Sweet is True Love.

To this she made no answer—indeed, he scarcely seemed to expect one—and a dead silence that lasted for several minutes fell upon them both. Lady Warrenne, sitting there in a huge crimson chair, her tiny figure half hidden in the velvet cushions, might have been mistaken for a marble statue robed, so motionless she sat; while over her, tall and fair, stood Sir Mark, like some ancient knight guarding a sleeping fairy. Presently he broke the spell.

"Good-bye, Katherine," he said.

"Good-bye," rising from among the cushions and looking half frightened; "good-bye—so soon!"

"Yes, it is better so." He had conceived the idea, poor fellow, that he was more or less of a nuisance to his own wife, and though very loath to part with what he loved so well, still he could not endure the thought that his presence was distasteful to her! "I will arrange everything for you, Katherine, so do not put yourself to any trouble; but if you have any particular wish you had better tell it to me now, as I have business that will take me to town early to-morrow morning. You can start for Tyne Royal the day after that, or the next day, unless,"—dropping his voice— "you would prefer remaining here until after the funeral." Katherine shivered. "I think that is all I have to say," he went on, a faint tremor pervading his voice in spite of all his manliness. "So now bid me good-bye, my darling, and—and—think of me sometimes, Katherine!"

Lady Warrenne strove hard to speak, but the words appeared to freeze on her lips; speech and thought seemed alike to have deserted her; she could only remember clearly that Blackwood was gone, that Mark was going, and that all the world beyond was a blank to her forevermore; while the same dark sense of lingering evil that had haunted her all the morning fell upon her heart once more threatening to stifle her with its vague, dull pain. She felt her senses leaving her, when Sir Mark's voice brought her back again to a slight remembrance of the present.

"Katherine, Katherine," he cried, bitter pain and disappointment mingled in his tones, "you are silent! You do not even wish me God-speed! Oh, darling, have you forgotten that I, too, love you with all my heart and soul? I am going away, now, perhaps I shall never see you again; have you no word to say to me? Surely, before I leave, you will kiss me once of your own free will?"

Katherine went up to him as in a dream, and putting her arms round his neck, raised her face to his.

"Good-bye, my love, good-bye!" he whispered, hoarsely, pressing his lips to hers, and holding her close to as loyal and true a heart as ever man had; but an instant later her head drooped upon his shoulder, while her form grew heavy in his arms, and he carried her up to her own room insensible.

CHAPTER VI.

"Tyne Royal, Oct. 10, 18—.

"Dearest Harry—Are you angry with me because I never answered your long, kind letters? Well, I could not; that is my only excuse. And you will, I know, forgive me. I am very lonely here, and—and a little frightened. Will you come to me? Tell Charlie, I will not keep you long—only a very little time—if he will just spare you to me for awhile. Give him and the children my love, and ever believe me your own Katherine.

"P. S.—Oh, Harry, do come! I want you."

"Charlie," cried Mrs. Charteris, springing to her feet, "this letter is from our Katherine."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Charlie, feeling scarcely less excited, and entirely forgetting, in his enthusiasm, the "sweet thing," in cockchafers he had received by the morning's post. "You don't say so!"

"Ah, yes, indeed, thank goodness, poor dear child! Listen to what she says.'"

And Mrs. Charteris read the letter through once more for her husband's benefit."

"You must go to her at once, Harry," Mr. Charteris decided, when it was finished; "she is evidently dying with the 'blues.' Warrenne had no right to send her to such an isolated spot, as I conclude this Tyne Royal must be, no matter how much she may have wished it. Could you not manage to bring her back here with you, Harry? Poor little soul, without a friend to speak to, no wonder she feels lonely!"

"You fancy it is loneliness," said Harriet slowly: "I do not. Charlie did you never think?"

An eloquent silence ensued.

"No I never did," replied Charlie, quite slowly; a new light breaking in upon his hitherto darkened mind, and totally forgetful of all those abstruse calculations he went through daily in the "sanctum."

"Well, I did," went on his wife, triumphantly, "and now I am sure of it."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Charteris; "that never occurred to me! I hope you are right; you generally are, indeed. Why, it would be the very best thing that could happen—eh, don't you think so? Harry, my dear, do not lose a moment; I firmly, believe that everything will come all right in the end now."

"I will go and pack up a few things this moment, and give some directions to Lawson; though how you and the children are to get on during my absence is more than I can imagine. You really must promise me, Charlie, to give up your insects and nonsense while I am away, and keep the boys out of mischief, as I cannot depend upon a single servant in the place, and if Tinsley once gets into your laboratory he will undoubtedly blow himself up."

"He certainly has a wonderful genius for experimentalizing," returned Tinsley's father, with a smile that expressed the highest pride in his first born's predilections "But you may be happy in your mind: I promise he shall not soil so much as the tips of his fingers—in my apartments, at all events."

"That's a dear boy," said his wife, pleasantly, running out of the room to make preparations for her journey.

She was a woman who always entered with her whole heart into any matter, however small, she had in hand, never letting "the grass grow under her feet," and so the next evening, rather late, saw her alighting at the hall door of Katherine's new residence, as fresh and charming as though railway journeys and the fatigues accompanying them were of no consequence whatever.

Tyne Royal, as she entered it, seemed almost as fine a house as Warrenne Hall, and by no means gloomy, as both she and Charlie had agreed to consider it. It was not so large, perhaps, as the latter residence, but was quite as beautifully kept up. Still she had little time to institute comparisons as she followed the ancient butler up the broad staircase to the upper corridor, where she was met by an under housemaid and a large, red-faced, muscular, and altogether remarkable-looking person, with an eye that would have cowed a bodyguard.

This austere individual waited in solemn silence and a rather menacing attitude for Mrs. Charteris' first remark.

"How is Lady Warrenne?" Harriet asked in a low, hushed tone, as though afraid of waking somebody.

"Beautiful, ma'am, beauitful. You needn'tt be nervous," replied the Lady of the Bed-chamber, with an obvious sniff, and at the very tip-top of her most energetic voice, as though determined to ignore Mrs. Charteris' attempt at quietness. "Follow me, mum"—leading the way into an adjoining apartment where, amidst a wilderness of pillows lay Katherine Warrenne with a little fragile morsel of humanity in her arms.

"My darling!" cried the warm-hearted Harriet Charteris with a sob of intense emotion running over and kneeling down by her side while Katherine could only throw her soft white arm around her friend's neck and weep silent joyful tears.

Presently Mrs. Charteris became aware that something was due to the other small inmate of the chamber; so she pushed back the pink flannel to gaze at the wee face it contained and was immediately lost in admiration of the tiny wrinkled features that looked like nothing in all the world so much as a quaint India-rubber painted face.

"When was it?" she asked.

"The very day I wrote to you," Katherine answered, a proud happy smile lighting up her small face; "so my darling is just three days old"—passing fond, loving fingers over the unconscious baby forehead.

"A boy?" Harriet asked, again peering down mysteriously into the precious, cozy bundle.

"Yes, a boy!" Lady Warrenne responded gratefully, though why she should have been so grateful that the child should come under the denomination of a "son and heir," Harriet could not conceive, unless indeed she fancied that somebody else might be so.

"You naughty child, not to send for me before," Mrs. Charteris, said, lovingly. "I am really angry with you and horribly jealous of that formidable dragon I met just outside your door, who seemed anxious to carry me off at once to the lockup, and who, I am sure, would have killed you had not Providence sent me to the rescue. Well, now I am here I have decided that I shall stay with you for a month until you are perfectly strong and able to defy her; so I constitute myself your chief nurse in ordinary, with all due respect to your "old soldier.'"

"Will you really stay with me for so long?" Katherine exclaimed delightedly. "Oh, how good of you! But Charlie—what will he say, and the children?"

"They must do without me for awhile; though, really, my dear, between those wretched servants and Charlie's laboratory, I have small hope of seeing them alive again; in fact, my life is a burden to me." And Harriet smiled as brightly as though laboratories and burdens were the two pleasantest things in all the world. "Whatever you do, Katherine, never let that darling baby—bless him! so much as look at anything that explodes, or he will get a taste for it and worry you into your grave."

Katherine laughed—a low, glad little laugh, very good to hear.

"It is so sweet to have you near me," she said, caressing Harry's soft, round, pretty cheek with her fragile fingers.

"Unless you want to worrit her ladyship into a raging fever, mum, you will stop talkin'," broke in a threatening voice at the door.

Both ladies started. Harriet rather consciously.

"I don't fancy it is doing me any harm, nurse," Katherine declared, very meekly; "indeed, I feel considerably stronger."

"Oh, I dare say," said the veteran, with a withering glance at Mrs. Charteris—"with your eyes quite wild and your cheeks all flushed, pore dear! Well Heaven knows where 'twill end; but I wouldn't care for the extinction of havin' slain a human creetur."

With which parting shot at the intruder she stalked from the room.

Mrs. Charteris talked no more that night.

CHAPTER VII.

Nearly the whole of the stipulated month passed away pleasantly and swiftly enough, enlivened by daily skirmishes with Mrs Ruskin—the belligerent—in which Harriet always came off victorious, to the former's intense disgust, until at length she was finally defeated, and Lady Warrenne was looking quite strong and handsome again, while the baby had grown positively beautiful—in fact, the most beautiful baby in all the world—and knew its mamma perfectly. At least so its mamma said, and of course nobody—not even Mrs. Ruskin, that most formidable personage—was rude enough to contradict her.

That Lady Warrenne was happy in her new-found treasure there could be little doubt. With the little one in her arms she was a picture of mingled pride and intense gratification; yet there were times, nevertheless when her eyes resumed their old, restless, unsatisfied expression, and when she would sit before the blazing fire dreaming for an hour together of far-off scenes to the total forgetfulness of all surrounding objects.

These signs and tokens of a "mind" were all carefully noted and marked down in her busy brain by Mrs. Charteris, and, oddly enough, were secretly exulted over by that unfeeling young woman in the privacy of her own apartment, besides being frequently the subject of numerous letters dispatched to Charteris Park.

So things went on until Harry's leave had almost expired, and she and Lady Warrenne were sitting one morning in the nursery, the baby slumbering peacefully in its little cot close by. Katherine had fallen into one of her absent moods, and sat gazing with wistful eyes into the leaping fire, when she was startled by the touch of Harry's hand laid gently upon her knee.

"Katherine," said Mrs. Charteris, "why do you not say at once what it is you want, my dear?"

"Want!" Lady Warrenne repeated, a conscious flush overspreading her fair face. "Why, you are dreaming, Harriet! What can I possibly have to wish for? I want nothing." And she glanced with nervous fondness toward the cradle.

"Yes, you do," returned Harry, bravely; "you want Mark; you want the best fellow that ever breathed; you want the father of your boy."

"Oh, no, no!" cried her poor little ladyship, excitedly, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms around Harriet's neck.

"But, oh, yes, yes!" that determined diplomatist went on, valiantly, resolved at all hazards to gain her point now that she had at last found opportunity for broaching the forbidden topic "Why, Katherine, consider, my dear; what are you thinking of? The little one is a month old to-day, and his own father has never even been told of his existence. Now, is that right?—is it kind? Putting every other consideration aside, how can you be so selfish as to keep that beautiful boy all to yourself, when you know Mark would be so proud of him, his dear little son?"

To be Continued.

SUDDEN KLONDIKE RICHES

LAWRENCE E. BROOKS'S RISE FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.

Four Years Ago a Labourer in a Vineyard at $1.50 a Day and Now Worth Upward of $300,000—Sufferings by Which He Gained His Gold in the Klondike.

After paying a brief visit to his former home and birthplace in Savannah, N.Y., Lawrence E. Brooks has just returned to Dawson City in the Klondike gold country. Mr. Brooks is popularly supposed to be worth upward of $300,000, Four years ago he was a laborer in a vineyard at Fresno, Cal., at $1.50 a day; five years ago he tramped from San Francisco to Portland, Ore., because he would not spend the $60 he had saved. Ten years ago he shoveled malt in S. K. Nester's malthouse in Geneva, N.Y., and a year later he was working at bottoming out the Erie Canal. He went to the Yukon River diggings from San Francisco in March, 1896. He had $140, and every cent had been saved by pinching economy. He returned to San Francisco in September, 1898, and had more than $100,000 on deposit in the Crocker-Woolsworth Bank besides about 270 pounds of gold dust, and he owned two rich placer mines on Eldorado Creek in the Klondike region.

He has invested his suddenly gotten wealth carefully during the year that he has been on the Pacific coast. He owns

A BLOCK OF FIVE STORES

on Larkin street, San Francisco, that cost him $95,000, and his rents therefrom amount to aoout $9,000 a year. Besides, he has a half interest in an ostrich farm at Pasadena, Cal., that is generally supposed to have cost him $18,000 or $20,000, and he recently bought a block of stock in the Los Angeles, Cal., traction railway for $40,000. He has established his younger brother, James Brooks, in the livery business at Sacramento, Cal., at a cost of $10,000 or $12,000. To his mother's sister, Mrs. Flaherty, he has given a $2,500 home at Sacramento. He has several small investments at Los Angeles, Cal. Bits of the story he told of his extraordinary rise from poverty to riches are entertaining.

"I was born in Savannah, N.Y.," said Mr. Brooks. "That was in 1863. My father was a laborer on the New York Central tracks and later was watchman at the New York Central bridge over the long Montezuma marshes and the Seneca River just east of Savannah. There were seven of us children and four were older than I. We were very poor, lived in a shanty and ate but the commonest, cheapest food. Mother died of typhoid fever when I was 10 years old and father held the family together, until two years later, when we had to get out and earn our own livelihood. I went to Syracuse and lived with my mother's sister, Mrs. Flaherty, while I sold newspapers and blacked boots for my living. Then I got a job in a livery stable at Auburn and then I worked on the Soule farm, near Savannah. The late A. T. Soule took me to work for him in the shiping department of his factory in Rochester, but I was too ignorant to read writing well, and I made so many blunders that I

RAN AWAY TO PALMYRA.

Then I worked as boy for the Cuylers,

"From the time I was twenty until I was twenty-seven I was a hired laborer and semi-tramp. I went through more vicissitudes in seven years than most men do in a lifetime. But I saved, worked and pinched. I took care of a team of horses sent from Buffalo to Oakland, Cal., and thereby got a ride in a freight car across the continent. In California I was a dishwasher, window washer, street paver, street car driver and stableman. I saved about $200 in four years. Hearing that big money could be made in digging gold on the Yukon River in Alaska, I went there in the spring of 1896. It would take a big book to tell all about our sufferings from hunger, cold and lonliness. I was at Circle City for three months, and I never before knew so hard or cruel a life. I seriously contemplated suicide. There was no gold there to be got and I was suffering from scurvy.

"A sleek Indian came one day overland to Circle City in August, 1896. He excited the 400 miners in Circle City by telling them of the finding of gold in great quantities on a creek known as the Klondike. He showed specimens and said he himself had seen Joe Ladue get a pound of gold there in ten hours. Well, all Circle City went crazy that night. Very few even slept. Sick as I was, I joined the first party of forty men who went on the little steamer Weare down the Yukon to what is now Dawson. It was cold and bleak, but so gold hungry were we that we paid no attention to that. An Innuit, a native Indian, showed me where I could make a claim to a placer bend and where I could dig gold. It is a long story, but in a week I had my claim staked out and recorded and a tent up. Then I began to dig for gold. I got $3 a pan for the first hour, and at bedrock, some thirteen feet below, I got $8 and sometimes $10 a pan.

"In two weeks I had five pounds of gold. With that I bought pine logs and lumber and built a cabin, which cost me about $1,700, and which would be dear at $60 anywhere in Wayne county. But, oh,

THE COLD THAT FIRST WINTER!

For days the mercury ranged from 30 to more than 60 degrees below zero. For two months we had only three hours of a blurred sunshine in each twenty-four hours. If we had not been making more than $1,000 a week, we should have died from melancholy and horrible food. Think of candles at $1 each; ancient codfish at 75 cents a pound; coffee, years old, at $1.50 a pound, and rubber boots at an even $50 each. I bought a pickaxe for $35, and had to tease to buy it. But we got gold, and when June came at last and when we began the annual sluicing I found I had more than 200 pounds avoirdupois of gold. It was $16 an ounce or $156 a pound.

"I sent all the gold to the San Francisco Mint by the Alaska Commercial Company and went to work for a second year of gold mining. It almost killed me, but I cleared more than 420 pounds of gold from July, 1897, to July 1898, and that paid for a whole lot of pain and blues and danger. I bought a claim, No. 41, on Eldorado Creek, in September, 1897, for $22,000 and sold it in January, 1898, for $45,000, and got besides about $10,000 in gold from it.

"I shall mine in the Klondike two years more and then shall quit. I have had one offer of $75,000 for my Eldorado claim, but I want $120,000 for it. What am I going to do then? I shall travel all over the world until I get dead tired of it, and then I shall settle in San Francisco and be a blood, as well as one may with so limited an education as mine is. Yes, I shall return to my birthplace quite often. You can't imagine how good it seems to get back here again for a few days' visit.

Brooks looks like a man of 45, but is not yet 36. He dresses simply. In California he has the best rooms at his hotel, a valet and a stylish equipage.

ON THE HEAD.

The Judge brought his hammer down severely on that fellow's testimony.

Yes, and nailed a lie.

PENNILESS.

Do you think he married her for what she is worth.

Goodness, no! Her face is her fortune.

HIS HOPE.

The physician—You have a coat on your tongue.

The Colonel—I sincerely hope it is a mackintosh.

POOR GAME.

Skinner Bill—Yes, detectives was after me quite a w'ile on dat job.

Knocker Jake—How'd you square it?

Didn't square it. Spent all me money 'fore dey ketched up wit' me.

Excruciating Pains

THE VICTIM A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL CLERK.

After Other Medicines Failed He Was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Every Dose Counted in the Battle of Pain.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonell could ever have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism. Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am" said he "35 years of age, but three years ago I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sudden extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose; nothing seemed to afford erlief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was effected and indeed I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins, and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

USELESS QUESTIONS.

They Are the Bane of the Patient and Long-Suffering Doctor Man.

Every profession has its petty annoyances, but probably the medical profession, above all others, from the mysteries attached to the human body is more subjected to foolish and silly questions. A physician may spend the day, indeed much of the 24 hours, in seeing cases, and, as a recreation, he may drop in socially to see a friend, or attend a dinner of some other social attraction, and at once his neighbors begin to talk about the "wonderful human frame," and such things and then some brilliant member of the company will ask, "Doctor, is there much sickness in the city?" as if the poor physician was a collector of statistics or knew just what the condition of the city was. Another person will call across the table or room, "Doctor, do you think I ought to be vaccinated?" and probably some especially scintillating member will say that she does not believe in vaccination, which of course, settles matters at once.

The wise physician will keep quiet at such times and not let himself into a wild discussion, which can lead to nothing between persons of unequal mental attainments. There is a temptation always to talk "shop," especially by those not in the "shop." The lawyer is asked his opinion in the parlor; the physician is consulted on the street corner. Such advice is worth usually just what it costs the person asking it, namely, nothing. No man should be called on to give an opinion for no remuneration when such an opinion may have cost not only time and money, but when it may, in a measure, involve the reputation of the person giving it.

If the public is to be instructed at all it should certainly be taught not to force any man to "talk shop," morning, noon and night.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Policeman—Who bunged up your eye that way?

Irishman—Moike O'Lafferty.

Policeman—Was there an eyewitness?

Irishman—Indade there was.

Policeman—Who was it?

Irishman—Moike O'Lafferty.

Policeman—I mean, was there anybody else present?

Irishman—Indade there was.

Policeman—Who?

Irishman—Myself, bedad.

MODERN GREEK WOMEN.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL QUALITIES OF THE HELLENIC RACE.

Distinguished by Many Acts of Heroism—Proverbially Domestic Instinct—Punishment for Infraction of Virtue.

The foremost place among the various Christian nationalities cannot but be assigned to the Greeks on account of their intellectual superiority. Physically, as well as mentally, the Greek women of to-day exhibit the characteristic traits of their Hellenic ancestry, and types of almost classical purity are constantly to be met with, not only the free Hellas, but also in parts of the Ottoman Empire. In certain localities, and more particularly in Macedonia, the Greek type has no doubt much deteriorated from admixture with Slav and other foreign elements. It has, however, remained almost perfect in many of the islands, and some of the finest specimens of the race are to be found in Asia Minor, not on the seaboard alone, but in many towns and villages of the interior.

The heroism which the long struggle for independence called forth in the Greek men was shared by their mothers, their sisters, and their daughters. The domestic history of these troubled times is faithfully and graphically recorded in the folk songs of this suffering people, and to these spontaneous outburst of untutored feeling we must turn to hear how the wife of the Klepht chieftain waited with great impatience for news of him, or lamented him as dead; was carried captive to the harem of the Turkish General, or, rather than submit to such a fate, precipitated herself and her child over some precipice. During the protracted siege of Missolonghi the women and girls aided the defenders by bringing materials of every description to stop breaches made by the Turkish artillery. One of the surviving heroines of this famous siege, who died in Athens some 60 years later, expressed on her deathbed a wish to be buried in the pallikar's dress which she had worn during the war and had ever since treasured in secret. The Greek poet Kostas Palamas has made this incident the subject of a long poem, in which he describes how Captain Philio's daughter donned at her father's command the full white kilt, braided vest and jacket and felt capote, and stood in the breach at his side, pistol in hand, while he directed his cannon at the enemy. Her father slain, she had escaped in one of the many sorties with the assistance of a comrade, who afterward became her husband.

Nor was the outbreak on Pelion in 1878 without its heroines. The daughters and sisters of the patriots not only braved the whizzing rifle bullets and the risk of capture to carry food and water to their relatives in the intrenchments, but, as one of their own folk-songs records, would themselves on occasions, "bravely fight and gladly strive for Freedom." The name of one girl, Marighitza, a native of the village of Makrinitza, on the hills above Volo, now Greek territory, was more especially mentioned for intrepidity, and when the insurrection was over she was sent for to Athens to be presented to the King and Queen and

FETED BY THE INHABITANTS.

A far more sensational story, however, is that of a woman named Peristera, "The Pigeon," who was an actual combatant in the rebellion, during which her brother met his death. On the occasion of hostilities this woman joined a band of brigands and became their leader under the name of Vanghelli, to which her followers added the sobriquet of Spano, "The Beardless." After pursuing the calling of Klepht for some two years without her sex being discovered she finally gave in her submission to the authorities, was pardoned and became a domestic servant in the household of the Bishop of Kodjani. A photograph taken at the time represents her in full Klepht costume—sword, pistols and yataghan at waist, gun in hand and suspended round her neck the insignia of chieftianship, a large silver disk bearing in relief a representation of the Greek patron Saint George in his conflict with the Dragon.

Such heroic qualities, however, are only brought to the surface by exceptional circumstances, for the virtues of the Greek women generally are essentially domestic.

The more remote the community and the more isolated from contact with the outer world, the more rigid generally is found to be the code of social morals. In the mountain villages of Crete female misconduct is visited with the severest penalties, and even so late as the beginning of this century was punishable with death. Whenever a married woman was suspected even of faithlessness, or a single one of frailty, her hours were numbered, and her end was so tragical, so shocking to all the feelings of natural affection, and even to the ordinary notions of humanity, that one can hardly believe such a practice to have been observed on the very confines of civilized Europe, and in the nineteenth century, by any Christian people. Her nearest relations were at once her accusers, her judges, and

HER EXECUTIONERS.

There are still to be found considerable remains of patriarchal customs even among the wealthy and educated classes. One of these is that the sons