



THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tir—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray flags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the lounging-room of the old days of Galland prosperity, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made melody with the clicking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinge of indigestion or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance would be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master awaited the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francois, his valet.

When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spies against Lanstron, came, two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a bristly mustache, was lean and saturnine, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a profession. The score of words which escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing criticism and bitten off sharply, as if he regretted that he had to waste breath in communicating even a thought.

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

He lacked one minute to four when Hedworth Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Galland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. If he had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun, should he allow this to disturb his well-being of body or mind? His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate saving of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms. Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay a number of reports and suggestions. Westerling ran through them with accustomed swiftness of sitting and then turned to his personal aide.

"Tell Francois that I will have tea on the veranda."

From the fact that he took with him the papers that he had laid aside, subordinate generals, with the gift of unspoken directions which is a part of their profession, understood that he meant to go over the subjects requiring special attention while he had tea.

"Everything is going well—well!" he added.

"Well!" ran the unspoken communication of confidence through the staff. So well that His Excellency was calmly taking tea on the veranda! For the indefatigable Turcas the detail; for Westerling the front of Jove.

He had told Marta only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of

woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; hers shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a truce to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasantries.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a lev. with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military erectness were thus emphasized, as was her own feminine slightness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me? I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very gladly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the even cleaving of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first sip, convinced that the officers' commissary supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—if we forget the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Marta of the hotel reception-room and the Marta of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a race of intellects in the scratch class. One by one, almost perfunctory, Westerling gave his assent as he passed the papers to Turcas; while Turcas's dry voice, coming from between a narrow opening of the thin lips, gave his reasons with a rapid-fire's precision in answer to his chief's inquiries.

With each order somewhere along that frontier some unit of a great organism would respond. The reserves from this position would be transferred to that; such a position would be felt out before dark by a reconnaissance in force, however costly; the rapid-firers of the 19th Division would be transferred to the 20th; despite the 37th Brigade's losses, it would still form the advance; General So-and-So would be superseded after his failure of yesterday; Colonel So-and-So would take his place as acting major-general; more care must be exercised in recommendations for bronze crosses, lest their value so depreciate that officers and men would lack incentive to win them.

Marta was having a look behind the scenes at the fountainhead of great events. Power! power! The absolute power of the soldier in the saddle, with premier and government and all the institutions of peace only a dim background for the processes of war! Opposite her was a man who could make and unmake not only generals but even the destinies of peoples. By every sign he enjoyed his power for his own sake. There must be a chief of the five millions, which were as a moving force of destruction, and here was the chief, his strength reflected in the strong muscles of his short neck as he turned his head to listen to Turcas. Marta recalled the contrast between Westerling and Lanstron as they faced each other after the wreck of the aeroplane ten years ago; the iron invincibility of the elder, high-strung invincibility of the slighter figure of the younger man.

[To Be Continued]

HEAD OF PAINT FIREWORKS PLANT KILLED IN EXPLOSION
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 2.—H. B. Thearle, chief of the Paint Fireworks Display Company of America, and three employees, were killed by an explosion which destroyed the Paint Company's plant, a few blocks from the business



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A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.—Advertisement.

The Young Find Larned's History Fascinating

An Astonishing Interest Displayed by the Children of This City in a Great Historical Work

We were told by competent critics when we first undertook the distribution of Larned's History of the World in this city that we would find the children among its most enthusiastic admirers. We find this prediction has come true. Hundreds of boys and girls, even as young as ten years, have been among the crowds thronging our office daily, and have carried off their treasure with exclamations of delight. Their still smaller brothers and sisters pore over the illustrations by the hour. The reproductions of famous historical paintings in actual colors have an absorbing interest. The numerous halftones with which the five volumes are embellished likewise afford endless fascination. No work of its kind has ever been so widely and beautifully illustrated. But the text is also a feature enjoyed by the young, since it is written in a style that is clearly itself, and easily understood and retained by the youthful mind. We do not hesitate to say that it is a real duty of the parents of this

community to give their children a work that will inculcate a never-dying thirst for knowledge, and impart a taste for information of a kind that is bound to influence their whole lives for the best and worthiest things. The coupons printed daily in this paper will, we believe, exert an incalculable effect on the future generations of this city and other places where this paper circulates. They should be clipped at once, as the advantage they offer will probably not be obtainable much longer.

Minister For Half Century Dies at Hagerstown, Md.

Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 2.—The Rev. J. W. Kiracofe, a prominent retired minister of the United Brethren denomination and for fifty-one years in the active ministry of that denomination in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, died at his home in this city on Tuesday evening after an illness of several days.

The Rev. Mr. Kiracofe had a remarkable career in the ministry and few men of his calling had as large a circle of acquaintances and friends in the Cumberland Valley from Harrisburg to Staunton. He began his ministerial career in Virginia, was one of the organizers of the Maryland conferences and for nearly thirty years he served churches in the Pennsylvania conference, including the following charges: Newville, 1855-1859; Mechanicsburg, 1859-1894; Mont Alto

circuit, 1893-1899; Greencastle, 1899-1900; Bolling Springs, 1900 to 1904.

The Rev. Kiracofe was twice married, his first wife dying forty-one years ago. He afterward married Miss Susan Burston, of Keedysville, who survives with the following children: Mrs. Samuel Lightner, of Chambersburg, Pa.; W. O. Kiracofe and C. M. Kiracofe, of Hagerstown; C. O. Kiracofe, of Harrisburg; John W. Kiracofe, of Bolling Springs, Pa.; Miss Nellie Kiracofe, of this city, and Mrs. Markwood D. Harp, of Frederick, Md.; also five brothers, four of whom are

ministers, the Rev. C. H. Kiracofe, of Winona Lake, Ind.; the Rev. George Kiracofe, of Keller, Va.; the Rev. N. A. Kiracofe, of Mechanicsburg, Pa.; the Rev. Joseph H. Kiracofe, of Indiana, and James H. Kiracofe, of Hagerstown.

Very Little Expense and Very Little Quaker Extract Create a Seemingly Miraculous Yet Entire Cure in the Case of Mrs. Frederick Wigfield, of No. 271 S. 2nd St., Steelton. Investigate, Any Way or Every Way

The Quaker Health Teacher has made his headquarters at the drug store to learn what his wonderful Quaker Extract and Oil of Balm is doing, has done and will do for sufferers of rheumatism, catarrh, kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles, and worms. What Quaker Extract and Oil of Balm have done you know, if you have been reading your local papers. If not, here is another case, which the Health Teacher dares you to investigate, and if you find it not true he will give \$100.00 to any local charitable institution, and the money is on deposit at the drug store.

Mrs. Frederick Wigfield lives at No. 271 South Second street, Steelton. Ac-

ording to her own admission in the presence of her husband, she told that she had suffered about two years with various stomach complaints, caused, as she learned, by the ravages of a tapeworm. She tried many remedies without success and doctors also failed to relieve her of the worm she called on the Health Teacher. After proving to his satisfaction that she was afflicted with a tapeworm he gave her the Quaker Extract to remove it. She took this remedy only one day, or even less, and it caused the entire monster, complete with head, to be expelled. This is what the Health Teacher says: If you doubt it, call or write Mrs. Wigfield at No. 271 South Third street.—Advertisement.

South Second street, Steelton. These are plain words, easily understood by all who may read them. Now, are you convinced of the power of the Quaker remedies?

Also bear in mind that Quaker Extract and Oil of Balm are intended for sufferers of rheumatism, catarrh, kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles, worms, indigestion, constipation, etc., but not for lung, heart or throat troubles or for contagions of feverish diseases. Bear these facts in mind before calling. For such people who cannot conveniently call he wishes to remind them that the genuine Quaker remedies are now also on sale at W. H. Kennedy's, 30