

PLOTS THAT FAILED

"He is young and handsome," her father responded, "and my daughter might take it into her head to fall head over heels in love with him after the thoughtless manner of young girls, if she has not done so already. Your mother informs me," he went on, "that you spend a great deal of time in the sick-room."

"Ought I not to do all I can to add to his comfort, when I owe my very life to him? But for his heroic bravery, I should at this moment have been lying in my grave, the victim of that horrible animal's rage."

"You are right, my dear," replied her father, busily, seizing the girl fondly in his arms and pressing her to his heart, while a great sob arose in his throat. "We must never forget that we owe him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. But for all that, my child," he added, anxiously, "as an old man who knows the world, let me give you this bit of advice, never let that little heart of yours go out to any man, no matter what service he may have rendered you, until you are sure of the position you hold in his affections. That is a rule to cling to; young girls would do well to always heed it. It must be going, my dear," he said, stooping and kissing the lovely face, "or I shall miss my morning train."

So saying, he bustled down the steps, and hurried down the broad, serpentine walk.

The young girl stood motionless, looking after him, with tightly clasped hands.

Barbara Haven's name always headed the list of guests, and there Rupert Downing's name was also to be found.

"She has turned into a veritable butterfly of fashion," he murmured, and he noticed, too, with a bitterness as cruel to endure as death itself, that no more than one occasion the society papers referred to the near future of the bride of the near future.

After reading anything like that, the heart in his bosom would grow so heavy and so cold that it seemed to him he could not bear the strain of it.

He could not interfere, but he told himself over and over again, that the day that saw Bab the bride of Rupert Downing should record him as a suicide. He would not live an hour after that, for a fate worse than death would stare him in the face—he would go mad.

As for Bab herself, dear reader, it was almost by main force that India succeeded in dragging her to those festive scenes.

"I feel more like flying myself face downward on the floor, robed in sackcloth and ashes, and crying my heart out there," she would sob, piteously; adding, "I am a living lie to the world—not what I seem. I am a deserted bride cast off in the very hour in which I was led to the altar, by the husband whom I had wedded because I loved him so."

"Have some spirit about you, Bab," cried India. "Do not let a man's fickle love wreck your heart. Go everywhere, always have a smile on your face, be the gayest of the gay. Remember, your father and Mr. Rupert Downing do not know what has occurred! You must never let them know, now that you are legally freed from your false husband."

"The weight of the secret is killing me," sobbed Bab. "I feel like a widowed creature, only that I have no grave to a departed husband to weep over. I cannot forget Clarence, India, do what I may."

"The face of the French girl darkened, she turned hastily away that Bab might not behold the vindictive expression of hatred which she knew must be upon it."

"How strange it is, Bab," she said, slowly, emphasizing each word, "that your heart does not warm toward the man who does love you, and risk his own life as a proof of it to save yours. I confess I cannot understand it."

"Love goes where Heaven intended it to, India," sobbed Bab, burying her face in her hands.

India came up to her cousin, and placed her arms about her, murmuring, plaintively:

"You would, dear, make the task which I have before me this morning the harder to accomplish."

Bab looked up into the beautiful, treacherous face bending over her wonderingly.

"Say what you will to me, India," she said. "I know you are my true friend and counsellor, and you will tell me what I ought to do. I—I think I can guess what you wish to tell me, it is about Mr. Rupert Downing."

"Yes," assented India. "I have undertaken, under protest, a very unwilling commission, which is that I gain from your lips the date on which your wedding to Mr. Downing shall take place. There! The words are out now, which have been such a heavy load to my heart. Mr. Downing would not take no for an answer."

"You, above all others, can find out how long my little queen intends to keep me waiting for my bride," he said. "I ask you to befriend me by begging of her to set a near date. My happiness rests in Bab's little hands, my heart is at her feet. Beg her to be kind to me, and my suspense by naming the day. Promise to do this for me."

"I could not say him nay, Bab, remembering how he had saved your life. What answer shall I take him, dear?"

Barbara was trembling like a wind-blown leaf in a storm.

"Oh, India, must I indeed marry him?" she moaned.

"You have given him your word that you would do so; in fact, he was the prior claim to Mr. Neville's, for you were his promised wife long before you went to Long Branch, where you subsequently met his treacherous friend, who lured you from him. You must not forget that, Bab."

Bab clung to her with death-cold hands.

"Tell me what to do, India," she whispered. "What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I should cover up all traces of the false step which I took by marrying Mr. Downing without delay," answered

India, promptly.

"Marry him, while my whole heart is another's!" murmured Bab, almost under breath, and in a dying voice.

"Have you so little spirit as to love a man who has cast you off with a stilted compunction as Clarence Neville has done? No doubt he married you upon some wager with his club fellows—the plan being laid beforehand to sever his bond from you in the very hour it was forged. For shame, Barbara Haven! Where is your pride not to resent it!—the Haven pride, of which your father boasts?"

"You are right, India!" whispered the girl, white to the lips. "I will call the Haven pride to my rescue; the man who deserted me so cruelly shall not see how it has crushed me, wrecked my whole life. Tell Mr. Downing that I will marry him on—on Thanksgiving eve. Tell papa my decision, India."

"From the moment those words were uttered, Barbara Haven's nature seemed to change utterly. She no longer begged to be allowed to stay away from this social affair or that. She attended all the smart affairs, and was the gayest of the gay."

It was little wonder that she soon earned for herself the sobriquet of "Jolly Little Bab Haven, the Belle of Boston."

The society papers chronicled the announcement of her forthcoming marriage, and commented upon it as an eminently suitable arrangement.

Barbara read the article with hot, burning eyes and compressed lips, crushing the paper tightly in her hands.

On the day following the announcement in the society journal, Bab received a letter from an old schoolmate:

"Dear Bab," it ran, "if what I see in the paper to-day is quite true, you have either broken or forgotten your compact with me, which was made in our old chummy days at boarding school."

"Need I remind you that it was to the effect that neither one of us should ever fall in love, or marry anybody, without consulting the other, or perhaps I should say, confiding in the other."

"Do come up and pay me that visit you have been promising me so long. If you will, I will give a delightful party in your honor, chummy dear. I must confess, I have a little secret to confide to you, Bab."

"Yours ever, with lots and lots of love."

"Lillian Harvey."

CHAPTER XLII.

Bab read and re-read Lillian Harvey's letter many times, and as she folded it at last and put it away, a great longing came over her to see Lillian, and make a confidante of her—telling her all.

They had been such close friends in the old boarding school days, that surely her chum of the happy past would pity her from the depths of her heart, and advise her.

She had sent word by India that she would marry Rupert Downing, and there would be no way of evading the carrying out of that promise, unless Lillian could think of some method of escape for her.

She felt sorry for Rupert Downing, believing what India had told her so impressively, over and over again, that he loved her to distraction, and would surely die if he failed to win her.

If she had but heard the conversation which took place between India and her betrothed, she would have felt justified in reconsidering her decision then and there.

India had received Rupert Downing on that eventful evening, begging him to excuse Bab from putting in an appearance in the drawing room, because of a severe headache.

Downing's thin, cynical lips curled themselves into a decided sneer, as he received the message.

"As the queen wills," he drawled, carelessly. "I can spend the evening playing poker at the club with far more pleasure," adding, eagerly, "Well, what's her answer, India; do I win or lose the little heiress?"

"She will marry you on Thanksgiving eve," replied India Haven.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The wedding cannot take place too soon, for my funds are running ruinously low. My marriage to Karl Haven's daughter will save off my creditors for the present."

He was about to take his leave when suddenly he paused on the threshold exclaiming:

"What is this report I hear, that you, India, are to marry old Banker Neville, my rival's father? I know you to be capable of most anything, but I can hardly credit that."

The French girl laughed a low, vindictive laugh.

"If any of our friends ask you about it, you may verify the statement," she said.

He looked steadily into the dazzlingly beautiful face; the cold, black, glittering eyes met his gaze steadily.

"I am in nowise compelled to give an account of my actions to you," she responded. "Still, just to gratify your curiosity, I don't mind telling you that I have a very deep scheme at the back of my actions."

"I could well understand that," he remarked, grimly; adding, "I am at a loss to realize, however, how you could be so madly in love with Clarence Neville and now, when he is free for you to win, to turn about and marry the old gent; that really staggers me."

"The French girl's dark, baleful, scintillating eyes took on a strange expression, which had more of the fiend in it than human."

"I will tell you the truth regarding the matter," said India. "I betrothed myself to Banker Neville under the sole condition that he would sign over to me his entire fortune in the hour in which I became his wife. The struggle he went through between infatuation for me and duty to his son was wonderful to behold. Love conquered, and he promised that my will should be his law; that he would disinherit his son for me, giving me all of his entire wealth within

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

Until She was Nearly Crazy. Began with Watery Blisters. On Ears, Eyes, Hands and Ankles. Could Not Sleep for Scratching. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

Brunswick St., Fredericton, N. B.—"I had a very bad case of eczema. The trouble began with watery blisters and itched and burned until I was nearly crazy. It was on my ears, eyes, hands and ankles. I could not keep the bed clothes over me at night for the smarting and itching. My ears would swell. I would scratch until the blood would run and then form a scab. I felt as if I could take a knife and cut the flesh on my hands. It would disfigure my face and make it smart and burn and swell. I could not sleep at night for scratching."

"I tried everything I heard of without getting any benefit. I used lots of home remedies, such as lard and sulphur, and also was treated for it. Then I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they gave me great ease. I used them about four months and I am happy to say I am never troubled now. The Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me completely." (Signed) Mrs. A. S. Thompson, Mar. 9, 1912.

The regular use of Cuticura Soap for toilet and bath not only tends to preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but assists in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, moist and other unwholesome conditions of the skin. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 44D, Boston, U. S. A.

an hour after we returned from the altar."

"This is astonishing!" murmured Robert Downing. "But do you not think he will change his mind ere the wedding takes place, or, rather, after it has been performed?"

"No. With Banker Neville his nay is nay, and his yea is yea. His old doctor, to whom he was rash enough to confide his purpose, did his utmost to talk him out of his worse than mad project, as he termed it. Failing in it, as a last resort, he had the impudence to call upon me, and beg me to forego the marriage."

"He declared that the banker was a very infirm old man, and that he could scarcely survive the excitement of stepping up to the altar; that he should not be in the least surprised if he were to drop dead at my feet then and there. I told him that my resolution was fixed, that nothing could persuade me to change my plans—nothing. That was the answer he took away with him."

"But, Mr. Haven!" exclaimed Downing, curiously. "I wonder that he looks with favor upon such an ill-assorted union, his young niece tying herself to an old man, though he had the wealth of the Indies."

"You may be sure that we are keeping it a secret from him. He never reads the society gossip, and knows nothing of what is going on in the fashionable world."

"And now as to my object in marrying the old banker, and insisting upon his giving me sole heir to his great wealth."

"I should think that was object enough," declared Downing. "He cannot live half a decade of years at best, and you will be left a charming young widow, in the eyes of the world, possessing fabulous wealth."

"And when I am that," exclaimed India Haven, hoarsely, "I will go to Clarence Neville, lay the entire fortune at his feet, renouncing it for his sake because of my love for him. He will be too touched by the wonderful proof of my generous love that—that—"

"That he will marry you," cut in Downing.

"Precisely," declared India. "What do you think of my scheme?"

"I have never heard or come across its equal. No woman save one in French blood in her veins, could plan it and carry it through. I have long since been an admirer of your intensely clever ingenuity, but this last bold stroke of yours staggers me."

"I wish you well, India, and if I can aid you in the accomplishment of your purpose in any way you need have no hesitancy in calling upon me. Any woman who can carry out such a gigantic plot, of divorcing the man whom she has happened to fall desperately in love with from his bride of an hour, and then deprive him of his fortune as a means to win him ultimately for herself by a clever show of generosity, inspires all the enthusiasm of my nature. I am hand and glove with you in this scheme, for I shall never feel absolutely sure of Bab until the chains are forged and locked about her, which bind her to me through life, or until Clarence Neville is safely wedded, tied securely to some other woman. It might as well be you as some one else, India."

She showed her white, even teeth in a dazzling smile.

"I knew you would be delighted with my scheme," she declared, "and, furthermore, I may have to count upon your assistance in the matter should I need it."

"You have only to call upon me," he declared.

And thus the two schemers parted, who

had so ruthlessly carried out their design of parting two loving hearts asunder.

India had taken great pains to keep from Barbara the news of her betrothal to the old banker, for she well knew how shocked Bab would be at the bare thought of such a marriage. It would be most revolting to a young girl who never thought of marriage save as an outcome of love, and all the sophistry in the world would never be able to induce even innocent little Bab, who knew so little of the world, to believe that India could really love the wrinkled old banker, kind and courteous though he was.

India had heard through the father of Clarence's return to Boston, and the stormy interview which had taken place that night in the study, and the result of it, which had driven the son out into the world, homeless and penniless, from his father's roof.

She had lost track of Clarence Neville from that hour, but she well knew that she would be able to trace him when the time came for her to search him out.

She knew that, wherever he might be, she need not fear his falling in love with or wedding any other girl, for his heart was still with Bab.

"The time will come when she shall curse her very memory, and turn to me for love and consolation," she muttered. "I can bide my time."

She had arranged with Banker Neville for a speedy but a secret marriage, noticing how infirm he was becoming since that hour in which, at her bidding, he had consented to disinherit the son he had loved so well.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As the days dragged their long lengths by, Clarence Neville did hard battle with his sorrow; his only solace was to delve deeply into the hardest work; at such times, only, was there a lull in the pain at his heart. He hardened himself, he hardened his heart, he said to himself that there was neither mercy nor kindness, nor love, in the world—he soon found himself distrusting womankind because the one he had loved so well had proven false to him.

So, hour by hour, day by day, he hardened his nature, and only Heaven knew what he suffered.

When he heard the wedding bells ringing for a marriage, a laugh more horrible to hear than the wildest outburst of sob would break from his lips, and down deep in his heart he would say:

"Very soon it will be the old story of trust and love, folly and treachery; and yet, Heaven grant, that she may not tire of him as quickly as my bride tired of me."

At about this time the old judge took it into his head that he should like to write a great historical work, that the world should remember him long after he had passed away.

He found his young secretary a valuable aid to him in carrying out his plan, searching through the dusty tomes of his grand old library for the dates and items which he would find necessary for this great masterpiece which was to occupy such a prominent place in the century's literary achievements.

To accomplish his allotted task, Clarence Neville was obliged to remain at the judge's home, instead of doing his office work in the city. This arrangement suited Clarence, for the reason that he would not meet any of his old comrades, nor any one who might know him, or cause him to remember the past which he was trying so hard to forget.

He took for his motto the suggestion of a verse which he came across, and which had appealed to him strongly:

"Only go forward, though before your eyes
The wrong, the doubt, the fear, the
circumstance,
As a huge mountain, grim and steep,
Shading half heaven from the pleading
glaunce;
Seek not by tortuous paths around to
wind;
Strive not to pierce its clouds by trick
or skill.
Go on in hope, casting no look behind
At every step—the next is easier
still."

Lovely Lillian Harvey encouraged her father greatly in his idea of writing the great history, and of having his young secretary remain at home, diligently searching out the needful dates upon which he must depend for its accuracy.

The pretty Lillian soon evinced a great desire to be of some use to the young secretary, and spent much of her time in the library.

(To be Continued.)

In the Shop.

"Life is a hard grind," said the emery wheel.

"It's a perfect bore," said the auger.

"It means nothing but knocks for me," sighed the nail.

"You haven't so much to go through as I have," put in the saw.

"I can't hardly scrape along," complained the plane.

"And I am constantly being sat upon," added the bench.

"Let's strike," said the hammer.

"Cut it out," cried the chisel, "here comes the boss."

And all was silenced—Carpenter and Builder.

Heat Hatched Eggs.

When a shipment of eggs was unpacked by Strupp, Winsum, Grand Rapids, Mich., produce dealers, Wednesday, it was found that six eggs had hatched by the heat. Five of the little chicks were alive when discovered.

Real Fashions on Real People



Here is the new silhouette on a real woman, Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, who was formerly Miss Blanche M. Oelrichs.

The silhouette, as Mrs. Thomas shows it, is graceful and natural looking, but, as in all fashions some woman tries to "go one better." We are already seeing protruding abdomens and rounding backs until women are getting as far away from the form nature intended them to have as when, with the straight front, they were supposed to have no abdomen at all.

Did Woman Antedate Man? (New York Herald)

As recorded in a Herald Despatch Dr. Paul Hunter, one of the leading scientists of the town of Madison, Wis., is the Athens of Wisconsin, declares that women inhabited the earth centuries before men were created and that it was only through brute force that man, physically stronger, succeeded in wresting from women the supremacy that had been theirs.

We have a limited understanding of what happened in the world prior to knowledge but the passage in the Book of Genesis that tells us that it was not until the appearance of the third and vital member of the eternal human triangle that women began to dress has done much to confirm belief in the Holy Scriptures. Dr. Hunter should continue his research and give us an idea of what this world was like when it was peopled only by the gentler sex. From what quarter did the first man come, and in what manner was he received by the resident population? Did jealousy and backbiting follow close behind him? What was the first scandal known to humanity, and what did the other women do to the chief offender?

TALENTED LUNATICS.

Clever Work by People Who Are Hopelessly Insane.

"I am sure," said a well-known mind doctor, "you would be amazed at the clever work that is done by hundreds of men and women who are hopelessly insane, some of it at least as good as that done by sane people who earn large incomes."

"Among my patients to-day is one man whose skill with the brush would almost surely qualify him for high rank if he were only in possession of his senses. There are few of the great exhibitions which do not contain one or more of his canvases, and he has often received as much as \$500 for a picture. And yet this man is as 'mad as a hatter,' the victim of terrible delusions and subject to violent homicide attacks."

"Naturally, his work is unreliable. One week he will produce a masterly and beautiful picture, with genius in every line of it. The next he will paint the most weird picture, a perfect nightmare in color, which, curiously enough, he always considers a masterpiece."

"And this man is no exception, for there are scores of lunatics who are quite excellent artists, and many of them make good incomes by their art. Several years ago an exhibition of pictures, the work of insane patients of the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, was open to the public, and I can assure you many of them are beautiful works of art."

"There are hundreds of other lunatics who are just as skillful in music and literature. One of my own patients, who is hopelessly mad on one subject and who is a perfect musical genius, has composed operas and symphonies and scores of songs which have won considerable fame for him, and have brought him a small fortune. And I know of many other insane men and women who earn small and regular incomes in the same way."

"There are, similarly, hundreds of the insane, who make a hobby, and sometimes a very profitable one, of writing. Indeed many of our asylums have magazines which are almost entirely the work of the patients."

"Even in our public asylums there are hundreds of patients who make money by skilled work of one sort or another. Thus, in a county asylum I know well one may who does the most exquisite water-color sketches, for which he receives from \$15 to \$30 each, and he has a market for as many as he can produce. Unfortunately, like so many mad artists, he is often unable or unwilling to finish a picture, and thus at least four-fifths of his work is wasted."

"Another patient, a former sea-captain, spends his time in making the most perfect tiny models of ships, carved with infinite skill and pains from bone or ivory, for each of which he gets \$5 to \$10. For one very elaborate and beautiful model of a cathedral he was paid as much as \$150, and it was certainly very cheap at the price. A third patient in the same asylum earns many dollars a year by cutting the clearest silhouettes out of colored paper."

Other patients are equally skilled in a very wide range of industries, from inventing toys and puzzles to making watches and picture frames and from breeding canaries and mice to raising flowers. One very ingenious man actually made a clock with no other material than pins, buttons, iron bellows and pieces of knitting needles."

"The women, too, are just as clever as the men. I know one demented woman who writes the most charming



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books for children, and verses for Christmas cards, another who makes a good income, in her lucid hours, by illustrating books, and a third who draws several hundred dollars a year from royalties on her plays. And there are countless women in our public asylums who earn money in scores of ways, such as knitting, lace making, straw plaiting and leather work."—New York Press.

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A VET'S TALE

Veteran—Yes, my lad, when the Arabs took me prisoner they stole all my clothes!

Boy—Weren't you cold with nothing on?

Veteran—Oh, no! You see, they care fully covered me with their rifles.

Menace of the Curtain.