THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

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The little town stilled by dismal and helpless, with its shacks scattered over its broken and uneven levels.

Dawn, perhaps, found it hardest; for to this one day Dawn had grown up, and tomorrow would bring the boy whom she now confessed to loving, though she confessed it with seldom tempt, leading a force to meet that of her own people, fighting to avenge her father. Juanita, whose eyes could not escape ironical reminders when she glanced down at the Christmas packages, seemed to hear over and over the voice of Anse Havey saying: "I'm doin' it because ye asks it."

She had sought to avert an assassination, and it seemed that the effort would precipitate a holocaust.

Anse was very busy, but he found time to come to her that afternoon. In the bare little hotel lobby the firelight glinted on many rifles as their owners lounged about the hearth.

And in Anse she saw once more the stern side. His face was unsmiling, and in his eyes was that expression which made her realize how inflexibly he would set about the accomplishment of the thing he had undertaken. Then, as he spoke to her, a sudden softness came into his eyes.

"God knows I'm sorry," he said, "that this thing broke just now. I didn't aim that ye should be no eye-witness."

Juanita smiled rather wanly. Old Milt, he told her, would soon be released. "We ain't even goin' to keep him in the jailhouse no longer than mornin'. We couldn't convict him, an it would only bring on more trouble."

"Why was he arrested?" she asked blankly.

"Just to keep him out of mischief overnight," he smiled. "Even the law can be used for strategy."

"What will happen when the McBriars come back?" she demanded in a shaken voice.

He shook his head. "I can't hardly say," he replied.

But the next morning Anse Havey came again and cautioned the two women not to leave their rooms, and not to keep their shutters open. All that day the town lay like a turtle, tight drawn into its shell. Streets were empty. Doors were locked and shutters barred. But toward evening, to the girl's bewilderment, she saw Haveys riding out of town instead of into it. Soon there were no more horses at the racks. By night the place which was to be assaulted tomorrow seemed to have been abandoned by its defenders.

Old Milt McBriar had ridden out in the morning, freed but wrathful, to meet the men who were hurrying in. The figure of Bad Anse Havey she saw often from her window, but for the most part the force of Haveys had evaporated.

Then followed another wretched night, and with forenoon the snow-wrapped town settled down to the empty silence of a cemetery, but with early afternoon the new procession began to come in. A long and continuous stream of McBriar horsemen, each armed to the teeth, rode past the hotel and went straight to the courthouse. Then she heard again the sound she had heard on her first night in the mountains, only now it came from a hundred throats.

It was the McBriar yell, and after it came a scattering of rifle and pistol shots. The clan was going away again and shooting up the town as they went, but what had happened down there at the courthouse?

CHAPTER XXI.

Later she heard the story. The McBriars had come expecting battle. They had found every door open and the town deserted. For a time they had gone about looking for trouble, but found no one to oppose them. Then Old Milt and his son had ridden to the courthouse to demand the keys of the jail. There they found Judge Sidering sitting in the little office, and with him, quite unarmed and without escort, sat Bad Anse Havey. When the two McBriars, backed by a score of armed men, broke fiercely into the room, others massed at their backs, crowding doorway and hall.

Judge Sidering greeted his visitors as though no intimation had ever reached him that they were coming with a grievance.

"Come in, Milt, and have a chair," he invited.

"Cheer, hell!" shouted Milt McBriar. "Give me the keys ter thet jailhouse, an' give 'em ter me quick!"

Opening the drawer of his desk as if he had been asked for a match, Judge Sidering took out the big iron key to the outer door and the smaller brass key to the little row of cells. He tossed the two across to Milt in a matter-of-fact fashion.

Five minutes later the McBriar chief was back trembling with rage. He had found the jail empty.

"If you're lookin' for Luke Thixton, Milt," said the judge calmly, "the high sheriff took him to Louisville yesterday for safe-keepin'."

The answer was a bellow of rage. Old Milt McBriar threw forward his rifle.

Anse looked up and spoke slowly: "I reckon it wouldn't profit ye much to harm us, Milt. We ain't armed, an' it would bring on a heap of trouble."

Outside rose an angry chorus of voices. The news that the jail was empty had passed through the crowd.

For a time the McBriar stood there debating his next step. The town seemed at his mercy. Seemed! That word gave him pause. The way home lay through Havey territory, which might mean twenty miles of solid ambush. Anse Havey sat too quietly for Milt's ease of mind. Was he laying some fresh trap?

The old intriguer felt baffled and at sea. He had grown accustomed to weighing and calculating with gutleful deliberation. He balked at swift and impulsive action. Moreover, if he debated long, he might not be able to control his men. He looked up—to see little Milt, who was fighting back the crowd at the door and locking them out. Beyond the panels could be heard loud swearing and the impatient shuffling of many feet.

"What shall we do, son?" inquired the older man of the younger. His voice had a note of appeal and breaking power.

When Young Milt had ridden out of Peril no feudist in the hills had borne a heart fuller of hatred and hunger for vengeance, but that was because of his father. Now his father was free. For Luke Thixton he had a profound contempt. He saw in the situation only a game of wits in which Anse Havey was winner.

"Well," he replied with a grin he could not repress, "hit looks right smart ter me like thar hain't nothin' to do but ride on back home an' try again next time."

That counsel in the end prevailed. Outside there had been a short, sharp struggle with a mutinous spirit. These men had come for action and they did not want to ride back foiled, but the word of Old Milt had stood unchallenged too long to fail now. Yet he led back a grumbling following and bore a discounted power. They could not forget that a Havey had worsted him.

So the spirit of the men who had come to fight vented itself in the yell and the random shots to which there was no reply, and again a train of horsemen were on their way into the hills.

When it was all over and Juanita sat there in her empty school she was realizing that, after all, the desperate moment had only been deferred and must come with absolute certainty. Christmas was only two days off and her gun-rack was empty. When she had come home there had not been a single weapon there.

There would be no Christmas tree now! The beribboned packages lay in a useless pile. Had school been in session, she knew that the desks would have been as empty as the gun-rack. The whole turtlelike life had drawn in its head and the countryside lay as though besieged.

On Anse Havey's bookshelves were new volumes, for Juanita was feeding his scant supply, and a softer type of poetry was being added to his frugal and stern repertoire. A number of men left the mountains and went into exile elsewhere. These were the witnesses who must testify against Luke Thixton and whose lives would not have been worth a nickel had they stayed at home.

Then came Christmas day itself, bleak and soggy with the thaw that had set in and the moody dreariness of the sky. The sun seemed to have despaired and made its course spiritlessly from dawn to twilight, crawling dimly across its daily arc.

Brother Anse Talbott came over to the school and found both women sitting apathetically by an untrimmed fir tree amid a litter of forgotten packages. The children of Tribulation were having the sort of Christmas they had always had—a day of terror and empty cheerlessness.

"It seems like a right smart pity for them children ter be plumb, teetotally disappointed," mused the old preacher. "S'pose now ye put names on them gewgaws an' let me jest sorter ride round an' scatter 'em."

"You dear old saint!" cried Juanita, suddenly roused out of her apathy. "But you'll freeze to death an' get drowned in some ford."

"Thet's all right," the preacher answered briefly. "I reckon I kin go ther route."

It took Good Anse Talbott three days of battle with quicksand and mire to finish that mission. At each house he told them that Juanita Holland had sent him, and the girl was canonized afresh in hearts old and young, back in roadless coves and on bleak hillsides.

* * * * * * *

Every evening found Anse Havey seated before Juanita's hearth, studying the flicker of the firelight on her face. Every detail of her expression became to him as something he had always known and worshipped.

Some day Malcolm would come back—and marry her—and then—at that point Bad Anse Havey refused to follow his trend of thought further. He only growled his teeth.

"Ye damn fool," he told himself. "That ain't no reason why ye shouldn't make the most of today. She's right here now, an' she's sun an' moon an' star shine and music an' sweetness.

She did not know, and he gave her no hint, that in these times, with shots and counterplots, hatching on both sides of the ridge, he never made that journey in the night without inviting death. He was walking miles through black woodland trails each evening to relieve for an hour or two her loneliness and to wrestle with scaled lips and a rebellious heart.

On the night before he was to go to Peril to attend the trial of Luke Thixton he came with a very full and heavy heart. He knew that it might be a farewell. Tomorrow he must put to the test all his hold on his people and all his audacity of resolution. He stood at the verge of an Austerlitz or a Waterloo, and he had undertaken the thing for no reason except that it had pleased her to command it.

He knew that among his own followers there were smiles for the power which a "furrin" woman had come to wield over him, and if one failure marred his plans those smiles would become derisive. It was weakness to go on as he was going, gaping dumbly at her with boundless adoration he dared not voice. Tonight he would bluntly tell her that he was doing these things because he loved her, that, while he was glad to do them, he could not let her go on misunderstanding his motives.

But when he reached the school she rose to receive him, and he could see only the slimness of her graceful figure and the smile of welcome on her lips, and the man who had never been overcome by the mandate of resolution, became tongue-tied.

She held out a hand, which he took with more in his grip than the hand-clasp of friendship, but that she did not notice.

"Anse," she laughed, "I've had a letter from home today urging me to give up and come back. They don't realize how splendidly I am going to succeed, thanks to your help. I want you to go with me soon and mark some more trees for felling. It won't be long now before they can begin building again."

"I wonder," he said, looking at her with brows that were deeply drawn and eyes full of suffering, "if ye'll ever have time to stop talkin' about the school for a little spell an' remember that I'm a human bein'."

"Remember that you're a human being?" she questioned in perplexity.

She stood there with one hand on the back of her chair, her face puzzled. He decided at once that this expression was the most beautiful she had ever worn, and he mirdily held that conviction until her eyes changed to laughter, when he forswore his allegiance to the first fascination for the second.

"Are you sure you are a human being?" she teased. "When you wear that sulky face you are only half human. I ought to make you stand in the corner until you can be cheerful."

"I reckon," he said a little bitterly, "if ye ordered me to stand in the corner I'd just about do it. I reckon that's about how much manhood I've got left."

But he laughed, too, in the next moment.

The morning of the trial dawned on a town prepared to face a bloody day. Long before the train-load crowds had drifted down to the station.

As though by common consent, the McBriars stood on one side of the track and the Haveys on the other.

For an hour they massed there, lowering of face, yet quietly waiting. Then, the whistle shrieked across the river and each crowd moved a little forward, hands tightened on rifles, awaiting the supreme moment. The deputy sheriffs came out of the depot and stood waiting between the two groups with a studied assumption of unconcern. But when the train arrived it carried an extra coach and a sight of it the McBriars groaned and knew once more they were defeated.

They had come to wrest a prisoner from a sheriff's posse and encountered trained soldiery. Behind the opened sashes of the coach they saw a solid mass of blue overcoats and brown service-hats. Every window bristled with rifle-barrels and fixed bayonets. Then, while the train was held beyond its usual brief stop, and while these rifle-barrels were trained impartially on Haveys and McBriars, a line of soldiers began pouring out into the roadbed and forming cordons along each side of the track. Both lines moved slowly but unwaveringly forward, pressing back the crowds before their urgent bayonets.

Two wicked-looking gatling guns were unloaded from the baggage car, and, tending them as men might handle beloved pets, came squads whose capes were faced with artillery red.

Shortly a compact little procession in column of fours, with the gatling guns at its front and a hollow square at its center, was marching briskly to the courthouse. In the hollow square went the defendant, handcuffed to the sheriff. Without delay or confusion the gatling guns were put in place, one commanding the courthouse square and one casting its many-eyed glance up the hillside at the back.

Then, with the bayonets of sentries crossed at the doors, the bell in the cupola rang while Judge Sidering walked calmly into the building and instructed the sheriff to open court.

His honor had directed that every man save officials who sought admission should be disarmed at the door.

Luke Thixton bent forward in his chair and stared into the eye of Old Milt McBriar, who met it his left.

"I've got as much chanst hyar as a fish on a hilltop. Hain't ye goin' ter do nothin ter me?"—and Milt looked about helplessly and swore under his breath.

One onlooker there had not been searched. Young Jeb bore the credentials of a special deputy sheriff, and under his coat was a holster with its flap unbuttoned. While the panel was being selected, while lawyers wrangled and witnesses testified, while the court gazed with half-closed eyes, rousing only to overrule or sustain a motion, young Jeb sat with his arms on the table, and never did his eyes leave the face of the accused.

It was a very expeditious trial.

Judge Sidering glanced at the faces of Old Milt and young Jeb, and had no desire to prolong the agony of those hours. The defense half-heartedly relied upon the old device of a false alibi, which the state promptly punctured. Even the lawyers seemed in haste to be through, and set a limit on their arguments.

At the end his honor read brief instructions, and the panel was locked in its room.

Then the McBriars drew a little closer around the chair where Old Milt waited, and the militia captain strengthened his guard outside and began unostentatiously sprinkling uniformed men through the dingy courtroom until the hidden-gray throng was flecked with blue.

At length there came a rap on the door of the jury-room, and instantly the low drone of voices fell to a hush. His honor poured a glass of water from the chipped pitcher at his elbow, while Luke Thixton and Milt McBriar, for all their immobility of feature, braced themselves. Like some restless animal they moved legs, the rough throng along the courtroom benches scraped its feet on the floor.

Young Jeb shifted his chair a little so that the figure of the defendant might be in an uninterrupted line of vision. His right hand quietly slipped under his coat, and his fingers loosened a weapon in its holster and nursed the trigger.

Then, with a dragging of shoe-leather, the twelve "good men and true" shambled to a semicircle before the bench, gazing stolidly and blankly at the rows of battered law books which served his honor as a background.

There they stood awkwardly in the gaze of all. Judge Sidering glanced into the beetling countenance of their foreman and inquired in that bored voice which seems a judicial affectation even in questions of life and death: "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman nodded. The sheet of paper, which he passed to the clerk, had been signed by more than one juror with a cross because he could not write.

"We, the jury," read the clerk in a clear voice, "find the defendant, Luke Thixton, guilty as charged in the indictment—" There, although he had not yet reached the end, he indulged in a dramatic pause, then read on the more important clause in the terms of the Kentucky law which leaves the placing of the penalty in the hands of the jurors—"and fix his punishment at death."

As though relieved from a great pressure, young Jeb McNash withdrew his hand from his holster and settled back in his chair with fixed muscles. Judge Sidering's formal question broke in on the dead quiet, "So say you all, gentlemen?" and twelve shaggy heads nodded wordless affirmation.

Soldiers filed in from the rear. In less than thirty seconds the prisoner had disappeared. Outside the gatling guns remained in place, and the troops patrolled the streets.

For two days the McBriars stayed in town, but the troops lingered longer, and in that time Luke had again been taken back to Louisville.

Once more Old Milt led back a disgruntled faction with no more spirited a program than to go home and bide its time again. When they brought Luke back to hang him, his friends would have one final chance.

A seeming of quiet, under which hot wrath smoldered, settled over hill and cove, but a new note began to run through the cabins of the McBriar dependents. It was a note of waning faith and loyalty for their chief.

Old Milt read the signs and felt that his dominion was now a thing upon which decay had set its seal, and under his grave face he masked a breaking heart. His star was setting, and since he was no longer young and utterly incapable of bending, he sick ened slowly through the wet winter, and men spoke of him as an invalid.

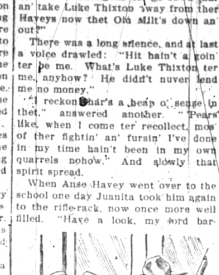
With Milt "ailin'," there was no one to take up the reins of clan government, and those elements that had been held together only by his iron dominance began drifting asunder.

One mild day when a group of McBriars met with their backs against a water-mill, someone put the question: "Who's a-goin' ter go down thar an' take Luke Thixton away from ther Haveys now thet Old Milt's down an' out?"

There was a long silence, and at last a voice drawled: "Hit hain't a-goin' ter be me. What's Luke Thixton ter me, anyhow? He didn't nuver lend me no money."

"I reckon thar's a heap o' sense in thet," answered another. "Feel like, when I come ter recollect, most of ther fightin' an' fursin' I've done in my time hain't been in my own quarrels nohow." And slowly that spirit spread.

When Anse Havey went over to the school one day Juanita took him again to the rifle-rack, now once more well filled. "Have a look, my lord bar-



His Honor Had Directed That Every Man—Save Officials—Should Be Disarmed at the Door.

barian," she laughed. "Mars is paying me tribute. So shall it ever be with tyranny."

Slowly, and one by one, Anse Havey took up the pieces and examined them.

"It ain't only Mars that's paying ye tribute," he thought, but he only said: "That's all right. I seem to see more McBriar guns there than Havey guns. It would suit me all right if ye got the last one of 'em."

"Hadn't you as well hang yours there, too?" she teased. "I'm still willing to give you the honors of war."

But he only smiled. "I'll hang mine up last of all, I reckon. Luke Thixton ain't hung yet, and there's other clouds a brewin' besides that."

"What clouds?" she asked.

"There was a bunch of surveyors through here lately," he replied slowly. "They jest sort of looked 'round and went away. Some day they'll come back."

"And then?"

Anse Havey shrugged his shoulders "I may need my gun," he said.

Not until it became certain that he must die did Old Milt send for his son, or even permit him to be told of his illness. But just as the winter's siege was ending Young Milt came home, and two days later the mountains heard that the old feudist was dead.

Brother Anse Talbott and Juanita and a doctor who had come from Lexington were witnesses to that leave-taking. They saw the old man beckon feebly to the boy. Young Milt came and sat on the edge of the bed, schooling his features as he waited the final injunctions which, by his code, would be mandatory for life.

They all waited to hear the old lion break out in a final burst of vindictiveness, to see him lay upon his boy's young shoulders the unfinished ideals of his hatreds. But it was the eye of the father, not the feudist, that gazed up from the pillow. His wasted fingers lay affectionately on his son's knee and his voice was gentle.

"Son," said the old man, "I'd love ter bev ye live at peace wi' ye kin. I've done tried fur ther way an' hit's kill me. I'd rather ye'd let my ashes be buried along with my body. Anse Havey's goin' ter run things in these mountings. He's a smarter man than me. I couldn't never make no peace with Anse Havey, but the things that's always stood betwixt us will go a long way back. Mebby you an' him mought pull together an' end ther feud. I leaves thet with you; but hit took death ter make me see hit—"

Here he broke off exhaustedly and for a time seemed fighting for breath. At last he added: "I've known all along thet Luke killed Fletch McNash. I thought I'd ought ter tell ye."

A week after the death of the old leader Young Milt rode over to the house of Anse Havey, and there he found Jeb McNash. The two young men looked at each other without impression. Just after the death of his father Jeb would not willingly have renewed their quarrel, and as for Young Milt, he no longer felt resentment.

"Anse," said the heir to McBriar leadership, "I rid over here ter offer ye my hand. I've done found out that Luke is as guilty as hell. I didn't believe hit afore. So fur as I'm concerned, he kin hang, an' I'm goin' ter tell every McBriar man that will harken ter me ther same thing. So fur as I'm concerned," went on the

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe them, but water enthusiasts do.

There are vast numbers of men and women who immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of lime-stone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure, it is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the sick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or shrewkeeper. This will cost very little but it sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.—Adv.

And many a woman who is short of breath is long of tongue.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels may have made your head ache, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night, put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing this misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little inides need a cleansing too. Adv.

Too many of the things we wait for are not worth the delay.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and a 1oz. of glycerine. Apply a little to the hair a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It gradually darkens streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make it grow on bald spots. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

And many a mushroom is a toadstool in disguise.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Playing the fool is no difficult role.

When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. She woman who has a bad back, feeling weak, spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and you know the much dreaded "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Anna Wright, 412 Vermont Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "I had intense pains in my back and shoulders and the kidney secretions were full of sediment. I tired easily, lacked energy and had trouble in breathing. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills I tried them and four boxes cured me. I am glad to say that the troubles have never returned."

"Every Woman Should Take Care of Her Kidneys"

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Need a Laxative?

Don't take a violent purgative. Right the sluggish condition with the safe, vegetable remedy which has held public confidence for over sixty years.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes. 10c., 25c.

FROM ALL PARTS

Bachelors over twenty-five years of age were taxed in England in the seventeenth century—£12 10s for a duke, and for a common person, one shilling.

There are 15 German Rhodes scholarships at Oxford, each of $1,250, tenable for three years, the holders to be nominated by the German emperor.

In Australia there has been started a popular movement for the preservation of the giant "stringybark" trees of that country, the tallest in the world.

Those who want 2,500,000 years will witness a repetition of the phenomenon of February, 1866, when there was no full moon. Forty-nine years has passed already.

The hammer used at the sale of German prize ships in London was the same as that used in 1855, when the enemy's ships seized were sold. At the close of the sale the auctioneer presented this hammer to the marshal of the admiralty, H. W. Lovett. A gold-lettered inscription on the hammer recalled the Crimean war.

SNAP SHOTS

Tank Beverly says his notion of a "tightwad" is the pitch player who believes he can save an unprotected jack.

Buck Kirby says his ambition is to see a race for office between a politician named "Bill" and another called "Honest John." Buck says there is nothing he enjoys so much as the spectacle of the intelligent voter in a hole where he has to think for himself.

A recent official estimate gave Venezuela a population of 2,812,668.

No actor can compete with a baby when it comes to entertaining the women.

A jury is like the injured husband in the respect that it is always the last to find it out.

Here is another inviolable rule: No barber shop should sell ice cream in connection with its regular business.

We have noticed that the men who die for women nearly always do so at the hands of an injured husband.

POSTSCRIPTS

Dipping in a solution of alum will fireproof paper candle or lamp shades.

The development of a practical gas turbine engine is claimed in Switzerland.

A new electric fan can be screwed into a light socket and will operate at any angle.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water which was allowed to evaporate there would be two inches of salt on the bottom of the box.

Cotton growing is being developed extensively in Turkey.

A machine that takes up but little space has been invented to wash and scrub golf balls.

A process for attaching glass letters to tombstones has been patented by an Indiana inventor.

An English scientist has brought out a new electrical process for coating iron or steel with lead.

Boiled water has been found an excellent disinfectant for bullet wounds by a French surgeon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)