

SCRAPPLE

THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion," By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES

Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and Beatrice Hendrick, his stenographer, were on a long sleep in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building...

THE STORY THIS FAR: Once more on earth, Allan and Beatrice find the patriarch who was their lord in the abyss...

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

SHE nodded silently, for she did not trust herself to speak. Hand in hand they returned along the pass...

CHAPTER XI: ELEVEN hours of incessant labor, care, watchfulness and fatigue, three hours of flight and sight of coasting into the terrific depths...

CHAPTER XII: Challenged. AFTER many hours of profound and dreamless sleep, Allan awoke filled with fresh vigor...

ever, they trooped in wild, disordered throngs to do him reverence. In from the sea, summoned by waving flags...

Along the beach the townsfolk thronged, and down the causeway, beneath the vast moonlit blith of the fortified gate, jostled and pushed an ever-growing multitude.

Cries of "Kromno! h'vat! Tai Kromno!" re-echoed—"The chief has come back!"

Thank God, I've got a race of real men to deal with here!" thought he, surveying the pressing throng...

For a while even thoughts of Beatrice were crowded back by the excitement of the arrival. In all his wonderful experience...

He returned, master and lord of a race of long-buried people, his own people, after all—to be acknowledged chieftain...

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

And with relief he raised his hand for silence, he perceived the wrinkled face of one Vreenya, head counselor of Kamrou, his predecessor.

That is in readiness—the house of the Kromno, your word is our law. It shall be as you have spoken.

"So it shall be," Vreenya made answer, while the folk listened.

"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...

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

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

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.

As followed by the counselor and the elders, he climbed the slippery causeway and passed through the labyrinthine passages of the great gate, strange emotions stirred him.

The scene was still the same as when he first had witnessed it. Still flared the torches in the hands of the populace...

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 Dun of Skeletons. But still how different was it all!

Only too clearly he remembered the first time he and Beatrice had been thrust into a weird community, bound and captive; with too vivid distinctness he recalled the frightful indignities, perils and hardships inflicted on them.

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



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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.

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!

"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!"

"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."

"You mean—there may be trouble here?" "Sleep!" was all the counselor would answer. "When you have rested there will 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 outpost of consciousness began to fall before 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.

But once or twice her face faded from his mental vision and in its stead he seemed to see again the surly stare, the evil eyes and venomously sinister expression of the steel.

BILLY TRIES TO FAST

Billy Bumpus, Mrs. Bumpus and Sergeant Obadiah Goat sat down in the parlor of Sergeant Obadiah Goat...

"Great!" explained Billy. "Let's have something to eat."

"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 go without eating. I tell you that a Judge can't keep me from eating."

"Now, Billy, you don't want to talk for that will make you all the hungrier," Mrs. Bumpus looked at her husband and then at Sergeant Goat.

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

"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 while."

"I like soup, especially tin-can soup," the sergeant looked at Billy and saw him flinching in his seat.

"I was thinking the other day of the thing I love to eat, and I decided that the best thing in all the world is nice juicy grass—the kind that grows on the hillsides, where you can go and eat it 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 soothingly. "Make him stop," replied Billy, looking at Mrs. Bumpus.

Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that our tinplate exports to Europe have been very heavy lately, and she supposes it wouldn't be at all practical for the soldiers to use china.

Knew the Species: Danny the Dip—What did yer git in that house? Clem the Climber—Nothin', a lawyer lives there. Danny the Dip—Gee, that was a close shave! Did yer lose anything?—The Lamb.

THE PADDED CELL



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITHOUT?

NOSIR, SNO USE SHOUTIN' UP AT ME THAT WAY! POSITIVELY I WON'T RIDE IN TAXIS OR SMOKE DURIN' LEAT! SNO USE! SHUT UP!

SCHOOL DAYS



—come mon! Le's see what cher eatin'! Lemme see, I tell you!

Aw-w-w, I aint eatin' nothin', Hen. Is just chewin' a string—Honest, I aint got no chocolate drops, Hen.

To have and to hold.

No Hope: "What's that thing, doc!" "That's the medicine ball I bought you." "Then I'm afraid there is no hope for me." "Why not?" "I never can swallow that."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Balky Machine: "Do you want me to watch your automobile?" asked the boy. "Yes," replied Mr. Chugbins. "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? Eggbert—Terribly so. Bacon—Hates to give up? Eggbert—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 ever. She—It won't take me as long as that.—Lamb.

MORE MAD-WAGGERY



"I see that Billy Sunday has gone to Buffalo." "Who is he going to buffalo now?" —Harvard Lampoon.

More War Fiction



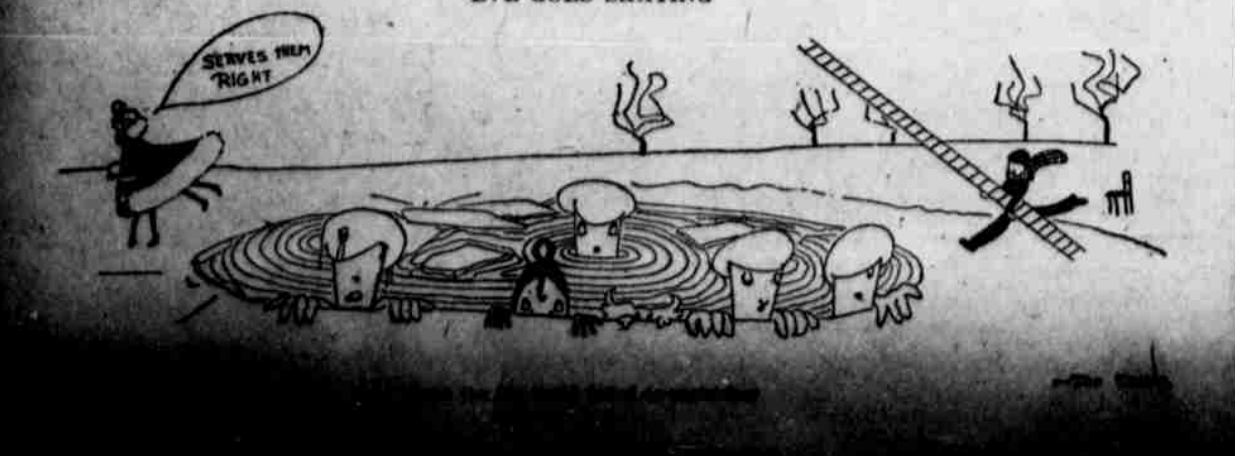
THE LONELY SOLDIER

The Distinction: The fair customer made her way to the counter. "I want to see some books," she said. The elderly assistant produced some immediately. "For your husband, madam?" he asked, as he opened one, "or something of a better quality?"

Half the Misery Avoided: "Does that girl next door to you still abuse the piano?" "No; she's got a cornet now." "Gracious! That must be worse, isn't it?" "Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."—Boston Transcript.

Timed: She—Say, porter, how long is this tunnel we're coming to? Porter—If you couple am Jes' married, about long enough for one kiss, but if you had been in that state for some time, ah, should say long enough for about foah fahs on the jaw.—Gargoyle.

EVE GOES SKATING



SERVES HIM RIGHT