EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

THE SECRET WITNESS

Trips embassy in Vienna and the TESS MARISHKA STRAHNI, whom yes, overhear on June 12. 1814, the the story opena a conversation in see sardens at Konguish between serman Kalser. Von Tirnitz and the Embasse sardens at which the "destiny roos" is sealed.

ERR WINDT, chief of the Austrian cret Service, is placed in charge of that unity's affairs, with orders to thwar!

CHAPTER XIV (Continued) LATTICED window was near, and

A outside the shadows of a tree ich fell across the barred rectangle. utting the lines of light into proken lozenges of shadow. The room was fured somberly but richly with heavy hangings and teakwood furniture decorated with mother-of-pearl. A lantern of curious design depended from the selling. There was a figure standing food. in the corner. She raised hersef upon one elbow and examined the figure attentively, not frightened yet, but house.

merely curious.

It was a suit of ancient armor of a seriod with which she was unfamiliar. She moved her limbs painfully and satup. Her head throbbed for a few moments, but she found that she was able to think clearly again. Slowly she realized where she was and what had happened. The blue door in the wall—this the house that adicined the garden. She had slept—how long she did not know, but the beams of sunlight were orange in color and made a brilliant arabesque upon an embroidered hanging on the opposite wall. She must have slept long. Her dreams returned to her, fleeting and been a part of them. The whit of wheels, the vision of the varicolored to recall what the voices speaking—these, too, had been a dream. She tried to recall what the voices had murmured. Fhrases came to her. "Ten thousand troner—the goose that lays the golden egg."

It was all like a story from a fairy tale. She looked about her—a fairy tale. She looked about her—a fairy tale. She looked about her—a fairy tale, which she lay to read with which pride Marishka's suitcase. "His Excellency left it for you this afternoon."

The sight of water and a change of clothing did much to restore Marisaka's elections which she lay to read with the red har led Marishka's suitcase. "His Excellency left it for you this afternoon."

There were two doors to the spart-ent in which she lay, ornate with urkish fretwork, which had in its center Turkish fretwork, which had in its center panel what seemed to be a small window covered by a black grille. At the other and of the room another door, open, from which came a flicker of cool light, the soft pad of footsteps and the sound of a voice humming some curious Oriental air. Marishka did not get up at once, but sat among the pillows, her fingers at her temples as she tried to collect her thoughts. She knew that she must think Everything seemed to depend upon the clearness with which her mind smerged from the fog of dreams. Slowly the happenings of the last few days recurred—the flight, the wild ride down the raylnes of the Brod, Sarajevo, the tragedy, the car of Death! She put her fingers before her eyes and then straightened bravely. And what now? Goritz! What was he going to do with her? The tried to judge the future by the past. She had given herself unreservedly into his hands in the hope of reaching Sophie Chotek before—before what had happened. Their interests had been identical—the saving of life—and if they had succeeded, there would have been no resed for anxiety as to her own future. ind succeeded, there would have been no need for anxiety as to her own future. But now the situation seemed to have changed. Failure had marked her for its own, an unbidden guest in a strange country in which she was for the present at the mercy of her captor. She could not forget that she was his prisoner, and the terms of her promise to him came to her with startling clearness. His recantation, his courtesy, his ardent looks had allayed suspicion, but had not quite removed the earlier impression. In this hour of awakening and depression there seemed to be room for any dreadful possibility.

Was she a prisoner? If so, the window was not barred, and she saw that it list upon the tiny garden fifteen feet below.

If she could gather strength, it might would have been no to her own future.

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Was she a prisoner? If so, the window was not barred, and she saw that it let upon the tiny garden fifteen feet below.

If she could gather strength, it might not be difficult to lower herself from the window sill—drop to the garden and fee. But where? To whom? She turned quickly, listening for the sounds of the footsteps in the adjoining room, her hand at her breast, where her heart was throbbing with a new hope. Hugh! Hugh in Sarajevo! And yet why not? It came to her in a throb of joyous pride that in spite of all that she had done to deter him, he had persisted in helping and protecting her, oblivious of her denial of him and of her cutting disdain. But would the frail clue of her flight through Vienna be enough to point her object and destination? The memory of his cieverness and initiative in their night ride to Konopisht gave her new hope. Why should not come to Sarajevo? Between the lines of the note she had written him he must have read the tenderness that had always been in her heart. He was no coward, and the idea of fleeing to England when danager threatened her would, of course, be the last that would come into his mind. It was curious that she had not thought of this before. He would come to Sarajevo if he could—perhaps he was here now—

A heavy figure stood in the doorway regarding her. She could not at first decide whether it was a man or a woman for the wide, bagsy trousers resembled a skirt, and the short, sleeveless jacket was similar to that worn b? the male Moslems she had seen in the Carsija. But in a moment, a voice of rather low bitch spoke kindly, in atroclous German. "The Fraulein is at last awake. Does a feel better?"

"Thank you. And if I could wash my face and hands."
"It shall be as you wish. If you will but come with me—"

"Thanky ou. And if I could wash my face and hands."
"It shall be as you wish. If you will but come with might have been made into the room. Like the older woman she wore bagsy trousers comething at once."

"Thanky ou. And if I could wash my face and hands."
"It s

laughed like a child who is very pleased with a new top and, hold-rishka's hand, looked at her curi-from head to foot. There was ling very genuine in her interest indliness, and Marishka found

"THE CRACK IN THE BELL" A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA By Peter Clark Macfarlane

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CHAPTER XL (Continued)

HIS inclination was to shout out defiantly, "I love Ruth Buckingham and intend to marry her. I scorn the political and financial methods of Williard H. Burkingham; I have fought them at the risk of all I hold dear, and I will continue to fight them." But consideration for Ruth prevented him from making the last part of this speech and a man's own natural determination to keep the name of his future wife from being bandled about by politicians for-bade the first part of it.

being bandled about by ponebade the first part of it.

People were found, too, to believe
these charges and to misinterpret Jerry's
silence regarding them, and it was willow
were being devised meeting this issue
dia Jacob Aurentsky came off. Public
opinion had been very much stirred and
very determined in the matter of the
peddler and his crime. Philadelphia, at
least as much as any other American
city, likes to feel secure. People of every
man running amuck with a busing
man running amuck with a busing
mile, whether his grievance be fancied
of real. his victims high or low. And
the city officials, recognizing this sentiment and anxious to show heir zeat at
this time, particularly in the pursuit of
evilhors, had burried Aurentsky to triglimon would defend the man proved
as feels, sensation and threw Jerry's
enemies into slee because of the prominence of Victor in his campaign, for
this was sure to ald in the general impression his opponents were trying to
missing the provided the case of the promeinence of Victor in his campaign, for
this was sure to ald in the general impression his opponents were trying to
man succession and threw Jerry's
enemies into slee because of the promeinence of Victor in his campaign, for
this was sure to ald in the general impression his opponents were trying to
of the situation to its climax when
as as if they might be trying a mental indisguise.

CHAPTER XLI

What Aurentsky was muttering as he
attempted to strike. Then he retired to
to the window. General Swallow wide.
Then he retired to
to the window. General Swallow outside on the sill.

The larry caned had conce been
arrested on a charge of the people.

This time.
The soldier hospess starting for
France? "cried Peggy.

"This is a different kind of an
army," shrilled General Swallow.

"This is a different kind of an
army," shrilled General Swallow.

"This is a different kind of an
army," shrilled General Swallow.

"This is a different kind of an
army," shrilled General Swallow.

"This is a different kind of an

A heavy figure and in the discrete preparing her

The particular of the discrete preparing her

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himself.

"We pass," said the District Attorney time after time.

"Pass," echoed Victor, indifferently.
"We are satisfied, your honor," said the District Attorney, when he had got twelve good men and true.

"Satisfied!" said Victor, making marks on his pad of yellow paper.
The District Attorney made the opening statement of the facts he intended to prove, and this statement was brief.
"Put in your case," directed the Court. Buckingham was called first.
"Did the defendant strike you as proceeding calmly and deliberately to his attack?" asked Victor when time for cross-examination had arrived.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Buckingham truthfully, "the man was wildly excited."

"Did he say anything?"

"He was mouthing something, but it was nothing intelligible to me.
This was the extent of Victor's cross-examination.

Lerry Archer was next called, and as

This was the extent of Victor's cross-examination.

Jerry Archer was next called, and as the assault was committed upon his person, every ear bent forward to hear his testimony, but his manner must have disappointed the sensation-mongers. Though the attack had cost him pain and all but taken his life, it was evident that he gave his testimony regretfully and with no feeling of enmity for the man who had stabbed him.

Victor asked the same two questions in cross-examination as he had asked of Buckingham and Jerry was equally agreed that Aurentsky had been wildly excited and that he was mouthing something, some form of words which the young man rejuctantly but honestly admitted sounded to him like a slogan of some sort.

"Victor Rellinson!" announced the

"Victor Rollinson!" announced the District Attorney. It only added one more unusual feature to this unusual case when the attorney for the defendant was called as a witness for the prosemore unusual reature to this unusual case when the attorney for the defendant was called as a witness for the prosecution.

Victor, gravely but tersely, gave his testimony and when the prosecutor was satisfied, cross-examined himself as to what if anything Aurentsky had said, testifying that:

"For Isadore! For Isadore!" was still kindly as he said to the present that he said to the present that the present that he said to the present that the present that he said to the present that the present that he said to the present that the present that the present that he said to the present that the p



"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

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CHAPTER I The Mighty Whizz Army

(In previous adventures Peggy has been made Princess of Birdland and has been given the use of a wonderful aerial chariot. The spell worked by grass from a fairy ring makes her small enough to ride through the air in the chariot.)

"DRINCESS PEGGY, wake up! There's an army marching by! Peggy blinked her eyes half open, then closed them drowsly again. It was just dawn-far too early to wake up for the day.
"Princess Peggy, get up at once or

The effect of this verdict was to increase rather than to lessent the tension of suspense and every eye was turned toward the bench.

The judge hesitated a moment and cleared his throat. There was a production of the old Roman law that no judge might pass sentence upon a man the same day that he was found guilty of passions that may have been roused of passions that may have been roused of passions that may have been roused of mouncing a sentence to the old rouncing a sentence to the old rouncing a sentence to the old rouncing as sentence to the old rouncing a sentence to the old rouncing as sentence to the old rouncing a sentence to the old rouncing as sentence to the old rouncing a sentence to the old rouncing as sentence and r



He saluted Peggy smartly. General Swallow saluted in turn and intro-duced the officer:

"Princess Peggy, allow me to pre-sent General Thrift, Commander-in-Chief of the W. S. S. army." "Oh, now I know what the soldiers re," cried Peggy. "They are War

are," cried Peggy. Savings Stamps.'

"That's our official name," replied General Thrift, "but we prefer to be called Whizzes."

"Why Whizzes?" asked Peggy.
"Because we're putting a lot of
whiz into this war and we're going
to end it with a whiz. I thank you for the splendid company you have given

Peggy was puzzled. What could he nean? She didn't know that she had given any company. "Here it comes now," cried General

"Here it comes now," cried General Thrift.
Out from Peggy's home poured a trim body of soldiers. They joined the main army and swung down the street. As they marched past her the officer commanding them saluted and their standard-bearer turned his happen as the sould read the words: banner so she could read the words:

"PEGGY'S COMPANY." "Why, I believe you are the War Savings Stamps I bought," cried Peg-gy in delight, "Where are you going?"

party Marcia would celebrate her entrance into society. Zilpha was invited and she had no clothes suitable to wear. It was hard for her to have no dress, and she had no clothes and, worst of all society of the farming the state of the society of the society of the farming the society of the farming very well, but since his death the frail mother had a very difficult task to provide for herself and daughter. Mrs. Dorr took in washing and sewing, and every cent that she received in return was measured and viewed upon either side before it was spot, was Tuesday evening; they were at tea. Mrs. Dorr gently spoke: "I have an idea, Zilpha."

When tea was finished, Mrs. Dorr asked Zilpha is the would go to the loft and bring down a large, round box which had been stored away for many years. Arising from the table, she ran upstairs to find the box which had been stored away for many years. Arising from the table, she ran upstairs to find the box which she ran upstairs to find the box which she was passed by the she ran upstairs to find the box which she was asking herealf. Regulation which she was asking herealf, as a large hox, you with age, and was alightly dusty.

Zilpha stood with eyes aghast. What could be inside that box was the question which she was asking herealf. Regulation which she was asking herealf, Regulation which she was a she was a significant to the shear of

"CAP" STUBBS-We All Feel as "Cap" Does, These Days

tiful?"
"Yes—the mother of all women."
"The ugly ones?"
"Yes. We cannot all be beautiful."
"It must be dreadful to be old and ugly like Zubeydeh."
As Marishka brought out brush and comb and a towel, Yeva ran quickly and procured a mirror—a small, cheap affair with tawdry tinsel ornaments.

"You will let me brush your hair, Fraulein. It will be a great privilege."
"Of course, child—if you care to."
And while Yeva combed and brushed, Marishka questioned and she answered. The house in which she lived was near the Sirokac Tor.

the Sirokac Tor,

Her lord and master was of the Begs of Rataj, once the rulers of a province in Bosnia, where his father's fathers had lived, but now shorn of his tithes and a dealer in rugs. He was an old man, yes, but he was good to her, giving her much to eat and drink, and many clothes. She must ask him to get some of these pretty soft undergarments from Vienna. And the Excellency? She had seen him twice, some months before through the dutap, when he had conversed with the Effendi in the adjoining room. And was the beautiful Fraulein in love with the Excellency?

Marishka answered her in some sort,



CR. RIBE IN A WAR SHIP



Camp.

White Yeva was scrutinizing her new adornment in the small mirror Marish-ka reread the note. She did not wish to alarm her lover unduly, for perhaps after all there were no need for grave

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at

The Barracks Wheeze When you grow So callous That you do not

Then you are Beginning

-Private C. W. Shafer, Camp Custer, Mich., in "Trench and

To become a Regular Soldier.

Wish The bugler Would wake up Some fine Morning With a harelip-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

By EDWINA

BANG!!! SHOOT A MILLION GERMANS