing with an imaginary oppopppppp cmfwy warm warm warm warm nent.

"Yes, one way. There is, what you call it—a cut in the hill—"

"A ravine," suggested Curtis.

"Yes, I t'ink so. A ravine, very deep and very crooked. But the shepherds watch him all the time."

The conversation did not progress rapidly, because Greek politeness demanded that Michali translate every word for the demarch, whose own remarks, moreover, it was necessary to turn into English.

"Would you like to see the inside of my store?" asked the latter, a lull in the conversation making him reel that he must do something for the entertainment of his guests. Michali had again described the shipwreck, the English had been denounced as barbarians, worse than the Turks, and the demarch had told a story of a famous battle in which 30 Cretans slew 200 Mahometans, on which occasion he himself had led the victorious party. There seemed to be nothing else to talk about.

"I have some very fine pictures inside," said the mayor. "Come Lieutenant, Kur' Stork, Michali."

"But the pictures?" said Curtis, when they had entered, hoping that his host possessed a collection of Byzantine, or perhaps Venetian works of art. Mr. Nikolaki glanced about the room and waved his hand majestically,

"They are hanging on the walls," he replied.

Borrowing Lindbohm's cane, he made the circuit of the room, pointing to the wretched prints that were hung high up, close to the ceiling.

"This," he explained, "is Marco Botsaris, a famous Greek patriot of the war of independence. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Heard of him!" cried Curtis.

"And this is Ali Pasha," continued the Mayor, "with his head in the lap of his favorite wife. He lived at Janina. He was finally killed, as he deserved to be. He terrified Albania, Epirus and a part of Macedonia, but the Suliotes he could not terrify. Their women preferred to die rather than submit to Turks." Kur Nikolaki was reciting, after the manner of a lecturer, one of those glorious incidents in modern Greek history which all Greeks know by heart.

"Why do you go to Suli for an example of heroism?" cried Michali, springing to his feet, his eyes blazing with excitement. "He will tell you of the deeds of the brave Suliote women, and how they blew themselves up with their own powder, or have danced, singing, over the edge of one cliff, to save their honor. Why shall he not tell rather of the Convent of Arkadie?"

"Ah, certainly, certainly, tell them of Arkadie," cried the demarch, catching the name.

"It was Mustapha Pasha," continued Michali, speaking rapidly, despite his unfamiliarity with English. His fists were clenched, and he jerked out the words by nervously smiting the air, as though beating on an inviable table.

"He had come with very many Turks to Rethymo. He kills, he burns. The women, many of them pregnant, and the small children, they cannot climb over the hills and sleep on the rocks. They take asylum in the Monastery of Arkadie, on south side Mount Ida. The old men go, too. Mustapha he puts cannon on mountains all around and fires down from above. By and by, he beats down the walls, and his army rush into the court. He say 'Yield.' The women, the old men, the friars, they say 'No, we die!' and they shoot from the windows. O, they kill very many Turks. Then Mustapha bring in his cannon, and he commence shoot at walls of building. Pretty soon he will make a hole. Fr. Gabriel, the Hegoumenos, he see this. He shout through the roar of the cannon: 'Shall we die, my children, or shall we yield?' They say all together, 'We shall die.'"

Lindbohm was striding up and down before the speaker. The demarch still held the rattan cane, but the Lieutenant was making home thrusts with his closed fist.

"Fr. Gabriel he stretch out his arms. They all fall on their knees, the women, the children, the old men. The Hegoumenos bleeses them; he say, 'Father, into thy hands I commit these souls!' Then he goes down cellar. They know where he gone. The women hug their babies tight and begin to sing the hymn of liberty, and the men join in. They are all looking to the sky and chanting—" and Michali sang:

From the bones of the Greeks upspringings.
Who died that we might be free,
And the strength of thy strong youth bringing
Hail, Liberty! Hail to thee!

"Every moment a bullet comes through and kills somebody, but they know nothing how except the song, 'Hail Liberty.' Then the wall falls and in rush the Turks and begin to kill, when 'boom' the powder magazine roars like one gun, and all are dead—Greeks, Turks, all dead. Ah! all dead together—300 Turks!"

But the demarch, not understanding all this, was unable to enter fully into the enthusiasm of the others. He was anxious to continue with his picture gallery.

"This," he said, "is the Lordos Beeron, who, being descended from the ancient Greeks, came over to this country to fight for his native land."

Curtis, despite his enthusiasm for Byron, did not rise. He had seen that wood cut before in Athens. It represented the youthful poet wearing a brass cavalry helmet with a sublime plume. This is the Byron honored among the uneducated classes in Greece, who know him as soldier and not as poet. With nodding plume and warlike eye he frowns terribly down from the dingy walls of a thousand khans and wayside inns. In this apotheosis he no longer holds high converse with Shelley and Tom Moore, he hobnobs with Ypsilanti, Bozzoris and Admiral Miaoulis.

"This," continued Kur' Nikolaki, "is the most beautiful woman in the world. I have never found any one who knew her name, but all agree that she is a Greek—probably a Sphakiote."

Lindbohm and Michali gazed earnestly at the cheap engraving, but no name was visible. Curtis arose, and, placing his hand on the Mayor's shoulder, hopped across the room.

"An American actress, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "She's a beauty, indeed, but she's an American, old man." And in Greek to the Mayor: "She's an American—ah—I can't think of the word for 'actor.' Michali tell him her picture is to be found in every nook and cranny of the civilized globe. I can't say 'nook' and 'cranny' in Greek."

CHAPTER VI.

"Hello," cried Lindbohm, "what's the hubbub?"

It was the morning of the 2d of May. Curtis and his two friends were sitting in the Mayor's Cafe, partaking of muddy black coffee, served in tiny cdps.

Noisy voices, as of an increasing and excited throng were audible. Michali, the Mayor and the Swede rushed to the door, but were almost immediately swept back inside on the crest of an angry human wave. Two or three tall young shepherds, with long crooks in their left hands and with hairy cloaks thrown over their shoulders, were flinging their fists in the air and shouting hoarsely. Papas-Malecko, fully as tall as they, and looming above them by the height of his priest's hat, was flourishing angrily a bit of letter paper, and evidently attempting to out yell them. His head was thrown back and his great black beard, jerked by his rapidly moving chin, twitched and danced upon his breast. Every moment more men, women and children crowded into the cafe, until the interior became thronged to suffocation. Curtis seized the little table that stood before him firmly with both hands and pulled it over his lame foot.

The Demarch, clambering upon a bench, shouted and gesticulated, evidently for order. His efforts at first unavailable, at length resulted in partial quiet, and he began to speak. He finished and stepped down. Then one of the shepherds jumped upon the improvised platform. He was no orator, but with few and hesitating words, told his story. But this was evidently a case where facts were eloquent, for his voice was soon drowned in an unextinguishable roar, in the midst of which Papas-Malecko sprang upon another bench and commenced to speak, still shaking the bit of paper. Silence again fell. Curtis could understand scarcely anything. Each of the speakers talked so rapidly that the words seemed all joined together into one word of interminable length. Besides, in their excitement, they were screaming one moment and talking in a hoarse guttural the next. He only knew that he was listening to an outburst of wild, crude eloquence—the eloquence of passion—the exaltation of righteous indignation. When the priest had finished he tore the paper into little bits, and threw them into the air with thumbs and fingers extended like the ribs of a fan, the Greek gesture of a curse.

"Na!" he cried.

In the moment of silence, of evident perplexity, which followed, Curtis arose and, seizing Michali firmly by the shoulder, pulled him nearer.

"What in Heaven's name is all this?" he asked.

"Bad, very bad," replied the Cretan. "Kostakes Effendi, with 250 men, has two villages destroyed on other side of mountain and kill many people. He write letter and say we send him Panayota, the priest's daughter, for his harem he go 'way. If no, he come through the pass, burn, kill."

Curtis sank upon the seat and stared dumbly at the broad back of the villager just before him. It expanded into the front of a whitewashed cottage, with a laughing Greek girl standing beneath a porch of vines. She had soft, brown hair, large brown eyes and a low, broad forehead. As he looked, a frightened expression crept into the eyes, and she turned them upon him appealingly.

"By God, they shan't have her!" he cried aloud, smiting the table with his fist. Rising without thinking of his foot, he began to shout the situation excitedly into Lindbohm's ear. The latter listened with apparent stolidity, but, making a thrust with the imaginary sword, punched the broad back viciously with his fist.

Another of the shepherds mounted the bench. Papas-Malecko surged through the crowd and shook his fist at the speaker. This last orator was about 40 years of age, sturdy and florid. He had small, keen eyes and a conciliatory manner.

"What does he say?" asked Lindbohm of Michali.

"He say send the girl. We have but little ammunition, few guns. Kostakes Effendi have plenty men, plenty guns. Better one suffer than all. Kostakes, he say is no genuine Turk, anyway. His mother was a Greek—he probably marry the girl."

Then an unexpected thing happened. The orator was having a visible effect on a portion of his audience. He was dispersing the patriotic exaltation of the weaker-minded, and was causing even the boldest to feel the hopelessness of their condition. At this critical moment the Norseman, who had grown deadly pale, gave way to frenzy. He threw the listening throng to right and left as easily as though he were walking through a field of tall wheat. Reaching the bench of the astonished orator, he kicked it from under him. The Cretan sprang to his feet and drew his knife. Lindbohm seized the uplifted wrist and twisted it until the weapon fell to the floor. Then he savagely hustled the orator through the crowd, too astonished to interfere, to the door, the entire throng surging into the open air after him. Curtis forgot his foot, but was sharply reminded of it by putting it on the floor in his eagerness to follow. When he finally reached the door, Lindbohm was bounding merrily after the escaping coward, beating him over the back with his own staff. Some of the Cretans were laughing and others were shouting "Bravo!"

"He will go to join the Turks," said Michali to Curtis.

"That's where he ought to be," replied the American.

(To be continued.)

"IT WAS MUSTAPHA PASHA" CONTINUED MICHALI.

Picking Chickens by Electricity.

One of the employes at Cudahy's packing-house, in Kansas City, has invented a device for extracting the feathers from chickens that is a considerable improvement over the old way of picking them by hand. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5000 revolutions per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particles of down, and the machine is ready for another.

Marriage Maxims.

Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn.

You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it.

A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best.

There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses.

The man who respects his wife does not turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own.—From Conan Doyle.

BURDENED WOMEN.

We look in amazement at the burdens some women carry upon their heads. Yet how light they are compared with the burdens some women carry upon their hearts. There are childless women whose hearts ache ceaselessly because of the childless home. That burden of childlessness has been lifted from the heart of many a woman by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of the obstacles to maternity are removable. Such obstacles are entirely removed by "Favorite Prescription." It contains no alcohol nor narcotic.

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