

8YNOP8IS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later. Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. Marta tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. She tells Lanstron that she believes Feller, the gardener, to be a spy Lanstron confesses it is true and shows her a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Grays prepare plans to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism and before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, reveals his plans to | of staff!" Lanstron, made vice chief. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeropianes and dirigibles engage. Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous bru-tality. The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Marta sees a night attack. The Grays attack in force. Feller leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again. Marta asks Lanstron over the phone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism in the Galland house. Westerling and his staff occupy the Gal-land house and he begins to woo Marta, who apparently throws her fortunes with the Grays and offers valuable information. She calls up Lanstron on the secret telephone and plans to give Westerling information that will trap the Gray army. Westerling forms his plan of attack upon what he learns from her. The Grays take Bordir. Through Marta Westerling is led to concentrate his attack on the main line at Engadir. A leak of information is suspected. Bouchard is relieved as chief inelligence officer and in going accuses Marta. Westerling thinks him crazy. The Grays take the apron of Engadir. Partow dies suddenly and Lanstron succeeds

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

Far up on a peak among the birds and aeroplanes, in a roofed, shell-proof chamber, with a telephone orderly at his side, a powerful pair of field-glasses and range-finders at his elbow, and a telescope before his eye, Gustave Feller, one time gardener and now acting colonel of artillery, watched the burst of shells over the enemy's lines. While other men had grown lean on war, he had taken on enough flesh to fill out



Watched the Bursting of Shells Over the Enemy's Lines.

the wrinkles around his eyes that shone with an artist's enjoyment of of a rising of the women are well his work. Down under cover of the ridge were his guns, the keys of the instrument that he played by calls over the wire. Their barking was a symphony to his ears; errors of orchestration were errors in aim. talked as he watched, his lively features reflective of his impressions.

"Oh, pretty! Right into their tum-Right in the nose! La, la, la! But that's off-and so's that! Tell Battery C they're fifty yards over. Oh, capital." beady-eyed gods and shiny little fishes -two smacks in the same spot! Hamph! Tell Battery C that the trouble with that gun is worn rifling; that's why it's going short. Elevate it men." or another hundred yards but it a cor favors. Le, ia, ia! Oh, what ing initiative to us. We have devel- the fact that he could still smile; pretty smack! Congratulatione!"

.

inted to the great, bull voice of time to win and to hold,"

come Captain Stransky in the red the thunder of its verses.

Well he might. It had made him fa- into the hall of fame or into the gutmous throughout the nation. "There's Jehovah and brimstone in it. Now we'll have our own."

"But we're always losing positions!" by little they are getting possession."

wins," said another. on numbers," said Lieutenant Tom able. Fragini.

"There you go, Tom! Any other pessimists or anarchists want to be heard?" called out Stransky. "Just how long, at the present rate, will it take them to get the whole range? There's a limit to the number of even five millions."

brought some news. The staff begged to inform the army that the enemy's casualties in the last three days had been two hundred thousand! Immediately everybody was talking at once in Stransky's parliament, as he sometimes called that company of which he was, in the final analysis, unlimited monarch.

"How do they know?"

"Do you think it's fake?" "That sums up to pretty near a mil-

"My God! Think of it-a million!"

"We're whittling them down!" "It doesn't make any difference whether Partow or Lanstron is chief

"They're paying!"

killed! Paying for being in the her, his growing sense of isolation had wrong!"

in their characteristic slant, was well pleased with his company, and the scattered exclamatory badinage kept on until it was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. Partow and Lanstron, understanding their machine as human in its elements, had chosen that the army should hear from home.

"How's this!" exclaimed one man, reading from a newspaper. "They're going to put up a statue of Partow in the capital! It's to show him as he died, dropped forward on the map, and kept repeating. in front of his desk a field of bayonets. On one face of the base will be his name. Two of the other faces will ear in the closet of his bedroom have 'God with us!' and 'Not for theirs, but for ours!' The legend on the fourth face the war is to decide." "Victory! Victory!" cried those who had listened to the announcement. Stransky was thinking that they had to do more than hold the Grays. Before he should see his girl they had to take back the lost territory. He carried two pictures of Minna in his mind: one when she had struck him in the face as he tried to kiss her and the other as he said good-by at the kitchen door. There was not much encouragement in either.

"But when she gets better acquainted with me there's no telling!" he kept his eyes and feign admiration, feign thinking. "I was fighting out of cussedness at first. Now I'm fighting for her and to keep what is ours!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Ram.

where the long-distance telephone was installed. Westerling was talking lets from an automatic!" with the premier in the Gray capital.

terling!" the premier was saying. "Only two hundred thousand of our redoubts." those are dead!" replied Westerling. sand in five millions is one man out such vast armies have never been en- | tic sort of one, just now!" gaged before. You must consider the

"Yet, eight hundred thousand! If the public knew!" exclaimed the pre- she interrupted with the faintest laugh.

percentages, not the totals."

Westerling.

"They guess. They realize that we stopped the soldiers' letters because they told bad news. The situation is

serious." to think about?" Westerling demanded.

"I've tried. It doesn't work. The murmurs increase. I repeat, my fears grounded. There is mutiny in the air.

thing to think about, myself!" Wester- transmit routine matters over the wire, ling broke in. "The dead will be for- while they strained their eyes toward gotten. The wounded will be proud the range. Officers of the staff moved of their wounds and their fathers and about restlessly, glancing at their mothers triumphant when our army descends the other side of the range quently to see if the mist still held. and starts on its march to the Browns'

single fortress!" persisted the premier. of the mothers who longed for news "And the Browns report that they have of their sons at the front; his helplesslost only three hundred thousand ness that of a man in a hospital lobby

es in B 21 will accuse us of inat- tack and kept crowding in closer. I thing in his own mind, drove him out lapse. ention. It's time to drop a shell on ask nothing better than that the of doors. nem to show we're perfectly impartial Browns remain on the defensive, leav- Westerling was rather pleased with he breathed. and the pretty smack the I am going to attack; they do not. I had grown colder and more me stron's shoulder. that broke one man's arm and shall not give them time to reinforce chanical in the attitude that comhave still plenty of live soldiers left. ously along the path toward the tower, injustice about that which I can't get

"I certainly like that song," he said. ation at home the best I can. We go ter together, you and I!"

the receiver Westerling's head drooped, his muscles relaxed, giving complained one of the men. "Little | mind and body a release from tension. But his spine was as stiff as ever as "They say the offensive always he left the closet, and he was even smiling to give the impression that "Five against three! They count the news from the capital was favor-

When he called his chiefs of division it was hardly for a staff council. Stunned by the losses and repulses, loyally industrious, their opinions unasked, they listened to his whirlwind of orders without comment—all except Turcas.

"If they are apprised of our plan and Then the telephone in the redoubt | are able to concentrate more artillery than our guns can silence, the losses will be demoralizing," he observed. Westerling threw up his head, frown-

> ing down the objection. "Suppose they amount to half the forces that we send in!" he exclaimed. "Isn't the position, which means the ture for the fittest to survive! Other

pass and the range, worth it?" "Yes, if we both take and hold it; not if we fail," replied Turcas, quite

unaffected by Westerling's manner. "Failure is not in my lexicon!" Westerling shot back. "For great gains on the face of the earth? Those who there must be great risks."

"We prepare for the movement.

your excellency," answered Turcas. It was a steel harness of his own will that Westerling wore, without ad-"Paying for our fellows that they've if off only in Marta's presence. With the relief of companionship. She be-Stransky, his eyes drawing inward came a kind of mirror of his egoism and ambitions. He liked to have her think of him as a great man unruffled among weaker men. In the quiet and as one who has no confident speaks to himself, reserving fortitude for his part before the staff, while she, under the spell of her purpose, silently, with serene and wistfully listening eyes, played hers, he outlined how the final and telling blow was to be struck. "We must and we shall win!" he

> Through a rubber disk held to his voice, tremulous with nervous fatigue, was giving Lanstron news that all his

aircraft and cavalry and spies could not have gained; news worth more than a score of regiments; news fresh from the lips of the chief of staff of the enemy. The attack was to be made at the right of Engadir, its center breaking from the redoubt manned by Fracasse's men.

"Marta, you genius!" Lanstron cried. "You are the real general! You-"

"Not that, please!" she broke in. "I'm as foul and depraved as a dealer in subtle poisons in the middle ages! Oh, the shame of it, while I look into everything which will draw out his plans! I can never forget the sight of him as he told me how two or three or four hundred thousand men were to be crowded into a ram, as he called it-a ram of human flesh!-and guns enough in support, he said, to tear any In the closet off the Galland library, redoubts to pieces; guns enough to make their shells as thick as the bul-

"We'll meet ram with ram! We'll "Your total casualties are eight hun- have some guns, too!" exclaimed Landred thousand. That is terrific, Wes- stron. "We'll send as heavy a shell fire at their infantry as they send into

"Don't. It's too like Westerling. "Many with only slight wounds are has become too trite!" she protested. already returning to the front. Ter- "The end! If I really were helping rific, do you say? Two hundred thou- toward that and to save lives and our country to its people, what would my of twenty-five. That wouldn't have private feelings matter? My honor, worried Frederick the Great or Napo- my soul-what would anything mat. now!" leon much. Eight hundred thousand is | ter? For that, any sacrifice. I'm one out of six. The trouble is that only one human being-a weak, luna-

> "Marta, don't suffer so! You are overwrought. You-" "I can say all that for you, Lanny,"

> "I've said it so many times to myself. shall not be so hysterical."

Lanstron was not thinking of war or war's combination when he hung up the receiver. It was some moments before he returned to the staff room. "Why not give the public something and then he had mastered his emotion. He was the soldier again.

telegraph instruments in the Galland house had become pregnantly ellent. There were no more orders to give: I feel it through the columns of the no more reports to come from the press, though they are censored. I-" troops in position until the assault was pacing afresh. "Then, soon I'll give the public some- made. Officers of supply ceased to watches and going to the windows fre-

No one entered the library where Westerling was seated alone with "But you have not yet taken a nothing to do. His suspense was that

of the cool, moist air on his face, | under fire!"

"The army is yours, Westerling," brought back some of the buoyancy of concluded the premier. "I admire your spirit that he craved. A woman's fig- knew; and just before midnight they business of war. It was he who led stolidity of purpose. You have my con- ure, with a cape thrown over the shoul- were standing at the window looking fidence. I shall wait and hold the situ- ders and the head bare, loomed out of out into the night, while the vice-chief

> "I couldn't stay in-not to-night," Marta said as Westerling drew near For a while after he had hung up "I had to see. It's only a quarter of an hour now, isn't it?"

She seemed so utterly frail and distraught that Westerling, in an imher relaxed shoulders. "Our cause is at stake to-night," he

declared, "yours and mine! We must win, you and I! It is our destiny!" "You and I!" repeated Marta. "Why

you and I?" It seemed very strange to be thinking of any two persons when hundreds of thousands were awaiting the signal for the death prepared by him. He

"What do lives mean?" he cried with

in the obsession of his egoism.

a sudden desperation, his grip of her shoulders tightening. "It is the law of nature for man to fight. Unless he fights he goes to seed. One trouble with our army is that it was soft from the want of war. It is the law of naall the more room for those who live. Victory will create new opportunities. What is a million out of the billions lead alone count—those who dwell in the atmosphere of the peaks, as we Rubicon! I have put my career on toworld will be at our feet-honor, poand the power that will be ours? I shell burst in the earth. shall have directed the greatest army

feat mean?" she asked narrowly, calm- swiftly that he never knew that his ly; and the pointed question released charm had failed. The same explosion her shoulders from the vise.

ing him with the force of a blow. He forgot Marta, Yes, what would defeat mean to him? Sheer human nature broke through the bonds of mennights. Convulsively his head dropped such a consummation of hell. as he covered his face.

he moaned.

the chandeller in the sport of brutal than on soil. And all they knew was passion. All sense of her own part was to keep on-keep on, bayonet in hand, submerged in the sight of a chief of till they reached the redoubt, and there staff exhibiting no more stoicism than they were to stay, alive or dead. a petulant, spoiled schoolboy.

While his head was still bent the artillery began its crashing thunders and the sky became light with flashes. His hands stretched out toward the range, clenched and pulsing with defiance and

"Go in! Go in, as I told you!" he cried. "Stay in, alive or dead! Stay till I tell you to come out! Stay! can't do any more! You must do it

"Then this may be truly the end. thought Marta, "if the assault fails." And silently she prayed that it would fail; while the flashes lighted Westerling's set features, imploring success

in the Browns' headquarters, as in the Grays', telegraph instruments were "The public does not know!" said Perhaps when I call you up again I silent after the preparations were over. Here, also, officers walked restlessly, glancing at their watches. They, too, were glad that the mist continued. It meant no wind. When the telegraph did speak it was with another message from some aerostatic officer saying "Still favorable," which was taken at An hour or so before the attack the once to Lanstron, who was with the staff chiefs around the big table. They nodded at the news and smiled to one another; and some who had been pacing sat down and others rose to begin

> "We could have emplaced two lines of automatics, one above the other!" exclaimed the chief of artillery.

"But that would have given too much of a climb for the infantry in going in -delayed the rush," said Lanstron. "If they should stick-if we couldn't

drive them back!" exclaimed the vicechief of staff. "I don't think they will!" said Lan-

waiting on the result of an operation twitching in his pocket. But now, sud- tice in such emergencies, I said: 'My uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it "Lanstron is lying!" retorted Wes- whose success or failure will save or denly, his eyes starting as at a horror, dear sir, it is your privilege to salute meht not to wear out so soon. I'd like terling hotly. "But no matter. We wreck his career. The physical desire he trembled passionately, his head the bride." He turned around and exwhich the maker or the inspector. The have taken positions with every at- of movement, the conflict with some- dropping forward, as if he would col- tending his hand formally, said: 'Mrs. Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the

> "Oh, the murder of it-the murder!" "But they brought it on! Not for

aped their weak points. The resolute pleased with the loyalty of younger theirs, but for ours!" said the vice-B 21 was the position of Fracasse's offensive always wins. I know where officers when, day by day, the staff chief of staff, laying his hand on Lan-"And we sit here while they go in!"

fiven the minute of the attack they held his watch in hand. In the hush the faint sound of a dirigible's propeller high up in the heavens, muffled by the fog, was drowned by the Gray guns opening fire.

Before the mine exploded, by the pulse of protection, laid his hand on light of the shell bursts breaking their vast prisms from central spheres of flame for miles, with the quick sequence of a moving-picture flicker, Fracasse's men could see one another's faces, spectral and stiff and pasty white, with teeth gleaming where jaws had dropped, some eyes half closed by the blinding flashes and some opened wide as if the lids were paralyzed. Faces and faces! A sea of faces mistook the character of her thought stretching away down the slope-faces in a trance.

Up over the breastworks, over rocks and splintered timbers. Peterkin and the judge's son and their comrades clambered. When they moved they were as a myriad-legged creature, brain numbed, without any sensation except that of rapids going over a fall Those in front could not falter, being sons will be born to take the place of pushed on by the pressure of those in those who die to-night. There will be the rear. For a few steps they were under no fire. The scream of their own shells breaking in infernal pandemonium in front seemed to be a power as irresistible as the rear of the wedge in driving them on.

Then sounds more hideous than the do!" The pressure of his strong hands | flight of projectiles broke about them in the unconscious emphasis of his with the abruptness of lightnings held passion became painful; but she did in the hollow of the Almighty's hand mitting that it galled him, and he laid not protest or try to draw away, think- and suddenly released. The Browns' ing of his hold in no personal sense guns had opened fire. Explosions were but as a part of his self-revelation. "All even swifter in sequence than the -all is at stake there!" he continued, flashes that revealed the stark faces. staring toward the range. "It's the Dust and stones and flying fragments of flesh filled the air. Men went down night's cast! Victory means that the in positive paralysis of faculties by the terrific crashes. Sections of the ram seclusion of the garden, involuntarily sition, power greater than that of any were blown to pieces by the burst of other two human beings! Do you a shrapnel shoulder high; other secrealize what that means—the honor tions were lifted heavenward by a

Peterkin fell with a piece of jagged the world has ever known to victory!" steel embedded in his brain. He had "And defeat means-what does de- gone from the quick to the dead so got Fracasse, sword in hand, and an-What had been a shadow in his other buried him where he lay. The thoughts became a live monster, strik- banker's son went a little farther; the barber's son still farther. Men who were alive hardly realized life, so mixed were life and death. Infernal imagination goes faint; its wildest tal discipline weakened by sleepless similes grow feeble and banal before

But the tide keeps on; the torn gaps "Defeat! Fail! That I should fail!" of the ram are filled by the rushing ing-room after dinner, and all were legs from the rear. Officers urge and Then it was that she saw him in the lead. Such are the orders; such is reality of his littleness, which she had the duty prescribed; such is human divined; this would-be conqueror. She bravery even in these days when life | time that every lady should state the saw him as his intimates often see the is sweeter to more men in the joys of great man without his front of Jove. | mind and body than ever before. Pre-Don't we know that Napoleon had mo- cision, organization, solidarity in this ments of privacy when he whined and | charge such as the days of the "deaththreatened suicide? She wondered if or-glory" boys never knew! Over the Lanny, too, were like that-if it were bodies of Peterkin and the barber's not the nature of all conquerors who and the banker's sons, plunging could not have their way. It seemed through shell craters, stumbling, stagto her that Westerling was beneath gering, cut by swaths and torn by the humblest private in his army-be eddles of red destruction in their neath even that fellow with the liver | ranks, the tide proceeded, until its patch on his cheek who had broken hosts were oftener treading on flesh

> "After hell, more hell, and then stil more hell!" was the way that Stransky expressed his thought when the engineers had taken the place of the 53d of the Browns in the redoubt. They put their mines and connections deep enough not to be disturbed by shell fire. After the survivors in the van of the Grays' charge, spent of breath, reached their goal and threw them selves down, the earth under them, as the mine exploded, split and heaved heavenward. But those in the rear, slapped in the face by the concussion, kept on, driven by the pressure of the mass at their backs, and, in turn, plunged forward on their stomache in the seams and furrows of the mine's havoc. The mass thickened as the flood of bodies and legs banked up, in keeping with Westerling's plan to have "enough to hold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Mrs. Smith.

A minister was recounting some his amusing experiences in marrying "There's an old custom. said he, "that the bridegroom shall kiss the bride immediately after the marriage ceremony is over. It's good, practical custom, for it serves more handily than anything else that know of to dissipate the awkward pause that almost always follows a simple, informal ceremony. For this reason I keep the custom alive.

"One day a man whom I shall call Smith came to the parsonage to be married. Mr. Smith was a pompous, consequential little man. The prospective Mrs. Smith was a fine, winsome girl. After the ceremony, Mr. Smith, in spite of his pomposity, did To the others he seemed as cool as not seem to know just what was the ever, even when his maimed hand was | next thing to do, so, as is my prac-Smith, I congratulate you."

Barber's Story Record.

During a Portland (Me.) barber's 50 years in business he has had one workman who has served for 40 years. This workman has kept a record of the number of times the employer the defense at our chosen point. I pieted his isolation. Walking vigor- Lanstron added. "There's a kind of tells his stories. One story which he thinks his best one he has told 2,768 he "God with as!" song was singu- I shall go in with men enough this the exercise of his muscles, the feel over. Not one of us here has been times, and says it gets better every time he telle it.

MEAT CLOGS KIDNEYS THEN YOUR BACK HURTS

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You-Drink Lots of Water.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rhoumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure: makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

Decidedly Unneutral. Mrs. Knicker-Is your husband neu-Mrs. Bocker-No; he blows up every

bridge I give.

Showing It. "They tell me that prosecuting attorney is very bold in his conduct of

"So they say. He must have the courage of his convictions,"

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bignature of Charly, Flitcher In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Remark Hard to Explain. Everyone had gathered in the drawfeeling contended with themselves as well as at peace with the outside world, when it was suggested as a pasgift "he most coveted, and the possession of which she would most prize. With prompt acquiescence each registered her choice. Mrs. Wellman wished for the most exquisite jewels extant, Mrs. King desired to be the bestdressed woman in society, Mrs. Crayton preferred to own the handsomest turnouts, while Mrs. Smith craved popularity. Robinson, springing from his chair, exclaimed "Heavens! don't any of you care for beauty?" Some of them still think it was intentional.

Safety First. John Sharp Williams stepped out of the senate chamber in response to the card of Bob Gates, who is a Washington correspondent of distinguished appearance and much political saplence. Bob asked him a number of ques-

tions and then, in parting, he asked: "By the way, senator, have you got a good cigar about you?"-putting the request under the head of unfinished

"No, I haven't but one left-and I just now bit the end off it preparatory to lighting it," replied John Sharp. "If I'd just been a minute or two

sooner—" suggested Bob. "Not exactly," said the senator, "The fact is, when I started out here I bit the end off the cigar just for fear you

might ask for it." THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages. being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen

water very nourishing and refreshing. "This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavouring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress

"My husband is a physician and he many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grapeideal breakfast for anyone-well or

In stomach trouble, nervous prostration, etc., a 10-day trial of Grape-Nuts will usually work wonders toward sourishing and rebuilding and in this way end the trouble. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." Ever rend the above letter? A new no appears from time to time. They are geneine, true, and full of human