

The Trey O'Hearts

By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Detail.

Across the plain purple shadows were sweeping, close-ranked, like some vast dark army invading the land, pouring on over the rampart of mountains in the east.

Within the rim of hills that fringed the plain like the clipped and broken fringe of a titanic saucer, silence brooded and solitude held sway—dwarfing the town of Detail that occupied the approximate middle of the sagebrush waste, to proportions even less significant than might be inferred from the candor of its christening.

A platform, a sliding water tank, a Wells-Fargo office and a telegraph and ticket office, backed by three rough frame buildings; that is Detail itemized completely.

Shortly after nightfall the steel ribbons of the Santa Fe began to hum. A headlight peered suspiciously round a shoulder of the eastern range, took heart of courage to find the plain still wrapped in peace, and trudged stolidly toward Detail, the engine whose eye it was pulling after it a string of freight cars, both fat and box.

At Detail the train passed. Its crew alighted and engaged in animated argument. Detail gathered that the excitement was due to the unaccountable disappearance of the caboose; none seemed to have any notion as to how it could have broken loose; yet missing it conspicuously was.

In the pause that followed, while a report was telegraphed to headquarters, and instructions returned to proceed without delay, one of the trainmen spied a boyish figure lurking in the open door of an empty box car. Cunningly boarding this car from the opposite side, the trainman caught the skulker unawares and booted him valiantly into the night.

As the figure alighted and took to its heels, losing itself in the darkness, it uttered a cry of pained surprise and protest which drew a wrinkle of astonishment between the brows of the trainman.

"Sounded like a woman's voice," he mused; then dismissed the suggestion as obviously absurd.

It was not.

Shortly after the freight train had gone on its way—before, indeed, the glimmer of its rear lights had been lost among the western hills—a second headlight appeared in the east, swept swiftly across the plain and in turn stopped at Detail.

The second bird-of-passage proved to be a locomotive drawing a single car—a Pullman.

Hardly had it run past the switch, however, when the brakeman dropped down, ran quickly back to the switch and threw it open.

Promptly the train backed on to the siding.

As the Pullman jolted across the frogs the brakeman, interposing himself between it and the tender, released the coupling.

By the time that the Pullman had come to a full stop on the siding, the locomotive was swinging westward like a scared jackrabbit—though no such milk-and-water characterization of the traitor passed the lips of any one of the three men who presently appeared on the Pullman's platform and shook impotent fists in the direction taken by the fugitive engine.

When the last of these had run temporarily out of breath and blasphemy, a brief silence fell, punctuated by groans from each, and concluded by the sound of a voice calling from the interior of the car—a voice as strangely sonorous of tone as it was curiously querulous of accent.

The three men immediately ran back into the car and presented themselves with countenances variously apologetic, to one who occupied a corner of the drawing room: a man wrapped in a steamer rug and a cloud of fury.

Now when he had drained the muddy froth of profanity from his temper it left a clear and effervescent well of virulent humor: the wrath of the valedictorian began to vent itself upon the hapless heads of the trio who stood before him.

While this was in process, the person of boyish appearance, who had been keeping religiously aloof and inconspicuous in the background of Detail ever since that unhappy affair with the trainman, stole quietly up to the rear of the stalled Pullman, climbed aboard, and creeping down the aisle unceremoniously interrupted the conference just as the invalid was polishing off a rude but honest opinion of the intellectual caliber of one of the three named Marrophat, who figured as his right-hand man and familiar genius.

"Amen to that!" the boyish person ejaculated with candid fervor, lounging gracefully in the doorway. "There's many a true word spoken in wrath. Mr. Marrophat. Father forgot only one thing—your masterly way with a revolver. From what I've seen of that, this day, I'll go bail that the only safe place for a man you pull a gun on is right in front of the muzzle. There's something downright uncanny in the way you can hit anything but what you aim at!"

"Judith!" exclaimed the invalid. "Where did you drop from?"

"From that freight," Judith explained carelessly, neglecting to elucidate the exact fashion of her drop. "I judged you'd be along presently, and thought I'd like to learn the news. Well—what luck?"

Her father shrugged with his one movable shoulder. Mr. Marrophat grunted indignantly. The others shuffled uneasily and looked all ways but one—at the girl in man's clothing.

"None?" Judith interpreted. "You don't mean to tell me that after I had

taken all that trouble—east the caboose loose in the middle of that treble at the risk of my life—you didn't have the nerve to go through with the business!"

"We went through with it all right," replied Marrophat defensively; "but as usual, they were too quick for us. They jumped out and dropped off the trestle before our engine hit the caboose. We smashed that to kindling wood—but they got away just in time to miss the crash. And by the time we had stopped and calmed down the engineer—well, it was dark and no way of telling which way they had run."

The girl started to speak, but merely dropped limp hands at her sides and rolled her eyes helplessly.

"We do our best," Marrophat observed. "We can't be blamed if something—somehow—always happens to tip the others off."

The girl swung to face him with blazing eyes. "Just what does that mean?" she demanded in a dangerous voice.

Marrophat lifted his shoulders. "Nothing—much," he allowed. "I am only thinking how strange it is that Mr. Law can't be caught by any sort of stratagem—when you are on the job, Miss Judith!"

The girl's hands were clenched into fists, white knuckles showing through the flesh. "You contemptible puppy!" she snapped.

But on this her voice failed; for her eyes traveled past the person of Mr. Marrophat to the doorway of the drawing room and found it framing a stranger.

"Excuse me, friends," he offered in a lazy, semi-humorous drawl. "It pains me considerably to butt in on this happy family gathering, but business is business, same as usual, and I got to ast you—all to please put up your hands!"

"What do you want?" the invalid demanded.

"Why," drawled the bandit, "nothing in particular—only your cash. Shell out, if you please—gents all and the lady, too." He ran an appreciative glance down the figure which Judith's disguise revealed rather than concealed. "If you'll pardon my takin'

"Give me a thousand on account," said the other, "and a paper saying you'll pay me nineteen thousand more in exchange for it and one dead man, properly identified as the one you want—signed by you—and your man's as good as dead this minute, providing he's in riding distance of this here car."

Trine waved his hand at his secretary. "Jimmy, find a thousand dollars for this gentleman. Make out the paper he indicates for the balance, and I'll sign it."

"Ain't you powerful trustful, Mr. Trine? How do you know I'll do anything more'n pocket that thousand and fade delicately away?"

"My daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Marrophat, will accompany you."

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it?"

"Name!" interjected the secretary, writing busily with the top of his flat-tache case for a desk.

"Slade," said the bandit. "James Slade." Again Trine punctured the atmosphere with his index finger. "The man whose life I want is named Alan Law. He is running away with my daughter, Rose, accompanied by a person named Barcus, disguised as a Pullman porter."

"The three of them having recent escaped from a train wreck your yonder on the trestle?" Hopi Jim interposed.

"You've met them?" Judith demanded, whirling round.

"About an hour ago, or maybe an hour and a half," Hopi Jim replied. "A good ways down the road. They stopped and ast where they could get put up for the night. I kindly directed them on to Mesa, down in the Painted hills yonder."

Two sentences exchanged between Hopi Jim and a bear-eyed fellow whom he roused from sodden slumbers behind the bar sealed their confidence with conviction: the three fugitives were in fact guests of the house, occupying two of the three rooms that composed its upper story.

In the rush that followed upon the narrow stairway, Judith led with such spirit that not even Marrophat suspected her revolver was poised solely with intent to shoot from his hand his own revolver the instant he leveled it at a human target.

Closed and locked doors confronted them; and their summons elicited no response; while the first door, when broken in by a whole-voiced kick, discovered nothing more satisfactory than an empty room, its bed bearing the imprint of a woman's body, but that woman gone.

From the one window, looking down the side of the house, Texas announced that the woman had not escaped by jumping out.

So it seemed that the three must have had warning of their arrival, after all; and presumably were now herded together in the adjoining room, which looked out over the veranda roof, waiting in fear and trembling for the assault that must soon come—and in fact immediately did.

But it met with more stubborn resistance than had been anticipated. The door had been barricaded from within—reinforced by furniture placed against it. Four minutes and the united efforts of four men (including the beary loafer of the barroom) were required to overcome its inert resistance. But even when it was down, the room was found to be as empty as the first.

Only the fingers of two hands gripping the edge of the veranda roof showed the way the fugitives had flown; and these vanished instantly as the room was invaded.

Followed a swift rush of hoofs down the dusty street, and a chorus of blasphemy in the hotel hallway; for Judith had headed the concerted rush for the staircase and contrived to block it for a full half minute by pretending to stumble and twist her ankle.

In spite of that alleged injury, she never limped, and wasn't a yard behind the first who broke from the hotel to the open, nor yet appreciably behind him in vaulting to saddle.

Well up the road a cloud of smoky dust half obscured the shapes of three who rode for their very lives.

The pursuit was off in a twinkling, and well-bunched—Marrophat's mount leading by a nose, Judith second, Hopi Jim and Texas but little in the rear. And in the first rush they seemed to gain; moment by moment they drew up on the flying cloud of dust.

Judith heard an oath muttered beside her and saw Marrophat jerking a revolver from its holster. The weapon swept up and to a level; but as the hammer fell, Judith's horse caromed heavily against the other, swinging it half a dozen feet aside, and deflecting the bullet hopelessly.

The shock of collision was so great that Marrophat kept his seat with difficulty. He turned toward Judith a face livid with rage.

Simultaneously, as if taking the shot as the signal for a fusillade, Judith saw Alan lean back over his horse's rump and open fire.

An instant later his companion, Barcus, imitated his example.

In immediate consequence, Texas dropped reins, slumped forward over the pommel, wobbled weakly in his saddle for a moment, then losing the stirrups, pitched headlong to the ground; while Hopi Jim's horse stopped short, precipitating his rider overboard, and dropped dead.

light, the girl maneuvered her horse to the side of Hopi Jim, and then dropped back, permitting Marrophat to lead the way with Texas.

As deliberately she set herself to work upon the bandit's susceptibility to her charms.

Within an hour she had him ready to do anything to win her smile.

In that first rush of golden day at Stewart the land, the party came quietly into the town of Mesa, riding slowly in order that the noise of their approach might not warn the fugitives, who Hopi asserted confidently would still be sound asleep in the accommodations offered by the town's one hotel.

It was to be termed a town only in courtesy, this Mesa; a straggling street of shacks, ramshackle relics of what had once been a promising community, the half-way station between the railroad and the mining camps secreted in the fastnesses of the Painted hills—camps now abandoned, their very names almost faded out of the memory of mankind.

Midway in this string of edifices the hotel stood—a rough, unpainted, wooden edifice, mainly veranda and bar-room as to its lower floor.

Jealously Judith watched the windows of the second floor; and she alone of the four detected the face that showed for one brief instant well back in the shadows beyond one of the bedroom windows—a face that glimmered momentarily with the pallor of a ghost's against the background of that obscurity, and then was gone.

Her eyes alone, indeed, could have recognized the features of Alan Law in that fugitive glimpse.

Two sentences exchanged between Hopi Jim and a bear-eyed fellow whom he roused from sodden slumbers behind the bar sealed their confidence with conviction: the three fugitives were in fact guests of the house, occupying two of the three rooms that composed its upper story.

In the rush that followed upon the narrow stairway, Judith led with such spirit that not even Marrophat suspected her revolver was poised solely with intent to shoot from his hand his own revolver the instant he leveled it at a human target.

Closed and locked doors confronted them; and their summons elicited no response; while the first door, when broken in by a whole-voiced kick, discovered nothing more satisfactory than an empty room, its bed bearing the imprint of a woman's body, but that woman gone.

From the one window, looking down the side of the house, Texas announced that the woman had not escaped by jumping out.

So it seemed that the three must have had warning of their arrival, after all; and presumably were now herded together in the adjoining room, which looked out over the veranda roof, waiting in fear and trembling for the assault that must soon come—and in fact immediately did.

But it met with more stubborn resistance than had been anticipated. The door had been barricaded from within—reinforced by furniture placed against it. Four minutes and the united efforts of four men (including the beary loafer of the barroom) were required to overcome its inert resistance. But even when it was down, the room was found to be as empty as the first.

Only the fingers of two hands gripping the edge of the veranda roof showed the way the fugitives had flown; and these vanished instantly as the room was invaded.

Followed a swift rush of hoofs down the dusty street, and a chorus of blasphemy in the hotel hallway; for Judith had headed the concerted rush for the staircase and contrived to block it for a full half minute by pretending to stumble and twist her ankle.

In spite of that alleged injury, she never limped, and wasn't a yard behind the first who broke from the hotel to the open, nor yet appreciably behind him in vaulting to saddle.

Well up the road a cloud of smoky dust half obscured the shapes of three who rode for their very lives.

The pursuit was off in a twinkling, and well-bunched—Marrophat's mount leading by a nose, Judith second, Hopi Jim and Texas but little in the rear. And in the first rush they seemed to gain; moment by moment they drew up on the flying cloud of dust.

Judith heard an oath muttered beside her and saw Marrophat jerking a revolver from its holster. The weapon swept up and to a level; but as the hammer fell, Judith's horse caromed heavily against the other, swinging it half a dozen feet aside, and deflecting the bullet hopelessly.

The shock of collision was so great that Marrophat kept his seat with difficulty. He turned toward Judith a face livid with rage.

Simultaneously, as if taking the shot as the signal for a fusillade, Judith saw Alan lean back over his horse's rump and open fire.

An instant later his companion, Barcus, imitated his example.

In immediate consequence, Texas dropped reins, slumped forward over the pommel, wobbled weakly in his saddle for a moment, then losing the stirrups, pitched headlong to the ground; while Hopi Jim's horse stopped short, precipitating his rider overboard, and dropped dead.

clouds of dust and profanity, and departed in search of a mount to replace the horse that had been shot under him; and Judith sat her horse calmly, smiling sweet insolence into the exasperated countenance of Marrophat.

Incidentally the fugitives disappeared round a bend in the road that led directly into the wild and barren heart of the Painted hills.

In the brief interval that elapsed before his return with Hopi Jim, Marrophat contrived to persuade the bandit that Judith had been, at least indirectly, responsible for the catastrophe, with the upshot that, temporarily blinded by her fascinations by the glitter of nineteen thousand dollars in the near distance, Mr. Slade maintained his distance and a deaf ear to her blandishments. The only information as to their purpose that she was able to extract from either man, when the pursuing party turned aside from the main trail, some distance from Mesa, was that Hopi Jim knew a short cut through the range, via what he termed the upper trail, by which they hoped to be able to head the fugitives off before they could gain the desert on the far side of the hills.

Only at long intervals did they draw rein to permit Hopi Jim to make reconnaissance of the lower trail that threaded the valley on the far side of the ridge.

Toward noon he returned in haste from the last of these surveys—scrubbing recklessly down the mountain-side and throwing himself upon his horse with the advice:

"We've headed 'em—can make it now if we ride like all get-out!"

For half an hour more they pushed on at the best speed to be obtained from their weary animals, at length drawing rein at a point where the trail crossed the ridge and widened out upon a long, broad ledge that overhung the valley of the lower trail, with a clear drop to the latter from the brink of a good two hundred feet.

One hasty look back and down into the valley evoked a grunt of satisfaction from Hopi Jim.

"Just in time," he asserted. "Here they come! Ten minutes more . . ."

His smile answered Marrophat's with unappealing cruel significance.

"Texas will sleep better tonight when he knows how I've squared the deal for him!" the bandit declared.

"What are you going to do?" Judith demanded, reining her horse in beside Marrophat as the latter dismounted.

A gesture drew her attention to the huge boulder poised insecurely on the very lip of the chasm.

"We're going to tip that over on your friends, Miss Judith!" Marrophat replied, with a smack of relish in his voice. "Simple—neat—efficient—eh? What more can you ask?"

She answered only with an irrefragable gesture of horror. Marrophat's laugh followed her as she turned away.

For some moments she strained her vision vainly, endeavoring to penetrate the turbulent currents of superheated air that filled the valley. Then she made out indistinctly the faintly marked line of the lower trail; and immediately she caught a glimpse of three small figures, mounted, toiling painfully toward the point where death awaited them like a bolt from the blue.

Hastily she glanced over-shoulder: Hopi Jim and Marrophat, ignoring her, were straining themselves against the boulder without budging it an inch, for all its apparent nicety of poised. For an instant a wild hope flashed through her mind, but it was immediately extinguished when Hopi Jim stepped back and uttered a few words of which only two—"dynamite" and "fuse"—reached her ears.

Knelling beside the boulder he dug busily for an instant, then lodged the stick to his satisfaction, attached the fuse, and breaking off, edged on his belly to the edge of the cliff and looked down, carefully calculating the length of the fuse by the distance of the party down below from the spot where the rock must fall.

But while he was so engaged and Marrophat aided him, all eager interest, Judith was taking advantage of their disregard of her.

Hurriedly unbuckling her jacket, she whipped a playing card from her pocket, a pencil scribbled three words on its face—"Danger! Go back!"

Then finding a small, flatfish bit of rock, she bound the card to it with a bit of string; and with one more backward glance to make sure she was not watched, approached the brink.

Hopi Jim was meticulously shortening the fuse, Marrophat kneeling by his side.

In the canyon below the three were within two minutes of the danger point.

It was no trick at all to drop the stone so that it fell within a dozen feet of the leading horseman.

She saw him rein in suddenly, dismount, cast a look aloft, then dismount and pick up the warning.

As the others joined him, he detached the card and showed it to them. At the same time Hopi Jim and Marrophat jumped up and ran back, each seizing and holding his horse by nose and bridle.

Constrained to do likewise lest she lose her mount, Judith waited with a lightened heart.

The explosion smote dull echoes from the flanks of the Painted hills, all drowning in the noon-day hush: the boulder tumbled reluctantly on the brink, then disappeared with a tearing sound followed by a rush of earth and gravel; a wide gap appeared in the brink of the trail.

Leaving Marrophat to hold the two frightened horses while the girl soothed her own, the bandit rushed to

the edge, threw himself flat and swore bitterly, with an accent of grievance, as he rose.

From the canyon below a dull noise of galloping hoofs advertised too plainly the failure of their attempt.

And Hopi Jim turned back only to find Judith mounted, reining her horse in between him and Marrophat, and prepared to give emphasis to what she had to say with an automatic pistol that nestled snugly in her palm.

"One moment, Mr. Slade," she suggested evenly. "Just a moment before you break the sad news to Mr. Marrophat, I've something to say that needs your attention—likewise, your respect. It is this: I am parting company with you and Mr. Marrophat. I am riding on toward the west, by this trail. If either of you care to follow me—the automatic flashed ominously in the sun glare—"It will be with full knowledge of the consequences. Mr. Marrophat will enlighten you if you have any doubt of my ability to take care of myself in such affairs as this. If you are well advised, you will turn back and report failure to my father."

She nodded curtly and swung her horse round.

"And what shall I tell your father from you?" Marrophat demanded sharply.

"What you please," the girl replied, flashing an implish smile over-shoulder. "But, since when I part company with you, I part with him as well—for all of me, you may tell him to go to the devil!"

"Well," Mr. Marrophat admitted confidentially to Mr. Slade, "I'm damned!"

"And that ain't all," Mr. Slade confided in Mr. Marrophat, whipping out his own revolver: "You're being held up, too. I'll take those guns of yours, friend, and what else you've got about you that's of value, including your horse—and when you get back to old man Trine you can just tell him, with my best compliments, that I've quit the job and lit out after that daughter of his'n. She's a heap eight more attractive than nineteen thousand dollars, and not half so hard to earn!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Burnt Fingers.

Once she had loosed with her father's creature, the girl drew rein and went on more slowly and cautiously.

Below her, in the valley, the lower trail wound its facile way. From time to time she could discern upon some naked stretch of its length a cloud of dust, or perhaps three mounted figures, scurrying madly on with fear of death snapping at their heels.

It was within an hour of midnight, a night bell-clear and bitter cold on the heights, and bright with moonlight, when Alan's party made its last pause and camped to rest against the dawn, unconscious of the fact that, a quarter of a mile above them, on the upper trail, a lonely woman paused when they paused and made her own camp on the edge of a sharp declivity.

The level shafts of the rising sun awakened her. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, yawned, stretched limbs stiff with the hardship of sleeping on unyielding, sun-baked earth—and of a sudden started up, surprised by the grating of footsteps on the earth behind her.

Before she could turn, however, she was caught and wrapped in the arms of Hopi Jim.

She mustered all her strength and wits and will for one last struggle—and in a frenzied moment managed to break his hold a trifle, enough to enable her to snatch at the pistol hanging from her belt and present it at his head.

But it exploded harmlessly, sending its bullet on the blue of the morning sky. The bandit caught her wrist in time, thrust it aside and subjected it to such cruel pressure and such savage wrenchings that the pistol dropped from fingers numbed with pain.

And now all hint of mercy left his eyes; remained only the glare of rage. He put forth all his strength in turn, and Judith was as a child in his hands. In half a minute he had her helpless, in as much time more her back was breaking across his knee, while he bound her with loop after loop of his rawhide lariar.

Then, leaving her momentarily supine on the ground, Hopi Jim caught and unhobbled her horse, and without troubling to saddle it, lifted the girl to its back, and placed her there, face upward, catching her hands and feet, as they fell on either flank of the animal, with more loops of that unbreakable rawhide, and deftly placing the master knot of the hitch that bound this human pack well beyond possibility of her reach.

She panted a prayer for mercy. He laughed in her face, bent and kissed her brutally, and stepped back laughing to admire his handiwork . . .

Thus he stood for an instant between the horse and the edge of the declivity, a fair mark, stark against the sky, for one who stood in the valley below, holding his rifle with eager fingers, waiting for just such opportunity which he had waited for it ever since the noise of debris kicked over the edge by the struggling man and woman had drawn his attention to what was going on above.

Alan pressed the trigger and the shot sounded clear in the morning stillness, Judith saw a look of aggrieved amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Slade.

Then he threw his hands out, clawed blindly at the air, staggered, reeled against the horse's flank so heavily that it shied in fright, and abruptly shot team sight over the edge of the bluff.

Records Show Trail of Booze

Superintendents of State Institutions Unite in Declaring Effect of Liquor.

OREGON CITY, Ore., Oct. 13.—(Editor of the Enterprise)—I enclose copies of a bundle of letters which surely throw some light upon the financial side of the "wet" and "dry" question:

Salem, June 6, 1914.
Dear Sir: Your letter to the warden has been referred to this office. Will state the records show that for two years previous to last February, 68.2 per cent of the commitments received held their troubles to the drink habit. I might add that 65 per cent of parole violators returned to prison are returned for drunkenness.
Respectfully yours,
F. H. SNODGRASS,
Parole Officer, State Penitentiary, Salem, Ore.

Salem, June 12, 1914.
Dear Sir: I believe I am safe in stating that 75 per cent of our boys here, directly or indirectly, owe their plight to the use of intoxicating liquors.
Most of our boys range between the ages of ten and eighteen, the average being about fourteen; so there are perhaps no more than a dozen wards in the school who have personally contracted the drink habit. Of course, most were born with the craving for liquor caused by the excessive indulgence of the parents.
" Hoping for the success of the Oregon dry movement, I remain,
Very truly yours,
WILL R. HALE,
Supt. Oregon State Training School, Salem, Oregon.

From Oregon Infirmary.
Corvallis, Ore., June 17, 1914.
Dear Sir: Yours of recent date at hand. In reply I would say that nearly all the paupers in this institution have come here from drink, and the balance that come here come from the fact that the liquor drinking friend fails to provide for them. Liquor drinking plays the great part in sending men, women and children here. The children of drinkers, in nine cases out of ten, are the ones to come here.
I remain, respectfully yours,
A. L. MCLEROY,
Supt. Corvallis County Infirmary.

One More From Poor Farm.
Hillsboro, Ore., July 16, 1914.
Dear Sir: Received your letter yesterday in regard to the liquor paying any part in sending inmates to the poor farm.
I will say I have known of this plan for ten years, and 95 per cent of inmates are here and have been sent here from liquor one way or another. They have been liquor users all their lives from their infancy. Yours respectfully,
CLARENCE YOUNG,
Supt. Washington County Poor Farm.

The "Prison Mirror" is responsible for the statement that it costs Oregon two million dollars annually (\$2,000,000) to keep up her prisons, jails, insane asylums, and criminal courts. We will add to this the upkeep of various institutions for the poor and dependent, and we are considerable under the mark in saying that they cost the state two million dollars a year. If only 60 per cent of this is due to drink it means that drink costs Oregon directly \$1,200,000 per year. This really is an underestimate. Does it pay to outlay \$1,200,000 in order to collect the \$500,000 revenue that the liquor forces about so loudly about? Would it not be better policy to lose the \$200,000 and have \$1,000,000 in so doing?

The world a dry state materially cut down crime and poverty. The 1913 report of the Kansas state board of control gives the following figures. Unlike the Kansas figures issued by the whisky ring you can verify my figures by sending to the office of the state board of control at Topeka. The board issues the following figures.

During 1913—
86 counties had no insane.
11 counties had but one insane each.
(Kansas has 105 counties).
59 counties had no feeble minded.
26 counties had no habitual drunkards.
29 counties had no paupers.
11 counties had no poorhouses. Didn't need them.
53 counties have had no prisoners in their jails for the year.
65 counties have sent no prisoner to the pen for the year.
Does it not pay to be dry?

The International Year Book is conceded to be the most accurate work of its kind. The 1913 year book, recently issued gives the financial state of each commonwealth to Jan. 1, 1913. Let us compare its figures for dry Kansas with those for wet Missouri. January 1, 1913, Kansas state treasury contained a balance on hand of \$1,285,329. Missouri had a balance of \$537,329. But note further: while the bonded indebtedness of the state of Kansas is but \$370,000, that of its wet neighbor is \$4,295,839. This is what the states have done for Missouri—a pretty expensive luxury!

"But see all the men who will be thrown out of work!" There are \$469,927 invested in breweries in Oregon. Were that sum invested in grist mills, or in paper mills, or in woolen mills, or in foundries, or in car works it would mean employment for 814 men, earning \$569,500 in wages. As 814 men, earning \$569,500 but 294 men. It is the breweries employ but 294 men. If having \$469,927 tied up in making beer 610 men are robbed of a job, and the workmen are robbed over \$425,000 a year in wages by the booze trust. Does it pay?

"For one dollar spent on beer the workman gets 7 cents, and the farmer gets 10 cents. For \$1.00 spent on bread the workman gets 16 cents, and the farmer gets 37 cents. Which industry would you rather support, Mr. Workingman? Which pays you best, Mr. Farmer?"

For booze to pose as an economic necessity is as absurd as for Jack Johnson to pose as an exponent of decency. Sincerely yours,
W. T. MILLIKEN.

Keep Your Stomach and Liver Healthy
A vigorous stomach, perfect working liver and regular acting bowels is guaranteed if you will use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They insure good digestion, correct constipation and have an excellent tonic effect on the whole system—Purify your blood and rid you of all body poisons through the bowels. Only 25c, at your Drugist.

(To be continued.)