



When they had reached the lower end of the cleared valley, there came to them the sounds of slow firing, the firing of snipers. Each man kicked his horse's flanks and rode faster.

When they came in sight of the beleaguered building, they saw puffs of powder-smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the mountain side above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow. With Dale still leading, they hurried on foot to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly under cover of the thickly standing sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandanna, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale. "Little Tom," answered Littleford. "And Saul. Little Tom, he got a bullet under the shoulder. Saul, he got one in the neck. The other side. They've ridden the whole other side of the house to splinters. They're a-calling' fo' you."

"They'd get all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels. At the front and side windows, behind anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords with rifles in their hands, patiently watching for a human target to appear on the mountainside above. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from chance bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were both white and helpless and suffering, but still full of the old Littleford fighting spirit.

Dale seized his Winchester and belt of cartridges from the hands of the man who had brought them to him, and turned to the others. A bullet crashed through the wall and struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys," Dale was backing his cartridge-belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are hiding, the Balls and Turners can hardly see the lower story of this building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the laurels at the foot of the mountain. Then we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting downhill instead of uphill. Get me? Are you all ready?"

To a man, they were ready.

They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners fired more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whiskey and called drunkenly for the surrender to them of Bill Dale, Bill Dale and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of David Moreland's mountain.

Dale. This opened the battle in earnest. Soon the thunder of the many rifles became almost a steady roar. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with cartridges from his belt. Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white furrows in the bark of both sides of the tree, and knocked up little spurts of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing at him, seeking to avenge



"Give 'em H—I, Boys!" the death of their kinsman, the Gollath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar: "Don't show no part o' yourself now, Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and slipped another into the magazine, and arose behind the chestnut.

"Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again. Soon there came a short, loud peal of laughter from his left; he turned his head and saw Ben Littleford taking a careful aim at a long angle toward the side of a boulder. Then Littleford fired, and a puff of stone dust showed that his bullet had gone true to its mark.

"What's that for?" demanded Dale. "We haven't any ammunition to throw away!"

"Wig, Bill," replied Littleford. "didn't ye never bounce a bullet off a rock and make it go toward a man abind of a tree?"

Bill Dale across the sea with the bill of his empty gun, and Bill Dale slackened his arms and lay as one dead.

He was lying under cover in a hand-carved black walnut fourposter, and it was night when he opened his eyes again. Above him he saw the bearded faces of Ben Littleford and John Moreland, and they looked haggard and anxious in the oil lamp's yellow light. Suddenly Moreland spoke: "Dead—notin'!" jocosely. "Look, Ben; he's done come to! Ye couldn't put him in a cannon and shoot him ag'inst a cliff and kill him, Ben! I hope ye're a-feelin' all right, Bill, shore."

Dale realized everything quite clearly. He put a hand to his head; there was a wet cloth lying over the swollen place.

"He shore give ye a buster of a lick," drawled a voice that Dale instantly recognized as that of his worshiper, By Heck. "Danged of Cale Moreland didn't might nigh it beat him to death, Bill!"

"Many men crowded to the bedside and smiled at him, and he smiled back at them. Soon he asked: "Did you capture the outfit?"

"Every derned one of 'em," answered John Moreland. "They're all shet up tight in the downstairs of the office buildin', onder gyard. The ain't but one of 'em plumb teotally dead, fo' a wonder; but the's a whole passel of 'em hurt. I've done sent Luke to town on horseback, attar a doctor fo' you and Saul and Little Tom; and he can 'tend to them crippled Balls, too. I reckon, of you think it's best. What're we-goin' to do with them fellers, Bill?"

"We're going to take them to the Cartersville jail," Dale answered promptly.

"I had a different plan 'an that planned out, John," said By Heck, winking at Ben Littleford. "I had it planned out to hang 'em all on a big green hemlock as a Christmas tree fo' Bill! Some devilish rough Christmas eve ye're a-havin', Bill, old boy, ain't it?"

(To be Continued.)

WHITES NOT WANTED
Austrian Islands Want to Keep Country Themselves.

The king of Rurutu, one of the Austral group southwest of Papeete, in the South Seas, is troubled by the discovery of valuable minerals on his island. The natives of the Austrian Islands do not want white people among them, and they put every obstacle possible in the way of Europeans who would settle there. They own their own schooners and bring their island produce to Papeete from time to time, and carry back with them such supplies as they need. Thus they avoid frequent visits of the white men's schooners.

LAST CHAPTER
By IDA WARREN GOULD.
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Felix Mason was under contract to the leading story magazine in Kentville to produce a serial story. He was zealous enough to hope that this effort would raise him above mediocrity as a story writer. He sat, awaiting the torch of inspiration which was to light him to fame.

Various openings were before him in a notebook, though none led to a climax. What source should he seek? Country or shore?

He loved the great throbbing ocean and its varied moods. What could he do better than take a day off by the sea? In another hour he was close to the expense of the sea.

Faster and faster he wrote, developing his fancies until after sunset he rose, stiff and chilled, yet satisfied with his work.

Then he blundered along the beach, took the wrong turning in time to see the last boat half a mile off shore. It grew rapidly dark and he was unfamiliar with the place.

At any rate, he had a first-rate story. He stumbled and ran, seeing a light far off on a hill, the only friendly beacon in the darkness.

He was in for an adventure. After a long tramp he arrived near enough to see that the lights came from a private residence. The draperies permitted a glance through the windows. As he took the first step up a broad flight he heard music. He was deliberating how to parse his application for hospitality, when the door opened and a woman in a shimmering evening gown peered into the gloom that lay between them.

When Felix, hat in hand, ran up the steps, she exclaimed in a pleased voice, "Felix Mason! After all these years!"

"This is Miss Lane, my friend, who lives with me. Explain how you found us after all these years."

"By the lights in the windows, of course," laughed Felix. "Dinner is served," announced Miss Lane, abruptly, leading the way to the next room.

IN THE SEAT OF PILATE
British General is Now Governor of Jerusalem.

The office of governor of Jerusalem which nineteen centuries ago was occupied by Pontius Pilate today is held by an Englishman, Maj. Gen. Ronald Storrs. And as it is recorded that Pilate had trouble with his people and to satisfy their clamoring must one day each year release a prisoner with whom they could do as they pleased; so is the present day control of the Holy City a difficult one. For there are three widely variant classes in Jerusalem: Christians, Moslems and Jews, and the one who leads them to work in harmony must sheathe his iron control in delicate diplomacy.

General Storrs is able to do that. He has set himself the important administrative task of unifying the city of Judaea. Twice a week he conducts friendship meetings at which French, Italians, British, Americans, rabbis, Zionists, leaders, commercial men of standing and others who are prominent in Jerusalem come together and debate and discover they really have things in common.

This man who assumed control of Jerusalem in 1917 when he was appointed British military governor is not an old man. He soon will be 40, but in his forty years he has amassed a world of first hand knowledge of the people of Palestine and neighboring countries. General Storrs was one of the foremost workers toward the establishment of an independent Arab kingdom. He was for thirteen years in the Egyptian civil service, and part of the time was oriental secretary of the British agency at Cairo. Storrs is one of "Kitchener's men," a graduate of Cambridge university and a son of the dean of Rochester college, England.

Speaks Arabic and Hebrew. It is because of his understanding of the eastern Mediterranean countries that General Storrs can work successfully with his polyglot constituency. He speaks both Arabic and Hebrew almost as fluently as English and addresses the people in their native tongues, even in public meetings. On official documents are two seals, one Hebrew and one Arabic. Thus does the governor co-ordinate the unrest of the Arab and the ambition of the Jew, furthering as much as he is able the interests of Zionism, but at the same time dealing fairly with the Moslems who compose the majority of the population of the city.

The activities of General Storrs have centered around the reorganiza-

tion of the departments of the city government and the planning of a cleaner and more beautiful Jerusalem. When he assumed control it was war-time, and the municipal government with its Arab mayor was badly disorganized. So Storrs, in addition to his military duties, took over the work of providing for civilian welfare, even keeping in mind his desire to avoid a paternalistic control.

Through his instigation the native police were organized. Food control was established, much like that in American and European countries during the war. Schools and hospitals that had been closed when the war threw the local government into chaos, he reopened. Bakshesh, the infamous Turkish system of graft, was cleaned from the courts of justice.

Drinking, which had become alarmingly commonplace, was partly checked by the British governor. General Storrs succeeded in closing the public bars not only in Jerusalem, but also by virtue of his authority as acting chief administrator of Palestine, throughout the whole of the country. Distilling of liquor was made legal only in private homes.

His Town Planning. The general took care, too, to provide recreation for the citizens. Chess clubs were organized and reading rooms opened. Sports, including football and basket ball, were encouraged and a public swimming pool constructed.

His town planning, however, was one of his most important innovations. He cleaned up Old Jerusalem, made it sanitary and livable, but did not attempt to convert it into a modern city. Instead Storrs laid out a new city, beyond the old—a city in which broad streets lined with saplings which later would become shade trees contrasted with the crooked alleys of Old Jerusalem. And to set the new apart, parks were created dividing the new Jerusalem from the old.

In a manner pleasing to the native inhabitants, General Storrs treated with reverence the traditions of Jerusalem, both Moslem and Jewish. He did not alter but merely cleaned and repaired such honored places as David's citadel and the Mosque of Omar, the Moslem sanctuary said to have been constructed thirteen centuries ago in the days of Caliph Abd El Melek.

All There.—"Don't any of your friends come to see you on 'visiting days'?" asked the kindly old lady. "No'm," responded No. 77,441. "They're all here wit' me."

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