THE GIRL HE DIDN'T KNOW

(6) by D. J. Walsh.)

ARTLETT worked his way up slowly, gun at rest, but eyes searching eagerly. A rabbit crossed his path, but sped on its way unnoticed. A partridge whirred and in a wild spot a turkey gobbled a warning to members of his flock.

But evidently they were not the game Bartlett was after. A pheasant in his bag did not seem to awake enthusiasm, for another was heard drumming in the distance and the sportsman did not look that way.

Then, fully half a mile along the slope, he saw a girl, and his eyes brightened and his steps quickenedonly to dull and lag after a few moments. A man had emerged from the shadow of a rock. His head was bent and he seemed to be winding something. Of course. A camera. They were taking pictures.

"Jackass; serves you right," accused Bartlett to himself. "Only one day before you go away to do a man's work, and here you are like a lovesick kid, climbing miles over rocks to see a girl you don't know. What if you did happen to meet her once on a hunting trip among these very rocks and help her down to the nearest house because of a sprained ankle? Did she give you the least encouragement todidn't she say she'd rather hobble on alone? Didn't she dismiss you curtly when the house was reached? No-yes -sure. Did you learn her name? No. Didn't you try to say foolish things to her without the least response? Y-es. Well, there you are. Yonder's the girl. Look at her. Take your fill. See how she's chatting with the man now-her best ever-the only one, you know. Can't you see it? There, her hand is on his shoulder and her lips -turn away your head, you moke! Don't you dare go a step farther in that direction. He hasn't a gun, but he'd crack you over the head with the camera, and serve you right. Sure. Don't you remember there's a mother crying her eyes out for an extra hour or two before her son struts away to glory-half a hundred friends waiting to say good-by with admiration in their eyes-and a jolly sister, all puffed up with pride over her h-e-r-o? Pish!"

In his self-disgust, anger and disappointment, Bartlett spoke aloud, though with full consciousness of no listener within half a mile. He had wheeled sharply at the words "turn your head," and now with a "one-twothree, one-two-three, face the firing squad, you boob!" he covered his steps to the concealment of big rocks and soon after swung into a bit, of stunted growth that scantily patched the mountain slope.

"One-two-three, on you march, you boob!" he ordered. "Mind the paltry excuse of going off for a little last hunt among the rocks and the guileless pheasant that perched on the nuzzle of your gun and pleaded to be shot-sure, and you were so muddled as to be uncertain whether the devoted bird didn't even claw the trigger and shoot itself. Only for that you might go home gameless. Now open your eyes and brain like a h-e-r-o and do a bit of hunting you can speak about. Shoot a mouse for the cat or a snake for humanity, without another fellow's girl befoggling your mind. Go after that pheasant you heard drumming. Put some pep into the hunt, like you used to. One-two, one-two-march!"

Beyond the stunted growth the slope grew more rocky and broken, with deep gashes and even ravines cutting into and under the rocks. As he advanced Bartlett's brain cleared and the gun changed from rest to ready. In a thicket of scrub oaks he shot a brace of partridges, among the rocks a wild turkey and then a rabbit. And then the rocks grew so cavernous and wild as to suggest bigger and more dangerous game,

He thought something of the kind was found when he dropped into a dark fissure overhung by rocks and heard a sudden shuffling back, as of an animal retreating. Bartlett, with grim humor in the determination to regain himself, pictured the shuffling as an enemy in hiding and he the fellow to oust him. So with gun forward at half-cock, he moved cautiously but unhesitatingly into the cavelike gloom, knowing that while he couldn't see the quarry the light behind made him plainly visible to the beast within. Then:

"All right. You've got me. I'll come

Bartlett retreated, wondering what he had got. The shuffling followed, presently revealing itself, the light reached, as a disheveled, cowed-looking young man of not unpleasing presence.

"What are you going to do with me? Run me in for the \$50, of course," the young man said sullenly, but with a half-grin. "Anyway, it can't be worse than three weeks of hiding in holes

like this." Bartlett caught the truth and drew himself up with sudden stiffness. He was a big fellow and in his uniform of second lieutenant looked rather

formidable. "You are a deserter," he said. "Of course. You've been after me and know, so what's the use. I guess I'm it and you get the \$50. My mistake was poking my head out of this hole. You saw me. If I'd kept hid under there you never would have found me in the world."

"But I didn't see you, really I

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter now. You've got me, which is the real thing. And I don't know as I much care. It's been horrible, the three weeks. But-er, I'd rather you wouldn't think me all slacker and coward. I believe I could stand up straight and shoot. It- was the suddenness of it all, and my mother taking on so. I hadn't given the thing much thought till my name jumped on the list, and-oh, well, what's the use. I'm here and you've got me. But you needn't tie me nor keep your gun pointed. I'll go all right."

"I don't think you quite understand," said Bartlett more quietly and now believing this was the man he had seen on the slope with the girl. "I haven't got you, and I found you by accident and you don't look to me like a quitter. Your eyes are too straight. I think there's been a wrong deal somewhere. The way I look at it, this going to the front to help protect our country and home and everything worth while is the greatest privilege a fellow could have. It's not ger of rather loose lines as well as a 'you must go, but we'll be glad to have you help us.' Let's sit down and simple silhouettes. talk it over."

, Half an hour later they rose, There was moisture in the young fellow's eyes as he grasped Bartlett's hand. "You are right," he said, "though I've known it inside all the time. And thank you for not taking me in. I-I-it will be pleasanter for me to go by myself, enlist quietly and then explain and take whatever punishment may be coming. All but my mother will be glad, and even she, I think, inside, will feel relieved. Good-by. I

hope I shall be in your command." The second day following Bartlett was at the station with some hundreds of others in uniform. Friends had shaken hands with him, some wishing him plenty of fighting and others immunity from it and a safe coming home. Young men Lad said they would soon follow and old men wished they were young enough to go. Mothers and fathers were there in plenty among the uniforms and his own on either side of him. The heroworshiping sister was near by, looking at him with adoring eyes. But, unlike most of the boys in uniform, there was no other fellow's sister to bid him a tender good-by.

Then some of the light went out of his face, for a litle way down the platform were the man who had deserted and come back and the girl he had helped down the slope. Their arms were about each other and their faces close together.

Even as his glance shot that way and was turning, theirs crossed. They had been looking at him, possibly speaking of him. The young man smiled and threw up his hand in salute. He acknowledged it grimly, saw their lips touch again and then the girl came hurrying up the platform to him, her face as adoring as his sister's. And then the conductor called a warning "All aboard!"

"I-I must have him just one second," the girl implored his mother, whose arms were reaching out. "Hehe saved my brother from worse than death, and now Jim is starting for the front, brave and strong, in your son's command. We are all so proud!" Her arms closed about his neck, her face pressed his.

"You will exchange letters with me, won't you?" she whispered-"Helen Westlake? You won't forget the name? Tell me about my brother."

"Indeed, I will write," he promised fervently. "And I won't forget the name."

Then her arms slipped from his neck to give place to his mother's, but the hands only dropped into the clasp of his hand. The adoring sister caught the other hand. His father

patted him on the shoulder. But only for a moment; then he

was forced to spring on board. As the train glided away he threw open a window and looked back. They were all waving to him, his father and mother and sister, and the More Paris Dressmakers girl was with them.

Englishman First in Field of Electricity

William Gilbert was the most distinguished man of science among the subjects of Queen Elizabeth of England. His book on magnetism may be regarded, says William Cortez Abbott, as the "earliest landmark in the study of electricity."

Contrasted with the familiar wonders of electricity today, Gilbert's experiments may seem merely rudimentary, but the great developments today would be impossible had not the men of earlier ages blazed a trail. In the field of electricity, Gilbert was the first of the pioneers, but little is known about this scientist.

He practiced medicine in London and won recognition as one of the leaders in his profession. In 1601 he was appointed physician to Queen Elizabeth and lived at the court. James II continued him in this office, but Gilbert died soon after, in 1603. Gilbert was one of the first scientists to restrict his imagination and to base his beliefs upon experiments. He was not only the first real scientist in the fields of electricity and magnetism but he was also the first Englishman to advocate the views of Copernicus about the earth and the stars. He also was one af the pioneers in chemistry, but in this field he left no record of his researches.

According to the Book

Mrs. Smith-What do I smell? New Cook-The pie, ma'am! It's burning and I can't take it out for ten minutes.

Reptile Skin Is Featured in Coat

Garment Varied in Coloring, Using Beige and White or Gray and White.

There have been so many coats that have appeared throughout the season to attract the roving eye of fashion, that it seems as though there could be little left in the way of novelty to offer a jaded public. Coats of almost every length, color, width and line have made their successful appearances. They have been, in many cases, made to accompany just one frock in an ensemble idea, and have in other instances been made to serve any number of purposes.

The sports coat, as a rule, has led the field in favor. It has much in the way of chic, for its lines have been unusual as well as slender. There has often been present either a swagsnugness of slenderizing straight and

All fabrics are chosen for the season's sport coats. From rough silk, printed or plain, to jerseys, kashas, twills and flannels, every material has made itself popular through much usage. Colors, too, have been varied. The pastel tints of afternoon sports to the striking shades employed in other coats, has left little to the imagination. Dark tones, too, have been seen in smart contrasts forming an ensemble of note.

And now along comes the reptileskin coat to point new ways to chic. It is varied in its coloring, giving either a beige and white or a gray and white aspect. The skins are placed to show great variety. Some are used horizontally in their designs while others run to vertical lines. They are usually cut straight and simple, depending upon their skins for dis-



Snakeskin Coat That Has Brown Kid Belt for Trimming.

tinction. Fabrics are often used as trimmings on collars, cuffs and pockets, and form effective color contrasts. Dorothy Mackaill, the "movie" star, wears an extremely smart snakeskin coat that has for its trimming a brown kid belt. The tones in general are in beige tint, and Miss Mackaill wears a soft beige felt hat to accompany the coat. She wears this chic Crystal Cup."

Sponsor Princess Line

Several important Paris dressmaking houses have been added lately to the list of those who sponsor the new princess line. There is a noticeable tendency among the gowns one sees at the Ritz, at Ciro's and the most fashionable night clubs, to fit closer to a normal waistline.

The old-fashioned princess line is not yet established. But the idea is andeniably interesting the Parisian

designers increasingly. One of the variations of the fitted. line is drapery at the back. Redfern carries this idea to a modified oustle effect. Talbot also shows back frapery, but in less exaggerated form.

Charm Bracelet Is One of Season's Novelties

If you are wondering whether the superstitions" of smartness connected with the charm bracelets are only a passing fancy-you will be reassured that the fashion is growing stronger when you see the new "Pamboo" bracelets-a flat silver band in the form of a snake whose head is one of the favored semi-precious stones. Hindoo good luck characters are carved on the silver. They come n sets of seven, a lucky Hindoo num-

The Line That Slants

New autumn frocks are largely distinguished by an attractive diagonal or slanting line which is becoming to most figures and which is achieved on georgette frocks by strips of plain material or by lace in flat embroidery. These do not disturb the snug, close fitting line.

Circular Front Skirt Is Feature of Dress



The cut of a dress must give the effect of being simple if it is to be smart, says the Woman's Home Companion. The dress illustrated achieves this simple yet individual effect by means of an unusual yoke in the blouse and a skirt which is cut circular in front and plain at the back. The yoke follows the line of the collar in the front and ends in a point at the back from which hangs a little diamondshaped tab. Deep revers on the collar add the finishing touch to this unusually smart dress. This design is suited to such fabrics as wool georgette, wool voile, crepe faille and lightweight kasha.

Velvet the Outstanding Fabric of Autumn Mode

It is beyond question that velvet is the outstanding fabric of the fall mode. The Paris openings, writes a Paris correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, have favored it above all other materials and this predilection has been shared by both modiste and couturier. Velvet, as we know it today, is a lightweight, supple, soft stuff that is beautifully colored and may be softly draped, fine tucked or shirred; molded to the head or cemented together to make a becomingly soft brim. In fact, it will do practically anything that is asked of it. There are also lovely stitched velvets, gold embroided velvets and pantamorphic velvets uniquely embossed into effects resembling flowers. There is no color that is not represented in dozens of shades, and no possible combination of colors that have not been tried out. For summer wear the colors were softly vivid, bright, but mellowed by a silvery sheen; but as the present season glides into the fall the chapeaux take on the shades of autumn-ruby reds, woodsy browns and gray-tinted blues like the misty November days. But never for a moment has the popularity of black and beige waned; they are the two distinctively smart colors and will still be of paramount importance.

Other soft, pliable fall hat materials are grosgrain and faille taffeta. These fabrics are made into exquisite little models of the sports variety and are exceedingly smart, but lack the softness and drapability of velvet. However, grosgrain comes into its own as a trim on velvet and felt hats in the form of bands, bows, brim edges, and is frequently combined with velvet in ensemble in her latest picture, "The toques and cloches in the form of inserts, brim facings, or uniquely shaped geometric designs of various colors. Incidentally, trimmings in the present mode are more or less negli-

Half Fur Coat Is Among Novelties of Season

Half a fur coat not only is better than half a loaf, but in many cases it is far more fashionable then a full cont. That is, if the coat is denuded of no more than its collar. Some of the smartest fur garments now are made without collars and this lack is supplemented by large and expensive stoles or scarfs composed of two or more skins of beaver, fox, fisher or sable. The new moleskin coats are in conventional designs to the waist, but from the waist to hem the skins are worked in the most extraordinary lightning flash and chevron designs.

French Shoe Vamps Are

Longer; Like Yank Toes The short-vamped shoes which French women have preferred for generations are gradually being supplanted by the American toed variety. Less pointed than new English lasts, but much rounder than they used to be, are the newest French shoes. Vamps gradually are lengthening, and French women's feet begin to look more like those of their American vis-

Dancing Frock

A frock that almost dances by itself is made of white taffeta with a wide hem lined with bright green ribbon which shows through faintly. It is slashed at one side to disclose the ribbon, and there is a touch of it at the irregular corsage, and a large bow in the back.

EASY LESSONS IN **AUCTION BRIDGE**

By PAUL H. SEYMOUR Author of "Highlights on Auction Bridge" (Copyright, by Hoyle, Jr.)

Article Three.

How to Score TF THE declarer has won the number of tricks which the final bid guaranteed he scores the proper amount for each odd trick according to what was trump. Thus if he had bid four diamonds and takes 10 or more tricks he scores 7 for each trick won above 6. This score is placed below the line on the score pad and counts toward game. Game is 30 trick points, but although all excess points are scored,

only one game may be won in one The honor score is kept separate and is placed above the line on the score pad. In a suit declaration the horiors are the Ace, King, Queen, Jack, and 10 of the trump suit. The honors are scored for the side to which they were dealt, although they are not scored until after the hand is played. They count as follows:

Three honors in the two hands of partners count 30.

Four honors in the two hands of partners count 40.

Four honors in one hand count 80. Four honors in one hand and fifth in partner's, count 90.

Five honors in one hand count 100. In no trump the aces are the honors and count as follows

Three in the two hands of partners count 30. Four in the two hands of partners

count 40. Four in one hand count 100.

If the declarer takes 12 tricks it is called a small slam and he scores 50 points bonus above the line. If he takes 13 tricks it is a grand slam and counts 100. These counts are in addition to the trick score.

If the declarer fails to take as many tricks as his bid calls for-that is, if he fails to make his contractthere is no score towards game and the opponents score 50 points above the line for every trick which the declarer should have taken, called undertricks. In either case each side scores the honors held by them. Honor count cannot be lost. Honors always are scored as held.

After one side has made a game, 30 points or more, a line is drawn under the score and any portion of a game previously scored by the other side does not count towards a new game. When one side wins two games in succession, or two out of three, it is called a rubber and 250 points are scored for it above the line.

The Double and the Redouble

If during the auction any player thinks that he can defeat the last bid of his opponent, he may double by saying "I double," and if three passes follow the double, the hand is played by the last bidder with double values for the tricks if he fulfills his contract and double penalties for undertricks if he fails. If a declarer wins after being doubled he also scores, above the line, 50 points for fulfilling his contract and 50 points for each trick won in excess of his contract. If he is defeated the opponents score 100 points above the line for each

undertrick. However, if the bidder who is doubled is confident he can make his contract, he may redouble by saying, "I redouble." Then if three passes follow his redouble, he plays the hand with each trick counting four times its normal value if he fulfills his contract, and a penalty of 200 for each undertrick if he fails. If declarer makes a redoubled contract he also scores, above the line, 100 points for fulfilling his contract, and 100 points for each trick won above his contract.

Honors are not affected by doubling or redoubling. They always are scored the same.

California Had Own Banner as Republic

Mountains, deserts and poor communications in the early days isolated California from the other Spanish possessions in America, and after Mexico won independence, the California region became even less answerable to central authority. It enjoyed practical autonomy while the rest of Mexico was engaged in internal strife.

Americans and other non-Mexicans filtered into California and assumed importance in its affairs. After 1840 it became apparent that California would not remain long under even the nominal authority of Mexico, but the landholders were divided as to what the future status of the country should be. Some favored annexation to the United States and others advocated a British protectorate. In this period, the United States and Mexico engaged in war over Texas. the former Mexican state that had become a republic and then annexed itself to the United States.

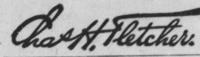
Col. John C. Fremont took advantage of the situation, seized Sonoma and on July 4, 1846, proclaimed California a republic. The banner of the new republic bore a bear, and this was the flag that Fremont hoisted, The conquest of the region was speedily effected by Fremont, Stockton, Kearny and others, and on August 15, 1846, the republic of California was annexed to the United States .-Kansas City Times.

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Currency He Understood

When Fred Gun-a-Indian, was in Stewart, British Columbia, last fall he was deeply impressed with a large auto. On being told the price in dollars, his face fell, but when told that 50 beaver skins would buy the car he grinned and departed. Winter and spring passed and the dealer was surprised to see Fred back with a grin that spread over his countenance. His surprise was greater when the Indian led him to a pile of 50 prime skins averaging \$40 each. That closed the deal.

Bon Voyage

"How was your voyage?" "Fine. I danced all the way across."-Louisville Courier-Journal.



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