Young Lady Across the Way

eaw in the paper that our tinplate ports to Europe have been very bary lately, and she supposes it in't be at all practical for the ers to use china

Knew the Species Danny the Dip-What did yer git in that house?

Clem the Climber-Nothin', a lawrer lives there. Danny the Dip-Gee, that was a

se shave! Did yer lose anything? -The Lamb



SCHOOL DAYS - come mon! Le's see what cher eatin'! Awww, I aint eatin' nothin, Hen. I's just chewin' a string Lemme see, I tell you! Honest I aint sot no chocolate drops Hen To have and to hold.

No Hope

What's that thing, doc!" "That's the medicine ball I bought

"Then I'm afraid there is no hope for me.

Why not?"

"I never can swallow that." Toungstown Telegram.

The Balky Machine

Do you want me to watch your automobile?" asked the boy.

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "And if it tries to start up and run away. don't stop it. Holler for me and I'll take a chance on overtaking it and getting the first ride I've had for three or four hours."-Washington Star.

There Are Others

Bacon-You say he's stubborn?

Egbert-Terribly so. Bacon-Hates to give up? Egbert-Does he? Why, he's dating his letters 1916 yet .- Yonkers' Statesman.

Not for Her

He-I want you to help spend my salary!

She-Am I not doing that? He-No, no-I mean forever and

She-It won't take me as long as that .- Lamb:

More War Fiction



Sydney Bulletin. THE LONELY SOLDIER

"T see that Billy Sunday has gone to Buffalo."
"Who is he going to buffalo now?"

elderly assistant produced

your husband, madam?" he as he opened one, "or some-

she said.

mediately.

The Distinction Half the Misery Avoided

MORE MAD-WAGGERY

The fair customer made her way to 'Does that girl next door to you nter. "I want to see some

still abuse the plano?" "No: she's got a cornet now." "Gracious! That must be worse,

"Not at all. It's only half as bad, She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."-Boston Transcript.

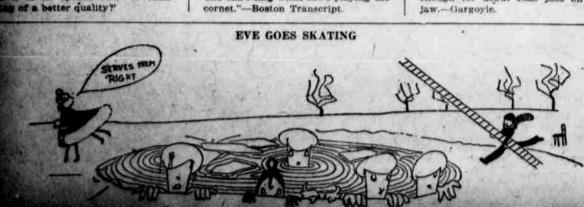
BALL

. -- Harvard Lampeon.

Timed

She-Say, porter, how long is this tunnel we're coming to? Porter-If youse couple am jes'

married, about long enough for one kiss, but if you hab been in that state for some time, ah, should say long enough for about foah jabs on the faw.-Gargoyle.



THE AFTERGLOW

AUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES
Alian Stern, a consulting engineer, and
Beatrice kendrick, his stenorabher, wake
from a long sleep in his office in the tower
of the Metropolitan Life insurance Building.
New York city; they look about them and
see the office interior failen to decay, while
below they behold a wast forest of great
reas where New York city once stood. It is
evident that their sleep has lasted through
centuries, and that during this unconsclous
lapse the city has been destroyed by some
streat catastrophe. They seem to be the
only survivors of the inhabitants of the
western continent. They clothe themselves
primitively and subsist on food which has
withstood the ravages of centuries in glass
lars. SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES

After a time a troop of maiformed savages appears. They storm the tower and a depearate battle ensues. Stern and Beatrics appears, They storm the tower and a depearate battle ensues. Stern and Beatrics are a request in a ruined mansion on the Hudson. After a time they set sail for Beaton in a heat which Stern has built lie hopes to find the telescope of the Harvard University by which to verify his discovery of the earth's changed relations with its astral neighbors. They reach what was once the city of Frovidence, where they are once the city of Frovidence, where they are consistent of the safety of the safety

THE STORY THUS FAR

Once more on earth. Allan and Beatrice bury the partiarch who was their friend in the abyse and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neck is a chain and small locket which contains instructions where to find the records of the lost civilination. The paper crumbies as they read, but the two sather enough to direct them. They start for their old home on the banks of the Hudson, only to find it occupied by the hords. The beast-savages desirely the building while Alian and Beatrice are attacking from the Pauline. In despair they make for Storm King, the mountain which is the sight of the great Catho Cathedral. Here it is that some of the records are attored.

After many trials the two discover the

records are stored.

After many trials the two discover the remains of the records and a leaden chest which has lept a phonograph and several records intact. Among the records is the marriage service, and there, in the ruins of the oid cathedral, Allan and Bestrice become man and wife. Then they raturn to the edge of the abyes, where they prepare a cave on Settlement Cliffs. It is to this place that Allan hopes to bring the Mercanis the folk of the bottom of the pit. He goes to the cave with Bestrice before slarting on the first trip into the chasm.

CHAPTER X-(Continued) CHE nodded silently, for she did not trust

Sherself to speak. Hand in hand they re-turned along the path they had beaten through the rank half-tropic growth.

One last inspection he gave to all things necessary for her comfort. Then, standing in the warm, bright sunlight on the ledge before the new home, he took her in his arms.

A long embrace, a parting kiss that clung :

then he was gone.

Not long after the girl, still standing there upon the wind-swept terrace over-looking New Hope River, heard the rapid chatter of the engine high in air and rapidly

A swift black shadow leaped the canyon and swept across the plain. Far aloft she saw the skimming Pauillac, very small and black against the dazzing blue.

Did Allan wave a hand to her? Could she hear his farswell cry?

she hear his farewell cry?
Impossible to tell. Her ears, confused by the roaring of the rapids; her eyes, dazgled by the shimmer of the morning heavens and dimmed by burning tears, refused to rve her. But bravely she waved her cloak on high,

Bravely she strove to watch the arrow-flight of the swift bird-man till the tiny machine dwindled to a moving blur, a point,

machine dwindled to a moving blur, a point, a mere speck on the far horizon, then vanished in the blue.

Choked with anguish, against which all her courage, all her philosophy could not make way. Beatrice sank down upon the rocky ledge and abandoned herself to grief. Allan was gone at last! Gone-ever to

return?
At last she was alone in the unbroken wilderness!

CHAPTER XI "Hall to the Master!"

ELEVEN hours of incessant labor, care, watchfulness and fatigue, three hours of flight and eight of coasting into the ter-rific depths, brought Allan once more through the fogs, the dark, the heat, to sight of the vast sunken sea, five hundred niles below the surface.

Throughout the whole stupendous labor behind, not forced to share this travail and exhaustion. Myriad anxieties and fears as-sailed him—fears he had taken good care

not to let her know or dream of.
Always existed the chance that some-thing might go wrong about the machine and it be hurled, with him, into that black and steaming sea; the possibility of land-ing not among the Folk, but in some settle-ment of the Lanskaarn on the rumored slands he had never seen; the menace of the Great Vortex, of which he knew nothsave the little that the patriarch had

All these and many other perils sought to force themselves upon his mind. But Allan put them resolutely back and, guided by his instruments, his reason and that marvelous sixth sense of location which his iong months of battling with the wilder-ness had brought to birth in him, swiftly yet carefully slid in vast spirals down the purple, then the black and terrifying void

that yawned interminably below. beam of his underslung searchlight shifting at his will, shot its white ray in a long, fading pencil downward as he coasted. And hour after hour it found nothing whereon to reat. It, too, seemed lost forever in the weiter of uprushing, choking vapors from the pit. "Ah! At last!"

"Ah! At last!"

The cry. dull in that compressed air, burst triumphantly from his lips as the light-ray, suddenly piercing a rift of cloud, sparkled dimly on a surface shiny-black as newly cleft anthracite.

Alian threw in the motor once more and quickly got the Paulilac under control. In a long downward slant he rushed, like some vasi swallow skimming a pool, over the mysterious plain of steaming waters. And ever, peering eagerly ahead, he sought a twinkle of the fishermen's oilflares wim-

oling across the sunken sea.

Moment by moment he consulted his in-struments and the chart he had stretched before him under the gleam of the hooded "Inside of half an hour now," said he

"I ought to sight the first flash of the flares upon the parapet—the glow of the flaming well!"

flaming well!"

And a singular eagerness all at once possessed him, a strange yearning to behold once more the strange, fog-shrouded, reeking City of the Lost People, almost as though it had been home, as though these white barbarians had been his own people.

Men! To see men once more! The idea leaped up and gripped him with a powerful fascination.

ful fascination ful fascination.

So it was that when in reality the first faint twinkle of the fishing-boats peoped through the mist—and beyond, a tiny neck-lace of gleaming points that he knew marked the; walls of the town—his heart throbbed hotly and a cry of eager greeting weiled from his soul. Quickly the Paulliac swept him onward.

Maneuvering cautiously, jockeying the great machine with that consummate skill he had acquired from long practice, he soon beheld the dim outlines of the vast cliff, the long walls, the dull reflections of the fire-plume, the slanting slope of beach

of the fire-plume, the sianting slope of beach.

And with keen exultation, thrilled with his triumph and his greeting to the Folk he came to rescue, he landed with a whir upon the reeking slope.

To him, even before he had been able to free his cramped body from the saddle, came awarming the people, with loud cries of welcome and rejoicing. Powerfully the automatics he and Beatrice had used in the Battle of the Walls had impressed their simple minds with almost superstitious reversince. More powerfully still his terrible fight with Kampou, ending with the death

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ever, they trooped in wild, disordered throngs to do him reverence.

In from the sea, summoned by waving flares, the fishing boats came plowing mightlily, driven by many paddies in the hands of the strange, white-haired men.

Along the beach the townsfolk thronged, and down the causeway, beneath the vast monolithic plinth of the fortified gate, lostled and pushed an ever-growing multijostled and pushed an ever-growing multi-

Cries of "Kromno h'viat! Tal Kromno!"
re-echoed—"The chief has come back! The
great master!"—and the confusion swelled
to a mighty roar, close-pent under the
heavy mists blued by the naphtha torches. But Stern noticed, and rejoiced to see it, that none prostrated themselves. None fell to earth or groveled in his presence. Disorderly and wild the greeting was, but it was the greeting of men, not slaves.

"Thank God, I've got a race of real men

to deal with here!" thought he, surveying the pressing throng. "Hard they may be to rule, and even turbulent, but they're not servile. Rude, brave, bold—what better stock could I have hoped for in this great adventuring?"

For a while even thoughts of Beatrice were crowded back by the excitement of the arrival. In all his wonderful experience never before had he sensed a feeling such

as this.

To be returning, master and lord of a race of long-buried people, his own people, after all—to be acknowledged chieftain—to hold their destinies within his hand for good or evil—the magnitude of the situa-tion, the tremendous difficulties and re-sponsibilities, almost overwhelmed him.

He felt a need to rest and think and plan, to recuperate from the long journey and to recover poise and strength.

And with relief, as he raised his hand for silence, he perceived the wrinkled face of one Vreenya, head counselor of Kamrou, his predecessor. good or evil-the magnitude of the situa-

his predecessor.

Him he summoned to come close, and to him gave his orders. With some degree of fluency—for in the menths Beatrice and he had spent in the Abyss they had acquired much of the Merucaan tongue—he said:

"I greet you, Vreenya. I greet my people, all. Harisen. I have made a long journey to return to you. I am tired and would rest. There be many things to tell you, but not now. I would sleep and eat. Is my house in readiness?"

Is my house in readiness?"
"It is in readiness—the house of the Kromno. Your word is our law. It shall be as you have spoken."

"That is good. Now it is my will that this airboat on which I ride should be car-ried close up to the walls and carefully covered with mantles, especially this part," and he gestured at the engines. "After that I rest"

I rest."
"So it shall be," Vreenya made answer, while the Folk listened. "But, master, where is the woman? Where is the ancient man, J'hungaay, who saited with you in the airboat to those upper regions we know

not of?"
"The woman is well. She awaits in a place we have prepared for you."
"It is well. And the ancient man?"
Stern thought quickly. To confess the patriarch's death would certainly be fatal to the undertaking. These simple minds would judge from it that certain destruction must be the portion of any who should dare venture into those mysterious upper regions which to them were but a myth, a strange tradition—almost a terror.

regions which to them were but a myth, a strange tradition—almost a terror.

And though the truth was dear to him, yet under stress of greater good he uttered falsehood by implication.

"The ancient man awaits you, too, He is resting in the far places. He would desire you to come to him."

"He is at peace? He found the upper world good?"

"He found it good, Vreenya. And he is at peace."

"He found it good, Vreenya. And he is at peace."
"It is well. Now the commands of Tai Kromno shall be done. His house is ready."
While Stern clambered out of the machine and stretched his half-paralyzed limbs, the news ran, a murmur of many voices, through the massed Folk. Stern's heart swelled with pride at the success of his mission. If all should go as well from now on, his mighty object could and would be accomplished. But if not.—
He shuddered slightly despite himself, for to his mind arose the ever-present possibility of the Folk's custom of trial by combat—the chance that some rebellious one might

ity of the Folk's custom of trial by combat—the chance that some rebellious one might challenge him—that the outcome might another time turn against him.

He remembered still the scream of Kamarou as the deposed chieftain had plunged into the boiling pool. What if this fate had some time yet he had a bare

into the boiling pool. What if this fate should some time yet be his? And once more thoughts of Beatrice obtruded; and despite himself, he felt the clutch of terror at his heart.

He put it resolutely away, however, for he realized that all depended now on main-taining good courage and a bold, com-manding air. The slightest weakness might at any time prove fatal.

He understood enough of the barbarian psychology to know the value of dominance. And with a command to Vreenya, "Make way for me, your master!" he advanced through the lane which the crowding Folk made for him. made for him

made for him.

As, followed by the councilor and the elders, he climbed the slippery causeway and passed through the labyriathine passes of the great gate, strange emotions stirred The scene was still the same as when he

The scene was still the same as when he first had witnessed it. Still flared the torches in the hands of the populace and along the walls, where, perched on the very ledge of the one-time battle with the Lanskaarn, the strange waterfowl still blinked their ghostly eyes.

No change was to be witnessed in the inclosure, the huts, the wild plaza, stretching away to the cliff, to the fire-pit, and the Dungeon of Skeletons. But still how different was it all!

ferent was it all! Only too clearly he remembered the first

only too clearly he remembered the first time he and Beatrice had been thrust into this weird community, bound and cap-tive; with only too vivid distinctness he re-

tive: with only too vivid distinctness he recalled the frightful indignities, perils and
hardships inflicted on them.

The absence of the kindly patriarch saddened him; and, too, the fact that now no
Beatrice was with him there.

Slowly, wearily, he moved along the
slippery rock floor toward his watting house,
unutterably lonesome even in this pushing
throng that now acclaimed him, yet thanking God that the girl, at least, was far

FRENZIED FINANCE



"Yes, we have a vacancy in our financial department. Have you

had any experience in finance?"
"I'm supporting a \$10,000 wife on \$5000 a year."

from the buried town of such hard ways

and latent perils.

At the door of the round, conical stone hut that had been Kamrou's and now was his—so long as he could hold the chieftainship by sheer force of will and power—he paused a moment and faced the cager throng

"Peace to you, my people!" he exclaimed once more raising his hand on high. "Soon I shall tell you many wonders and things strange to hear—many things of great im-port and good tidings. "When I have slept I shall speak with

when I have slept I shall speak with you. Now I go to rest. Await me, for the day of your deliverance is at hand!" A face caught his attention, a sinister and brutal face, doubly ominous in the flaring cresset-glare. He knew the man—H'yemba. cresset-glare. He knew the man—Hyemba, the cunning ironsmith, one who in other days had before now crossed his will and, dog-like, snarled as much as he dared. Now a peculiarly malevolent expression lay upon the evil countenance. The dead white skin wrinkled evilly; the pink eyes gleamed with disconcerting malice.

But Stern, dead tired, only glanced at Newster for a second, then with Vreenya.

Hur Stern, dead tired, only glanced at Hyemba for a second, then with Vreenya entered the hut and bade the door be closed. All dressed as he was, he flung himself upon the rude bed of seaweed covered with the coarse brown stuff woven by the Folk. "Sleep, master," Vreenya said. "I will sit here and watch. But before you sleep loosen the terrible fire-bow that shoots the bolts of lead and lay it near at hand."

bolts of lead and lay it near at hand." "You mean—there may be trouble here?"
"Sleep!" was all the councilor would nawer. "When you have rested there will answer.

be many things to ask and tell."

Spent beyond the power of any further effort. Stern laid his automatic handy and disposed himself to rest.

As his weary eyelids closed and the first

outposts of consciousness began to fall be-fore the attacking power of slumber, his thoughts, his love, his enduring passion, reverted to the girl, the wife, now so infinitely far away in the cavern beside the brawling canyon-stream. Yearning and tenderness unspeakable flooded his soul. But once or twice her face faded from

his mental vision and in its stead he seem ed to see again the surly stare, the evil eyes and venomously sinister expression of H'yemba the resourceful map of fire and of steel.

> CHAPTER XII Challenged

FTER many hours of profound and A dreamless sleep, Allan awoke filled with fresh vigor for the tasks that lay ahead. His splendid vitality, quickly recuperating, calmed his mind; and now the problems, the anxieties and fears of the day before-to call it such though there was neither night nor day in this strange place-seemed negligible.

Only a certain haunting uneasiness about the girl still clung to him. But, sending her many a thought of love, he reflected that soon he should be back again with her: and, resolutely grasping the labor that now awaited him, he felt fresh confidence and After a breakfast of the familiar

weeds, bulbs, fish and eggs, he bade Vreenya (who seemed devotion incarnate) summon the folk for a great "charweg." or tribal council, at the Place of Skeletons.

Here they gathered, men, women and children, all of fifteen hundred, in close-packed, silent masses, leaving only the inner circle under the stone posts and iron rods clear for Allan and Vreenya and some half dozen elders. half dozen eiders.

The rocky plaza-floor sloping upward somewhat from the dungeon formed a very

shallow natural amphitheatre, so that the majority could see as well as hear No platform was there for their Kromno to speak from. He had not even a block of stone. In the true native style he was

expected to address them on their own level, pacing back and forth the while.

In his early days among them he had seen one or two such gatherings. His quick wit prompted a close imitation of their ceremonles and ancient customs.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THAT AWFUL MOMENT

Farmer Smith's Column

BROTHER'S HAIR

My Dear Playmates—Once upon a time there was a little boy and he did not like to brush his hair, nor did he like to have any one else brush it.

Now, the little boy had a sister. Wasn't that a funny thing for a little boy to have? Well, the sister thought and thought how she could interest the little boy in having his hair brushed properly. Finally one morning when she was brushing her own beautiful hair she saw that the comb made her hair stick up funnylike, and that the hairs tollowed the comb here and there.

Electricity! She called her little brother and showed him what the comb did to her hair, and do you know? that brother of hers wanted to know if the comb would do that to his

Wasn't that funny? Sister tried it and, sure enough! broth-er's hair did stand up and wiggle around the comb, much to his delight,

Then it was easy for sister to brush brother's hair and every cold morning they had a beautiful time with the elec-tricity—I should say, with the comb and brother's hair.

I suppose you are wondering what made I suppose you are wondering what made me write to you like this—I will tell you. I make a copy of what I write with a carbon sheet and when I am through, it does the funniest thing! It sticks to my hand and that is what it has just done, and that made me think of brother and sister and—the ELECTRICITY.

There! I have told you how I write some of my beautiful talks to you.

Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH. P. S.—Don't tell anybody our secret, will

BILLY TRIES TO FAST

By Farmer Smith Billy Bumpus, Mrs. Bumpus and Sergeant Obadiah Goat sat down in the parler of Billy's house. Mrs. Bumpus had just looked in the dictionary to find the mean-ing of the word "fast," while Billy waited for her to find out. At last she said: "I don't see how Judge Goat can order you to fast.' Any one who fasts has to de it all by himself."

"Great!" explained Billy. "Let's have

"Hold on," shouted Sergeant Goat, getting up on his feet. "I'm going to fast just as long as you do, at least until some one comes and relieves me." "But it isn't fair for me to have to

without eating. I tell you that a judge can't keep me from eating." Billy was beginning to get hungry, and the more be thought of it the harder it was for him to keep from nibbling something. "Now, Billy, you don't want to talk, for that will make you all the hungrier." Mra. Bumpus looked at her husband and then at Sergeant Goat. "Do you suppose you'll

"I don't remember hearing the Judge say anything about drinking," ventured the sergeant.

have to stop drinking, too?"

"Perhaps Billy can have a little soup, then," said Mrs. Bumpus, looking squarely at Sergeant Obadiah Goat.

"I think it would be better for him to drink water for a time." "I like soup, especially tin-can soup." The sergeant looked at Billy and saw him

The sergeant looked at Billy and saw him fidgeting in his seat.

"I was thinking the other day of the things I love to eat, and I decided that the best thing in all the world is give, juley grass—the kind that grows on the hillside, where you can go and eat & when the sun is sinking in the sky. Um-um. It is delicious:"

"Don't, DON'T," cried Billy. "I didn't hear the Judge say anything about your having to stay here and talk about eating

grass."
"Be patient, Billy," said his wife sooth-

'Make him stop," replied Billy, looking at Mrs. Bumpus.

at Mrs. Bumpus.

"Why don't you take a little nap?" said
Mrs. Bumpus, turning to Sorgeant Obadiah
Goat, meanwhile yawning herself.

"Not a bad idea, not a bad idea," replied
the policeman. "How will I know that
Billy isn't eating when I'm saiseop?"

"Did the Judge say anything about ils
eating while you were asleep?"

"No," said Sergeant Obadiah Goat. "Oh.
I don't like this work anyhow. I'm a
sergeant, and this is no real work for a
police sergeant. If you don't mind. I'll
take a snooze, and if Billy DOES eat anything I hope you won't forget ME."

Soon Sergeant Obadiah Goat was snoozing peacefully, while Mrs. Bumpus was preparing something for Billy to eat. She
had hardly finished when there was a reat the door.

"Come in" said Mrs. Bumpus was re-

at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Bumpus, so ice Obadish woke up.

"I just called to see how Billy is get ting along," said the court officer at the police station, walking into the parior. The he told Sergeant Goat that he had come to relieve him.

he told Sergeant Goat that he had to relieve him.

This was such a surprise that Billy's eyes almost popped out of his head.

After Sergeant Obadiah had gone the court officer said: "I smell something goes to eat. Don't I get a bite for myssift".

"Of course," exclaimed Mrs. Bumpus, as she invited them all to the table.