THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

[Continued.]

"Oh!' Her eyes opened wide in wonder—only wonder, at first. Then, as comprehension took the place of wonder, they grew sympathetic. "That explains!" she exclaimed. "His hateful glances were those of delusion. He

was going mad, you mean?"
"Yes," said Westerling, "that—that

would explain it!"
"I have been told that when people go mad they always ascribe every inury done to them to the person who happens to have excited their dislike,"

"Which seems to have been the case

here," Westerling assented. He did not know what else to say. His pride was recovering its natural confidence in the infallibility of his judgment of human beings. He was seeing his suspicions as ridiculous enough to convict him of a brain as disordered as Bouchard's.

Marta was thinking that she had been skating on very thin ice and sist: the exhibitantion of risk and the control of her faculties, prompted by purpose hypnotically compelling. Soth were silent, she watching the sky, he in anticipation and suspense. The rose went violet and the shadows wover the range deepened.

"The guns and the troops wait. With darkness the music begins!" he said slowly, with a start of stern

"The music-the music! He calls fit music!" ran through Marta's mind mockingly, but she did not open her

"They wait, ready, every detail arranged," he continued proudly.

The sky merged into the shadows of

the landscape that spread and thickened into blackness. Out of the drawn curtains of night broke an ugly flash and farther up the slope spread the explosive circle of light of a bursting

"The signal!" he exclaimed.

Right and left the blasts spread along the Gray lines and right and left, on the instant, the Browns sent their blasts in reply. Countless tongues of flame seemed to burst from countless craters, and the range to rock in a torment of crashes. In the intervening space between the ugly, savage gusts from the Gray gun mouths, which sent their shells from the midst of exploding Brown shells, swept the beams of the Brown search-lights, their rays lost like sunlight in the vor-

tex of an open furnace door.
"Splendid! splendid!" exclaimed Westerling, in a sweep of emotion at the sight that had been born of his command. "Five thousand guns on our side alone! The world has never seen the equal of this!"

. Marta looked away from the range to his face, very distinct in the garish illumination. It was the face of a maestro of war seeing all his rehearsals and all his labors come true in symphonic gratification to the eye and ear; the face of a man of trained mind, the product of civilization, with the elation of a party leader on the floor of a parliament in a crisis.

"Soon, now!" said Westerling, and looked at his watch.

Shortly, in the direction of Engadir, to the rear of the steady flashes broke forth line after line of flashes as the long-range batteries, which so far had been silent, joined their might-ier voices to the chorus, making a continuous leaping burst of explosions over the Brown positions, which were the real object of the attack.

"The moment I've lived for!" exclaimed Westerling. "Our infantry is starting up the apron of Engadir! We held back the fire of the heavy guns concentrated for the purpose of porting the men with an outburst. Three hundred heavy guns pouring in their shells on a space of two acres! We're tearing their redoubts to pieces! They can't see to fire! They can't live under it! They're in the crater of a volcano! When our infantry is on the edge of the wreckage the guns cease. Our infantry crowd in-crowd into the house that Partow built. He'll find that numbers count; that the power of modern gunfire will open the way for infantry in masses to take and hold vital tactical positions! And -no-no, their fire in reply is not as strong as I expected."

"Because they are letting you in! It will be strong enough in due seaon!" thought Marta in the uncontrollable triumph of antagonism. Five against three was in his tone and in every line of his features.

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Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

sight like this, but the real news will be awaiting me at my desk," he concluded, adding, as he turned away: "It's fireworks worth seeing, and if you remain here I will return to tell you the results.

Turning her back to the range for the moment, she saw the twinkle of the lights of the town and the threads of light of the wagon-trains and the sweep of the lights of the railroad trains on the plain; while in the foreground every window of the house was ablaze, like some factory on a busy night shift. She could hear the click of the telegraph instruments already reporting the details of the action as cheerfully as Brobdingnagian crickets in their peaceful surroundings. Then out of the shadows Westerling reap-

"The apron of Engadir is ours!" he called. "Thanks to you!" he added with pointed emphasis. Back in the house he had received congratulations with a nod, as if success were that she must go on skating till she broke through. There was an exhilation about it that she could not reultation unbent stiffness, and he was hoarsely triumphant and eager. "It's plain sailing now," he went on. break in the main line! We l only to drive home the wedge, and then-and then!" he concluded.

She felt him close, his breath on her cheek.
"Peace!" she hastened to say, draw-

ing back instinctively.

And then! The irony of the words in the light of her knowledge was pointed by a terrific renewal of the thunders and the flashes far up on the range, and she could not resist re-

joicing in her heart. "That's the Browns!" exclaimed Westerling in surprise.

The volume of fire increased. With the rest of the frontier in darkness, the Engadir section was an isolated blaze. In its light she saw his features, without alarm but hardening in dogged intensity.
"They've awakened to what they have

lost! They have been rushing up reserves and are making a counterattack. We must hold what we have gained, no matter what the cost!"

His last sentence was spoken over his shoulder as he started for the

Without changing her position hardly turning her head, she watched until the firing began to lessen rapidly. Then she heard his step. She rose to face him, summoning back the spirit of the actress.

"This is better yet! I came to tell you that the counter-attack failed!" he said as he saw her appear from the shelter of the arbor.

She wondered if she were going to fall. But the post of the trellis was within reach. She caught hold of it to steady herself. Failed!

'The killing-it must have been terrible!" her mind at last made her ex-claim to cover her tardiness of response to his mood.

"You thought of that—as you should as I do!" he said. He took her hands in his, pulsing warm with the flowing red of his strength. She let them remain life-lessly, as if she had not the will to take them away, the instin c of her part again dominant. To him this was another victory, and it was discovery the discovery of melting weakness in her for the first time, which magnified his sense of masculine power. He tightened his grip slightly and she shuddered.

"You are tired!" he said, and it hurt her that he should be so considerate. "The killing-to end that! It's all want!" she breathed miserably.

"And the end is near!" he said.
"Yes, now, thanks to you!" Thanks to her! And she must lister and submit to his touch!

"Then engineers and material were ready to go in," he continued. "Before morning, as I had planned, we shall be so well fortified in the position that nothing can budge us. This the staff and the premier that I need not wait on Fabian tactics. I am supreme. I shall make the most of the demoralization of this blow to the I shall not wait on slow approaches in the hope of saving life. Tomorrow I shall attack and keep on attacking till all the main line is ours.

"Now you are playing your real part, the conqueror!" she thought gladly "Your kind of peace is the ruin of an other people; the peace of a helpless enemy. That is better"—better for her conscience. Unwittingly, she allowed her hands to remain in his. In the paralysis of despair she was unconscious that she had hands. She felt that sh could endure anything to retrieve the error into which she had been the means of leading the Browns. And the killing-it would not stop. knew. No, the Browns would not yield until they were decimated.

"We have the numbers to spare. Numbers shall press home—home to terms in their capital!" Westerling's voice grew husky as he proceeded, harsh as orders to soldiers who hesitated in face of fire. "After that—after that"-the tone changed from harsh ness to desire, which was still the de-

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Special to The Telegraph

Marietta, Pa., & Oct. 15. — Henry Annville, Pa., Oct. 15.—Next week eters, 78 years old, died suddenly last the fishing contest being held by Euight, when he was about to retire, gene Herr will come to a close and the rom a stroke of paralysis. He was local fishermen are endeavoring to orn in Columbia, July 17, 1836, the surpass the records of the men who lay his mother and the mother of his now lead. Daniel Spangler is now wife die and at the same hour the high man for the largest bass and ay his wife was born in Ireland. He William Waltz leads in the second diision. Daniel Pfanmiller is first for

starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get ris of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

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How have the two destroy it entirely destroy it entirely destroy it entirely. The was drawing her toward bears of the fluits of peace, a triumph that I want you to share!" He was drawing her toward was a yeteran of the Civil War, serving in the One Hundred and Ninety-ninh Regiment, and saw hard service. He married this wife, four children and eight grandchildren survice. He married is not yet done!" she cried.

He made a move as if to persist, then he fell back with a gesture of understanding.

[To be Continued]

WNOTH THE THE TOWN HAIR STOVER

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