

WHEN CUPID MEETS MARS

By EDWARD B. CLARK

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T army headquarters in the capital it is always possible to pick up stories of the service, and let it be said that they are not always stories of war. Cupid was armed, even though his weapon was only a bow, and Mars takes kindly to Cupid.

Two of these army tales made a listener take the liberty of asking the right to reproduce, and so here they are given with some slight change of name, but with no change of circumstances.

First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was pacing up and down his narrow quarters in Fort Grady, Michigan, holding a telegram in his hand. He had read it twenty times, but at every second turn in his nervous walk he read it again. The telegram was dated Chicago, and this is what it said: "Leave Thursday for Florida. Uncle Frank III. Stay indefinite. Norah Desmond."

Lieutenant Bob Kavanaugh and Norah Desmond were engaged. They were to be married as soon as a few accommodating superior officers would consent to be killed or die in their beds and thereby give Bob a chance to write captain instead of lieutenant before his name on official papers. The young officer had fixed the limit of his waiting at about a year.

"Norah's going to Florida," he muttered to himself. "I haven't seen her for three weeks and won't see her for six months to come. Uncle Frank is one of the kind who never dies and never gets well, and Norah'll stay down there until the old man is willing to let her go. She's more of a stickler for duty than Old Murga, the commanding officer, and that's saying a lot. He won't give me a leave. I've had too many. Great Winneid Scott, but I would like to see Norah before she goes." And Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh sighed.

Kavanaugh couldn't keep anything to himself, and in five minutes he was telling his woes to Captain Percy Laneyard of the artillery corps. "Brace up, Kavanaugh," said Laneyard. "Murga is going to send a general prisoner through Chicago to Fort Sherman to stand trial. He was going to send a sergeant in charge. It isn't a very pleasant duty, but if you'll volunteer, I think Murga will send you, and you can stop off on your way back from Sherman—it is only a few miles from Chicago—and see your blue-eyed Norah before she gets on the Florida limited."

Twelve hours from that time Bob Kavanaugh was sitting in the smoking car of a Chicago bound train with a big Colt revolver strapped around him and an enlisted man, with a downcast look, sitting alongside of him. Bob Kavanaugh had a soft heart. The soldier at his side had seen eight years of service and had never been in trouble before. He had assaulted the "top" sergeant, a serious offense in the army, as may go without saying.

"Cheer up, Spencer," said the lieutenant; "you've been a good soldier, as I know, and I don't think it will go very hard with you—six months at the most—and then you'll be restored to duty."

"I hit him, all right, lieutenant," answered Private James Spencer, "and he deserved it if ever a man did, but you can't do such things in the army, no matter what the 'top' says to you, and so I am good for two years and a 'hottail' discharge. It's tough. I never saw the inside of the 'mill' before in my eight years' service, except when I was on guard."

Part of a freight train went into a ditch ahead of the Fort Grady passenger train. Kavanaugh and his prisoner were delayed five hours. The lieutenant fumed and said things under his breath. Finally the way was cleared and the train ran on to Chicago. It was Thursday and in four hours Norah's train would leave for Florida. It was utterly impossible for the officer to get his prisoner to Fort Sherman and to return in time to say good-by to his fiancée.

Kavanaugh and his charged stepped from the train into the Chicago depot. Bob's heart was sore. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I can't stand it for six months." At that instant he saw at the depot cigar stand, making a purchase, Jack Bacon, a Chicago club man and an intimate friend. Kavanaugh hurried his charge over toward the young fellow. "Jack, old man, glad to see you. You have an hour or two to spare, I know you have. Don't say no," and with that the lieutenant grabbed his friend by the arm, motioned his prisoner to walk ahead, and the three went on a half trot into the office of a hotel across the street. Kavanaugh threw a \$2 bill before the clerk and ordered a room. He hurried the astounded Bacon and the prisoner into the apartment on the second floor.

"Jack," said Kavanaugh, in a low tone, as you love me, watch this man. I must see Norah Desmond. She's off to Florida. Take this gun and don't fail me. And with that First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh shoved a revolver into Jack Bacon's hand, bolted through the door, out of the hotel and on to a trolley car. In twenty minutes he was with Norah Desmond, who was in the midst of the last hours of preparation for her Florida trip.

In twenty minutes more the doorbell of the flat rang violently. The maid opened it and in rushed Jack Bacon, flushed and fairly beside himself. "Bob," he yelled, "your prisoner skipped. He kicked open a door into the next room and jumped onto a low roof and then into the alley. I took a shot at him, but missed, and when I got down he was clean gone."

Bob Kavanaugh sank into a chair, his face pale. "Norah," he said, "this means court-martial and dismissal for me unless I can catch the fellow. It's a clean case of neglect of duty, awful neglect of duty, and old Murga doesn't love me any too well, anyway. It's all up, dear. If I don't get him, and if I am kicked out of the army I don't know what I'll do. I can't even dig a ditch, though I'd try willingly enough for you. But this won't catch him. I'm off, but I'll be at the train to say good-by," and Kavanaugh was out of the



door and down the stairs four steps at a time. Over on Halsted street in a room above a store a pretty, pale girl sat talking to a soldier in uniform. "It's all up, Polly," he was saying, "I hit the 'top' sergeant. He deserved it, but I was put in arrest and was to be tried, and it meant two years. I just cut away from a 'cit' whom the officer who had me in tow left me in care of. The officer went to see his girl. I guess he's in love or he wouldn't have done such a fool trick. Well, I'm in love, too, Polly dear, but I've got to get out of this as soon as I can get your tugs on."

"Oh, this is awful, Jim," said the girl, "and you'll be a deserter, too."

"I won't get any more for that than I'd get for the other. I don't like the idea any better than you do. I guess the officer will get it harder than I will. It's neglect of duty with him and that'll kick him out of the service. I'm sorry for him, for he isn't half a bad sort. Then suddenly changing the subject the soldier said, "How's your mother?"

"Better, Jim, but she'd have died if it hadn't been for Miss Norah Desmond. She's an angel. I had to stop work to nurse mother, and the money gave out and I got sick, and Miss Norah gave us a nurse and a doctor and did lots else. I think she saved my life, too."

"Norah Desmond, Polly? That's the name of the girl the lieutenant I cut from is to marry. He'll be disgraced and the girl will suffer. She saved you and your mother, did she, Polly? Get on your things, quick. She leaves for Florida. I know the train. The lieutenant'll be there, I know that. Hurry, girl."

Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was kissing Norah Desmond good-by. His face was pale and anxious. "I'm afraid it's all up with me, Norah," he was saying, "but keep up a good heart."

Just then from behind him came a voice loud and with something of a ring of humor in it. "Sir, all are present and accounted for," Kavanaugh turned like a flash. There stood Private Spencer saluting with his right hand, while his left was holding that of a very pretty girl.

"Spencer, you're a brick," said Kavanaugh, and nothing but army training kept him from slapping his inferior on the back. "I'll use every official friend I have to get you out of your scrape."

A year later in pleasant quarters at Fort Grady sat Captain Kavanaugh and his wife. "Norah," he said, "First Sergeant James Spencer has applied for a furlough to go to Chicago to get married. Shall I approve the application?"

"Bob, if you don't," said Norah, with her eyes dancing, "I'll get a divorce."

The story of Robert Emmett Kavanaugh and Norah Desmond was told by an "ancient" just about ready to take his place on the retired list. The second story of West Point life came from the lips of a stripling soldier who perhaps had recent and keen memories of the matter in hand.

"Do your duty though the heavens fall," said the commandant of cadets to the battalion of stripling soldiers. The commandant had a curious way of mixing his aphorisms, but he meant well.

Obedience and devotion to duty are the keystones of the scale of life's harmony at West Point.

Billy Lang was a first classman. Billy was a private. He probably would have been a cadet officer if he hadn't been caught the previous winter taking a trip to Cold Spring over the frozen surface of the Hudson.

It was in Billy's "yearling camp" that he met Frances Curtis.

Billy Lang was the oldest man in his class and consequently was called "dad." He was just under the age limit when he entered and would be within a month of 26 when he graduated. Now Billy was in love with Frances Curtis.

He was sitting with her now under the trees near the camp guard tents. Billy was on guard, though off post for the time being.

"You see, Miss Curtis," he said, "the second class being on furlough and the 'pebes' not being military enough yet to do duty, we first classmen have to walk post to help the 'yearlings' out. When the pebes are turned in to the battalion we will do guard duty only as officers."

"It must be hard work, this walking up and down all night long, Mr. Lang," said Frances. "But then it's duty and I always did admire a soldier's devotion to his duty."

"Yes, duty is everything. I was always a great stickler for it," answered Billy. "One should always do his duty up to the handle, no matter what direction it takes nor whom the doing of it hits."

"I think you are right, Mr. Lang. There's a certain nobility about it that appeals to one." Billy Lang was hugely pleased to find that the subject of duty Frances Curtis' ideas coincided with his own. He changed the subject, however, abruptly. "I see that Mr. Jackson is here," he said, looking at Frances in a half-curious way.

"Yes," answered the girl, a touch of color coming into her cheeks, "he came up on the Powell yesterday and is to stay here until tomorrow."

Frederick Jackson was a civilian admirer of Miss Curtis.

"I'm sorry I'm on guard today, Miss Curtis," said Billy, "for there is a hop tonight in the mess hall, and I can't be there. I shall think of you waltzing while I am walking my dreary post."

"What number are you, Mr. Lang?"

"Number four," answered Billy. "It's just back of the commandant's tent and runs parallel to the road leading along the bluff to the hotel. I go on post at taps and walk until midnight. I'll be there just at the time the hop is over."

"Hurry up and turn out, first relief," yelled the corporal of the guard, and Billy Lang said

a hasty good-by and dug out at double time for the gun rack outside the first guard tent.

"It's duty," he sighed to himself, "a hard duty, but still duty even if it does take you away from the girl you love."

It was eleven o'clock at night. Taps had sounded an hour earlier. Billy Lang was pacing up and down number four between the trunks of the great elms, which, with the sentinels, guarded the camp. It was the blackest kind of a night. Up on Crow's Nest mountain and to the northward toward the Catskills Hudson's crew was playing tennis. It is a long bowling alley which Old Rip's friends use when they begin their favorite game. The thunder came nearer and the lightning played overhead. This is a time when the sentinel, with his steel bayonet pointing skyward, feels more nervously apprehensive than when in the face of a human enemy. Patter, patter, patter, the rain began to fall on the leaves of the elms. The sentinels on number four knew that in a minute the gates would be open and then deluge.

The flickering oil lamp at the south end of the post sent a feeble gleam out into the darkness. Forty yards down the roadway Billy Lang saw someone approaching. "Who comes there?" rang out the challenge.

"Friends," came the answer in a man's voice.

A flash of lightning lit up the roadway and Billy Lang saw Frederick Jackson and Frances Curtis held motionless by his challenge. At that instant came the deluge. Umbrellaless and unprotected in any way stood the young couple, straining their eyes toward a place where they knew was a young fellow with a bayonet-tipped rifle.

Billy Lang knew that he could strain a point and let the two pass. Any cadet in the corps would have done it on recognition as certain as his. But Billy was a stickler for duty. He knew his orders. "Halt, friends," he said, and then raising his voice, he yelled, "Corporal of the guard No. 4."

How the rain did come down. Frances Curtis' light ball dress was a rag. She was chilled through and she stood holding the arm of her escort and shivering from her light slippers to the bedraggled rose that crowned her hair. Frederick Jackson was in as bad a plight, though he didn't allow himself to shiver.

"It's my duty," said Billy Lang to himself, "and Frances is a stickler for duty; she'll like me all the better for it."

The corporal came at last. He allowed the shivering couple to pass on to the hotel. He saw the plight they were in, and if he hadn't been a "yearling" corporal and Billy Lang a first classman he would have told No. 4 that he was an ass for not using a little common sense and allowing the storm-stricken pair to pass.

Frederick Jackson left for New York the next morning. When he was relieved from guard Billy Lang called at the hotel. Miss Curtis could not be seen that day. She was slightly indisposed. The next afternoon Billy Lang received a note. It was in Frances Curtis' handwriting. It read like this: "A telegram from New York tells mother that Mr. Jackson is dangerously ill with pneumonia as a result of exposure in the storm. He has no relatives nearer than England. I am a great stickler for duty and so mother and I are just leaving for New York to nurse Mr. Jackson. You will doubtless applaud my course, for you are one of duty's own disciples."

Frances Curtis did not return to West Point that summer. It was late in the fall when the postman one day handed Billy Lang an envelope postmarked New York. It contained wedding cards in which the names of Curtis and Jackson were prominent.

A yearling corporal stuck his head in the door. "Tomorrow, Lang," he said, "you are on special duty."

"It's my duty," said Billy.

And the officer of the day who was passing "skinned" him for profanity.

Exact Description.

"My brother has just got a snap of a job."

"What is it?"

"Setting traps."

than three or four hundred dollars.

"I can't let you have them crackers for ten cents, Nellie. I'd like to do it, but I can't," Uncle Isiah replied, firmly. "They cost me ten cents and a half!" he sighed. "You'd better take the new ones."

And Nellie did.—Youth's Companion.

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IN LESS STRENUOUS TIMES

Explanation of the Difference Between Domestic Standards Now Those of Long Ago.

In the Woman's Home Companion there is an interesting presentation of the difference that exists between the domestic standard of young married women of today and those of the past generation. How did the women of the middle class of a generation or two ago manage when they could not get help? Following is the answer quoted from a Companion editorial:

"They lived according to their means; they did not set up impossible standards, and they knew much less about the science of bringing up children. They had no special style to keep up; gave the children a weekly bath; did not serve their meals in courses, but put all the food on the table at once; confined their social affairs to evening calls and parties, and church suppers, at which they wore the same black silk dress for at least two seasons; in short, every woman did only what she could, and her friends made it easier for her by doing likewise."

Woman's Way.

"A woman's convention, eh? What do women know about enthusiasm? Now at the last national convention we men cheered our candidate for an hour."

"That's all right," said his wife. "We threw kisses at ours for sixty-seven minutes by the clock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Self-Evident.

Louis N. Parker, the playwright, has a ready wit, as was demonstrated at a supper party the other night. Parker's neighbor, a famous actress, nodded toward a pretty girl at the next table and said: "Don't you think she's awfully young to wear such a décolleté gown?" "Well," said Mr. Parker, "she certainly is a stripling."

CREAM OF RYE

For health and energy eat it for breakfast. Reduces cost of living. Free Silver Spoon in every package. Ask your grocer for a package.

Before the Scrap.

"Why are you rushing around so today?" "I'm trying to get something for my wife." "Had any offers?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Pessimism.

A pessimist is one who receives a pair of gloves as a present and worries because they will soon wear out.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Some people get so accustomed to looking on the bright side that they can't see the other side at all.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Dissolve in water. If it fails to cure, E. W. GIBBY'S signature is on each box. 15c.

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Mrs. Whistler's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

The only time some people worry is when they worry other people.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar.

The fellow who is out for the dust doesn't always clean up a fortune.

Why They Scout.

Mrs. Forward—And so two of your sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do their reconnoitering?

Mrs. Howard—In our refrigerator.—Life.

The total fire loss for the year 1911 is expected to total at \$200,000,000 in the United States and Canada.

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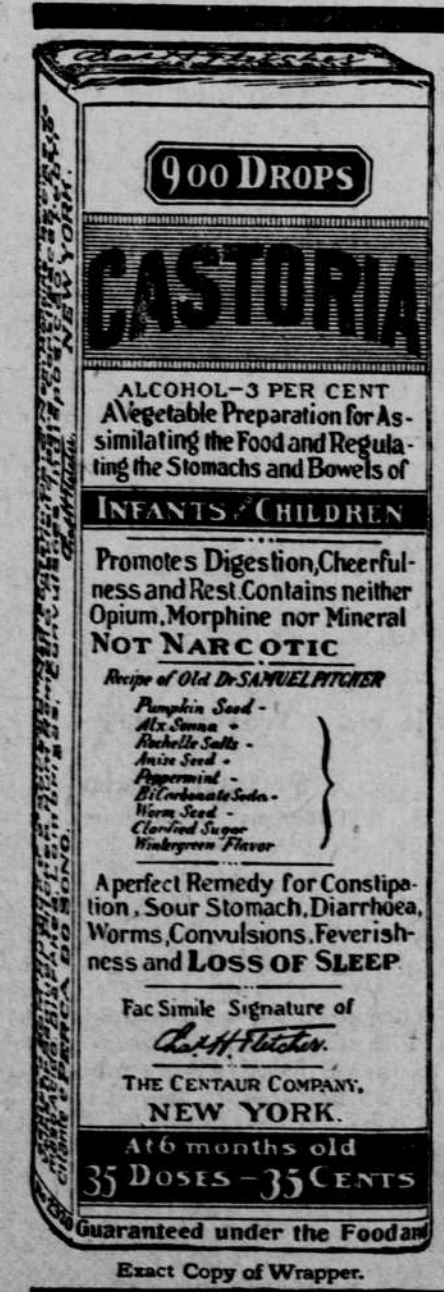
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Couldn't Stand the Loss

Uncle Isiah Saunders Did Not See His Way Clear to Selling the Stale Crackers.

On the "depot road" in a little seaside town in Massachusetts, Uncle Isiah Saunders keeps a small grocery shop. It used to stand near the dock and supply the small schooners along the sound, but thirty years ago it was moved up a mile into village.

"How much are milk crackers a pound, Uncle Isiah?" the young daughter of one of his regular customers asked him one morning.

"Wal," Uncle Isiah replied, after some deliberation, "that depends on which lot you want them out of. If you want them, over there," pointed to a box on one of the nearest shelves, which showed through its glass face that it was somewhat less than a quar-

ter full of not very fresh-looking biscuits, "they'll cost you twelve, because they cost me ten cents and a half a month ago."

He paused persuasively.

"But if you want them," and he indicated with some reluctance a new tin box of crackers in perfect condition, "you can have them for ten cents a pound. Crackers went down last week, and them there only cost me eight."

"I'll take the fresh ones," the girl said; then, seeing a shadow fall on

the face of the old man, who had been waiting her decision with some anxiety, she cried, "You couldn't think I would rather pay more for stale crackers than you are offering me fresh ones for, now could you, Uncle Isiah? But I'll take the broken ones if you'll let me have them for ten cents. It really doesn't make much difference to us, and I suppose you want to sell the stale ones."

The pennies count in little old grocery stores in New England, where the profit of a year's often not more

than three or four hundred dollars.

"I can't let you have them crackers for ten cents, Nellie. I'd like to do it, but I can't," Uncle Isiah replied, firmly. "They cost me ten cents and a half!" he sighed. "You'd better take the new ones."

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