

THE LAST SHOT

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By FREDERICK PALMER



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II—Ten years later. Westerling, nominal vice-but real chief of staff, reinforces South La Tir, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray Capital.

CHAPTER III—Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the Browns he will not win.

CHAPTER IV—On the march with the 53rd of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, deserts war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overhears, begs him off saying the anarchist will fight well when enraged and is "all man."

CHAPTER V—Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true.

CHAPTER VI—Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies, pointing out its value as being in the center of the fighting zone in case of war, Marta consents for it and Feller to remain for the present. Lanstron declares his love for Marta.

CHAPTER VII—Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and striking before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

"Yes, very merciful," Hugo whispered, patting Peterkin's arm. "Sh-h-h! Silence, I tell you!" commanded Fracasse crossly. He was falling into a half doze at last.

In marching order, with cartridge-boxes full, on Saturday night, the 53d of the Browns marched out of barracks to the main pass road. One company after another left the road at a given point, bound for the position mapped in its instructions. Dellarme's, however, went on until it was opposite the Galland house.

"We are depending on you," the colonel said to Dellarme, giving his hand a grip. "You are not to draw off till you get the flag."

"No, sir," Dellarme replied. "Mind the signal to the batteries—keep the men screened—warn them not to let their first baptism of shell fire break their nerves!" the colonel added in a final peremptory of instructions already indelibly impressed on the captain's mind.

Moving cautiously through a cut, Dellarme's company came, about midnight, to a halt among the stubble of a wheat-field behind a knoll. After he had bidden the men to break ranks, he crept up the incline.

"Yes, it's there!" he whispered when he returned. "On the crest of the knoll a cord is stretched from stake to stake," he said, explaining the reason for what was to be done, as was his custom. "The engineers placed it there after dusk and the frontier was closed, so that you would know just where to use your spades in the dark. Quietly as possible! No talking!" he kept cautioning as the men turned the soft earth, "and not higher than the cord, and lay the stubble side of the sods on the reverse so as to cover the fresh earth on the sky-line."

When the work was done all returned behind the knoll except the sentries posted at intervals on the crest to watch. With the aid of a small electric flash, screened by his hands, Dellarme again examined a section of the staff map that outlined the contour of the knoll in relation to the other positions. After this he wrote in his diary the simple facts of the day's events, concluding with a sentiment of gratitude for the honor shown his company and a prayer that he might keep a clear head and do his duty if war came on the morrow. "Now, every one get all the sleep he can!" he advised the men.

Stransky slept with his head on his arm, soundly; the others slept no better than the men of the 128th. The night passed without any alarm except that of their own thoughts, and they welcomed dawn as a relief from

suspense. There was no hot coffee this morning, and they washed down their rations with water from their canteens. The old sergeant was lying beside Captain Dellarme on the crest, the sunrise in their faces. As the mist cleared from the plain it revealed the white dots of the frontier posts in the meadow and behind them many gray figures in skirmish order, scarcely visible except through the glasses.

"It looks like business!" declared the old sergeant.

"Yes, it begins the minute they cross the line!" said Dellarme.

His glance sweeping to the rear to scan the landscape under the light of day, he recognized, with a sense of pride and awe, the tactical importance of his company's position in relation to that of the importance of the other companies. Easily he made out the regimental line by streaks of concealed trenches and groups of brown uniforms; and here and there were the oblong, cloth stretches of waiting hospital litters. On the reverse slope of another knoll was the farmhouse, marked X on his map as the regimental headquarters, where he was to watch for the signal to fall back from his first stand in delaying the enemy's advance. Directly to the rear was the cut through which the company had come from the main pass road, and beyond that the Galland house, which was to be the second stand.

New Dellarme disposed his men in line back of the ridge of fresh earth that they had dug in the night, ready to rush to their places when he blew the whistle that hung from his neck, but he did not allow them a glimpse over the crest.

"I know that you are curious, but powerful glasses are watching for you to show yourselves; and if a battery turned loose on us you'd understand," he explained.

Thus the hours wore on, and the church clock struck nine and ten.

"Never a movement down there!" called the sergeant from the crest to Dellarme. "Maybe this is just their final bluff before they come to terms about Bodlapoo"—that stretch of African jungle that seemed very far away to them all.

"Let us hope so!" said Dellarme seriously.

Choosing to go to town by the castle road rather than down the terrace to the main pass road, Marta, starting for the regular Sunday service of her school, as she emerged from the grounds, saw Feller, garden-shears in hand, a figure of stone watching the approach of some field-batteries. The question of allowing him to undertake his part as a spy had drifted into the background of her mind under the distressing and ever-present pressure of the crisis. He was to remain until there was war. She was almost past him before he realized her presence, which he acknowledged by a startled movement and a step forward as he took off his hat. She paused. His eyes were glowing like coals under a blower as he looked at her and again at the batteries, seeming to include her with the guns in the spell of his fervid abstraction.

"Frontier closed last night to prevent intelligence about our preparations leaking out—Lanny's plan all alive—the guns coming," he said, his shoulders stiffening, his chin drawing in, his features resolute and beaming with the ardor of youth in action—"troops moving here and there to their places—engineers preparing the defenses—automatics at critical points with the infantry—field-wires laid—field-telephones set up—the wireless splitting—the caissons full—planes and dirigibles ready—search-lights in position—"

There the torrent of his broken sentences was checked. A shadow passed in front of him. He came out of his trance of imagines of activities, so vividly clear to his military mind, to realize that Marta was abruptly leaving.

"Miss Galland!" he called urgently. "Firing may commence at any minute. You must not go into town!"

"But I must!" she declared, speaking over her shoulder while she passed. It was clear that no warning would prevail against her determined mood.

"Then I shall go with you!" he said, starting toward her with a light step. "It is not necessary, thank you!" she answered, more coldly than she had ever spoken to him. This had a magically quick effect on his attitude.

"I beg your pardon! I forgot!" he explained in his old man's voice, his head sinking, his shoulders drooping in the humility of a servant who recognizes that he has been properly rebuked for presumption. "Not a gunner any more—I'm a spy!" he thought, as he shuffled off without looking toward the batteries again, though the music of wheels and hoofs was now close by.

(To be continued)

LOOK AT THE LABEL ON YOUR PAPER. PLEASE RENEW.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

SAMUEL ANDREWS

Candidate for Sheriff on the Republican ticket

was born in Medina and educated in the public schools. He lived in Medina county all his life except about four years in Akron in the employ of the C. A. Collins Carriage Co., and the Whiteman Barns Manufacturing Company.

A carriage blacksmith by trade. The schooling of practical things that MUST be to live and keep straight with the world together with a determination for success in life and be a man among men, to be respected and trusted in any way that business or duty might call, are the qualifications I offer as a subject for your consideration and ask for your support at the November election.

And should I be elected I will promise you the services of a man and officer to the best of my ability for the people.

Respectfully yours
Samuel Andrews.

51st.

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AT THE

American House

Friday, November 6.

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Your sight is too precious to be trifled with. Defective vision is often caused by disease.

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The remarkable success of Dr. Kutchin's Home Treatment for Women is attested to by hundreds of satisfied patients. It saves many suffering women from dangerous operations. Astonishing Results. Many cases pronounced hopeless have yielded readily. Women suffering from any disease or weakness peculiar to their sex are invited to call or write.

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HE HAS MADE regular visits to this community for nearly seventeen years and has established a permanent practice and reputation.

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Judicial Ticket

For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (Vote for One)

X HUGH L. NICHOLS

For Judge of the Supreme Court (Vote for Two)

X J. FOSTER WILKIN

X PHIL M. CROW

For Judge of the Court of Appeals

X A. G. CARPENTER

For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas

X JOHN D. OWEN

For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Hugh L. Nichols, (one to be elected); for Judge of the Supreme Court, J. Foster Wilkin and Phil M. Crow, (two to be elected); for Judge of the Court of Appeals, A. G. Carpenter; for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, John D. Owen. The rotary ballot is used. This means that the position of the candidates change on every ballot and the voter must remember the names, get them fixed firmly in his mind, and place an "X" mark before each one of them as indicated above.

Take this to the voting booth with you and pick out the names indicated above and place your "X" mark before each as already shown.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle.

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OLD PHOENIX NATIONAL BANK

MEDINA, OHIO.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS
Sealed proposals, properly endorsed, for constructing water pipes of the Medina Water System will be received by the Board of Public Affairs at the Council Chamber in the Village of Medina, until 12 o'clock noon (eastern time) on the 31st day of October, 1914, and at that time and place publicly opened and read.

Said work will include the furnishing of all labor and material of every description for approximately: 3135 ft. 4 inch cast iron water pipe, 2 fire hydrants, 5-4 inch valves and boxes. One-half ton special castings.

All to be done in conformity with plans and specifications on file in the office of the Clerk of said Board.

All bids must be made on the form furnished by said Clerk of the Board and must contain the full name of every person or company interested in the same and be accompanied by a bond in the sum of \$200, to the satisfaction of said Board or a certified check in such amount on a solvent bank in Medina, Ohio, as a guarantee that if the bid is accepted a contract will be entered into and its performance properly secured.

Should any bid be rejected such bond or check will be forthwith returned to the bidder, and should any bid be accepted such bond or check will be returned upon the proper execution and securing of the contract.

All bids must be endorsed "Proposal for Constructing Water Pipes of the Medina Water System."

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Board of Public Affairs, Medina, Ohio.
B. E. ECKARD, Clerk.

October 14, 1914.