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By JAMES M. LUDLOW

the approaching day. The cavalcade closed around the fugitive chieftain and moved along in silence, except to respond to the sentinels. As they passed the extreme picket of the Turks they halted. A wardrobe had been secreted in a cave beyond a copse near the road. Dismounting, the men ex- licitude for Milosch, whom he had perchanged their turbans for caps of wolf | mitted to undertake the desperate ven- | ble passion. or beaver skin. Their gayly trimmed ture already narrated, although until Turkish foot soldiers, gave place to had no knowledge of the project of the short fur sacks. Their flowing, bag Albanians. bottomed trousers were kicked off. leaving abbreviated breeches of leath- is advised that you cross to the north er. In a few moments the splendidly of the pass in the Balkans and take uniformed suit of a Moslem bey was | thence the valley way between Caratransformed into a rough but exceed- tova and the Egrisu. A message from ingly unique looking band of Albanian | General Hunyades informs me that reguerrillas. Scanderbeg assumed a hel- lays can be provided along the road met the summit of which carried as a and that every facility shall be given device the head and shoulders of a us." goat, since the times of Alexander the Great the symbol of the powers in or bordering upon Macedonia. The Turkish uniforms were bundled upon the cruppers for future use.

Scanderbeg gazed silently for a moment upon the faithful group. There was no doubt of their loyalty, for they had proved it by an adventure of rare daring in penetrating the Turkish camp. The face of the great general, usually masking so completely his strongest feelings, lost now its rigidity. His eyes were moist; his lips trembled; every lineament was eloquent with the emotion he could neither conceal nor tell in words. After a few moments' impressive silence, pointing westward, he cried:

"Forward to Albania!" "Thank heaven, the plan did not fail!" said the chief officer, riding by

the side of the fugitive general. "In no particular has it failed, colonel," replied Scanderbeg, "and for this every praise is due your wise precautions. I have never known better work of brain or nerve. With such grand soldiers as you and your men, I fear nothing for Albania. But your name, colonel?"

"Moses Goleme," replied the officer

Scanderbeg reined his horse and gave him his hand heartily. "A man as mates on windmills and all pumping grand as he is brave! Heaven reward you, good Moses! But you must vow to stand by me yet as patiently as you have done hitherto-during my apostasy. Pledge me that you will be my good angel. Counsel me frankly, fearlessly, as a man should always counsel a man. Rebuke me freely, but bear with me in your heart, as you would with a child."

"I may not advise the most capable general in the world," replied Moses Goleme. "I vow to obey. Let that be my part. As I have already imperiled my estates by open opposition to the Turkish rule and given my life to the liberty of my country, so I offer all to thee, sire, the sovereign of my heart, until you shall be acknowledged the sovereign of Albania, and a new ampire be founded on the east of the Adriatic which shall take the place of the decaying powers of Italy on the

"The task your patriotism proposes is Will be at the Mansion House Wed- vast," replied Scanderbeg-"too vast

"Too great for any but the great Specialist in Plate, Crown and Castriot!" was the answer, evidently as honest as it was reverent. "But you do me too much honor, general, in praising my plan of meeting you. hysician, Surgeon and Acciucheur. was ably seconded by my men, and especially by two of them. One of them was wounded."

"I trust you speak not of a brave fellow who brought me the time and place of the rendezvous, for I never saw such strength and daring in my my life, which-God spare it-I freely

"The same, I fear," said Moses. "A ly and commended to me by our most good for two generations at least." trusted scout."

"Did he tell you how he found me out and communicated your plan to

"No, for he was too severely hurt to

speak much." "I will tell that part for him, then," said Scanderbeg. "It was in the hottest of the fight. My own bodyguard was thrown into confusion. A fellow clad like one of my own staff crowded close to my side. His horse actually rested against my own, and I would ders for his impudent valor had not part of the journey you must tell me have severed his head from his shoulhis oath at his beast been 'by the beard | about that lass you would not leave for of Moses!' Seeing that I observed it, as he dodged the circles of the scimi- that when I was a boy. The face of known, and that to elude suspicion Mihe grunted, 'At the brook to the north!' ters, and 'Near the Roman roads' ne your child that night I watched for losch and the boy Constantine should hissed as he pared the cap from a you carried me back to those happy accompany her as her father and brothhissed as he pared the cap from days. I could see my little sweetheart er, neither of whom knew her true his- weight of a person. A young woinak 'At the ninth hour tonight!' he shouted in her, though thirty years have thrown tory. The "brotherhood in God" beas he parried a thrust. Before I had their shadows of dark events across tween Kabilovitsch and his old neighblock of wood and whirled it out over breathing space—for I was closely be- my memory." set at the time—he had gone. But he Studio at residence Colborne St. North
FENELON FALLS.

set at the time—he had gone.

set at the time—he had gone.

was not skillful in using his weapon ble George Cernoviche, whose castle or managing his horse. I am grieved, or managing his horse.

ruins lie now by the shore of Ochrida. I thought he must have fallen. But Am I not right?"

who was the other?" "Yonder old fellow with a huge green Meets in C.O.F. Hall Second Monday turban on the saddle before him. If aught of the history of my little maidhis brain were as big as his headpiece en? If she lives she must be a goodly A Fraternal and Benefit Society for ladies at actual Also Sick, Funeral and Disability bene
his brain were as big as his later. He matron now."

he could not have planned better. He were at actual at actual cost.

he could not have planned better. He were at actual and Disability bene-

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"I must thank him in person," said Scanderbeg, riding back toward him.

"What," he exclaimed as the full

"Kabilovitsch?" The old man diverted Scanderbeg's compliments by an expression of so-

"Kabilovitsch will accompany us?" asked Scanderbeg.

"On one condition, sire," replied the old man. "My little daughter must go with me, a lass of ten springtides"night and day."

"Then I may follow, but cannot accompany you," said Kabilovitsch.

"I need such men as you with me. No true Albanian will delay for a child. Country must be child and have been accustomed to command. mother to us all," said the general. "But cannot your child be left safely where she is?"

"She is safe where she is, but I may not leave her without providing for her future. Milosch is lying in a cottage but a little before us. If his wounds are not fatal-as I believe they are not, though the leech thought otherwise-I may bring the girl to him and still overtake you before you come in sight of the Black mountains."

tage," said Scanderbeg, "for, though | slay its father, and this they did, the moments are precious, I would bless the brave fellow for his work

There were several wounded Christian soldiers at the little hovel. A Greek monk was administering both spiritual and physical comfort, for Rilo monastir had sent its inmates along the track of the Christian army. Milosch was doing well. His wounds were one in the fleshy part of the shoulder, the other a contusion on the head from a blow which had stunned him. A few weeks would put him again upon his feet, though perhaps his fighting days were over, for the flesh wound lay across an important muscle and would permanently destroy the strength of the right arm.

Milosch fell in with the proposition bania, for which he had already done

and suffered so much. The two men entered into what is banians as "brotherhood in God," cove John to devote their lives each to the other and both to their common cause.

Kabilovitsch said: "My brother, I commit to thy keep- been a wanderer. A price was secreting our daughter, Morsinia, thine and ly set upon my head by Amesa. In mine from henceforth. She is all I the mountains of Macedonia, in the have but life to share with thee, which pass of the Balkans, have I kept watch

also I freely give." To this Milosch replied: ing our boy, Constantine, thine and would go only if the lass might go mine from benceforth. He is all I have

"Please God!" said Scanderbeg. "And Servian, whom I had not known before | if the girl and the boy were the ones I

yesterday. But he was boiling over saw asleep in each other's arms by the with rage for the slaughter of his fami- fire the other night the compact is It was agreed that, upon his suffi-

cient recovery, Milosch should bring the children from the camp of Hunyades to Albania. The ride by the Vitosh and Rilo

mountains, where the mighty ranges of the Balkans, the Upper Moesian and the Rhodope are thrown close together, was sufficiently grand to engross the eye and mind of the dashing riders. As they forced their way up a long and tedious ascent Scanderbeg joined Kabilovitsch and said:

"To relieve the tedium of this slow saw it. I played with a little lass like of Albania. where her history was un-

"That child was the fair Mara," said losch's claim to paternity. but not surprised, at his receiving hurt ruins lie now by the shore of Ochrida.

"Right, but I knew not of the fall of her father's house! Can you tell me

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She married the noble Musache de | his insults. The boy Michael, with Streeses, whose castle once stood near "Ah, I have heard of his sad fate," use of his hands he could not free himreplied the general. "Oh, for vengeance on these villains who have de der guard of several soldiers. As they

spoiled the land! Musache de Streeses | descended the mountains the band of was the richest of all the landowners' on the coast of Adria, the soul of honor, a genuine patriot, with whom my father held confidential intercourse. His purse and sword were freely offered for service against the Turk. It was | perish in the utter desolation which a favorite scheme of my father to some day unite our families. I hear that my nephew, Amesa, has become possessed | they were all made to wash at a stream of those estates, being also nephew to In some instances the captors went De Streeses, who was slain by the Turks. But my fairy, Mara, you said, was married to De Streeses. It was she, then, who, with her infant child, was daylight fell upon the man's features, killed by the Turks during the raid?"

"Noble Castriot, De Streeses and the Lady Mara were murdered foully, treacherously," said the old man, reining his horse and speaking with terri-"Oh, to take vengeance!" exclaimed

jackets, such as were worn by the, a few days before he, being a Servian, Scanderbeg. "By the fair face of Mara, this, with the thousand other murders of these years, shall be wash-"We must haste, sire," said Moses. "It ed out if my sword drains a myriad veins of Turkish blood to make sure of his who struck so brutal a blow!" "Your sword need not search so wide

as that," said Kabilovitsch. "The family of De Streeses were murdered by hands we both know but too well." "How know you, Kabilovitsch?"

The man removed his cap as if inviting the inspection of his face and, lowering his voice, replied: "I am not Kabilovitsch; I am Ar-

"Impossible! For our ride must be Arnaud, whose shoulders I bestrode before I ever mounted a steed?" exclaimed Scanderbeg.

"The same, sire. And the Turks who murdered the nobleman and his beautiful wife were not such Turks as you Too white of skin and too black of heart were they. I would not say this beyond the castle of De Streeses. Nor do Turks swear by St. John, as I heard one of them do as he cursed a fellow villain for some slip in the plan. Nor, again, would Turks seeking only for plunder have shown as much eagerness "I will stop with you at the cot- to kill the little babe as they did to searching even among the ashes for evidence that the tiny bones had been sufficiently charred to prevent their recognition. But the child was not inthe castle at the time. My good wife was suckling it, the Lady Mara being of delicate condition, and that night the babe was at the lodge. As soon as the commotion was heard at the castle

> "But where is this child now?" asked Scanderbeg eagerly. "You have gazed upon her by my campfire, sire, and your soul saw in her face that of the sainted Mara, though your eyes detected her not." "And you know the perpetrator of this damnable deed?" asked Scander-

the child was hidden in the copse."

"I may not say I know, since your of Kabilovitsch regarding Morsinia. noble father refused to believe that Though a Servian, he had lost interest any other than Turkish hands did it. in his own country because of the vacil- But he who possesses the estate now lating course of the despot, George knows too much of this affair to thank Brankovitch, who was half Christian God in his prayers for his inheritance. and half Moslem, according to the pol- I saved the child, yet Lord Amesa has icy of the moment. Milosch would sworn that once a Turk who fell beidentify himself with the cause of Al- neath his sword in a private brawl confessed to him that his hands had strangled the infant on the night of the raid. Some one interested had suspiknown among the Servians and Alcion of where the truth lay, for my own cot was raided and my wife slain nanting in the name of God and St one night during my absence. But the child was safe elsewhere. Since then, knowing that her life was secure only through her being secreted, I have

over my sacred charge. I want not to see Albania but as I can see justice "My brother, I commit to thy keep- done in Albania; therefore I said I with me and under the strong protecthat I wot of to share with they but | tion of a Castriot who knows the truth,

whose very soul recognized the child of Mara."

"The child's life shall be as sacred to me as if Mara had become my wife, as she vowed in her play, and the child were my own," said Scanderbeg. "But this perplexes our cause. Amesa is one of our bravest, wiliest voivodes. To antagonize him with this old charge would imperil my reception with the people and the liberty of our land. But I pledge you, my good Arnaud, that, though vengeance waits, it shall not sleep." It was readily foreseen by both that

only at the peril of her life could Morsinia be allowed to accompany her foster father, Arnaud or Kabilovitsch, to the camp of Castriot. The former forester would be recognized and suspicion at once excited as to the person of his ward. It was therefore determined that she should be domiciled safely in a little hamlet on the borders

of a Turk while defending herself from | tured upon the brittle ice. and they, as

arms bound above the elbows and drawn back so that while retaining the self, was driven along with others uncaptives was steadily increased by contributions from the cottages and hiding places along the way. They were mostly boys and girls, the old men and women having been slain or left to marked the track of the army.

As they approached Philippopol into the city and returned with pretty skirts of bright colored wool or silk and caps made of shells and beads for the girls. Fantistic enough were the costumes and toilets which the rough old troopers forced upon the little maidens, but if they were pleasing to the captors they would prove perhaps as pleasing to the rough slave buyers in the market square of Philippopolis who purchased the girls for disposal again at the harems of the capital.

The boys, however, were not sold. They were the special property of the sultan, to be trained as janizaries for military service or employed in menial positions about the royal seraglio.

The band of boys to which Michael was attached was marched at once to Adrianople. Several hundreds were gathered in a great square court, which was surrounded by barracks on three sides and on the fourth faced the river Marissa. A great soup kettle, the emblem of the janizary corps, was mounted upon a pole in the center of the square and seemed to challenge the "Arnaud, the forester of De Streeses? | honors of the gilt star and crescent, the emblem of royalty, that gleamed from | Flannelettes and Wrapperettes | Apron Ginghams and Tickings the tall staff in an adjacent court of the seraglio.

For several days the new boys were fed with delicious milk and meats, prepared by skillful hands of old soldiers, who knew the art of nursing the sick almost as well as they knew that of making wounds. They were then but that I give you also my reasons for stripped naked and examined carefully so grave an accusation. Turks in raid- by the surgeons. If one were deforming do not discriminate in their depre- ed or ill proportioned or failed to give dations, but these harmed not a leaf promise of a strong constitution, he was taken away to be trained as a woinak or drudge of the camps. Perhaps threefourths of the entire number in Michael's company were thus branded for life with an adverse destiny.

The more favored lads were graded into ojaks, or messes, and among them were daily contests in running and wrestling, according to the results of which the ojaks were constantly changing their members, the strongest and most agile living together in honorary distinction from their fellows.

The officers in charge of these janizary schools were old or crippled men whom years or wounds had rendered unfit for service in the field and who were assigned to the easier task in compensation for past fidelity. Michael's rugged health and mountain

training enabled him to advance rapidly through the various grades. Though almost the youngest in his company, he was the first in the race, and no one could take him from his feet in the wrestling match.

"A sturdy little giaour," said old Selim, a fat and gouty janizary.

"Aye, tough and handy!" responded Mustapha, an old captain of the corps, ogling Michael with his widowed eye and stroking his beard with his equally bereaved hand as he watched the boy wriggling from beneath to the top of a companion nearly double his size. "If the little fellow is as agile in wit as he is in limb he will not long be among the janizaries. A splendid build; broad in the shoulders; deep chested, but not flat; narrow loins; compact hips-just the make of a lion. See the lad! He tosses the big one as a panther topples an ox. We have not had his match in the school since Scanderbeg was a boy."

"Poor Scanderbeg!" said Mustapha. "How now?" inquired Selim, "Is there any news from him?"

"Yes. He has met his first defeat. He was in command at the last battle under the Balkans. Carambey got fast in a bog in the first battle, and Scanderbeg was unable to redeem the defeat the second. But he lived not to know it. His body could not be found." "That is a loss, comrade, the padishah

can never make good with any man in the service. But have you not noted, Mustapha, that Scanderbeg never fought so well against Christians as against the Caramanians, the Kermians and rebellious Turks? But, Mustapha, we must train the little devil yonder to forget that he ever heard the name of Jesu, Son of Mary, except from the

"Let us see if he has as much courage as he has cartilage," said Mustapha. "The day is one fit for the water test. Let us have the squad on the river's bank. If you will bring them, I will go and arrange the test."

"It is too cold, and, besides, I do not like it," said Selim. "I have known some of the best and hottest blood that ever boiled in a child's veins to be chilled forever by it. It is too severe, except for trout."

"But it is commanded, and today is moon yet," was the reply as Mustapha moved toward the water. .The river Marissa was covered with

thin ice, not strong enough to bear the naked and shivering at the barrack doors and at a signal were to dash UT while these refugees from after the flag. All hesitated at the the little hamlet on the moun- strange and cruel command until a tains were so favored of good | whip, snapping close to their bare Providence, what of the oth- backs, started them. Some slipped and ers? Our story must return to the day | fell upon the rough and icy stones of of the battle in the pass of Slatiza. | the paving in the court. Others halted Mother Helena fell beneath the sword at the river's edge. Only a few ven-

(To be continued.)

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