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 Eyes inflamed by smoke,  
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 Eye Remedy. No Smearing,  
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 near high roads. Good alfalfa  
 land or potatoes and other vegetables.  
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 land. Near good homes and schools.  
 Only five miles from Bakersfield. Low  
 price and easy terms to the right man  
 who wants some good land and good  
 location where he can do well. Address  
 M. A. Green, 822 Mission Street, San  
 Francisco, California.

**Difficult Indeed.**  
 Shamus O'Callaghan sat at the door  
 of his cottage, his head bowed on his  
 hands, and sobbing with emotion. His  
 friend, Terrence O'Halloran, chanced  
 to pass.  
 "Arrah, ye're looking very sad the  
 day," he said, laying a sympathetic  
 hand on the mournful one's shoulder.  
 "Ah, and it's the feeling very sad I am,"  
 responded Shamus. "O've lost me  
 mother-in-law."  
 "Lost your mother-in-law?" said the  
 surprised Terrence.  
 "Ay," replied Shamus. "O'tell ye  
 it's very hard to lose your mother-in-  
 law."  
 "Hard!" exclaimed Terrence. "Be-  
 gorra, me bhoy, it's almost impos-  
 sible."—Chicago News.

**A Giveaway.**  
 Kid Brother—How soon are you and  
 sis goin' to be married?  
 Accepted Sister—She hasn't named  
 the day yet, Willie. I hope she  
 doesn't believe in long engagements.  
 Kid Brother—She doesn't. I know,  
 'cause all her engagements have been  
 short.—Boston Transcript.

**His Views.**  
 "I cough a great deal."  
 "Try rubbing your throat with gaso-  
 line."  
 "Huh! I'd as soon cough as hang."  
 —Kansas City Journal.

**About Finished.**  
 "I saw that pretty girl smile at you  
 in a puzzled way if she thought  
 she might have met you somewhere."  
 "Yes. We were almost engaged at  
 the seashore last summer."  
 "Ah!"  
 "The smile you saw was the fag end  
 of a June flirtation."—Birmingham  
 Age-Herald.

**Of Course.**  
 "My friend, the glazier, has a sad  
 life."  
 "Why shouldn't he? Isn't it full of  
 panes."—Baltimore American.

**All Slaves of Habit.**  
 We are all so much the slaves of  
 habit in our appetites that it is with  
 great reluctance we make any change  
 in our diet. We want what we  
 want, whatever the cost, if we have  
 the price, and while we loudly com-  
 plain about the cost of it we are con-  
 tinuing to buy in usual quantities. Yet  
 it is within the power of the house-  
 wives of the country to force prices to  
 a lower level by united action in the  
 practice of kitchen economies. —St.  
 Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Seasonable Medicine**  
 As Winter approaches it  
 is advisable to help Nature  
 maintain the highest possible  
 standard of health.

**TRY**  
**HOSTETTER'S**  
**Stomach Bitters**  
 When a safe tonic, appetizer  
 and stomach remedy is needed

# UNDERFIRE

**RICHARD PARKER**  
 of ROY COOPER, MEGUIRE  
 AUTHORS OF "LADY COOPER" AND "MURDER OF TITMUS" ADVENTURE

**CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.**  
 Streetman was already asking head-  
 quarters to connect him with General  
 French or one of his staff, when the  
 approaching form gained the English  
 trench. The man climbed up the face  
 of the earth embankment, and shout-  
 ing, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'm  
 not German—I'm Irish!" he peered  
 down at the alert faces turned up to  
 him.

It was Larry Redmond—that disreputable  
 man who clung to the top of the  
 bomb-proof shelter. He was still in  
 the German uniform, but without hat  
 or coat, which he had cast aside, while  
 he ran, for greater safety when he  
 should reach his goal. He had no de-  
 sire to stop a bullet intended for a  
 German. And that uniform was  
 damning.

"Stay where you are!" Montague  
 called to him. "Boys, if he moves,  
 fire!" he told his men.  
 "I'm Redmond!" Captain Redmond  
 of the Irish Guards! Larry cried. "I've  
 been on special service inside their  
 lines, and they don't near get me. By  
 their maps this is Trench 27, isn't it?  
 I'll explain in a minute."  
 "You'll have to do a lot of explain-  
 ing," Montague told him.

"Tell me—has anyone been here—  
 someone you don't know—a passin'  
 himself off perhaps for a Britisher,  
 bringin' you some news—some word—"  
 "Some word of what?" Captain Montague  
 asked.

"I don't know—I can't make out!"  
 Larry shouted desperately. "But  
 there's mischief ahead for Trench 27.  
 I've seen their maps, and one of their  
 spies—" He paused as Streetman's  
 voice caught his attention. The dis-  
 guised German spy had at last suc-  
 ceeded in getting someone in authority  
 to receive his message. And now he  
 was delivering his false information.

"Who's that speaking?" Larry asked  
 the English captain sharply. And im-  
 mediately he answered his own ques-  
 tion. "It's Strassman, captain! I know  
 him. He's a German spy! Don't let  
 him telephone. It's a trick!" In  
 his eagerness to stop that disastrous  
 message he forgot the warning that  
 Montague had given his men, and the  
 wild-eyed Irishman rose to his feet.

The British fired point-blank at him.  
 But Larry sensed his danger just in  
 time. He dropped flat upon his face  
 on the top of the bombproof and the  
 bullets whistled over him.

Captain Montague was impressed with  
 Larry's news, and he ordered  
 Streetman to put down the telephone.  
 He thought the matter worth further  
 investigation.

"Strassman, don't you remember  
 me?" Larry asked the man at the tele-  
 phone.  
 "But Herr Strassman's iron nerve did  
 not desert him even then. He had  
 done his duty."  
 "By God! It's Captain Karl of the  
 German army! And in our very  
 trenches!" he exclaimed. "He's the  
 man whose plans I overheard!"

"That's a pretty good bluff, captain!"  
 "Don't let him fool you!" Larry  
 cautioned the English officer. "Drop  
 that telephone!" he shouted, as Street-  
 man resumed his conversation with  
 headquarters. And as a last resort  
 Captain Redmond shot the instrument  
 from the spy's grasp. Then, under  
 cover of the hubbub Larry leaped in-  
 side the trench.

"D—n you, Redmond!" Streetman  
 swore. For the moment his hatred be-  
 trayed him.  
 "Redmond!" Larry repeated joy-  
 fully. "You hear, captain? He knows  
 who I really am! He called me Red-  
 mond!" And as Streetman edged near  
 the outlet to the trench the Irishman  
 cried, "Don't let him get away, ser-  
 geant!"

Several men grabbed Streetman  
 then.  
 "Captain—here's my revolver!" Larry  
 held his weapon up to Montague.  
 "Put me under arrest till you investi-  
 gate," he said.

"Thank you, Redmond!" the enlight-  
 ened Montague replied. He was vast-  
 ly relieved. "You've done us a great  
 service; and he nearly fooled us. . . .  
 My God—he nearly fooled us!" he re-  
 peated, as he realized the disaster that  
 Larry had so narrowly averted. "Now  
 he'll pay for it!" he cried. "Sergeant—  
 stand that man against the trench!"

"Boys!"  
 "Don't shoot me like that! I tell  
 you I'm innocent!" Streetman was  
 begging for his life now.  
 But even had Montague been dis-  
 posed to spare him, his doom was  
 sealed. An enemy aeroplane had darted  
 out above their lines. One of the  
 British privates spied it when it was  
 almost above them, and as they  
 paused to watch it the plane slowed  
 visibly.

"That means she'll drop a bomb," a  
 Tommy observed.  
 "Sure—she never hit anything." Captain  
 Redmond leered.  
 But this time Larry was mistaken.  
 As he spoke, something came hurtling  
 down to earth.  
 "Look out, boys! For God's sake  
 look out!" Captain Montague could  
 no more keep back his involuntary  
 warning than he could stay the death  
 that threatened them.

In another moment there was a terri-  
 fic explosion. Trench 27 rocked with  
 the force of it. The bombproof shelter  
 fell as if it were made of cardboard,  
 burying them beneath it. The bombproof  
 dirt at the top of the trench was  
 scattered like so much sawdust.

There was no longer any light in  
 that little inferno except what came  
 from the startled screams. Men—or  
 what had once been men—lay motion-  
 less where the powerful explosive had  
 flung them. Others had vanished as if  
 into thin air—never to return. And  
 for a few brief moments all was silent.

Then someone stirred in the shan-  
 el.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
 "The Sweetest Girl I Know."  
 For almost ten days Larry Redmond  
 had lain, delicious, in a little church  
 in France, not many miles from Paris.  
 It was only the wreck of a church now,  
 for the German shells had swept it,  
 leaving ruin in their wake. Even the  
 statue of Christ on the Cross which  
 surmounted the altar had not escaped  
 desecration, for the upper part of the  
 crucifix had been snapped off like  
 matchwood and now rested against the  
 lower part of the figure of the Savior.  
 Re-enforced masonry had reached Trench  
 27 in time—thanks to Larry's heroism;  
 and though he knew nothing of what  
 had happened after he had fallen close  
 by the telephone, the British troops had  
 stemmed the gap in their defenses.

Along with others of the injured,  
 Captain Redmond had been hurried  
 away from the front as fast as was  
 possible, until at last he had been re-  
 ceived into the field station for the  
 English wounded for which purpose

the Red Cross had pressed that tiny  
 church into service. When Larry  
 reached that place it had been far to  
 the rear of the British first line. But  
 now, alas! those heroes in khaki had  
 been forced back until the boom of  
 their guns was plainly audible in the  
 violated sanctuary.

Captain Redmond lay upon a heap  
 of straw on the floor. About him were  
 many other men, swathed in bandages,  
 as he was, and among them there  
 stood a soldier with the Red Cross  
 insignia upon his arm; and a French  
 priest knelt beside the stricken and  
 prayed for the welfare of his souls  
 as well as their bodies. It was early  
 morning, three or four hours past mid-  
 night, and the cluttered nave was only  
 dimly lighted by a few lanterns.

A doctor strode through the door-  
 way.  
 "I want to see Doctor Charles," he  
 announced, and to the man who rose  
 from one of the altar steps, where he  
 had been examining charts of the  
 wounded, he explained that he was  
 Doctor Aubrey of the second corps,  
 sent to relieve the medical officer  
 stationed there, who had been ordered  
 to join the ambulance forces at the front.

Doctor Charles handed over his  
 charts at once and prepared to leave.  
 "I see Captain Redmond is still  
 here," Aubrey remarked as he scanned  
 the records. "How is he?"  
 "Still out of his head!"  
 "Will he pull through?"  
 "He ought to."

"Brave chap—wasn't he?" said Doc-  
 tor Aubrey—"to get us that informa-  
 tion about Von Kluck's flanking move-  
 ment!"  
 "If it hadn't been for Redmond they  
 would have captured our entire army,"  
 the departing surgeon replied.

"Pretty big things for one man to  
 do!" the newcomer exclaimed.  
 Doctor Charles agreed with him, and  
 after saying a hurried good-by he  
 passed on into the gray of the ap-  
 proaching dawn.

As Aubrey set about his duties it  
 seemed to him that the roar of the  
 artillery became increasingly distinct.  
 And it was not long before the blast  
 of a bugle sounding retreat was wait-  
 ed unmistakably through the open  
 doors.

At the sound of that order one of  
 the men lying upon the floor raised  
 himself upon an elbow and listened.  
 "I tell you—retreat! The very gates of  
 Paris! . . . Oh, Ethel—where are  
 you?"

"Who's that?" Doctor Aubrey asked  
 of one of his Red Cross assistants  
 who had just entered. He goes on like  
 that most of the time," the man an-  
 swered.  
 "The telephone! I've got to get to  
 that telephone!" Larry shouted. "Come  
 on, Larry! You can do it! It's only a  
 few feet more!"

The doctor knelt beside him.  
 "There, there, old man! Take it  
 easy!" he said. It was plain to him  
 that the wounded man was living over  
 again those tense and terrible moments  
 in the trench.

All at once a dazed look came over  
 Captain Redmond's face. He looked  
 at the doctor curiously.  
 "What place is this? Who are you?"  
 he asked. He had at last regained  
 his senses.

"You're at an English field hospital,"  
 the doctor said.  
 "Then they got me, didn't they?"  
 said Larry. "Did I telephone head-  
 quarters in time? I can't remember.  
 There was a bomb. I tried to crawl to  
 the phone. Was I too late?"

"Your information came in time to  
 prevent their flanking our whole army,"  
 Doctor Aubrey told him.  
 "Thank God!" Larry murmured.  
 "And Miss Willoughby? She was at  
 Tourville? Where is she?" . . . No,  
 no! You wouldn't know," he said, as  
 the doctor shook his head. "And  
 Strassman? He didn't get away?"

"Strassman? You mean the German  
 spy who was with you in Trench 27?"  
 "Yes, yes!" Larry said eagerly.  
 "Their bomb got him," said the doc-  
 tor. "He's dead."

"That's one good shot they made,"  
 Captain Redmond replied. "Tell me—  
 we've returned them back? We've saved  
 Paris?"  
 "I fear not," the other said, and  
 his grave face revealed the anxiety  
 that he shared with all his fellows.  
 "We've only ten miles for Paris now.  
 We've been retreating for over a  
 week."

"But that was part of the plan!"  
 the wounded man cried. "To retreat,  
 and then—" "I know," the medical man inter-  
 rupted. "But we haven't been able to  
 cut their lines. Even the government  
 has been moved to Bordeaux. The  
 German's aren't five miles from here.  
 Last night they shelled this church.  
 They're four to one. I'm afraid we're  
 done for."

Larry grasped at the arm of the man  
 who knelt beside him.  
 "Don't say that!" he begged. "It  
 can't be. They can't take Paris. They  
 can't. Hear God, I beg thee—" "Now  
 toon and bedraggled. Her hair was  
 disheveled, and her face showed pale  
 and wan in the half-light of the dim  
 church.  
 "She has a pass from General  
 French's headquarters," the man ad-  
 ded.  
 "May I be of service?" the doctor  
 asked her.

Ethel stepped forward then.  
 "For ten days I've been searching  
 your various field hospitals," she told  
 him. "This is my last chance. Tell  
 me—oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid to  
 ask! She nervously herself by a  
 visible effort. "Tell me—is Captain—  
 Captain—"  
 As she faltered there came a quick  
 cry from the man the doctor had just  
 left.  
 "Ethel!" Larry's call electrified them.  
 She hurried to him.  
 "What is your service?" she answered with  
 a dry sob.

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 "He ought to."

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Women, more than men, have excitable nerves, because  
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 ptoms. It has come to be the  
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 hills in the confidence of an  
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 gist, or write direct to us.

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 Columbus, Ohio

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 "Is Gadsby susceptible to feminine  
 charms?"  
 "Judge for yourself. He once bought  
 a translation of the Koran from a  
 blue-eyed, golden-haired book agent,  
 thinking it was a popular novel."  
 —Birmingham Age-Herald.

**They See It Frequently.**  
 Uncle Sil—Umph—I reckon you soon  
 toned club-fellows never get up soon  
 enough to see the beauties of sunrise!  
 City Nephew—Oh, we see it often,  
 Uncle, but it's when we're coming  
 home.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

**A Royal Lad.**  
 Office Boy—De boss kin see no call-  
 ers dis mornin'.  
 Insistent Visitor—Say, I'll give you  
 a quarter to take this card to him.  
 Office Boy—Aw, shucks! He gives  
 me bigger wages for not doin' it.—  
 Boston Transcript.

**Passing of the Ink.**  
 "A drop of ink makes millions  
 think."  
 "It used to," replied Mr. Penwiggie.  
 "Now it merely makes some busy man  
 wonder why you didn't use a type-  
 writer."—Washington Star.

**Pat's Blunder.**  
 During a camp parade of the bug-  
 lers recently an Irish corporal was  
 in charge. He was asked by the com-  
 manding officer if all the buglers were  
 present. "Yes," he replied. "No, sorr,  
 wan man absent."  
 "Well, then," said the officer, "go  
 and find him and ask him what he  
 has to say for himself."  
 A few minutes later Pat came run-  
 ning back. "Shure sorr," he cried,  
 "and weren't we a pair of duffers not  
 to know it? It wor meeself. Bedad,  
 sorr. Oi forgot to call me own name  
 entirely."—Boston Transcript.

**SUFFERED FROM BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE FOR YEARS.**  
 Dear Readers—I wish to tell you  
 that I suffered from backache and  
 kidney trouble for years. I heard of  
 Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets and I  
 tried them. They cured my kidney,  
 I hope people that are troubled with  
 backache will give them a good trial.  
 I am sure they will not fail to benefit.  
 Yours sincerely,  
 MRS. GEO. DEMING.

**NOTE:** Folks in town and adjoining  
 places are delighted with the results  
 they have obtained by using "ANURIC,"  
 the newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who  
 is head of the INVALIDS' HOTEL and  
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 Those who started the day with a back-  
 ache, stiff legs, arms and muscles, and  
 an aching head (worn out before the  
 day began because they were in and out  
 of bed half a dozen times at night) are  
 appreciating the perfect rest, comfort  
 and new strength they obtained from  
 Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. To prove  
 that this is a certain uric acid solvent  
 and conquers headache, kidney and  
 bladder diseases and rheumatism, if  
 you've never used the "Anuric," cut  
 this out and send ten cents to Doctor  
 Pierce for a large sample package. This  
 will prove to you that "Anuric" is  
 thirty-seven times more active than  
 lithia in eliminating uric acid—and the  
 most perfect kidney and bladder cor-  
 rector. If you are a sufferer, go to your  
 best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box  
 of "Anuric." You run no risk for Dr.  
 Pierce's good name stands behind this  
 wonderful new discovery as it has for  
 the past half century for his "Golden  
 Medical Discovery" which makes the  
 blood pure, his "Favorite Prescription" for  
 weak women and his "Pleasant  
 Pills" for liver ills. All Dr. Pierce's  
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## Every Night For Constipation Headache, Indigestion, etc. BRANDRETH PILLS Safe and Sure

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