A Girl of The Island of Crete.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham Writes an Interesting Sketch of a Maiden of The Now Famous Island.

The Gazette Man ... In Mexico.

Private Correspondence.

Though thirty years have passed since the Cretans sought to throw off the cruel yoke of the Sultan of Turkey, and become a free people, there are many who still remember how brave was their fight, though useless in the end, for today Crete is still under the crescent flag.

It was during the war that a Turkish colonel of cavalry sought to win by force a fair maid of Crete whom he had been unable to win by love.

She was the daughter of a Cretan gentleman of rank and wealth, and a maiden of rare beauty and accomplishments, for she had traveled in Europe with her father, whose only child she was, while her mother had died when she was but a little girl.

In Paris she had met a young American whom she had fallen in love with, and I may say that the attachment was mutual.

Returning to Crete with his daughter, when the fight for freedom began, the Cretan gentleman had entered the service of the Islanders, and it was not long after when the young American referred to also appeared there as a volunteer in the Insurgent Army. That this was a proof of his devotion to the Cretan girl she fully recognized, as did also her father, and the American was given a good command in the little army, he having seen service in the Civil War in the United States.

The Turkish colonel the maiden had refused to marry made a dash with his regiment to the home of the Cretan girl, renewed his offer of marriage, to be again refused. Then he told her that he had heard that she loved an American, then in the Cretan service, and that he would have revenge by killing that officer and her father as well unless she should consent to marry him.

Again she refused, and later on she was informed by a special courier that both her father and her lover were prisoners to the Turkish officer, and upon a certain date would be put to death unless she did as he, the Turk, demanded.

The poor girl was in deep distress, for she knew that the Turk told the truth, that those she loved were prisoners, and he would carry out his threat. But she was utterly fearless and determined to plot to save them. She knew now that the Cretan cause was hopeless, that a few more weeks would end all, and she must act promptly.

She had played the part of an able ally to the Cretan commanders in the field, and she knew that a vessel, bearing arms and stores for the Insurgents had come into a secret inlet on the coast, and was in hiding there, while the crew had all left the craft. The munitions of war had come too late to be of service to the Cretans, so were not unloaded.

Another courier came from the Turk that orders had been issued for the death of her father and lover on such a date, and as a proof that he would kill them he had had his surgeon amputate the left hand of each one. These ghastly mementoes of his cruelty he sent by the courier to her, the ring left on each finger as it had been worn.

The letter the courier carried back told the Turk that the Cretan girl yielded. She would meet him at a certain rendezvous, and there explain to him all, at the same time convincing him that she had been playing a part, that she was loyal to the Sultan after all.

The Turk came to the rendezvous and the maiden was there to meet him. She then told him that she would lead him that night to an inlet where the vessel with arms and stores was in hiding, and if he would take her at once away from the island she would go with him. They would depart on the vessel that night, and it would be a valuable capture for him to make, and the craft could be run to the nearest port held by the Turks. She also said that she could get a crew for the vessel, as there were half a dozen fishermen she knew of who were in the Turkish fray, though pretending to be Cretans, and they had done no end of harm to the cause of the island in its struggle.

The Turkish officer was overjoyed, for he was to get a beautiful wife of great wealth, and the capture of the vessel would make him a general he was sure.

At the hour appointed he was at the place on the coast, and found the maiden there, and along with her the half dozen fishermen to serve as a crew. The maiden was heavily veiled and closely muffled and said but little. The release paper for her father and lover was given her by the Turk, and then they went down toward the inlet. A boat was there and with two officers only, the crew of fishermen and the maiden, the colonel went out to the schooner.

All boarded and the maiden slipped quickly into the cabin, while the crew begun to set sail and get up the anchor. But as the schooner swung away before the wind there came one, two, three terrible explosions below deck, and flames and smoke poured out of the craft in volumes. The decks were rent, the vessel swayed wildly, and groans and cries were heard, as the flames now fed upon the powder below. The Cretan maiden, still closely veiled, had come upon deck a minute before the explosion, and unseen by any one in the bustle of sailing, had slipped overboard and swam rapidly away in the darkness.

Now, out in the waters came in a ringing voice.

"Sir, Turk, I am avenged, for I led you into that death-trap—ha! ha! ha!

The Turkish colonel heard the words, groaned in agony of spirit, and then came the end in a mighty explosion.

Staggering ashore the Cretan girl cast aside the life preserver she had worn, and ran quickly to her home, and a few moments after was on her way to the Turkish colonel's headquarters, where the paper given her gained the release of her lover and father, and maimed and suffering though they were they left the camp with her.

For weeks they remained in hiding and then left the island together.

Today the Cretan girl lives with her husband in America, her strange history unknown to those whom she meets in the daily walks of life; but if she regrets her deed of revenge, she keeps the secret locked in her bosom, for no one knows.

A TOUR TO MEXICO.

The Gazette Man's Impressions of Our Sister Republic.

We take the liberty of making extracts from a private letter, which, though not intended for publication, will show the readers of the GAZETTE what its representative is doing in Mexico:

"We have just passed Symon, and this is Feb. 22. We are on a train of ten vestibuled Pullman coaches pulled by two engines; we are dirty and grimy. Such a God-forsaken country I never saw before and never expect to see again. The engines carry huge tanks of water to pass them over the desert district. We have come several hundred miles up a flat bottom ranging from a half mile to five miles in width, between two lofty and rugged ranges of barren mountains. The bottom is barren, everything is barren, and for forty-eight hours I have seen nothing but waste land, sandy tracts for miles and miles and no vegetation except cacti and scrub palms. A grasshopper could not live in this country.

"About every twenty to forty miles we stop at some little native village built of mud houses around which play half-naked children. The lazy looking adults, with about an even admixture of Mexican and Indian blood, stare at a fellow as though they never saw a white man before. These mud-huts and inmates are veritable curiosities; besides the natives that swarm around them, one sees an occasional goat or razorback hog. This hog is more like the wild ones of the adjoining mountains than it is like our domestic swine.

"The dust, dirt, filth and heat have been almost intolerable, but owing to the fact that we are reaching a higher altitude, to-day is more pleasant than yesterday, with a thermometer in the nineties. We men are almost as black as the natives, and the ladies on the train are almost as black as the men. Notwithstanding all this, the country is picturesque and beautiful and intensely interesting in being so different from what we have been used to.

"At this point we are just pulling out from La Concha, stopped here to load up with wood to keep the engine going. Same as all other villages, nothing but mud-huts and filthy looking natives. Most every woman had a kid peeping out from under a dirty blanket. At this place a Mexican about 45 years old was run over by a train last Saturday, 48 hours ago. He still lies where he was cut in two, half of him is on one side of the track and half on the other. The remains were not at all offensive, no odor whatever, owing to the rare, dry atmosphere. We took a number of snap shots at the corpse with our kodaks.

"These Mexicans are comical people, and to see them in their native homes and manner of living will make an impression to last a lifetime. I more than pays for the dirt, heat, filth and fatigue that one is obliged to go through in order to witness these scenes. They are good-natured, and we jolly them considerably at every stop, when they come out in swarms to see us, but what they find to live on is a mystery to me. As yet we have not seen any thickly settled sections. Natives are only seen at little villages, many miles apart, between which is the most dreary country imaginable. One of the editors remarked this morning that the Lord himself seldom visited this section of his domain. But the mountains have been beautiful, precipitious and rugged, with gulches that seem to have no bottom. We have already in this country covered as many miles of railroad as would stretch between Maryland and California. This editorial party is taking life easy on these sleepers, the men often lounging about in their shirt sleeves talking, joking, sleeping, reading, and killing time in the easiest sort of fashion.

"We have just stopped again for more brush to run the locomotive with, which means, of course, more natives and more fun. I saw a monument here erected to commemorate the spot where General Gonzalez was executed in earlier Mexican history. The sun comes down from a cloudless sky, indeed a cloud in this country would be a strange freak of nature. Yesterday we struck a place where several hundred natives had erected their mud houses, and a hot box on the train detained us there quite a while; could get no water to cool down with. We were entertained by passing the boys small pieces of coin and watching them scramble, which often exceeded a football onslaught. This had been our customary mode of entertainment, but at this particular place the men undertook to entertain us and make our stay pleasant. They dashed here and there on horseback and soon began to assemble with game roosters, for a cock fight was in order.

"A big ring was formed and these plucky birds gaffed and pitted against each other. It was a fight to the death. A brawny old chap who looked like an Indian more than a Mexican held back a shining black rooster which was ready for the fray. He frantically waved a five dollar Mexican note, challenging the crowd to cover it against his bird. No one of us took him up, but the Mexican who owned a red rooster covered his money. These cocks then flew at each other most viciously and at the first pass the black bird lost an eye and one side of lower bill while a lot of feathers flew from the red rooster. They sparred for a few seconds then dust flew again and the black one staggered, sank slowly to the ground and died, having been pierced through the lungs.

"The ladies of our party were sickened at the sight, but we men stood it while the Mexicans yelled and the fight went on. Those birds were most savagely armed with terrible gaffs and every fight meant a mortal wound for one or the other. The black cock above referred to had killed three antagonists, so we were told, the Sunday before.

"But it was strange to see how some of our ladies who would not play cards on Sunday, were willing to go out and view a cock fight, while next Sunday, if nothing prevents, we are expecting to witness a large bull fight in the City of Mexico which is being prepared especially for our entertainment, and where no doubt several bulls, if not horses and men, will be slaughtered to 'entertain' the aesthetic tastes of modern civilization.

"I am simply in Mexico, and though many spectacles may be repulsive, I propose to let no opportunity pass to learn this country just as it is, which means to see everything that comes along whether to my taste or not."

Dangers of the Grip.

The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for la grippe, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive of that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by H. Roberts, Easton; P. M. Pastorfield, Royal Oak; J. F. Sisk, Cordova.

Delicious cream puffs 3 for 5 cents at Garey's Bakery, Dover street.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, March 1, 1897.

A Triumph in Glove Getting.

For twenty years we have been trying to get a perfect kid glove to sell at One Dollar. It was easy enough to get better gloves than were sold generally at that price. But they were far short of our ideal of quality or finish. Paris has always beaten us at glove selling.

We had to look to France for the kid, for the pelt of animals as their wool is effected by climate. Then the turning of the skins to glove leather had to be done in Southern France, because the water is best suited to the process—as Philadelphia water is best suited to tanning shoe leather. That done, we commissioned the best glove maker in the world to make the gloves, and gave orders great enough to make surest economy of price.

The Princess May Glove at $1 is the result. Paris charges 4 francs 90 for equal gloves; American stores



must ask $1.50. No wonder the new comer is a success. We have cabled duplicate order already—the supply shall be steadily maintained. So shall the quality.

The Princess May is a perfect glove—and its advent marks an advance in the store's standard of excellence. As the bride, who received the fine blue china, we shall try to live up to it.

Every wanted color and black and white—the backs silk embroidered. There will be country-wide champions for this great Dollar Glove—for the mails make us all neighbors.

Furniture FEBRUARY Furniture prices. One of our ardent copiers has taken the cue. You'd think February made the prices. Why in the world don't people exercise common sense? We could sell Bedroom Furniture as cheap in April as in February. We don't, unless it be of belated lots bought for February selling.

We sell bedroom furniture cheap in February because we put the buying power of the store on that particular spot of the business—we simply watch opportunities to place great orders for February delivery at prices less than the normal. As a rule you save a third to a half. February doesn't make the prices—we make the prices for February. They are the same in early March—while lots remain.

That's all. It's simple. But the plan is not adaptable to many stores—so borrowing the idea with no chance of living up to it doesn't amount to much. Now, does it?

Bedroom Suites, $8 and more—the $8 suites of oak; bedstead and bureau.

Bed Spreads FOREHANDED hotel men are buying white spreads now for use next summer. They are picking from biggest, freshest stocks.

Not a bad idea.

Honeycomb spreads, 65c.

Crocheted spreads, 75c, 85c, $1, $1.25; yes, some at $1.50, but they're almost like the Marseilles.

Marseilles spreads start at $1.85.

All the spreads are hemmed—a handy bit of forethought.

John Wanamaker

Organ Given to Schools,

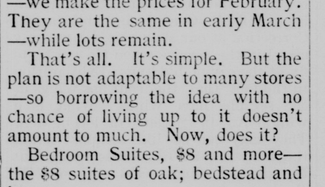
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conveniently situated near Easton within 10 minutes walk of Bloomfield station and bordering upon the salt water. The land is nearly all arable of No. 1 quality and in a high state of cultivation. The equipment which is complete will be included if desired. A rare opportunity for capitalists to prove their faith by works and take advantage of the booming prices said to be the result of the late election.

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