

## COWARDICE COURT

(Continued from Page 3.)

been with or against them. Penelope, who could not afford to play for stakes and had the courage to say so, sat back and listened to the conversation of her brother and the group around him. The duke was holding forth on the superiority of the Chinese over the Japanese as servants, and Bazelhurst was loudly defending the Japanese navy.

"Hang it all, Barminster, the Japs could eat 'em up!" he proclaimed. "Couldn't they?" to the crowd.

"I'm talking about servants, Cecil," observed the duke.

"And shoot? Why, they're the greatest gunners in the world. By Jove, I read somewhere the other day that they had hit what they shot at 3,000,000



Penelope Started and Flushed.

times out of—oh, let me see, was it the Prussians who fired 3,000,000 rounds and—

"Oh, let's change the subject," said the duke in disgust. "What's become of that Shaw fellow?" Penelope started and flushed, much to her chagrin. At the sound of Shaw's name Lady Bazelhurst, who was passing with the count, stopped so abruptly that her companion took half a dozen paces without her.

"Shaw? By Jove, do you know I'd completely forgotten that fellow," exclaimed Cecil.

"I thought you were going to shoot him or shoot at him or something like that. Can't you get him in range?"

"Oh, I wasn't really in earnest about that, Barminster. You know we couldn't shoot at a fellow for such a thing."

"Nonsense, Cecil," said his wife. "You shoot poachers in England."

"But this fellow isn't a poacher. He's a—

a—gentleman, I daresay—in some respects—not all, of course, my dear, but—

"Gentleman? Ridiculous!" scoffed his wife.

"I—yes, quite right—a ridiculous gentleman, of course. Ha, ha! Isn't he, Barminster? But with all that, you know, I couldn't have Tompkins shoot him. He asked me the other day if he should take a shot at Shaw's legs, and I told him not to do anything so absurd."

Penelope's heart swelled with relief, and for the first time that evening she looked upon her brother with something like sisterly regard.

"It didn't matter, however," said Lady Evelyn sharply. "I gave him instructions yesterday to shoot any trespasser from that side of the line. I can't see that we owe Mr. Shaw any special consideration. He has insulted and ignored me at every opportunity. Why should he be permitted to trespass more than any other common lawbreaker? If he courts a charge of birdshot he should not expect to escape scot free. Birdshot wouldn't kill a man, you know, but it would—"

But Penelope could restrain herself no longer. The heartlessness of her sister-in-law overcame her prudence, and she interrupted the scornful mistress of the house, her eyes blazing, but her voice under perfect control.

Her tall young figure was tense, and her fingers clasped the back of Miss Folsom's chair rather rigidly.

"I suppose you know what happened this morning," she said, with such apparent restraint that every one looked at her expectantly.

"Do you mean in connection with Mr.—with Jack the Giant Killer?" asked her ladyship, her eyes brightening.

"Some one of your servants shot him this morning," said Penelope, with great distinctness. There was breathless silence in the room.

"Shot him?" gasped Lord Bazelhurst, his thin red face going very white.

"Not—not fatally?" exclaimed Evelyn, aghast in spite of herself.

"No. The instructions were carried out. His wound in the arm is trifling. But the coward was not so generous when it came to the life of his innocent, harmless dog. He killed the poor thing. Evelyn, it's—it's like murder!"

"Oh," cried her ladyship, relieved. "He killed the dog. I daresay Mr. Shaw has come to realize at last that we are earnest in this. Of course I am glad that the man is not badly hurt. Still, a few shot in the arm will hardly keep him in bounds. His legs were intended," she laughed lightly. "What miserable aim Tompkins must take."

"He's a bit off in his physiology, my dear," said Cecil, with a nervous attempt at humor. He did not like the expression in his sister's face. Somehow, he was ashamed.

"Oh, it's bad enough," said Penelope. "It was his left arm—the upper arm, too. I think the aim was rather good."

"Pray, how do you know all of this, Penelope?" asked her ladyship, lifting her eyebrows. "I've heard that

you see Mr. Shaw occasionally, but you can't be his physician, I'm sure."

Penelope flushed to the roots of her hair, but suppressed the retort which would have been in keeping with the provocation.

"Oh, dear, no!" she replied. "I'm too soft hearted to be a physician. I saw Mr. Shaw just after the—ah—the accident."

"You saw him?—I mean you saw Shaw?" gasped Bazelhurst.

"She sees him frequently, Cecil. It was not at all unusual that she should have seen him today. I daresay he waited to show you his wound before going to a surgeon."

Penelope could not resist the temptation to invent a story belittling the moment. Assuming a look of concern, she turned to her brother and said:

"He is coming to see you about it tomorrow, and he is coming armed to the teeth, attended by a large party of friends. Mr. Shaw says he will have satisfaction for the death of that dog if he has to shoot everybody on the place."

"Good Lord!" cried the duke. There was instant excitement. "I believe the wretch will do it too."

"Oh, I say, Bazelhurst, settle with him for the dog," said De Peyton nervously. He looked at his watch and then at his wife. The entire party now was listening to the principal speakers.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn. "He won't come. It's all bluster. Don't let it frighten you, Cecil. I know the manner of man."

"I wish you could have seen him this morning," murmured Penelope, thoroughly enjoying the unexpected situation. Her conscience was not troubled by the prevarication.

"By Jove, I think it would be wise to send over and find out what he valued the brute at," said Cecil, mopping his brow.

"Good! We'll send Penelope to act as ambassador," said her ladyship.

"She seems to be on friendly terms with the enemy."

"To act as ambassador from Cowardice Court?" questioned Penelope loftily, yet with cutting significance. "No, I thank you. I decline the honor. Besides, with a deductive frown, 'I don't believe it's diplomacy he's after.'"

"I say, what the deuce do you suppose the confounded savage has in mind?" exclaimed the duke. "I've heard of the way these cowboys settle their affairs. You don't imagine"—and he paused significantly.

"It looks like it's going to be a rather disagreeable affair," said De Peyton sourly.

"Good heavens! What are we to do if he comes here with a lot of desperadoes and begins to shoot?" cried Mrs. Odwell, genuinely alarmed. "I've read so much of these awful mountain feuds."

"Don't be alarmed, Lord Bazelhurst will attend to the gentleman," said Lady Evelyn blandly. His lordship's monocle clattered down and the ice rattled sharply in his glass.

"To—to be sure," he agreed. "Don't be in the least worried. I'll attend to the upstart. What time's he coming, Pen?"

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A door banged noisily near by, and every one jumped as though a gun had been fired. While the "Ohs!" were still struggling from their lips Hodder, the butler, came into the room, doing his best to retain his composure under what seemed to be trying circumstances.

"What is it, Hodder?" demanded her ladyship.

"The cook, your ladyship. She's fallen downstairs and broken her leg," announced Hodder. He did not betray it, but he must have been tremendously surprised by the sigh of relief that went up on all sides. Lord Bazelhurst went so far as to laugh.

"Ha, ha! Is that all?"

"Oh, dear, I'm so glad!" cried Miss Folsom impulsively. "I was frightened half to death. It might have been Mr.—"

"Don't be silly, Rose," said Lady Bazelhurst. "Where is she, Hodder?"

"In the laundry, your ladyship. There are two fractures."

"By Jove, two legs instead of one, then. Worse than I thought," cried Bazelhurst, draining his glass.

"Send at once for a doctor, Hodder, and take her to her room. Isn't it annoying?" said her ladyship. "It's so difficult to keep a cook in the mountains."

"Don't see how she can get away without legs," observed De Peyton.

"I'll come with you, Hodder. Perhaps I can do something for her," said Penelope, following the butler from the room.

"Don't take too many patients on your hands, my dear," called the mistress, with a shrill laugh.

"Yes. Remember tomorrow," added the duke. Then suddenly, "I believe I'll lend a hand." He hurried after Penelope rather actively for him.

(To be continued.)

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## The August Survey.

Fifty-seven varieties of millionaires and multi-millionaires, not to mention the many near-millionaires, have so prospered Greenwich, Conn., the second richest town in America, that the citizens became very loath to pay good money for what they might get by a little judicious begging. In The Rich Town and The Poor Schools, May Ayres in The Survey for August tells how dependence on chance and indiscriminate charity has resulted in conditions which, when skillfully brought home to the taxpayers through an exhibit, shamed them for the first time into serious consideration of their neglected schools. Twenty-nine school rooms, for instance, have less air space per pupil than the minimum allowed in any state which has specific legislation on this subject.

The waterfront of any great port is its raw frontier. On it the casual laborer makes his last stand, and every man is taken at his worth. It is this sharp and often intensified competition, combined with the fact that nature locks up hundreds of ports nearly half the year, that accounts for much of the suffering among seamen. George McPherson Hunter, in Destitution Among Seamen, proves that his experience with the American Seamen's Friend Society has made him an understanding and sympathetic friend of "Jack."

Camp Hale, a Social Experiment, by Harry Blake Taplin, describes a summer camp run on novel lines, where the boys are kept in the country long enough to gain a real knowledge of the fundamental importance of agriculture. Graham Taylor, in City and Church Reapproaching Each Other, tells how the church, which was at first so closely identified with the town that unbelievers were called pagans or countrymen, drifted away from its close touch with the city. He also points out how it is recementing its ties to city life. Two more articles by Robert A. Woods and Charles G. Girelius tell of the strikes of Boston's street railway employees and of Baltimore's stevedores.

## Flying Men Fall.

victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles just like other people, with like results in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that as T. D. Peebles, Henry, Tenn., proved. "Six bottles of Electric Bitters," he writes, "did I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes M. E. Gebhardt, Orizole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

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