

# The Eagle's Call

## He Answered It and the Call of Honor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It promised to be another blistering day, and so John Forrest arose in the early dawn and enjoyed his cold tub in the blighting presence of the disappearing bath boy. Later, clad in spotless white, he ate his breakfast in the cool shade of the north veranda.

The first rays of the rising sun were gliding the top of the compound wall when the gate opened noisily and admitted a Chinese in the livery of the consulate servants. He approached and delivered a parcel into Forrest's outstretched hand.

Forrest weighed the long, flat package in his palm for a thoughtful moment. Every time he received an unexpected letter or parcel he was conscious of a throb of expectation that he was to be called back to prove his mettle. Something had happened several years ago, when he had been in the war department, that resulted in his resignation and immediate departure for a foreign country. It was the matter of a neglected duty which terminated in the loss to the department of \$50,000. Forrest was young in those days, and his Virginian hot blood was more engrossed in the scattering of wild oats than in the careful execution of his duties.

The chief of the department had been a friend of his dead father's and he had talked to John Forrest as a parent might have done. "I can't save you from the consequences of your carelessness, my boy," he had said sadly. "No one but yourself can do that, and it may take years to re-establish confidence in your ability. You better accept that clerkship with my brother's banking house in Shanghai and some day when you can make good come home again."

"I don't like the idea of being banished," muttered John sullenly. "Can't I work and pay back the money? Or if the government lost that sum through my carelessness perhaps I might be able to save a loss some time."

The older man brought the palm of his hand to the table with a sharp smack. "Some day, not now, John. You go ahead and take this berth in Shanghai, and I give you my word of honor that if ever I see the opportunity whereby you can step in and make good on that mistake of yours I'll send you a message. Because of my position I cannot write you or commit myself in any way, but you will understand when the message comes that your country needs your services and that your opportunity to make good has come at last. Have patience and wait."

"Very good, sir," John Forrest leaped to his feet with a new light in his young eyes. "I'll sail next week on the Cathay from San Francisco. You won't forget to send for me, sir?"

"On my honor, John, and you will leave everything and come, my boy?"

Involuntarily John raised his right hand as he spoke gravely. "I will come whenever you call, sir." And so it was settled.

That had all happened years before, and still John Forrest was waiting for the call of his country to make restitution to her for the amount which had been lost. In the meantime, sobered by his bitter experience in the capital of his country, he had worked night and day at his new situation in Shanghai. In that gay city on the Hwangpu river there were many opportunities for money making, and John Forrest was beginning to see where he might some day be a financial power in the great treaty port of the east when this hot summer morning the message came.

He knew as soon as he had opened the package. All the box contained was a long bronze feather from the plume of an eagle and a brief scrawl on a slip of paper. "The eagle calls."

Then came a moment of temptation to the man. He knew that very day a steamer sailed for San Francisco. If he missed sailing today it meant that his journey would be delayed for three days. If he did sail today large interests which had occupied his mind lately and which would come to a climax today would go to the wall for lack of his manipulation. If he could have only one more day here his future affluence would be assured. His going today meant financial ruin.

All at once he seemed to see the luxurious equipment of the chief's private office and heard his own voice saying earnestly, "I will come whenever you call, sir." His fitted chair crashed to the floor, and he sat servantly flying in a dozen different directions.

A brief note to one of his partners conveyed the information that he was summoned home at once and that the deal must be put through without him if possible. He inclosed a power of attorney and thus washed his hands of the matter. An hour later found him swaying recklessly along the Bubbling Well road in a rickshaw, and he gained the long wharf just in time to catch the tug that was conveying its last load of passengers to the steamer lying out in the mouth of the river several miles below the city.

The morning he arrived in Washing-

ton he telephoned to his old chief from the hotel where he was stopping. "I am here," was his brief report. "Good boy, John. I will call on you this evening at 9 o'clock."

It was a short story, and soon told. Somebody had stolen plans and important documents from the war office, and the secret service men were combing the country for the thief. While it was out of order for this commission to be placed in the hands of an outsider, the chief had wanted to give Forrest the chance to redeem himself, and at the same time he knew if the young man was successful that breach of red tapeism would be forgiven because of Forrest's former connection with the office and the unhappy circumstances of his dismissal.

"I'll give you the same clue that the others have. The papers are supposed to have been taken by a small, dark man who had been hanging around the building for several weeks. He was traced, the morning following the theft, to the railroad station, where he bought a ticket for New Orleans. At that city it was learned that he had bought a ticket for some station further along the line, but under what name it is not known. The man is supposed to have been employed by somebody—it's for you to discover, John—and even if you find him you may not be able to get track of the instigators of the theft. The other fellows have eight weeks the start of you. I couldn't cable, or I would have done so. Now, go it!"

So John Forrest started on his quest to redeem his reputation. His search was as thorough as it could be made, and he found genuine satisfaction in the knowledge that he had learned more about his suspected man than had his brother sleuths.

First he learned that the small, dark suspect had been seen with a companion of the same complexion, but of stouter build. This man had not accompanied the first man on his flight through the south, but Forrest learned that the stout man had taken passage on a steamer sailing from New York for Havana, from whence he had sailed to a Mexican port. All this investigation took weeks of valuable time, but Corta settled on the trail of Manuel Corta, the stout man, for Forrest had even learned the man's name, the American's pursuit was unflagging until at last it terminated in a small village in the heart of the Sierra de Blas mountains.

There was none, and because he wore American clothing dark eyes peered insolently at Forrest from around adobe huts or from lazily swinging hammocks under the peacan trees. If Corta had not moved on the man would soon be apprised of the American's presence there and, taking alarm, would be away. Forrest finally found quarters in the home of the village water carrier, and because the vendor of the precious fluid is always a notorious gossip he soon learned where Corta might be found. In a broken mixture of Spanish, Indian and here and there an English word or a graphic gesture Forrest communicated with the water carrier. The generous sum of money he thrust into the brown hand made the man his slave.

The moon was setting over the shoulder of the highest mountain when the water carrier slipped back through the thorny undergrowth and motioned the American to pass through. Forrest pressed forward and saw in the light of a lantern three men. The first answered the description of the small, dark man who had been traced to New Orleans; the second could be other than Manuel Corta, who held a package wrapped in oilskin covering. The identity of the third man caused him to gasp for breath.

Tall and thin, his white face showing strained and haggard in the light, was the nephew of his old chief in the department. Blake Finlay and he had been chums in the old days before Forrest had made his mistake. What was Finlay doing here? Was he not confidential secretary to his uncle? Forrest's heart sank. If Finlay's quest was the same as his own he had failed in his quest, the eagle's call had been in vain, and Forrest might never have another opportunity to redeem himself. "But now the loud and angry words of the men fell on his ears, and he was conscious that the American had grasped the package, and hidden it in his coat while the dark men were expostulating.

"You have tricked us!" sputtered the man Corta. "You accepted our bribe and secured the documents for us, and now that we have made reparations and are only waiting to deliver them to the general and receive the reward you have tricked us down and want your papers back! Coward!" He drew a knife and leaped at Finlay, and his companion sprang to his aid.

It was Forrest's quick shot that sent the knife spinning out of one murderous hand, while the second report was followed by a yell of rage from the small man and instant retreat. Blake Finlay leaped against a tree and stared at his rescuer.

"You ought to be John Forrest," he said thickly. "If you have heard what this man says you understand the situation. I've got the papers back again, and I hope that will wipe out the offense. I can fix it so they will appear to have been mislaid; but, by heaven, Forrest, it was a narrow shave for me! I must have been crazy to have yielded to their suggestions."

Forrest's hopes sank. The papers would go back to Washington and the bottom would drop out of the mystery. The detectives would be recalled, and there would be no opportunity for Forrest to redeem his reputation. There was only one thing to do—to write to the chief that he had failed in his quest and to return to China and once more await the eagle's call. And he went.

Mrs. Mary Ammerman is now public magistrate in Coronado City, Col.

# PETER IS WEARY OF THE KING BUSINESS



King Peter (top) and Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia.

King Peter of Serbia intends to abdicate as soon as possible after peace between the Balkan states and Turkey has been signed. He is sixty-nine and his health has broken down.

On King Peter's abdication, Crown Prince Alexander will become ruler of Serbia.

# GENERAL

(Continued from page one.)

what was done at these is kept secret.

A call of courtesy on Governor Hatfield was the first move planned by the committee and Sergeant at Arms Higgins arranged the visit with all due regard to senatorial dignity and courtesy.

Senator Swanson made preparations to speed the inquiry as much as possible. He announced that the committee would sit every possible moment of the time and that witnesses would be called and examined as rapidly as the committee could hear them. To facilitate matters it was arranged that the 200 or more witnesses in waiting gathered together by the officials of the United Mine Workers should be divided into groups according to the subjects upon which they were to testify.

The individual members of the committee charged with the investigation of the various subdivisions classified under the investigation resolution will each examine witnesses hearing on the subject.

The witnesses on hand when the committee reached Charleston were largely men who had worked in the mines in the strike district. They were called to testify in relation to the charge that a system of virtual peonage was in force among the miners by the coal operators and there examination will be conducted by Senator Borah of Idaho, who has charge of that branch of the inquiries.

# MASON CHAIRMAN.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS. CHARLESTON, June 10.—The commission created by the last legislature to treat with the Virginia authorities relative to the Virginia debt suit, met here today and organized by electing Judge John W. Mason, of Fairmont, as chairman, and John T. Harris, of Parkersburg, secretary.

# As Times Change.

"When a family seemed pinched in circumstances the first thing we asked was whether a woman's husband played the horse races."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Now the first thing we ask is whether a man's wife plays bridge."—Washington Star.

Philosophic Little Harry. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Harry, all out of breath. "I've just been playing with the Wilson children, and they've been exposed to the mumps. Now can I eat all the cake I want, 'cause I'm goin' to be sick anyhow?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cutting it Short. Barber beginning the hair cutting—Have you heard the story about the guy that (resuming business)—want it short, sir? Customer (in tired editor)—Yes. A mere synopsis will do.—Judge

# FEAR

## Do the Democrats in Congress to Let Republican Members Make Showing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.—With the House of Representatives practically in recess and with an agreement that a quorum will not be called for and that no important business will be transacted till June 23, West Virginia is but sparsely represented at the capital. Even the Senate has been meeting but about twice a week and for a short time each day, so it has not been necessary for the senators to be here. Senator Chilton on account of the demands for patronage and the necessity of seeing many persons has remained here, but Senator Goff has been able to get away for a few days at a time at frequent intervals and has availed himself of the opportunity so afforded. In the House, Congressman Davis and Congressman Brown are on committees which are at work and both are here. The remaining members of the delegation have no special duties to perform at this time and most of them are absent from the city. Congressman Avis is trying the bribery cases at Webster Springs; Congressman Moss is at home, having been called there by the illness and death of his father; Congressman Hughes is at his home in Huntington and not well enough to return to Washington yet. Mr. Sutherland is the only Republican of the delegation who is here and he is not trying to work overtime, with nothing on hand that he can do at the present time.

The Democrats in the House are trying hard to prevent the Republican members from making any showing at the special session. By the action of the Democratic caucuses, all the committees are forbidden to make reports on bills except the ways and means, the banking and currency and one or two minor committees, so that no matter how efficient a Republican member of a committee may be there will be no way to let the fact be known. When the House gets down to action next winter on general propositions and gets away from the present restricted program, then the capacities of some of the Republican members may be made known, but at the present time there is nothing for them to do but sit patiently till the president and the Democrats in Congress whip their bills into shape and pass them. That they are doing nothing now is not their fault, and time will determine their value as members.

# ATHLETIC

## Event Will Be Staged at Union Park This Evening.

All is in readiness for the big athletic event to be held at Union Park this evening and a large crowd of the city boxing and baseball fans are anxiously awaiting the hour of the first event.

The baseball game between the Bowlers and Elks is the first event and both teams are evenly matched



BROOKS BANKS.

and a good game is expected. Immediately following the baseball game will be the free for all running race. The other events, the wrestling match and preliminary bout will follow just as fast as they can. The big event of the evening, the boxing bout between Banks and Wilburn, will start about 9 o'clock and is expected to be one of the fastest boxing exhibitions ever given in the city as both men are in good shape and are evenly matched.

W. Scott Stuart, of West Union, was a prominent visitor here Tuesday.

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# PROGRAM

## Will Be Rendered in Local Colored Baptist Church Tomorrow Evening.

This program will be given at Mt. Zion Baptist church, colored, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. Congregational singing. Invocation.

Solo—Mrs. Anna Toppil.  
Recitation—Belle Patton.  
Essay—Maggie Smithers.  
Recitation—Theodore Crutcher.  
Solo—Martha Kenney.  
Recitation—Celestine Crutcher.  
Oration—Alonzo Jones.  
Recitation—Virginia Ruffin.  
Solo—Clarence Patton.  
Trio—Irene Grant, Pauline Le-ridge and Gladys Mayse.  
Paper—John Hall.  
Duet—Bessie Walker and Inez Tuck.  
Selection—Mrs. Lutie Tuck.  
Selection—Sehltion Jordan.

Solo—Miss Miller.  
Boys' drill led by N. S. McBrayer.

# ADOPTS CHILD.

An order has been entered in the circuit court permitting John Bassory to adopt Lena Oliverio.

A wild boar's tusk, on which the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed had been cut with a wrist, or Malayan dagger, was presented as a wedding gift to his American teacher by a young Igorrote Filipino at Dagupan, Luzon.

# If at all Particular Drink

# MOXIE

