

THE SECRET WITNESS

TER XXII (Continued)
now approaching dusk, and he
saw a person to whom he
turned without rousing suspicion.

"There is a mystery attached to Schloss Szolnok," asked Renwick.
to find her. And now—if not at
Schloss Szolnok—elsewhere.

"Yes, it was there," he said quietly.
And the place is no longer occupied
by the Englishman.

"I have lost my way," said Renwick
with a smile, "and thought you might
have a cup of milk and some bread
for which I will pay generously."

Renwick, having finished his bread
and milk, deftly directed the conversa-
tion to the possibilities of Dukla Pass
as a means of invasion of the Hun-
garian plain, and it was quite clear
that this possibility had not been absent
from their minds.

Renwick returned to his bench
with a pretense of finishing his
cigar, but his attention was suddenly
attracted by the figure of a man who
was walking toward him.

THE DAILY NOVELLETTE

"The Difference in the Khaki"
By Ruth E. Burnham

JERRY slowly opened her eyes, and
for a moment she was startled, then
she laughed softly as she glanced around
the little camp bedroom—surely it had
been familiar enough to her.

It was all so familiar, the floor, the lit-
tle camp with the screened-in porch,
the beautiful lake! How many good
times and happy days she had spent
there last evening, sitting contentedly on
the piazza, paddling on the lake, strolling
along the country roads!

She stepped squarely into the center
of the canoe, settled among the cushions,
and looked out at the water, which
was so familiar to her.

"I am a stranger in these parts," Renwick
went on, "and no mischief maker.
This story interests me. I should like
to know the details of the tragedy which
occurred before the strange ceremony of the
cross."

"I was always a place of mystery—
even in the days of Baron Neudeck, who
was an evil man. The servants were
strangers to our people and spoke not at
all. They never came into the valley."

"We do not know," he said, "we do not
know. Two years ago a young man
from the village went there seeking a
sheep which had gone astray. He never
came back. And the sheep skin was
found in the precipice. And scarcely a month
ago a venturesome young man from Bar-
ra came to the road to the castle in the
dead of night on a wagon. What he saw
no one will ever know, for he came never
again, and his servant, who had been
stricken with terror, and has never
spoken of the matter from that day to
this. It was a ghost he saw, they say."

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your home."

THE FIRST SHOT

By CORPORAL OSBORNE DE VARILA
BATTERY C, SIXTH U.S. FIELD ARTILLERY
who Fired the First Shot of the American Army

CHAPTER XVI (Continued)
THE ambulance drivers are plucky
fellows; they go out after the wound-
ed in the thick of the shelling. There
was one chap near our lines who picked
up a soldier who had one of his legs
shot off at the knee. The driver made
a dash for it, cutting across a rope off
a horse's harness. Then he placed a
hammer on the under side of the leg
over the severed artery and bound the
piece of harness around the leg, tighten-
ing it with an ordinary tire iron. You
have to be quick and resourceful, you
know, when a man is bleeding to death.

"That graveyard is haunted," he said.
Tonight I saw a ghost out there as
sure as you are a foot high."
"A ghost?" I hooted. "There are no
such things as ghosts."
"There ain't, hey?" he scoffed. "Well,
you ought to see the boy I saw."

"No, it wasn't the Kaiser," said the
scared one; "I looked more like Bis-
marck, but I figure that he was appoint-
ing to the French dead by the inhuman
way the Kaiser is carrying on."

"The next day a German deserter
wandered into our dugout. I will tell you
how it happened. Dawn in our front-

CHAPTER XVII
Yankee Heroes
THE attack was preceded by a heavy
bombardment of our lines with large-
caliber guns.

"I think it would be nice to hug them,
to kiss them, to dance with them, to
play with them, and so swimming with
them," suggested Lonesome Bear very
mildly, but with a look in his eye that
made Peggy wonder what he was think-
ing about.

"That's the idea," shrieked Reddy
Woodpecker, and when we've looked
them in the tree well let Judge Owl!

