The second se

RY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO REAL

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THE SECRET WITNESS

TER LEVI (Continued) TICK was hatless, tattered, d with dust, his face streaked and sweat, and the short he wore still further trans

seemed that a look of recogni-

gh-again I" she whispered shot through him at the pitiful her voice and at the words,

Be that me might see.
disin't die, dear. I am here in flesh protect—to take you away from place."
Thest I—I have not dreamed?"
Not now?"
Not now?"
Not insped his wrists, his shoulders.
Tace with her hands to assure herd of the truth, and he took her in his
and kissed her tenderly.
Marishka." he murmured azain. And
a she seemed to grow heavy in his
as repeating his name breathlessiy.
No entropped away from him. She
bread dropped away from him. She
bread dropped away from him. She
bread dropped away from him. She
bread so piteously thin and white, and
brands were ice cold.
Marishka "he pleaded. "Marishka."
Her eyres opened again and her smile
bruted him.
Trog there in a breathless moment
for these there in a breathless moment
invious to their danger.
Them while she still wondered. Renthere still released her, moving
telly to the door by which he had entersed it o Marishka." Here as Schloss SzolMarishka "he saked quicky."

Toring with be wild end quicky."

The still set of the soles szolMarishka "he asked quicky."

Tes. The tr

"Tes. The two men-at the farm-are not here-at night." "Ah, I see-" And then, "That other "oor," he whispered tensely. "Is it whispered tensely.

"Tes, I—I locked it tonight." "Tou feared?" "Bugh—until tonight—" Bhe stopped and shuddered, until he me to her and held her for a moment

The stopped and shuddered, until he came to her and held her for a moment in his arms. "He will not frighten you again," he muttered between set lips. "Thank God." she whispered, now tarting up as though with the first realization of their position. "Have you any plan of what you will or"

Tes. Gortz is still below in the hall I have a plan, but I can do nothing un-til be goes to bed. Where is his room?" "In the keep, along the passageway

"In the keep, and the density of the set of

"I think so." "Is there any way of telling when Gorits goes to bed?" "I hear his steps sometimes in the cor-tion outside." Is went noiselessly over to the door, the went noiselessly over to the door, the sounds. There isn't much sleep iny one here tonight. The noise and mowledge that Herr Windt is some-

The Windt !" The bas followed us here. I think he a trace of me at Bartfeld— Willage beyond the mountain," he are the second the mountain."



Together they peered through the window at the ramparts below /

"You were frightened, dear." "Yes-terribly frightened, Hugh," she confessed, "by him-and by the firing. It seeme at times as though the castle were rocking under me. Listen!"

A terrific cannonading began again-louder, more continuous than any tha had gone before. that

"Yes-they are fighting for the end of the Pass," he muttered; "the Rus-sians-","

"God knows, I pray" he paused and scanned her face anxiously.

"What, Hugh?" "That the Rursians may win." She started away from him, her eyes widely inquiring. "Why?" He smiled slowly. "It's simple enough. Because if I am taken by the Austrians I shall be shot

"You—a spy." "You—a spy." "No, not really." he said soberly. "But I'm an Englishman, an enemy of Austria armed and in disguise. That

is enough "" "They my people would shoot you!" She whispered, horror-stricken. "I have no illusions about my fate.

Unfortunately that does not change He put her gently aside and went for a while and listened at the doors, and

"Windt—and his men," he said with conviction. "They are going to try to span the abyss." "Strohmeyer—"

He put her gently aside and went for a while and listened at the doors, and then came back to her. "Slence. But we will wait a lfttle longer." he whispered. Marishka caught him by the shoulders and looked up into his eyes. "Hugh, what you have said frightens me. You mean that you—that we are enemics—you and I—because our na-tions are at war—i held him at arm's length while she scrutinized him in the light of the fluttering candle. "You—my enemy, Hugh? I—yours?" A wan smile came proudly to her lips. "If I am your enemy, beloved, then love and loyalty have perished from the earth. And you, who have risen from the grave to come to me—!" "Sh-, dear." he whispered. "You must know the truth. Whatever hap-pens—here in the castle. the Austrian troops are all around us. Herr Windt, too. There is no escape for me unless the Russians come through. That is why I hope—""

"Strohmeyer..." Here at least way a community of interest with Gorits. "They will win their way across, unless he wakes," said Ren-wick tensely. "What is it that they are carrying?" "Timbers...see! There are at least four men to each. They are putting them in the shadow of the wall. Will the man never wake up?" "What can we do?" she whispered. desperately. "I could call out to him." "No..." he said, "I don't want to arouse Goritz yet. Ah! They have slunk away again to get more timbers, I think." Then and the courtyard—if we could the man at the drawbridge. Does the man at the drawbridge. Does the Russians come through. That is the man at the drawbridge. Does the Russians come through. That is "make a noise when it is lowered?"
"The's awkward." He crossed to the "man at the drawbridge. Does the Russians come through. That is shoulders quickly and kissed him on the lips.
"The's awkward." He crossed to the "man at the drawbridge. The's awkward." He crossed to the "main the new aliascoting and listened then the new at the other door into the "Then at the other." The's awkward." He crossed to the "main the new at the other door into the "main the new at the other. The state at the other. "The's awkward." He crossed to the "main the other door into the "main the new at the other." The state at the other. The state at the other. The state at the other in his arms and held "" "No, Hugh. I give without asking. Beloved, I want you to understand," she said solemnly. "These that are your enemies are my enemies. You would have died for me--and I, can I do less for you?" "Sh--, Marishka." he murmured, "Sh--,

"And if they should succeed-?" "They must not. One man could hold the place indefinitely from the protec-tion of the gate. If the man would only wate"

But Strohmeyer slept on. "And Goritz?" she waid anxiously. "Surely tonight he cannot be sleeping." "Perhaps he is so sure of himself... yes...in the passage below I heard...

THE DAILY NOVELETTE The Dolt

By Arline A. MacDonald

CHAPTER V

The Elephant's Warning

Peggy and Billy Belgium take the place of Countess Alice and Jerry the

clown, circus performers, so they can say good-by to Jerry's soldier son. Peggy and Billy are assisted by Balky Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy

THE trumpets rang out grandly, the band blored triumphantly, and the

great crowd cheered with delight. Peggy.

elephant's back, thrilled with excitement.

swaying in her throne high up on the

Making a Bad Matter Worse

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

"JERRY THE CLOWN" A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Baturday.

2

And there was Jenkins with a sneering smile on his lips

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maste

My Confession

I have been absent when the roll was called For coal fatigues or similar good works; And likewise missing when the pleasure palled Of doing with the others Swedish jerks; I dodged them one and all with guileless air:

Little they knew it, but I was not there.

It seldom is a lasting joy to me To march to church behind our depot band, Therefore, I softly pack my tent and fiee Toward a tabernacle broader planned; I in the rear rank stand a little while, Then seek a temple after Omar's style.

Always when brazen clarions rend the To tell the giddy throng of some parade, have by camouflage been missing there, Attending nothing I could well evade.

. . . . All this I did, yet I may truly say, I've never been a moment late for pay.

-J. Sutton Patterson, in London Opinion.

Try This

Try This The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a ground-glass parti-tion. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out 5 cents, with the mes-sage that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for 5 cents." He got an interview and sold a large bill of goods.-Plitsburgh Chronicle-Tel-egraph.

The Futile Spanking

It is shameful to tell

But it can't be denied While he puts up a yell He is grinning inside. —Kansas City Journal.

comes the best place on the bill-it between the middle and the end."

"We have to look out for the ring-master," exclaimed Peggy, and then she told of the elephant's warning.

It is a dangerous thing, when you have let slip an unfortunate remark, to try to cover up the blunder. Mrs. G. was talking with the wife of a prominent solicitor about her son's choice of a profession. "I don't want him to be a lawyer," she said. "Why not?" said the solicitor's wife. "I think there is nothing, much finer than the legal profession for a bright bay."

"Well," said Mrs. G. bluntly, "a law-yer has to tell so many lies." Then it dawned on her that she was talking to the wife of a lawyer; so she hastily added, "That is—er—to be a good law-yer!"—Ideas.

Oh, ma is too frail To correct a big boy, With a hide like a whale He's a hobbleddeboy.

"Wal, I guess this needs a new o utfit-it don't scare me! Get Credit I used to buy soup bones and shoes and sliken shirts and hash and all things my fat frau and kids atc, wore and used for cash. I'd say, "Give me a yard of tripe and fill my jug," and then I'd hand out to the waiting clerk four kopecks and a yen. I'd visit the emporiums and buy my paint and snails and my dill pickles soaked in brine and underwear and nails, and I would ask the clerk. "How much?" and he would tell me, and I'd count the kopecks out right there and place them in his hand. And I was proud that I paid cash, as proud as I could be, and I hought no one in the world had any-thing on me. Then the war came and swiped the shop I worked in off the place and my pay stopped, but still I had somehow to feed my face. So I went down to Jones's store, where erst I bought my stew, and said. "Give me a stew: I'll pay you in a month or two." The clerk akked if I'd an account on the books of that store, and when I said that I had not he led me to the door. And I went all across the town and could not buy a bone. I had paid cash for every-thing and so I was unknown. I had no credit in the town, so then all out of breath I crawled behind a high board fence and sighed and starved to death.--Houston Post. and silken shirts and hash and all things

ODD FILMS FROM LIFE'S CAMERA

AND STILL THEY COME!

U BOAT CAMPAIGN

-The Bystander.

The Children

The Children The children in the orchard lot are laughing loud and playing. Their loud calls coax me to come out; I see the tree-tops swaying. I see the waves of clover blooms across the orchard flowing In waves, like waves across the guif when summer winds are blowing; And I can smell the sweet perfume the clover blooms are sending. And hear the cow bells coming home when the long day is ending.

The cheeks of all the little tads are red-

The checks of all the little tads are red-der than red roses, Their eyes are like the glory bloom when first the bloom uncloses, And I, who have heard symphonies by masters know their playing Is cheap beside the tones I hear when forest trees are swaying; They can not imitate the tones of the wild brooklet flowing. They know naught of the witcherles of nightwinds softly blowing.

nightwinds softly blowing. And still the playing children call! I hear their far, faint calling; A whippoorwill sends his far call to tell that night is failing; And cottage windows are alight, the western sky is splendid! I hear the children coming now, the summer day is ended; The liftle folks are half asleep, their cheeks as red as roses; Their eyes are like the glory bloom that closes, closes, closes. -Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Houstes Post.

Saved1

"But he shot you_" "But he shot you_" "was well caref for_in a hospital." "Fou were wound? [-dangerously?" "Yes, but I don't de easily. I'm quite H again."

"Are you sure?" Be laughed. "Could I be here, else? our cliffs are steep—" "Tou climbed—?" "Tou climbed—?" "Tes, up a fissure and through the ins. I saw you—there in the window— the across the gorge. I heard you call, "Teshka-"

The provide the

FOR GOODNESS

HOISE .

CAP" STUBBS—Pa Improved the Situation Greatly

yes—in the passage below I heard— there was to be a signal—one stroke of the postern bell—" "But if the man sleeps—" "If they come again—no matter what happens, we must warn him," he decided. "Sh—"

have died for me--and I, can I do less for you?" "Sh--, Marishka," he murmured, "there is no death---" "Death can be no worse for me than the horrible utter ioneliness without you; but whatever comes, I am yours, Hugh--in life--in death. "I owe no allegiance, no fealty, but to you, and I have kept the faith, Hugh, even here. I can have no country that you may not share, no compariots that are not yours also. My kingdom is in your heart, beloved, there to live while you will have it so." "Marishka!" He caught her in his arms and held her long in his embrace, and abe clung close to him, her lips on his in this final test of their pilghted troth. About them the thunder of bat-tle, ever approaching nearer; the rumble and din of groaning wagons on the road below; the hoarse cries of men: whine and sputter of iaboring motors trying to pass in the narrow road-con-fusion, disorder, chaos; but now they heard nothing. For them the earth stood still. Nations might totter and other. Renwick raised his head at last.

"Sh-" Renwick felt his arm seized suddenly by Marishka's icy fingers and turned, following her wild gaze into the room behind them listening. The anxieties of the night had made Marishka's senses keen. "The door!" she whispered "The secret door by which you came."

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HERE' GIMME

She felt like an Oriental princess straigh out of a fairy book.

Goat.)

At first the lurching walk of the elephant was very unpleasant. It was like the rocking of a boat in a heavy sea. only more jerky. And every jerk threatened to hurl her into space. But Peggy quickly found how to adapt herself to the queer motion, and then she was all right.

"Oh, isn't this just grand and glorious ! A-riding like a king victorious; But if this beast should get uproarious, We'd spill and then there'd be no more of us."

of us." It was Judge Owl's voice. Peggy looked around quickly. The Birds were taking a ride with her. Some decorated the throne and other were clinging to the velvet cloth which covered the ele-phant's back. They made a beautiful picture—prettier than anything Peggy had ever seen before in a circus parade. "There's Desry! Hay Bergy! Decord

picture-prettier than anything Peggy had ever seen before in a circus parade. "There's Peggy! Hay, Peggy? Peggy" shrieked children's voices. Peggy looked toward the audience. There waving hands and hats at her were youngsters from her own neighborhood. Peggy smiled and bowed while they yelled with surprise and wonder. They couldn't un-derstand it at all. Only an hour ago they had left her at home saddened be-cause she couldn't go to the show, and now here she was riding on an elephant. the belle of the whole circus. It tickled Feggy to see how puszled they looked. Major, the elephant, was making queer trumpety noises as he swung along, and soon Peggy became aware that he was taking to her. "Listen, little Princess." he said. "I know that you are not Countess Alice, but I feel sure that you are a friend and Jerry the clown. The principal enemy is jenkins, the ringmaster, who wants to get rid of them so he can get the boss to get rid of them so he can get the boss to get rid of them so he can get the boss heard him planning to break up Jerry's act this afternoon. Look out for him!"

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Keeping Up With Father

Keeping Up With Father It was a Pike County woman who in-dited a note to the teacher concerning the punishment of her young hopeful. The note ran thus: "Dear Miss —: You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you per-mission to beat him up any time it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nolege into him. I want him to get it and don't pay any attention what his father says—I'll han-die him."—Reading Eagle.

"Look out for the ringmaster!" she whispered to the others. The band played the pretty "Spring Song." written for "As You Like It," and Peggy, not knowing what else to do, did a pretty dance. She finished by waltsing up to Billy Belgium and way-ing her wand over him. Instantly he vanished, and Balky Sam's grinning head popped up in his place. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Watch me be funny!" brayed Baly Sam. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Watch me be funny!" brayed Baly Sam. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! You're as funny as whooping cough." brayed Circus Mike jealously from his seat. The crowd iaughed at the funny noise, and laughed again when Billy Belgium, hidden in the cloak, stripped it from Balky Sam and ran off to the side, emerging a moment later as a regular clown. Peggy waved her fairy wand over Balky Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy Goat, and they rose on their hind legs, doing a short drill, which was followed by an odd dance. Then Johnny Bull and Billy Goat waitzed together. "Peggy heard a snort from Balky Sam and turned to see the mule suddenly appear to grow wild, bucking, jumping and kicking terrifically. Leaping away from him was Jenkina, the ringmaster, the same evil sneer on his face. "The plot! The plot!" trumpeted Major, the elephant, from the menagerie tent entrance. Instantly Peggy remembered his warn-ing. This was how Jenkina was going to break up the act. In some way he had driven Balky Sam made. Risking the mule's flying heels as he tore around in a frenzy. Peggy ran to him, waving her fairy wand. "Tomorrow will be revealed what Miss Eleanor Sears, the young sports-woman, was talking in Boston about a young man who had recently been jilted. "It was his pacifist tendencies that made her jilt him." said Miss Sears.

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When the Honeymoon is Over "How," asked the young man who had been in the matrimonial game for nearly a week, "can I tell when the honey-moon is over?" answered the man who had been married three times, "when your wife stops telling things and begins to ask questions."—Pearson's Weekly. (Tomorrow will be revealed what was the matter with Balky Sam and how the birds help Peggy and Billy Belgium save the act.)

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told of the elephant's warning. "He will have to be mighty smart to break up our act," brayed Balky Sam. Peggy was so much absorbed in watch-ing the performers and looking out at the show through chinks in the curtains, that before she knew it, the time came for their act. Nanny Goat, who was in the main tent with Circus Mike and Boston Bull, ran out to tell them to get ready. Peggy entered seated in a pretty cart drawn by Billy Goat and Johnny Bull. Right behind came Billy Belgium on Balky Sam. They made their way to the center ring. As they entered, Peggy Proced off to one side and there was the center ring. As they entered, Peggy looked off to one side and there was Jenkins, the rascally ringmaster, with a sneering smile on his lips. "Look out for the ringmaster!" she whispered to the others.

Pay in Advance Demanded

Woe Betide Him

When the Honeymoon Is Over

Saved1 "Hey, you." hawled the city editor from the far side of the editorial room, tossing a handfut of "copy" on the desk. "What do you mean by this: "The liftle boy burned in the fire on the East Side"? What part of the anstomy is the East Side, I'd like to know?" It was the "cub's" first story, and naturally he looked upon it as a master-piece. Somehow he managed to grope his way to the chief's desk, and, picking Up the copy, glanced at the part penciled by the editor's blue pencil. Suddenly his eyes lighted up with new hope, and handing back the penciled copy, he replied: "Why, the side the sun rises on." The "cub's" record as a hard worker was all that saved him.—St, Louis Globe

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He Blessed It

He Blessed It A teacher of a Sunday school class fried to impress upon her young charges the necessity of blessing the food before eating. "Billy," she asked of a little fellow whose father was an older in the church, "what prayer does your father say before you eat your dinner?" "I dun know." "Well, what did he say this morning before breakfast?" Billy meditated; suddenly he remem-bered and beamed. "He said, You kids so slow on that butter now! It's forty cents a pound!"

"It was his pacifist tendencies that made her jill him," said Miss Sears. "From Socialism he drifted to the I Won't Works. I believe he became posi-tively pro-German in the end." She shrugged her shoulders. "Every girl loves a bargain," she said, "but woe betide the men who cheapens himself in her eyes "Washington Star. Another Engagement

An Italian, having apprind for diti-senship, was being examined by the naturalization court. "Who is the President of the United States?" "Mr. Wils'." "Mr. Wils'." "Mr. Marsh'." "If the President should die, who then would be President?" "Mr. Marsh'." "Could you be President?"

"Could you be President?"

"No." "Why?" "Mister, you 'scuse please. I vera busy worka da mine."—Everybody's.

No Hurry

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the

The man was marrying a widow. His brother said to him on the wedding

"I could never bear to be a widow's second husband.", The bridegroom smiled optimistically. "Well, for my part," he said, "To "Well, for my part," he said, "To rather be a widow's second husband than her first."-London Opinion.

Fooled Her

A Little Resuscitation

-Them dootors is aggittin I year. Yop I see they are going to hat seemen in New York

call. "Yes?" he said. "Oh. doctor." said a worried voice. "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word." "Why, she may have lockjaw." said the medical man "Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week. I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."-Harper's. HONKI HONK The Dead One

By EDWINA,

Meeker - Didn't I always give you by salary check the first of every

Meeker work the first of work the first of work to work the first of work of the first of the fi



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Ξ. HONK

