

CHAPTER XXI-Continued.

"We are going on, I and my guns, on to the best yet -on in the pursuit! Nothing can stop us! We shall hit the Grays so fast and hard that they can never get their machine in order agam. God bless you! Everything that is fine in me will always think finely of you! You and Lanny-two fixed stars for me!"

"Truly!" She was radiant. "Truly?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, yes-a yes as real as the

"Then it helps! Oh, how it helps!" she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Good-by! God bless you!" he cried as he started to go, adding over his shoulder merrily: "I'll send you a picture post-card from the Grays' capital of my guns parked in the palace square."

She watched him leap the garden wall as lightly as he had come and gallop away, an impersonation of the gay, adventurous spirit of war, counting death and wounds and hardship as the delights of the gamble. Yes, he would follow the Grays, throwing shells in the irresponsible joy of tossing confetti in a carnival. Pursuit! Was Feller's the sentiment of the army? Were the Browns not to stop at the frontier? Were they to change their song to, "Now we have ours we shall take some of theirs?" The thought was fresh fuel to the live coals that still remained under the ashes.

A brigade commander and some of his staff-officers near by formed a group with faces intent around an operator who was attaching his instrument to a field-wire that had just been reeled over the hedge. Marta moved toward them, but paused on hearing an outburst of jubilant exclamations:

"A hundred thousand prisoners!"

"And five hundred guns!" "We're coming in on their frontier all along the line!"

"It's incredible!"

"But the word is official-it's right!" From mouth to mouth-a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred guns -the news was passed in the garden. Eyes dull with fatigue began flashing as the soldiers broke into a cheer that was not led, a cheer unlike any Marta had heard before. It had the high notes of men who were weary, of a terrible exuitation, of spirit stronger than tired legs and as yet unsatisfied. Other exclamations from both officers and men expressed a hunger whetted by the taste of one day's victory.

"We'll go on!"

"We'll make peace in their capital!" "And with an indemnity that will stagger the world!"

"Nothing is impossible with Lanstron. How he has worked it outbaited them to their own destruction! "A frontier of our own choosing!"

"On the next range. We will keep all that stretch of plain there!" "And the river, too!"

"They shall pay—pay for attacking

Pay, pay for the drudgery, the sleepless nights, the dead and the wounded -for our dead and wounded! No mat ter about theirs! The officers were too intent in their elation to observe a young woman, standing quite still, her lips a thin line and a deep blaze in her eyes as she looked this way and that at the field of faces, seeking some dissentient, some partisan of the right. She was seeing the truth now; the cold truth, the old truth to which she had been untrue when she took Feller's place. There could be no choice of sides in war unless you believed in war. One who fought for peace must take up arms against all armies. Her part as a spy appeared to her clad in a new kind of shame; the desertion of her principles.

Nor did the officers observe a man of thirty-five, wearing the cords of the staff and a general's stars, coming around the corner of the house. Marta's feverish, roving glance had noted him directly he was in sight. His face seemed to be in keeping with the other faces, in the ardor of a hunt unfinished; hand in blouse pocket, his as he went to the telephone. Instantly old way, right at the front!" bearing a little too easy to be conventionally military—the same Lanny.

that he was, she must not forget. She lop away. mist rose before her, so that she did Lanstron's attention now became the ure of relief, he saw her.

recognizing him; then added: allency, the chief of staff?"

they covertly looked him over.

in explanation of his presence to the listened. general of brigade as he passed on toward Marta, who was thinking that free man now!" she, at least, was not in awe of him; she, at least, saw clearly and truly his rier after rats." part.

"Marta! Marta!"

drank in the fact that she was there done." before him at arms' length, safe, alive. such was her emotion; and he, too, was held in a spell, as the reality of her, after all that had passed, filled his eyes. He waited for her to speak, but she was silent.

been hurt!" he exclaimed.

said, eyebrows lifted and lashes lowered, with a nervous smile. "I played Florence Nightingale, the natural womprotest; only nurse the victims of war. gade commander. After helping to send men to death I went under fire myself, and-and that | flight when his hand was injured," she helped."

wincing as from a knife thrust,

and taking no risk himself! She saw feel his twinges of pain while he that he winced; she realized that she smiled. Was the revelation the more had stayed words that were about to vivid because it had once occurred come in a flood. She was marshaling to her since the war began? It shut her thoughts to begin when the brittle out the presence of the officers; she silence was broken by a rumbling of no longer heard what they were sayvoices, a stirring of feet, and a cheer. ing. Black fear was enveloping her.

Lanstron!"

bother with any "Your Excellency, the tant and following their gaze toward chief of staff" formula when word had the knoll where Dellarme's men had been passed of his presence. Marta received their baptism of fire, now unlooked around to see their tempestu- der a canopy of shrapnel smoke. ous enthusiasm as they tossed their caps in the air and sent up their spontaneous tribute from the depths of remarked the brigade commander. their lungs. Conqueror and hero to the living, but the dead could not speak, whispered some fiend in her heart.

Lanstron uncovered to the demonstration impulsively, when the conven- we'll see how it looks at a distance," tional military acknowledgment would piped one of the soldiers. have been a salute. He always looked more like the real Lanny to her with did they notice a division staff-officer his forehead bare. It completed the who had come up from the road. He ensemble of his sensitive features. She had a piece of astounding news to imsaw that he was blinking almost boy- part before he mentioned official busiishly at the compliment and noted the ness. little deprecatory shake of his head, as much as to say that they were making a mistake.

"Thank you!" he called, and the that charge with the African Braves!" cheeriness of his voice, she thought, victory and the glowing anticipation of further victories.

"Thank you!" called the private with a big voice.

"Yes, thank you!" repeated some of the officers in quick appreciation of a compliment as real as human courage. He stood smiling for a moment in

reply to their smiles; then, still smiling, but in a different way, he said to "As you say, that helps!" with a nod

toward the bandage on her forearm, and hurriedly turned away. She saw him involuntarily clutch the

wrist above the pocket of his blouse to



'You Have Hugt," claimed.

still the twitching; but beyond that there was no further sign of emotion he was through he started toward the pass road, not by the path to the steps, She was dimly conscious of surprise but by leaping from terrace to terrace not to find him changed, perhaps be- and waving his hand gayly to the solcause he was unaccompanied by a re- diers as he went. The officers stared tinue or any other symbol of his power. at the sight of a chief of staff breakis might have been coming to call on ing away from his communications in Bunday afternoon. In that first this unceremonious fashion. They It was difficult to think of saw him secure a horse from a group the commander of an army. But of cavalry officers on the road and gal-

was shaken and trembling; and a Marta having been the object of ot see him clearly when, with a ges- object of theirs. It was good to see a woman, a weman of the Browns, after lanstron!" exclaimed an officer in their period of separation from femithe first explosive breath of amaze- nine society. She found herself holding an impromptu reception. She those black specks that peppered the heard some other self answering slope? Was he? Was he? me word, Lanstron, had their polite questions; while a fear, to thrill all the officers a new kind of fear, was taking hold of is-is killed!" she begged. and ramrod salutes. Marta her real self; a fear inexplicable, in-

noted the deference of their glances as sidiously growing. Lanstron was still is!" she said incoherently, still look- on fighting today, but you won't toin the officers' minds after his strange | ing toward the knoll with glazed eyes. "I wanted a glimpse of the front as appearance and stranger departure. She thought she was walking fast as -it's the women, more women than well as the rear," Lanstron remarked They began to talk of him, and Marta she started for the garden gate, but there are men in the army, who want

"He said something about being a blingly.

"He knows what he is doing. He

Lanstron's voice was tremulous, as thinking that it's useless to guess his he said; and, young himself, he could if he were in awe of her, while he object. We'll understand when it's

"How little side he has! So per-She did not offer her hand in greeting. fectly simple. He hardly seems to without a scratch, and be for hours in She was incapable of any movement, realize the immensity of his success. In fact, none of us realizes it; it's too enormous, overwhelming, sudden!" "And no nerves!"

Of course, they guessed nothing of Marta's part in his success. The very "Marta-that bandage! You have things they were saying about him built up a figure of the type whose "It's the fashion to be wounded," she character she had keenly resented a few minutes before.

"But, Miss Galland, you seem to know him far better than we. This is an's part, I believe. We should never not news to you," remarked the bri-

"Yes, I saw the accident of his first said, and winced with horror. Never "Yes, that would help," he agreed, had the picture of him as he rose from the wreck appeared so distinct. She Her old taunt: sending men to death | could see every detail of his looks; "Lanstron! Lanstron! Hurrah for Vaguely she understood that they were looking away at something. She The soldiers in the garden did not | heard the roar of artillery not far dis-

"That's about their last stand in the tangent, their last snarl on our soil,"

"And we're raining shells on it!" said his aide. "With our glasses we'll be able to watch the infantry go in." "Yes, very well."

"We're all used to how it feels, now

Not until he had shouted to them

"What do you think of this?" he cried. "Nothing could stop him! Lanstron-yes, Lanstron has gone into

"Why?" Marta heard the officers expressed his real self; the delight of around her asking after their exclamations of amazement at the news livion from the memory of her deceit that Lanstron was going in the charge. "Why should the chief of staff heart-pulling suspense. All the good risk his life in this fashion?"

> sending others to death from his office chair, uttered as the fugitive sarcasm | his outburst in their last interview in of a mood, recurred in the merciless hammerbeat of recollection. For a moment she was aghast, speechless. Then the officers, occupied with the startling news, heard a voice. wrenched from a dry throat in anguish, saying:

"The telephone! Try to reach him! Tell him he must not!"

"We can hardly say 'must not' to a chief of staff," said the general auto-"Tell him I ask him not to! Try

to reach him-try-you can try!" the general, turning to the telephone

men had seen at a glance. They were destiny for him in the charge that recalling Lanstron's relief at seeing drove the last foot of the invader off her; how he had passed them by to the soil of the Browns. speak to her; the intensity of the two in their almost wordless meeting. Her bloodless lips, the imploring passion in her eyes, her quivering impatience told the rest.

"Division headquarters!" called the operator. "They're getting brigade headquarters," he added while he waited in silence. "Brigade headquarters says the Braves have no wire. It's too late. The charge is starting."

"So it is!" cried one of the subalterns. "Look! Look!"

Marta looked toward the rising ground this side of the knoll in time to see bayonets flash in the waning gratulations for victory alone. afternoon sunlight and disappear as they descended the slope.

"There! They're up on the other slope without stopping!" exclaimed the general. "Quick! Don't you want to see?" He offered his glasses to Marta.

"No, I can see well enough," she murmured, though the landscape was moving before her eyes in giddy waves.

"The madness of it! The whole slope is peppered with the fallen!" "What a cost! Magnificent, but not war. Carrying their flag in the good

"Heavens! I hope they do it!" "The flag's down!"

"Another man has it-it's up!" "Now-now-splendid! They're in!" "So they are! And the flag, too!" "Yes, what's left are in!"

"And Lanstron was there-in that!"

"What if-" "Yes, the chief of staff, the head of the army, in an affair like that!" that was to direct our advance!

"When all the honors of the world are his!" Their words were acid-tipped needles knitting back and forth through

Marta's brain. Was Lanny one of

"I think you had better stop her if

The aide overtook her at the gate. sees so far ahead of what we are before you can find out for yourself," put the sympathy of youth with romance into his tone. "You might miss the road, even miss him, when he was ignorance," he explained. "In a few minutes we ought to have word."

Marta sank down weakly on the tongue of a wagon, overturned against the garden wall in the melee of the retreat, and leaned her shoulder on the a lock of her dew-sprinkled dark hair wheel for support.

four weeks," she said with an effort at stoicism, "then I ought to be able to stron spoke her name, all stand at wait a few minutes."

"Depend on me. I'll bring news as soon as there is any," the aid con-



Marta Sank Down Weakly.

cluded, and, seeing that she wished to be alone, he left her.

For the first time she had real obof Westerling, the oblivion of drear, times, the sweetly companionable Marta knew. All her taunts about times, she and Lanny had had together; all his flashes of courtship. the arbor, when she had told him that if she found that she wanted to come to him she would come in a flame. of her petty ironies and sarcasms. which had the false ring of coquetry of war. to her now, genuine as they had been moods she had really loved him, and the thing that had slumbered in her became the drier fuel for the flame-

perhaps too late. was calling. She heard it haz ily, with a sudden access of giddy fear, before it became a cheerful, clarion cry that seemed to be repeating

a message that had already been spoken without her understanding it. "He's safe, safe, safe, Miss Galland" He was not hit! He is on his way back and ought to be here very soon! She heard herself saying "Thank you!" But that was not for some time. had his thanks in the effect of the news, which made him think that a

chief of staff should not receive con-Lanny would return through the garden. She remained leaning against that were velvety with the glow of chief's return from the charge. thither in glad freedom, was in possession of her being. When his figure flame swept her to her feet and toward him. Though he might reject her he should know that she loved him; this glad thing, after all the shame she had endured, she could

confess triumphantly. But she stopped short under the whip of conscience Where was her courage? Where her sense of duty? What right had she, who had played such a herrible part, to think of self? There were other sweethearts with lovers alive who might be dead on the morrow if war continued. The flame "The mind of the army-the mind sank to a live coal in her secret heart. Another passion possessed her as she seized Lanstron's hand in both her

war began! Oh, the blessed silence! It's peace, peace-isn't it to peace?" As they ascended the steps "Til go-I'll go out there where he mitted of no interruption. "You kept |-Tit-Bits.

morrow, will you! It isn't I who plead really she was going slowly, stum- you to stop now! Can't you hear them? Can't you see them?"

In the fervor of appeal, before she "Yes, he looked as eager as a ter- you can," said the general to his aide. realized his purpose, they were on the veranda and at the door of the "We shall know about his excellency | dining-room, where the Brown staff was gathered around the table.

"I still rely on you to help me, Marta!" he whispered as he stood to one side for her to enter.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Last Shot. "Miss Galland!"

Blinking as she came out of the darkness into the bright light, with free and brushing her flushed cheek, "If the women of the Grays waited Marta saw the division chiefs of the Browns, after their start when Lanthe salute, looking at her rather than at him. The reality in the flesh of the woman who had been a comrade in service, sacrificing her sensibilities for their cause, appealed to them as a true likeness of their conceptions of her. In their eyes she might read the finest thing that can pass from man's to woman's or from man's to man's. These were the strong men of her people who had driven the burglar from her house with the sword of justice. Their tribute had the steadfast loyalty of soldiers who were craving to do anything in the world that she might ask, whether to go on their knees to her or to kill dragons for her. "I may come in?" she asked.

"Who if not you is entitled to the privilege of the staff council?" exclaimed the vice-chief.

The others did not propose to let him do all the honors. Each murmured words of welcome on his own account.

"We are here, thanks to you!" "And, thanks to you, our flag will float over the Gray range!"

She must be tired, was their next thought. Four or five of them hurried to place a chair for her, the vice-chief winning over his rivals, more through the exercise of the rights of rank than by any superior alacrity.

"You are appointed actual chief of staff and a field marshal!" said the vice-chief to Lanstron. "The premier says that every honor the nation can bestow is yours. The capital is mad. The crowds are crying: 'On to the Gray capital!' Tomorrow is to be a public holiday and they are calling it Lanstron Day. The thing was so sudden that the speculators who depressed our securities in the world's markets have got their due-ruin! And we ought to get an indemnity

that will pay the cost of the war." Seated at one side, Marta could watch all that passed, herself unobserved. She noted a touch of color come to Lanstron's cheeks as be made a little shrug of protest.

Then she saw their faces grow businesslike and keen, as they gathered around the table, with Lanstrop at the passed in review under the hard light head. They were oblivious of her presence, immured in a man's world

"Your orders were obeyed. We at the time. Through her varying have not passed a single white post yet!" said the vice-chief impatiently "As the Grays never expected to take the defensive, their fortresses are inferfor. Every hour we wait means Without him-what then? It seemed | more time for them to fortify, more that the fatality that had let him es- time to recover from their demorali-"Yes, yes! Certainly!" exclaimed cape miraculously from the aeroplane zation. Our dirigibles having comaccident, made him chief of staff, and mand of the air-we had a wireless brought him victory, might well from one reporting all clear half-way He had seen now what the younger | choose to ring down the curtain of | to the Gray capital-why, we shall know their concentrations while they are ignorant of ours. It's the nation's great opportunity to gain enough provinces to even the balance of population with the Grays. With the unremitting offensive, blow on blow, using the spirit of our men to drive in mass attacks at the right points, the Gray

> Marta scanned the faces of the staff for some sign of dissent only to find nothing but the ardor of victory calling for more victory, which reflected the feeling of the coursing crowds in The aide was already gone. He had the capital. Though Lanny wished to stop the war, he was only a chip on the crest of a wave. Public opinion. which had made him an idol, would discard him as soon as he ceased to be a hero in the likeness of its desires. She saw him aloof as the others, in the wagon body, still faint from hap preoccupation, bent over the map outpiness, waiting for him. She was lining the plan of attack that they drawing deeper and longer breaths had worked out while awaiting their sunshine. A flame, the flame that was taking a paper from his pocket Lanny had desired, of many gentle yet | and looking from one to another of his passionate tongues, leaping hither and | colleagues studiously; and she was conscious of that determination in his smile which she had first seen when appeared out of the darkness the he rose from the wreck of his plane.

range is ours!"

"This is from Partow: a message for you and the nation!" he aunounced, as he spread a few thin, typewritten pages out on the table. was under promise never to reveal its contents unless our army drove the Grays back across the frontier. The original is in the staff vaults. I have carried this copy with me."

At the mention in an arresting tone of that name of the dead chief, to which the day's events had given the prestige of one of the heroes of old there was grave attention. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Common Failing. A couple of visitors from a rural dis-"Lanny, listen! Not the sound of trict were in the strangers' gallery in a shot-for the first time since the the house of commons trying to rece ognize their member on the floor. can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of "Telephone and and see if Lanny she was pouring out a flood of bro- course not," was the honest reply. ken, feverish sentences which per- "He can't even distinguish himself."

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Its Only Meaning. Uncle Roger had been po'ly for some time, and had tried with alacrity every sort of patent medicine he could secure.

An old acquaintance hailed him

"Hello, uncle. How are you'all nowadays?"

"How is I? W'y, bawss, fo' mos'ly six munts a meal's vittles ain' mean nuffin' t' me, 'scusin' somepun tuh take medicine atter!"-Judge.

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers-Meat Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning 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 clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithla-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.-Adv.

Ingredients. "I don't think your speech was as

full of ginger as some of your former efforts." "Maybe it wasn't," replied Senator

Sorghum, "The way a man has to stick to a topic in these filibustering days makes him inclined to dispense with ginger and look for glue."

Shuta Them Up.

Church-I see Mrs. Bertle Brixle of Webster county is the only woman sheriff in Missouri.

Gotham-She is the only woman in Missouri who can shut up other women, I suppose.-Yonkers Statesman,

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He-I'd no idea you would accept me the first time I proposed. She-And did you think I would the

second time? He-Oh, there would have been no second time.

Where the Life is. Bacon-Which is the liveliest province in Canada?

Egbert-Why, Ontario. "Why so?" "Because I read in the paper that there are 1,002 cheese factories there."

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