

# THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

Marta would have the food brought to her. She insisted that she was strong enough to accompany Minna to the tower. While Minna urged mouthfuls down Marta's dry throat as she sat outside the door of the sitting-room with her mother a number of weary dust-streaked faces, with feverish energy in their eyes, peered over the hedge that bounded the garden on the side toward the pass. These scout skirmishers of Stransky's men of the 53d Regiment of the Browns made beckoning gestures as to a crowd, before they sprang over the hedge and ran swiftly, watchfully, toward the Linden stumps, closely followed by their comrades. Soon the whole garden was overrun by the lean, businesslike fellows, their glances all ferret-like to the front.

"Look, Minna!" exclaimed Marta. "The giant who carried the old man in pickaback the first night of the war!"

Minna was flushing, but the flush dissipated and she drew up her chin when Stransky, looking around, recognized her with a merry, confident wave of his hand.

"See, he's a captain and he wears an iron cross!" said Marta as Stransky hastened toward them.

"He acts like it!" assented Minna grudgingly.

Eager, levithan, his cap doffed with a sweeping gesture as he made a low bow, Stransky was the very spirit of retributive victory returning to claim the ground that he had lost.

"Well, this is like getting home again!" he cried.

"So I see!" said Minna equivocally.

Stransky drew his eyes together, sighting them on the bridge of his nose thoughtfully at this dubious reception.

"I came back for the chance to kiss a good woman's hand," he observed with a profound awkwardness and looking at Minna's hand. "Your hand!" he added, the cast in his eyes straightening as he looked directly at her appealingly.

She extended her finger-tips and he pressed his lips to them.

"I kept seeing the way you looked when you belted me one in the face,"

he went on, "and knocked any anarchism out of me that was left after the shell burst. I kept seeing your face in my last glimpse when the Grays made me run for it from your kitchen door before I had half a chance for the oration crying for voice. You were in my dreams! You were in battle with me!"

"This sounds like a disordered mind," observed Minna. "I've heard men talk that way before."

"Oh, I have talked that way to other women myself!" said Stransky.

"Yes," said Minna bitterly. His candor was rather unexpected.

"I have talked to others in passing on the high road," he continued. "But never after a woman had struck me in the face. That blow sank deep—deep as what Lanstron said when I revolved on the march. I say it to you with this—he touched the cross—on my breast. And I'm not going to give you up. It's a big world. There's room in it for a place for you after the war is over and I'm going to make the place. Good-by till I'm back—back to stay! Good-by, little daughter!" he added with a wave of his hand to Clarissa as he turned to go. "Maybe we shall have our own automobile some day. It's no stranger than what's been happening to me since the war began."

"If you don't marry him, Minna, I'll—I'll—" Mrs. Gannard could not find words for the fearful thing that she would do.

"Marry him! I have only met him three times for about three minutes

each time!" protested Minna. She was as rosy as a girl and in her confusion she busied herself retying the ribbon on Clarissa Eileen's hair. "He called you little daughter!" she said softly to the child as she withdrew into the tower.

Marta remained in the chair by the doorway of the tower, weak and listless. Now her lashes were closed; again they opened slightly as her gaze roved the semicircle of the horizon. A mounted officer and his orderly galloping across the fields to the pass road caught her desultory attention and held it, for they formed the most impetuous object on the landscape. When the officer alighted at the foot of the garden and tossed his reins to the orderly, she detected something familiar about him. He leaped the garden wall at a bound and, half running, came toward the tower. Not until he lifted his cap and waved it did she associate this lithe, dapper artist with a stooped old gardener in blue blouse and torn straw hat who had once shuffled among the flowers at her service.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted in clarion greeting at sight of her. "Hello, my successor!"

Only in the whiteness of his hair was he like the old Feller. His tone, the boyish sparkle of his black eyes, those full, expressive lips playing over the brilliant teeth, his easy grace, his quick and telling gestures—they were of the Feller of cadet days.

"Wonderful—wounded! Wonderful! Was there ever such a woman?" he cried. "Destiny has played with us. It sent a spy to your garden. It put you in my place. A strange service, ours—yes, destiny is in it!"

"Yes," she breathed painfully, his suggestion striking deep.

"We are going on, I and my guns, on to the best yet—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 again. 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 guns!"

"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 month to month—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 exultation, 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 out—battered 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 us!"

Pay, pay for the drudgery, the sleepless nights, the dead and the wounded—for our dead and wounded! No matter 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 dissident, 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 bearing a little too easy to be conventionally military—the same Lanny.

[To Be Continued]

**Boys' NORFOLK 2 Pants Suits**  
Worth up to \$3.89  
\$6.50. Sizes 7 to 18.

**Men's Newest BALMACAANS**  
Worth up to \$20.  
All sizes \$10

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**SUITS DRESSES DRESSES**  
Worth \$22.50, \$25 and \$30 Worth \$8.50 and \$10 Worth \$12, \$15 and \$18

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Pretty new styles in Basque, Semi-Basque and tailored styles of Silk Poplin, Silk Messaline, all-wool Mannish Serge and Wool Crepe. All becomingly trimmed, with lace, plain and striped ribbons. All colors in scores of styles from which to make your selection. In all sizes for women and misses.

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SEE THESE MAGNIFICENT SUITS AND DRESSES ON DISPLAY IN OUR WINDOWS

**Women's Blouses, Worth Up to \$4.00, Sale Price \$2.79**  
100 Blouses on sale. Every one a new Fall Model; made of Messaline, Crepe de Chine and Chiffon Silks in every new shade. For Evening or Street wear; all sizes.

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**75 Women's Silk Petticoats, \$1.29**  
Worth to \$2.50, Sale Price \$1.29  
Made of Messaline Silks, in all the newest Fall shades, cut full; all lengths.

### HALLOWE'EN WEEK BILL SCORES HIT

Mrs. Gene Hughes in "Lady Gossip" and Lou Anger Share Headline Honors

SOPHIE BARNARD PLEASURES

Decorations and Part of the Bill Lend Touch of the Goblin Days

Much like those old Halloween parties you used to attend in days gone by is the Orpheum's Halloween week bill—so many clever things happening every minute that you couldn't remember them all next day if you tried.

Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in "Lady Gossip" and Lou Anger in a monologue on the European war share the headline honors. Lou is a complete "nut" and keeps you laughing with his word mixing from the go-off. Not that his piece is void of common sense, however. He slyly takes a crack at the whole war game in a way that is most convincing. He points out in his clever way that when the war is over and the crowds are huzzling for the Kaiser, the Czar and the King, that the common soldier will be out in the woods chopping down a tree to make himself a wooden leg. Lou wears a uniform that is a combination of those of all the allied forces with a leaning toward that of Russia.

A Skit With a Moral  
Mrs. Gene Hughes in her new act is just as clever as in her skit of the "Three Coras" in which she appeared here before, and while not quite so hilariously funny, has considerably more finesse and is a much better vehicle for her abilities. The skit teaches a lesson on the sin of gossiping, the scene being laid in a fashionable society woman's house at Washington. Mrs. Hughes takes the role of a society leader, a divorcee, who makes her living by writing a gossip column for one of the newspapers of the Capital. And if the Washington society women really talk one-half as much about each other as the "dear" ladies of the skit, preserve me from the Washington women! Both the conversation, the hats and the gowns of the principals are extremely educational. Betty Swartz, as the maid, helps in a noteworthy way to make the act entertaining.

Sophie Barnard Pleasures  
Sophie Barnard sings "Way Down Upon de Swanee River" in a way that you've never heard it sung before. Sophie has a voice such as is found but seldom in vaudeville, and it's a pleasure to hear her give those old favorites like "That Last Rose of Summer." She sings a grand opera melody around "Alexander's Rag Time Band" that shows that she can do in an operative way if she has half a mind to do it. And besides singing so beautifully, Sophie is garbed beautifully, and to my dull eye didn't look far from beautiful herself.

A touch of the Halloween spirit is lent the bill by Raymond and Heider, a rather able duo who sing a song about getting lost in the woods and the gobins getting you and so on. The masculine end of the pair is about as thin as a man could well be and not fall through a crack and the way he ambled about the stage kept the crowd in an uproar.

John Henshaw and Grace Avery introduce "A Vaudeville Table d'Hote" with a flirtation stunt, a society satire and a bit of cheap cabaret humor. Their idea is quite ancient but they have a few new jokes and that relieves the situation slightly. The Six Military Dancers, three girls and as many men, close the bill with some new dance steps. The week opens with a tumbling act.

AT THE PALACE—THE LAND OF THE LOST  
This film is built around a series of

### AMUSEMENTS

**MAJESTIC**  
This evening—"The Round Up." Thursday, afternoon and evening—"Freckles." Friday, afternoon and evening—Burlie Harder stock company.

**ORPHEUM**  
Every afternoon and evening—High-Class Vaudeville.

**COLONIAL**  
Daily—Vaudeville and Pictures.

**"THE ROUND UP"**  
There is one splendid stage picture in "The Round Up," which opened a two-day visit at the Majestic last evening and which will again be presented this evening, that lifts it from the plane of melodrama to that of high art.

When the curtain rises on the third act, a lone Indian brave, mounted, but motionless as a statue, is seen on a natural bridge that stretches its span between two lofty peaks overlooking an Arizona desert. His keen eyes are scanning the vast panorama unrolled into limitless distances. Suddenly he turns, his legs gripping his horse's sides, his unshod feet pressing against the animal's belly, and gives a low musical cry of signaling. As he does so, the horse moves on, picking its way carefully among the loose boulders, and horse and rider then disappear behind the rock-like peak in their front.

**"FRECKLES"**  
If only the people who have read the book turn out to see the play, A. G. Delamater's production of "Freckles," by Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "The Girl of the Limberlost" and "The Harvester," is sure to draw a big business at the Majestic Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. In the abstract, strong stories fall to make strong plays, but "Freckles" does it in a way that is a pleasure to the theater-goer as to the novel reader, and requiring no further commendation, to furnish complete enjoyment of the drama.—Advertisement.

**MYRKLE-HARDER CO.**  
The management of the Majestic theater takes pleasure in announcing as its attraction, next week, America's foremost traveling stock company. The Myrkle-Harder Co., coming as it does with the endorsement of thousands upon thousands of playgoers and an unbroken record of fifteen years of unexcelled success, is a company to be proud of.

Each play produced has had extended runs in New York City at \$2 prices. And the second time they have ever been presented at popular prices. Complete production and electrical effects are provided for the pieces. "What Happened to Mary" a great play, marvelous scenic effects, laughter, heart throbs, excitement. Paul Armstrong's "The League of Women Voters" a play of wise marriages. The pulpit, press, and public should not miss this great play. "Little Blue Boy" a play of the South. "Skies" millions have laughed and grieved at this great Southern production. "The Girl of the Golden West," "Cohan and Harris' "Stop Thief," a play of the West.

The opening play will be Louis Mann's latest New York dramatic triumph, "Elevating a Husband." The reserve seat sale will start Friday, 9 A. M.—Advertisement.

**COLONIAL**  
A nifty juvenile frolic of song, dance and comedy called "The Fun Shop," heads the array of vaudeville talent that came to the Colonial yesterday, and which is being offered at improved vaudeville. Catchy songs, offered amid spectacular surroundings, corking good music, and the prettiest girls, just keep things moving merrily every minute the act is in progress. The act scored a solid hit with all of yesterday's audiences. Dorothy Brenner, a clever girl who can do "kid" songs so cute, and who is an Orpheum favorite, is at the Colonial, too, presenting a very pleasing skit called "The Candy Shop." Bernard and Scarth, another very clever team, comprising a young man and woman in a "nut" comedy act with specialties; while Joe Kennedy does a refined roller skating act that is entertaining and well executed. The pictures at the Colonial are the first run licensed films being shown in the city and the program is changed completely each day.—Advertisement.

**AT THE PHOTOPLAY**  
To-day and to-morrow at the Photo-play will be shown the "Pump Tree" story taken from the serial which was run in the Ladies World. Francis X. Bushman will be featured in this film, which is promised to be one far above the ordinary for photography and acting.—Advertisement.

**AT THE PALACE—THE LAND OF THE LOST**  
This film is built around a series of

### thrilling adventures with three people mainly concerned. A baron wins the consent of a young girl to be his wife, and they set off for a cruise. A young artist aboard the boat and the young girl become friendly and when the baron, in a drunken frenzy, sets the boat adrift, the artist rescues the girl. All three are cast on a desert island and here is where the greater part of the adventures happen. The artist shows every courtesy to the girl, and in doing so arouses the jealousy of the baron. An old recluse on the island becomes friendly with the artist and tells him the secret hiding place of a treasure, all of which conversation is overheard by the baron, who goes off in search of it and finds it and in his avariciousness goes almost mad. The artist and the girl he has saved plier their troth on the island and later a ship comes to rescue them. The baron, in a rage, tries to destroy the artist, but in his rage he falls over a high cliff and is drowned.—Advertisement.

### Expert Trombone Player at Evangelistic Meeting



H. T. HEINAMAN

Special to The Telegraph  
Columbia, Pa., Oct. 27.—One of the features of the musical services in connection with the Nicholson-Hemming evangelistic meetings in this place, is the trombone solos by H. T. Heinaman, who is widely known as a master of that instrument, and whose playing has been a pleasing feature at all sacred concerts and religious gatherings in this section. Mr. Heinaman is trombonist in the orchestra of the Presbyterian Sunday school and his fine selections on this instrument has delighted many audiences.

### Made a Lot of Noise Over Fried Chicken

Because he did not like the noise in the home of Hanna Cotes, North avenue, William Newman, who lives in the same house, had the place raided and the occupants arrested for disorderly conduct.

Police entering the premises found three women and two men ready to eat fried chicken. They were taken to the Mayor's office to await a hearing before the Mayor. They are Hanna Cotes, Ida Waters, Mary Rogers, Daniel Porter and Walter Dutton.

### BOY HIT BY AUTO

Abraham Micholovitz, aged 13, of 132 William street, was taken to the Harrisburg Hospital yesterday afternoon in Governor Tener's big touring car after having been struck by another machine at River and Barbara streets. The boy is not injured seriously.

### PINCHOT HITTING AT PALMER NOW

(Continued From First Page)

lachrymose declarations upon the stump that Pinchot and the Progressives are after him. It explains his interview given in Philadelphia last Sunday in which he said:

"Mr. Pinchot and his friends are after me. Penrose, of course, has been attacking me for a long time. Pinchot thinks he can imitate Penrose. Well, friend Pinchot always has to follow somebody's lead. My views of the liquor question have been well known for years by every intelligent Pennsylvanian who has lived in the State more than a month or two in summer."

Color is lent to the report by the fact that yesterday in addressing a meeting at Pottsville while awaiting the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt, Judge C. N. Brumm castigated Palmer, Democratic candidate for senator, in the severest language at his command.

Palmer is lacking in all sense of decency or he would withdraw in favor of Pinchot," he declared. "Everybody knows that Palmer has not the slightest chance of election. His own party has deserted him."

"Standing in the way of Pinchot like a dog in the manger, he is the only obstacle to the overthrow of Penrose and the rejuvenation of the Republican party, and it looks as if his course was dictated from the White House, with a view to continued Democratic success two years hence."

As a result of being knocked down late yesterday by an automobile owned by H. A. Robinson, according to the hospital authorities, Richard Potter, aged 11, is in that institution suffering

### Autographs Stolen From Visiting Book

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 27.—A country-wide search is being made for thieves who stole the first leaf of the autograph signatures in the visiting book at the Cleveland Memorial Tower, at Princeton, last night. The leaf contained the signatures of ex-President Taft, members of the Cleveland family and other prominent persons.

The signatures were written October 22, 1913, when the building was dedicated, and Mr. Taft delivered an oration. President Hibben has offered a reward.

### TO KEEP YOUR STOMACH RIGHT--AND END INDIGESTION--USE MI-O-NA

Good Digestion Insures Rich, Red Blood, Rosy Cheeks, Clear Complexion, Bright Eyes—A Happy, Contented Life.

Good pure rich blood means perfect health, increased vitality, ambition, hopefulness and everything that makes life worth living, but you cannot possibly have this good health unless the stomach is in perfect working order without a sign of indigestion or dyspepsia.

The misery of indigestion causes real suffering, and such symptoms as distress after eating, sour or acid taste in the mouth, restless nights, bad dreams, extreme nervousness and spells of the blues are all warning signs that must not go unheeded.

It is when such conditions exist that you need Mi-o-na, the simple, harmless prescription that is especially prepared to quickly, safely and most effectively end all stomach misery.

These small but health-restoring tablets do more than temporarily fix up a disturbed stomach—they strengthen and stimulate all the digestive organs, increase the flow of gastric juices, then the food is digested, the entire system is properly nourished, and you become well and strong.

If you have any stomach disturbance get some Mi-o-na tablets from H. C. Kennedy and give them a fair trial. The result will be a joyful surprise—they will help you to enjoy your meals without fear of distress, and quickly end those nervous, sleepless nights, or money returned. Mi-o-na will not cost a penny unless you are entirely satisfied.—Advertisement.

### CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN AT ONCE, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

In One Minute Your Stuffy Nose and Head Clears, Sneezing and Nose Running Cease, Dull Headache Goes.

at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heats the inflamed, swollen membrane which lings the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake to-night struggling for breath with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dripping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold, catarth will surely disappear.—Advertisement.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm." Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarth, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone. End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm."