

The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY
Author of "The Two-Faced Man,"
"Alias the Night Wind," etc.

DAILY NOVELETTE
MOONLIGHT AND
MIDNIGHT

By Lizzie M. Peabody

The World for Sale

By SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of "The Seats of the Mighty,"
"The Money Master," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY
A week-end house party is being held at the home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TO BETTY, by whose side she seated herself, he appeared strangely pre-occupied; so much so, indeed, that she spoke about it.

material questions, and finally came to the real purpose of calling him up.
"I want you, please, to stop at the house," she said, "tonight, and bring to me that old morocco case with the strap around it, that used to belong to my grandmother. You remember it, don't you? It's in the safe where the silver is kept. Thank you, yes, dear. There are some old daguerotypes in it, you remember? They were made about a thousand years ago, but all the same, Tom, this Senorita Espanola is a dead ringer for one of those old daguerotypes, unless I am very greatly mistaken. When she first appeared I couldn't for the life of me think where I had seen her before, and then I remembered that old portrait in grandmother's morocco portfolio—case of course, dear. It may be just a foolish notion of mine, but I'd like to see for myself, so you needn't look at it; you wouldn't know, anyhow, because you haven't seen her. A head, yes, but I don't have his hair to her already. Anyhow, I would just like to show her that old picture, if it does look like her. Thank you, dear, of course. Now, listen—"

She finished by making a sound in imitation of hiss, and lunging up.
Katherine, having attended to the wants of her beautiful entertainer, and asked her to join the guests on the veranda as soon as she was inclined to do so, and having directed that the statuette should stay so, Mr. Belknap went back to his room.
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Belknap joined the society buds at the end of the veranda, who like to compete with him, and Roberto (it was thus that Katherine mentally named her new) was standing beside a chair occupied by Miss Savage, and was writing rapidly upon one of the tablets again, evidently responding in the language of Cassius.
So she was quite prepared in that way, too, and not to be surprised when Katherine went outside.

WHEN Carol Fielding alighted from the car and stepped into the beautiful cottage near the beach at Garden-cottages—The Sea, her long and tiresome journey ended, the sun was sinking in the west like a great ball of fire, giving promise of another warm day to come; but evening brought cooling breezes, and later, in her room, she rapidly wrote many letters.

ON EITHER side of her, but a few feet behind, stood Rhodo and Ingotly.
Presently in a low, firm voice Rhodo spoke.
"The Ry of Iys is dead, but his daughter must stand upon his feet, and in his place speak for him. Is it not well with him? He sleeps. Sleep is better than pain. Let his daughter speak."

The old man raised both hands, and made a gesture as though he would drive her from his sight.
"My life has been wasted," he said. "I wish I were also in death beside the Ry." He stared at the dead man with the affection of a clansman for his chief.

With a face as pale and cold as the western sky, the desolation of this last parting and tragic renunciation giving her a deathly beauty, Fleda stood beside the man who must hereafter be to her father, people, and all else. Shuddering with the pain of this hour, yet resolved to begin the new life here and now, as the old life faded before her eyes, she turned to her father; while his daughter, forbidden to share in the ceremonial of race, remained with the stranger.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Nurse Hath Charms to Sooth, etc., But Not to Cure

I HEARD TOMMY THOMAS WAS SICK
YES, HE'S SICK IN BED
HOW DID HE GET SO BAD?
NEGLECT! INSTEAD OF SENDIN' FOR A DOCTOR, THEY PLAYED THE PHONOGRAPH

WHAT DID THEY DO THAT FOR?
THEY THOUGHT HE WAS DANCIN' SHIMMY
AND WASN'T HE?
NAW HE HAD CHILLS AND FEVER

Those were the questions that flew into Betty's mind when Betty left the house, but the most puzzling one of the lot was the first one: "What in the world does Berta mean—that is her name—what does she hope to accomplish by playing dumb?"

Lady Kate Gets Wise
BETTY, having Tom on the telephone, announced the arrival of the senorita, described her beauty and her infatuation, expressed the hope that she would get out early, asked a lot of im-

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE PRINCE OF DOLLARS"

Where is my mermaid? he cried. The crowd looked puzzled. They did not know whom he meant. "The girl with the wonderful hair. The girl with the beautiful voice!" explained the prince.

"Oh, you mean Anita," cried some of the girls. "She helped us out, but we do not know what has become of her."

He lowered her to outstretched hands and himself dropped safely to the ground.

Looking up to a window on the second floor, the crowd saw two girls. One was the charming mermaid. The other was an uncomely workman. The mermaid was lowering the other to the ground with a rope made from strips of her own dress. Eager hands stretched up and caught the worker and the crowd shouted to the mermaid to jump. But as the mermaid, choking and coughing, tried to climb out of the window, she fell back, overcome by the smoke.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd. The whole mill was blazing. It seemed certain that the mermaid would perish. Then came a cry of hope for the prince was climbing a water-spout as nimbly as a squirrel climbs a tree.

When the prince reached the second floor he swung himself from window to window until he reached that where the mermaid had stood. Into this he bounded, and in a moment was out again, holding the mermaid in his arms. He lowered her to outstretched hands and himself dropped safely to the ground.

Now arose shouts of rejoicing. Thanks to the dash through the river and the quick alarm not one life was lost, and no one was even seriously injured, for the mermaid quickly recovered from her first and only fall at the prince, who was being held anxiously over her head.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the crowd to the prince. Then he told them that he wasn't sorry the old prisonlike mill had burned, for he was going to build a better mill, one in which it would be a joy to work. And the crowd yelled in gladness.

But when the prince turned to look for the mermaid, she was not there. Down the road was speeding an automobile and from it came the mermaid's song:

"Prince of dollars, prince of my heart Sad is the fate that keeps us apart." "Come back! Come back and we never more will part!" the crowd cried. But the mermaid didn't come back, and why she didn't will be told in another story next week.