

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XII.

And he slept, though he had not expected to close his eyes that night. He slept as soundly as his comrades, awakening, as was his habit, a few minutes before reveille, with a mind singularly clarified by sleep. He would ask to parade before his commanding officer in the morning and state the facts, leaving the rest to fate.

He was not destined to, for the same corporal who had put him on duty during his previous afternoon "off" called him five minutes before parade.

"You can leave them buttons, Weston," he said with a grin. "You won't need to polish 'em where you're going. The sergeant major wants you at once."

Mark hurried to the office, to find the sergeant major in company with one of the senior captains; then he remembered that rumors of the preceding evening had sent the Major away with the inspecting general. His interview must be postponed, then.

"Weston, you'd better get your breakfast at once," said the sergeant major. "And have your kit packed in twenty minutes. You and Hartley are going up to the front."

The senior captain temporarily commanding the detachment unbent from the official air which he was trying to assume.

"You were specially asked for from headquarters," he said, "with another man; and I'm sending Hartley because he's your friend. They want two more men for the stretcher bearers' company. We'll be sorry to lose you, Weston."

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Mark saluted and went out just as Hartley appeared at the door. The sergeant major enlightened Hartley briefly.

"You must have some pull at headquarters, Weston," he said. "Do you know Major Kellerman?"

"A little, sir," answered Mark grimly. "Well, he seems to know all about you, and he told the O. C. over the telephone that he must have you. He'll be your O. C. now for a while, so things ought to run smoothly for you."

"He's not a doctor, sir."

"No, but the stretcher bearers aren't a medical corps; they're attached to the—"

Mark hurried away. In the barrack room, at breakfast, the two were the subject of mingled jests and congratulations. The stretcher bearers, forming, as it were, the last supports of the infantry, shared with them the great proportion of casualties. Kellerman's scheme was perfectly clear to Mark.

He was in a wretched state of mind when the car steamed into the depot at the end of the narrow-gauge line. He descended into a city, a mushroom city of the supply and transportation department.

A sergeant and corporal, with nine or ten men of the stretcher bearers' company, were waiting for the two. The little troop was returning to the trenches after five days of relief at a rest camp.

"You're the two men from the base hospital?" asked the sergeant. "All right! Fall in. Right turn! Quick march!"

They moved away down a slope and began to pick their way along the beginning of a maze of trenches.

The roar of guns, which had never ceased by night or day, and had long ceased to be noticeable, was louder now.

Suddenly the sergeant stopped. "There was ten of you," he said to the corporal.

"All here," responded the corporal. The sergeant turned to Mark.

"Where's your mate?" he asked. Mark, who had been plodding along under the impression that Hartley was following, turned round, to find that he was the last of the party. Hartley was nowhere to be seen.

The sergeant ran back a few paces, to return breathless and red in the face. "He's gone, the silly fool!" he spluttered. "Must have taken the wrong turn at the bend. Go back and get him!"

But Hartley was not at the bend. The sergeant joined Mark, incredulous. They scrambled up the bank and scanned the level road. There was no pedestrian in sight.

"He's taken the wrong turn somewhere," insisted the sergeant. "Come along with me! We've got to find him!"

They began doubling back, shouting, until they reached the end of the trench system. Still Hartley could not be found.

"If he ain't on hand I'll be broke," the sergeant grumbled. "And I'll break his head for him. You medical corps chaps are like a bunch of babies. You fit to have a nurse and baby carriage for each of you."

Reluctantly he abandoned the search and they rejoined the others. The sergeant, in an ugly mood, ordered them sharply onward, but could not resist casting occasional looks back to see if the missing man was coming. How ever, at last he resigned himself to what seemed inevitable. The trench widened into a deep, wide, parallel extending in zigzags to right and left of them.

A large dugout, made shell-proof or as nearly as possible so, by a roof of heavy beams, sandbags and corrugated steel, bore the red Cross upon the door. Inside a number of stretcher bearers were lounging. The sergeant halted his men and stepped into a smaller dugout beside it. In a minute he came out and beckoned to Mark to follow him. Mark entered, to find himself in the presence of the captain commanding the stretcher bearers' company, and Kellerman. He saluted and stood to attention, watching Kellerman's eyes wander over him appraisingly.

"Orderly, where's the man who came with you?" inquired the Captain briskly.

"He disappeared on the way up, sir," answered Mark.

"What do you mean by disappeared? Did you see him go back? Or was he with you one minute and gone the next?"

"I thought he was behind me, sir. I didn't see him go, or know anything about it."

The Captain, who had been holding the receiver of his telephone, and evidently waiting for his connection, got it. Mark heard him sending out a general notice of the absent man. He gave his number, and the name "Hartley."

No doubt he had mistaken it as he received it by telephone from the hospital that morning.

"You'll parade before me tomorrow morning," said Captain Keyes to the sergeant. "Till then you are under open arrest."

The sergeant saluted. "Right turn!" he said to Mark.

"Wait a minute," interposed Kellerman. "I'd like to have a few words with this man, Captain Keyes."

"By all means, sir," replied the Captain, rising.

He strolled, humming, to the door of the dugout, leaving Kellerman and Mark together.

"So you've enlisted under the name Weston?" inquired Kellerman.

"That is my name, sir."

"It was a shock to me yesterday, Wallace. I never expected it. Your disappearance stirred Washington a good deal. The war office would have exonerated you."

In spite of his loathing of the man, Mark felt his heart begin to hammer with hope. He looked at Kellerman with pathos in his eyes; he could not hide his feelings; he was groping amid the ruins of his world and trying to reconstruct them.

"I've no doubt you misunderstood me," said Kellerman. "My association

with the Kenson woman was a part of my official duties—the most distasteful part, but one that had to be carried out. You and I were the victims of an acute piece of trickery. That fan was wired."

"From your room, sir," said Mark.

"From my room," answered Kellerman. "And, no doubt, by the Kenson woman's agent, that spy who called to see you at the war office the same morning. Colonel Howard knows all about it. He means to stand by you. He heard you had enlisted, but he did not know you were in the medical corps, nor under an alias. He is at the base now, Wallace. When he comes up next week I shall make it my business to see him about you."

"No, sir," gasped Mark. "It doesn't matter now."

"It matters to me, if not to yourself. Wallace. I cannot rid myself of the sense of partial responsibility. And as for what happened last night, you took me off my guard. I'll be frank with you. It was my duty to interest the Kenson woman. I succeeded too well. She followed me here. I couldn't bring myself to denounce her. For that I have placed my own position in jeopardy. When you appeared I did not know what to do or say."

"You found a course of action," answered Mark, torn between the desire

to return blow for blow and to do justice to Kellerman, whose story left him doubtful and wondering.

"Will you accept my frank apology?" asked Kellerman, extending his hand.

Mark took it. "I will, Major Kellerman," he answered.

And he made his way to the door of the dugout, with a feeling of warmth in his heart such as he had not known for many a month. He believed Kellerman—and yet . . . but he fought down his instinct and still believed him.

(Continued next week.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, November 21, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Isaac J. Wiley, of Oakridge, Oregon, who on April 3, 1912, made homestead entry serial No. 07847 for two tracts, containing 30.19 acres, in Sec. 10, Tp. 21 S., R. 3 E., W. M., described by metes and bounds as follows: Tract A, beginning at Cor. No. 1, which bears S. 0° 12' E., 5.15 chs. from the quarter-section corner between Secs. 3 and 10, said township; thence S. 0° 12' E., 15.45 chs.; thence N. 89° 43' E., 9.77 chs.; thence N. 15.44 chs.; thence S. 89° 47' W., 9.82 chs. to place of beginning. Tract B, beginning at Cor. No. 5, which bears N. 89° 47' E., 45.5 links from Cor. No. 4 of Tract A; thence N. 15.44 chs.; thence N. 89° 43' E., 9.77 chs.; thence N. 0° 21' E., 15.44 chs.; thence S. 89° 47' W., 9.80 chs. to place of beginning, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Humel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on the 8th day of January, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Flock, of Oakridge, Oregon; A. D. Bulk, of Oakridge, Oregon; C. E. McClane, of Oakridge, Oregon; J. E. Roberts, of Oakridge, Oregon.

d6j3 W. H. CANON, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of Robert Griffin, deceased, has filed his account for the final settlement of said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, and that Monday, the 6th day of January, 1919, at the Court Room of said Court, in Eugene, Oregon, at 11 o'clock a. m., has been by said Court fixed as the time and place of hearing objections thereto and for final settlement of said estate, by order made and entered of record the 3rd day of December, 1918. All parties interested will therefore take notice.

ALF. JURY, Executor of the estate of Robert Griffin, deceased.

H. J. Shinn, attorney for said estate. j3

No want ad., reader or other advertising charged for less than 50c. nstr

U. S. HEALTH SERVICE ISSUES WARNING

Increase in All Respiratory Diseases After the Influenza Epidemic Probable.

Influenza Expected to Lurk for Months. How to Guard Against Pneumonia. Common Colds Highly Catching—Importance of Suitable Clothing—Could Save 100,000 Lives.

Washington, D. C.—With the subsidence of the epidemic of influenza the attention of health officers is directed to pneumonia, bronchitis and other diseases of the respiratory system which regularly cause a large number of deaths, especially during the winter season. According to Rupert Blue, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, these diseases will be especially prevalent this winter unless the people are particularly careful to obey health instructions.

"The present epidemic," said Surgeon General Blue, "has taught by bitter experience how readily a condition beginning apparently as a slight cold may go on to pneumonia and death. Although the worst of the epidemic is over, there will continue to be a large number of scattered cases, many of them mild and unrecognized, which will be danger spots to be guarded against." The Surgeon General likened the present situation to that after a great fire, saying, "No fire chief who understands his business stops playing the hose on the charred debris as soon as the flames and visible fire have disappeared. On the contrary, he continues the water for hours and even days, for he knows that there is danger of the fire rekindling from smoldering embers."

"Then you fear another outbreak of influenza?" he was asked. "Not necessarily another large epidemic," said the Surgeon General, "but unless the people learn to realize the seriousness of the danger they will be compelled to pay a heavy death toll from pneumonia and other respiratory diseases."

Common Colds Highly Catching.

"It is encouraging to observe that people are beginning to learn that ordinary coughs and colds are highly catching and are spread from person to person by means of droplets of germ laden mucus. Such droplets are sprayed into the air when careless or ignorant people cough or sneeze without covering their mouth and nose. It is also good to know that people have learned something about the value of fresh air. In summer, when people are largely out of doors, the respiratory diseases (coughs, colds, pneumonia, etc.) are infrequent; in the fall, as people begin to remain indoors, the respiratory diseases increase; in the winter, when people are prone to stay in badly ventilated, overheated rooms, the respiratory diseases become very prevalent."

Suitable Clothing Important.

"Still another factor in the production of colds, pneumonia and other respiratory diseases is carelessness or ignorance of the people regarding suitable clothing during the seasons when the weather suddenly changes, sitting in warm rooms too heavily dressed or, what is even more common, especially among women, dressing so lightly that windows are kept closed in order to be comfortably warm. This is a very injurious practice."

Could Save 100,000 Lives.

"I believe we could easily save one hundred thousand lives annually in the United States if all the people would adopt the system of fresh air living followed, for example, in tuberculosis sanatoria. There is nothing mysterious about it—no specific medicine, no vaccine. The important thing is right living, good food and plenty of fresh air."

Droplet Infection Explained in Pictures.

"The Bureau of Public Health, Treasury Department, has just issued a striking poster drawn by Berryman, the well-known Washington cartoonist. The poster exemplifies the modern method of health education. A few years ago, under similar circumstances, the health authorities would have issued an official dry but scientifically accurate bulletin teaching the role of droplet infection in the spread of respiratory diseases. The only ones who would have understood the bulletin would have been those who already knew all about the subject. The man in the street, the plain citizen and the many millions who toil for their living would have had no time and no desire to wade through the technical phraseology."

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TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations will be held for teachers' state certificates at the court house in Eugene commencing Wednesday, December 18, 1918, and lasting until 4 p. m. on Saturday. Schedule for the days on which subjects are given may be obtained by addressing the county superintendent. d6-13

SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 10th day of December, 1918, in a suit wherein on the 10th day of December, 1918, in the above entitled court, John W. Trunnell and Mary R. Trunnell, plaintiffs, recovered judgment against the defendants, Mintie R. Tonole and Pete Tonole, for \$311.15 with interest thereon from the 30th day of October, 1918, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum and \$50.00 attorneys fees and the further sum of \$16.00 costs and disbursements, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said county in said county on the 10th day of December, 1918, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in section twelve (12) Twp. twenty-one (21) S. R. four (4) West, where the west line of Ira Hawley's D. L. C. crosses the north line of the right of way of the O. & C. railroad thence north on said Ira Hawley's west line 30 feet, thence west 30 feet distant from and parallel to said right of way 500 feet, thence south 30 feet to said north line of right of way and thence east 500 feet to the place of beginning, formerly in Douglas county but now in Lane county, Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, I will, on Saturday, the 4th day of January, 1919, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the southwest door of the county court house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, or any of them or any other person or persons claiming by, through or under them or any of them in and to said mortgaged premises.

Dated this 3rd day of December, A. D. 1918.

D. A. ELKINS, d6-j3 Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

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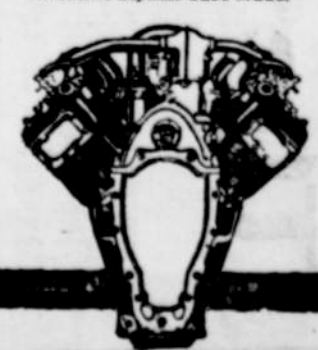
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