THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

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The school buildings slept in silent shadows, except that from the open door of the room where her pupils stood there came a soft, flooding lamplight—a single dash of orange in the nocturne of silver and gray. He went up very quietly, pausing to drink of the fragrance of the honeysuckle, and there drifted out to him, as he paused, the music of the piano and the better music of her voice.

She was singing a love song.

Though he had sent no word of his coming, she was once more in evening dress, all black save for a crimson flower at her breast and one in her hair. But this time the sight of her in a costume so foreign to the hills did not distress him; it was a night that called for wonders.

She rose as the man's footstep sounded on the floor, and then, at memory of their last meeting, the color mounted to her cheeks and he took her again in his arms.

She raised her hands to his shoulders and tried to push him away, but he held her firmly, and while she sought to tell him that they must find their way back to the careless level of friendship, he could feel the wild flutter of her heart.

"Listen," she protested. "You must listen."

But Bad Anse Havey laughed.

"Ever since the first time I saw ye," he declared, "I've been listenin'. It has been a duel always between you and me. But the duel's over now, an' this time I win."

She looked up and her pupils began to widen with that intense gaze which is the drawing aside of the curtains from a woman's soul, and as though she realized that she could not trust herself to his eyes, she turned her face away. Only in its profile could he read the struggle between mind and heart, and what he read filled him with elation.

"Anse," she said in a very low voice, "give me a truce. For one hour let me think; it involves both our lives for always; let me at least have the chance to be sane. Give me an hour."

The man stepped back and released her, and she turned and led the way out to the porch, where she sank down in the hammock with her face buried in both hands. When at length she looked up she was smiling rather wanly.

"It can't be, dear," she said. But while she argued with words and ostensible reasons, the night was arguing, too—arguing for him with all its sense-steeping fragrance and alluring cadences and appeals to sleeping fires in their hearts!

And while she talked he made no response, but sat there silently attentive. At last he looked at his watch and put it back in his pocket. He rose and said quietly, but with a tone of perfect finality:

"Your truce is over."

"But don't you see? You haven't answered one of my arguments."

Anse Havey laughed once more.

"I didn't come to argue," he said; "I came to act." He drew from his pocket the license and the ring.

"Brother Anse Talbot is waitin' over at my house to marry us. Will you go over there or shall I go back an' fetch him here?"

She took an involuntary step toward him with lifted arms, and then, with a strong effort, as if struggling against a spell, she drew back again, and her voice came very low and broken.

"I can't—I can't!" she pleaded. "But I wish to God I could."

Then Anse Havey began to speak.

"Ye've talked, an' I've listened to ye. Ye've taken my life away from me an' made it a little scrap of your own life—ye've let us both come to needin' each other more than food an' drink an' breath. For me there's no life without ye. In all the earth there's just you—you—you! For every true woman in the world a day comes when there's just one man, an' for every man there's just one woman. When that day comes nothin' else counts. That's why all them reasons of yours don't mean anything."

His voice had the ring of triumph as he added: "You're goin' to marry me tonight. Come!"

He raised both arms and held them out, and though for a moment she hung back, her eyes were still irresistibly held by his and the magnetism that dwelled in them. With a gasping exclamation that was half surrender and half echo of his own triumph she swept into his embrace.

As she locked her fingers caressingly behind his dark head she whispered for words fine and splendid beyond the ordinary to tell him of her love. But no phrase of eloquence came.

Then she felt his arms grow almost rigid and he was pressing her from him with a gentle insistence, while his face turned to peer into the moonlight with the tensity of one who is listening not only with his ears, but with every nerve of his being.

Slowly he drew back, still tense and alert, and from his eyes the tender glow died until they narrowed and hardened and the jaw angle stiffened and the lips drew themselves into their old line of warlike sternness. She looked again into the face of the mountaineer, the feudist, of the wild creature turning to stand at bay.

For a moment they remained motionless, and her fingers rested on his arms and felt the strain on his tautened biceps.

"God!" he muttered almost inaudibly.

"What is it?" she whispered, but he replied only with a warning shake of the head.

Once more he stood listening, then gently turned her so that his body was between her and the outside world. He thrust her back into the open door and followed her inside.

"What is it, Anse? What did you hear out there?" Her face had gone pallid and she clung to his arms with a grip that indicated no intention of release.

"Nothin' much. Just the crackin' of a twig or two; just some steps in the bush that was too cautious to sound honest; little noises that wouldn't mean much if I didn't know what they do mean. They weren't friendly sounds. They're after me."

"Who? What do you mean?"

Her voice came in a low panic of whispering, and even as she spoke the man was listening with his head bent toward the closed door.

He laughed mirthlessly under his breath.

"I don't know who they've picked out to get me. It don't matter much, does it? But I know they've picked tonight. I've been lookin' for it, but it seems they might have let me have tonight—" His lips smiled, and for an instant his eyes softened again to tenderness. "This was my night—our night."

Suddenly he wheeled and caught her fiercely in his arms holding her very close, and now her heart was beating more wildly than before—beating with a sudden and sickening terror.

He bent low and covered her temples and cheeks and lips and eyes with kisses.

"God knows, when I came here tonight," he declared, talking fast and passionately, "I didn't aim to ever go away again without ye. Now I've got to go, but if I come through, an' there's a breath or a drop of blood left in me, I'll be back. I'm a comin' back, dearest, if I live."

Her answer was a low moan.

He released her at last and went over to the gun-rack.

Standing before her shrine of guns, in her temple of disarmament, he said slowly: "Dearest, I was about the last man to leave my rifle here, an' I reckon I've got to be the first to take it out again. I'm sorry. Will you give it to me or must I take it without permission?"

She came slowly over, conscious that her knees were trembling, and that ice-water seemed to have taken the place of hot blood in her veins.

"If you need it," she faltered, "take it, dear—nothing else matters— Which one shall I give you?"

"My own!" His voice was for the instant imperious. It was almost as if someone had asked Ulysses what bow he would draw in battle. "I reckon my own gun's good enough for me. It has been all today."

She withdrew the rifle from the rack herself, and he took it from her trembling hands, but when he had accepted it she threw her arms about him again and clung to him wildly, her eyes wide with silent suffering and dread.

The crushing grasp of his arms hurt her and she felt a wild joy in the pain. Then she resolutely whispered: "Go, dearest, go! Time is precious now. God keep you!"

"Juanita," he said slowly, "I have refused to talk to you in good speech. I have clung to the rough phrases and the rough manners of the hills, but I want you to know always, most dear one, that I have loved you not only fiercely, but gently too. No tenderer worship lives in your own world, if I don't come back, think of that. God knows I love you."

"Don't, Anse!" she cried with a smothered sob. "Don't talk like a soft-mucked lowlander." Talk to me in your own speech. It rings of strength, and God knows"—her voice broke, and she added with fierce tenderness, "God knows, dear, eagle-heart, you need all the strength of wing and talon tonight."

Then she opened the back door very cautiously on the shadows that crept into inky blackness, and saw him slip away and melt instantly into the murk.

CHAPTER XXV.

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Out there the moon was setting. Soon, thank God, it would be dark everywhere. The man she loved needed all the chance that the thickening gloom could give him. It was terribly quiet now, except for an occasional whippoorwill call and the quietness seemed to lie upon her with the oppression of something unspeakably terrifying. The breath of hillside and sky was bated.

At last there came to her ears the sound of heavy feet crashing through the brush, but he had been gone two minutes then. Perhaps they had just awakened to his escape and were casting aside stealth for the fury of open pursuit. She even thought she heard an oath from one, and then it was all quiet again; quiet for a while, and at the end of the silence, like the punctuation of an exclamation-mark, came the far-away snap of a rifle.

She had dropped to a chair and sat there tensely, leaning forward, her lips parted and her ears straining. Had she heard one shot and its echo, or had there been several? Her imagination and fears were playing her tricks now, and she could hardly be certain of her senses.

The passage of time was a thing of which she had lost count. Each moment was a century.

Then, with a violent start, she sat up. Now she knew she heard a sound—there could be no doubt this time. It came from out beyond the front door, and she bent forward, listening.

It was a strange sort of sound which she could not make out, but in a subtle way it was more terrifying than the clatter of rifles. It was as if some heavy, soft thing were being dragged up the steps and rolling back.

She rose and took a step toward the door, but halted in doubt. The sound died and then came again, always with halting intervals of silence between, as though whoever were dragging the burden had to pause on each step to rest. Then there was a scraping as of boot-leather on the boards and a labored breath outside—a breath that seemed to be agonized.

She bent forward with one hand outstretched toward the latch, and heard a faint tapping. It was seemingly the rap of very feeble fingers, but that might all be part of a ruse. Was it friend or enemy out there, just beyond the thickness of the heavy panels? At all events, she must see.

She braced herself and threw the door open. A figure which had been leaning against it lurched forward, stumbled over the threshold and fell in a heap, half in and half out. It was the figure of Anse Havey.

He had gone out a splendid vital creature of resilient strength and power. He had come back the torn and bleeding wreck of a man, literally shot to pieces, as a quail is shattered when it rises close to a quick-shooting gun.

In the next moment she was stooping with her arms around his body, striving to lift his weight and bring him in. She was strong beyond all seeming of her slenderness, but the man was heavy, and as she raised his head and shoulders a sound of bitter oft and stifled agony escaped his white lips, and she knew that her efforts were torturing him.

It was an almost lifeless tongue that whispered, "I was skeered—that I—wouldn't get here."

Then as she staggered under his inert bulk he tried to speak again, "Help—drag me."

The few yards into the hall made a long and terrible journey, and how she ever got him in, half hanging to her, half crawling, stopping at every step, she never knew. Still it was done at last, and she was kneeling on the floor with his head on her breast.

No wonder then they had left him for dead and gone away content. He looked up and a faint smile came to his almost unrecognizable face. The blood which had already dried and caked with the dust through which he had crawled was being fed by a fresher outpouring, and, as she held him close to her, her own bosom and arms were red too, as red as the flower pinned in her hair.

She must stanch his wounds and pour whisky down his throat before the flickering wisp of life-flame burned out.

"Wait, dearest," she said in a broken voice. "I must get things you need."

"It ain't—he paused a moment for the breath which came very hard—"scarcely—worth while—I'm done."

But she flew to the cupboard where there was brandy. She tore linen from her petticoat and brought water from the drinking bucket that stood with its gourd dipper on the porch.

But when she pressed the flask to his lips he closed them and shook his head a little.

"I ain't never touched a drop in my life," he said, "an' I reckon—I might's well—finish out—'twon't be long. It's too late to begin now."

For a while he lay gasping, then spoke again, weakly:

"Just kiss me—dearest—that's what I come for."

After a pause he spoke again.

"There's one thing—I've got to ask ye. Why did ye swear—ye didn't care for me—in court?"

Her head came up and she answered steadily:

"Dearest, I'd never asked myself that question until the lawyer asked it. I didn't know the answer myself, but if I did love you, I meant to tell you first; it was our business, not his. I was there to help you, and I wouldn't have helped you to tell them that I was fighting for my own heart. And, besides, I didn't know then, quite."

She went on bathing and stanching his wounds as best she could, but a spirit of despair settled on her. There were so many of them, and they were so deep and ragged.

"I didn't—come for help," he told her, and through the grime and blood flashed a ghost of his rare and boyish smile. "I'm past mendin' now, came because—I'm dyin'—an' I wanted to die in your arms!"

"You shan't die," she breathed fiercely between her teeth. "My arms shall always be around you."

But he shook his head and his figure sagged a little against her knees.

"I know—when I'm done," he said slowly. "It's all right now—I've done got here. That's enough—I loves ye."

For a time she wondered whether he had lost consciousness, and she laid him down slowly and brought cushions with which to soften his position. It was somewhat stronger.

She sat there beside him, and as her heart beat close to him he seemed to draw from it some of its abundant vitality, for he revived a little, and though his eyes were closed and she had to bend down to catch his words, his voice grew somewhat stronger.

"I ain't never felt lonesome—before. But put there—dyin' by myself—the last of my family—I had to come. Dyin' ain't like livin—I couldn't die without ye."

"You aren't going," she argued desperately. "You shan't die."

"It ain't that—" His breath came with great difficulty. "They'll come back here. They'll get me yet—an' I'd ruther die first."

She laid his head very gently on the pillows and rose to her feet. In the instant she stood transfigured. Deep in her violet eyes blazed such a blue fire as that which burns at the hottest heart of a flame. Around her lips came the grim set of fight and bloodlust.

The crushed flower on her bosom rose and fell under a violent tempest of passion. The skirt of her evening gown had been torn in her effort to carry him. Somehow one silk stocking was snagged above her slipper and his blood reddened her white arms and bosom. She drew a deep breath and clenched her hands. The disciple of peace was gone, and there stood there in its stead the hot-breathed incarnation of some valkyr hovering over the din of battle and urging on the fight.

Yet her voice was colder and steadier than he had ever heard it. She pointed to the door.

"Get you!" she exclaimed scornfully. "No man but a Havey crosses that threshold while I live. I'm a Havey now and we live or die together. Get you!" Her words broke with a wild laugh. "Let them come!"

No bitterly bred daughter of the hills was ever so completely the mountain woman as this transformed and reborn girl of the cultured East. She moved about the place with a steady, indomitable energy. With strength borrowed of the need, she upset the great oaken table and barricaded the door, laughing as she heard the clatter of pedagogic volumes on the floor. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" fell at her feet, and she kicked it viciously to one side.

She went and stood before her rack of guns, and her lips curled as she caught up a heavy-calibered repeater with all the fierce desire of a drunkard for his drink. She stood there loading rifles and setting them in an orderly line against the wall, like devastated her altar of peace with the untamed joy of a barbarian sacking a temple.

Then she turned and saw in the man's eyes a wild glow of admiration that burned above his fever, and she said to him once more, "Now let 'em come."

He shook his head, but strangely enough her love and awakened ferocity had strengthened and quickened him like brandy, and he pleaded: "Drag me over where I can get just one shot."

Then Juanita blew out the lamp and stood silent in the hush that comes before dawn. She did not have to wait long, for soon she heard hoof beats in the road, and they stopped just at the turn.

"Hello, stranger!" she shouted, and it took all her strength to command her voice. "Wait where you are."

There was an instant's silence in the first misty gray that was bringing the veiled sunrise.

A stifled murmur of voices came from the road, and she caught the words, "He's in thar all right." A moment later someone called out gulfingly from the shadows:

"We gives ye three minutes ter leave thet house. We're a-comin' in an' we'd rather not ter harm ye. Git out quick."

"Ye can't save me, dearest. It's too late. For God's sake, go out," pleaded Anse Havey tensely.

Her answer was to run into the dawn in a voice that could not be misunderstood. "Anse Havey's in here. Come and get him," and for added emphasis she crouched behind the overturned table and fired a random shot out toward the voice that had offered her ransom.

From the earlier happenings of the evening the men out there knew that the school property was empty save for the man and the girl, and they knew that the man was terribly wounded.

Their peering eyes in the dim gray could just make out an empty door. Back of it was one woman, and they were five men. Ordinarily they would have moved slowly, coming up from several sides, but now every minute was worth an hour at another time it behooved them, when full daylight came, to be well away from sure vengeance. The obvious demand of the exigency was to rush the place.

Killing women was, even to them, distasteful, but they had offered her humanity, and she had declined.

At a whispered word they started forward.

She saw figures climbing the fence and in shadowy, almost impalpable shapes, and as the first dropped inside started on it a crouching trot that aimed quickly but steadily and fired.

A little cry of primitive and savage joy sprang from her lips as she saw the man plunge forward in the light and lie there rolling on ground.

But at that warning the others leaped down and came on at a run. The tempo quickened and became confusing. They were firing as they ran and their answering bullets pelted against her barrier and over her head on the walls. She heard window panes shivering and glass falling, and yet her elation grew—two more advancing figures had crumpled into inert masses. Unless there were re-enforcements she would stem their oncoming tide. Even a mountain marksman cannot target his shots well while he is running and under fire. It takes championship sprinting to do fifty yards in five seconds—on the smoothness of a cinder path.

Up hill in, a constant spit of fire and lead it requires a little longer.

There was only one left now, and one of them suddenly veered and made for the cover of a hickory trunk off to one side—he was in full flight But the other came on, throwing the rifle away and shifting his heavy magazine pistol to his right hand.

It was easy now, thought the girl—she could take her time and be very sure.

Yet she shot and missed, and the man came on with the confidence of one who wears a talisman and fears no harm. Now he was almost at the steps and his pistol was barking viciously—then suddenly something in the mechanism of Juanita's rifle jammed and it lay useless and dead in her hands. She struggled with it, frantically jerking the lever, but before she had conquered its balking obstinacy she saw the man's head and body leap up the steps at one stride and thrust his weapon forward over the table. She even caught the glitter of his teeth as a snarling smile parted his lips.

Then a rifle spoke behind her—a rifle in the hands of the man who had dragged himself to the firing line, and with his foot on the threshold Jim Fletcher reeled backward and rolled lumberingly down the steps to the ground.

"You got him!" she screamed. "You got him, Anse!"

It had been perhaps five minutes since she had called out to the men in the road, but it seemed to her that she had sustained a long siege. She saw the man who had fled crossing the fence and disappearing. Then very slowly she rose and turned to the room again.

Anse Havey was lying on his face and the gun with which he had killed Jim Fletcher lay by his side, but his posture was so rigid and his limbs so motionless that the girl caught at her breast and pushed back a cry that would have fallen had she not been supported by the table. Had the fight been lost, after all?

Slowly, and in a daze of reaction and fright, she moved forward and turned his body over and laid her ear to his heart.

It was still beating. The rifle ball only jolted his weak and pain-racked body into unconsciousness, and as she held his head to her breast her eyes went about the room, where the pallid light was stealing now, and by the mantel she saw standing the horn that Jerry Everson had given her.

Why had she not thought of that before? she asked herself accusingly. Why had she not sent its call for help out across the hills long ago? Then she came back to her mind the words of the mountain man when he had brought it over and had imitated the Havey battle-call.

"Don't never blow thet unlessen ye wants ter start hell. When them calls goes out across the mountains every Havey that kin tote a gun's got ter git up an' come."

If ever there had been a time when every Havey should come it was this time. She laid Anse's head once more on the cushions and went to the mantel. Then, standing in the door, she drew a long breath.

She set the horn to her lips and blew. Out across the melting vagueness of the dim world floated the three long blasts and the three short ones. She waited a little while and blew again. That signal could not reach Anse Havey's own house, because the ridge would send it echoing back in a shattered wave of sound. It could be better heard to the east, and after a time there came back to her waiting ears, very low and distant, yet very clear, an answer.

It came from the house of Milt McBriar, and Juanita's heart, torn and anxious as it was, leaped, for she knew that for the first time in the memory of man the Havey call to arms had been heard and was being answered by a chief of the McBriars, and that as fast as horses could carry them he and his men would bring succor.

An hour later, when the mountain slopes were unveiling in miracles of iridescence and tender color, young Milt McBriar and his escort flung themselves from their steaming mounts.

The girl was weeping incoherently over an insensible figure and crooning to it as a mother sings to quiet a wakeful child, and on the floor at her side lay a piece of paper reddened and spotted with blood—a marriage license.

"Milt," she cried out, "get Brother Anse; get him quick!" and she waved the piece of smeared paper in the boy's face.

Kneeling with her on the floor, Milt took the license from her hand, and when he saw what it was he shook his head.

"I'm afraid," he told her gravely, "I'm afraid it's too late. He ain't hardly live."

"Get Brother Anse," she insisted wildly. "Get him quick. I'm going to be his wife." Her voice broke into a deep sob as she added: "If I can't be anything else, I'm going to be the Widow Havey."

And when Brother Anse came he found Anse still alive, smiling faintly up into the face of the woman who sat with his head in her lap.

"I'm sorry," said the missionary simply, "thet ye hain't got a preacher ter marry ye with due ceremonies, but I reckon I hain't never been gladder ter do nothin' in my life—ef only he kin git well."

"Brother Anse," Juanita Havey told him, as she put a hand on each rough shoulder, "I had rather it should be you than the archbishop of Canterbury."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

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People in the mountains still talk of how, while Anse Havey lay on a white cot in the little hospital, young Milt McBriar set out toward Peril. He stopped for a moment at the house of Bad Anse Havey, and within twenty minutes the hills were being raked. Young Milt killed a horse getting to Jeb McNash's cabin on Tribulation and Jeb killed another getting to Peril. Then from Lexington came the surgeons as fast as a special train could bring them, and, thanks to a dogged life spark, they found Anse Havey still lingering on the margin.

When they realized this from the operating table back to his cot and he opened his eyes to consciousness the sun was coming through the shaded window, but even before he knew that, he saw her face bending over him and felt cool fingers on his forehead.

As his eyes opened her smile greeted him, and she brushed his lips with her own. Then, in a tone of command, she said: "You mustn't talk. The doctors say you may get well if you obey orders and fight hard. It's partly up to you, Anse."

Once more there hovered around the man's lips that occasional boyish smile.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "they'll have the hell of a time killin' me now!" Then he added in a tone of more grimness: "Besides, there's a score or two to settle."

The girl shook her head and smiled. Her fingers rested caressingly on the dark hair that fell over his forehead.

"No, Anse," she told him. "I settled most of them myself."

* * * * *

Even the detachment of the murder squad that had played its part in the woods and started for Peril before the five turned back did not reach their destination. They scattered into the hillsides. When morning brought the news of their attempt they tried to make their escape across the mountains to Virginia.

But there was a grim and relentless system about the movement of two posses that set out to run down the timber. During to approach no house for food, the fugitives united and took up their stand in a stanch log cabin which had been deserted, and died there, grimly declining to surrender.

Of course the railroad came up Tribulation and crossed through the notch in the mountains at the gap, but the railroad came on terms quite different from those which Mr. Trevor and his ilk had planned.

One day there rode away from the college a gay little procession on its way to the McBriar domain. At its head rode Young Milt, and on a pillion behind him, as mountain brides had always ridden to their own houses, sat Dawn McBriar. That was some years ago, and at the big log house there is a toddling, row-headed young person now whose Christian name is Anse Havey, though his father insists he is to be ultimately known as "Bad Anse" McBriar.

One autumn day, when the air was as full of sparkle as champagne, and the big sugar tree just outside the hospital window was flaming in an ecstasy of color, Miss Dawn Havey opened her eyes on the world and found it acceptable.

Jeb McNash was riding through the country that October seeking election to the legislature.

He drew his horse down by the fence.

"Anse," he said in his slow drawl, "it's a pity she's a gal now, hain't it?"

Anse shook his head. "I reckon," he said, "she's got more chance to be like her mother. Her mother made these hills better for being here, and besides—"

He looked cautiously about and dropped his voice, as if speaking of a forbidden subject, and there crept in a note of pride. "Besides, young feller, have you got any more notches on the stock of your gun than she has?"

THE END.

Dyes for Carpets.

Aniline dyes have not added to the reputation of the carpets of Persia lately invaded by the Turks. At one time the only dyes used in the Persian carpet industry came from indigo, madder and vine leaves. From these were evolved many delicate shades impervious to the action of sunlight. With aniline dyes the colors fade much more rapidly. In Persia you may see new rugs spread on the floors of bazaars, so that many feet may tread on them. By such hard wear—provided the colors are fast—the genuine article improves in appearance, acquiring an attractive gloss. A Persian carpet of the best kind has a marvelous number of stitches, and a hearth rug of pure silk may cost hundreds of dollars.

Scientific Advance.

The chemical engineer of the United States bureau of mines has discovered a new method for producing gasoline. He has also found a way to manufacture toluol and benzo, from petroleum. These last-named products are used in making smokeless powder.

Small Amount.

Mrs. Meyser—Could you give me a little money, my dear?

Mr. Meyser—Certainly, my dear! About how little?

POSTSCRIPTS

Argentina's breweries annually produce enough beer to give two and a half gallons to each resident of that country.

For emergency use a wooden automobile tire has been invented made in sections which are bolted to the rim of a wheel.

So steadily are the winds at Curacoa that three wireless telegraph stations depend upon windmills to furnish their power.

Germany consumes more pork than any other kind of meat.

American cotton mills are now using more than 5,000,000 bales of cotton a year as compared with 1,000,000 bales 45 years ago.

The seat of a new bathtub chair will remain level no matter in what position the device is attached inside or outside of a tub.

A motor-driven siren has been invented for fire alarm purposes, having the advantage that it can be operated from distant points.

CONDENSATIONS

Japan is exporting flour to the South Sea islands.

In the Japanese military air service there are 12 aeroplanes and two dirigibles.

Turkey at present has about 987,900 men in the army in addition to the territorial force.

A company of Indians has been recruited in Canada and sent across the water to be used for scouting purposes.

Inclusive of all ranks, 68,000 men are serving in the navy of the United States of America.

Bucharest has established new high records last year, for its production of silver, lead and zinc.

Baron Stephen Burian von Rojez, appointed to succeed Count Leopold von Berchtold as American minister of foreign affairs, has been Hungarian minister at the imperial court, and was formerly minister of finance and chief of administration for Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Mortality Measures Intelligence.

Sir Arthur Newsholme, eminent English physician, said that infant mortality is the most sensitive index we have of social welfare. "If babies were well born and well cared for, their mortality would be negligible. The infant death rate measures the intelligence, health, and right living of fathers and mothers, the standards of morals and sanitation, and conditions and governments, the efficiency of physicians, nurses, health officers and educators."

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Also your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tang which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin their inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.—Adv.

Venison From Alaska.

Another great possibility of the future of Alaska is the raising of reindeer for the United States markets. I have visited the reindeer herds, and the slaughter houses at Nome, where the deer are cleaned now being killed, to be sent in cold storage to San Francisco and Seattle. The shipping of venison has already begun and the time is not distant when fresh deer meat from Alaska will be sold in all of our cities, just as fresh Alaska salmon and halibut are sold today.—Correspondence of the Christian Herald.

QUIT MEAT IF KIDNEYS BOTHER AND USE SALTS

Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast If Your Back Is Hurting or Bladder Is Irritated.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidneys, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get scalded and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acids of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Undeserved Punishment.

"Gadsworth is suffering from a psychological jag," said the first citizen of a dry town.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the second citizen.

"He spent three hours last night in a vain attempt to locate a quart of liquor."

"Well?"

"And this morning he woke up with a headache."

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation.—Adv.

We Have.

"Money talks."

"Yes, and have you ever noticed that Poverty likes to listen?"

If some men fail to see their best deserts they have cause for rejoicing.