contright, 1926. Alfred A. Knopf., rewrapped it, this time putting it in

THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STARTS THE STORY

Frank Spargo, London newspaperman, sees two men peering into the corner of an alleyway and finds there is murdered man. In his pocket is the name "Ronald Broton, Barrister, King's Bench Walk, Temple, London," It his hotel he registered as "John Marbury." He had one visiter, a well-dressed man with a gray beard. A man sitting next to Marbury while lobbying in the House of Commons tells of his excitement on the appearance of a tall man with a gray beard—Stephen Aylmore, M. P. They left the house together. The psetikeeper finds a "stone"—a adminish—in Marbury's room, and the neckeeper finds a "stone" a dimmond in Marbury's room, and the waiter testifies to having seen a number of such stones on Marbury's table during Aylmore's visit. Secretary to a sofe deposit company tells of Mar-

e safe deposit company tells of Mar-bury renting a safe and depositing in it a small leather box, but when offi-cial examination is made the box is jound to be empty. At the coroner's unuest sylmore admits having taken Marbury to his rooms in the Temple after 12 o'clock on the night of the unrefer, and that he knew him twenty wars ago, but will not tell in what murder, and that he knew him twenty years ago, but will not tell in what connection he knew him. Spargo and Rahhuru again examine the leather box. A child's photograph and a silver acruldic device or cout-of-arms is dissevered in the lining of the lid. Spargo calls at the office of a well-known sportsman. "Hi, Crowfoot!" shouted the office boy, "here's a chap dying to see you!"

Well. I think you image say th, answered Crowfoot. "Have 'And old sporting matters?" said Crowfoot.

silver ticket. He took off the wrappings and laid ticket on Crowfoot's outstretched

figure of a running horse. what it is! Bless me!-Market Mileaster?" in-Mileaster," replied Crow-urning the silver ticket over

is what the topographers call town in Elmshire. It has aved since the river that led

asked Spargo. is one of lifty silver tickets. os, or whatever you like to call then were given by the race comto lifty burgesses of the town."
ed Crowfoot. "It was, I rememnsidered a great privilege to posdiver ticket. It admitted its posfor life, mind you." as bazily along: there a farmer in his light cart sat fully chatting with an aproned a great privilege to postifie, mind you!—to the paddocks, the ring, anythog gave him a place at the dinner. Where on earth this. Spargo?"

as bazily along: there a farmer in his light cart sat fully chatting with an aproned tradesman, who had come out of his shop to talk to him. Over everything lay the quiet of the sunlight of the summer afternoon, and through the open windows stole a faint, sweet seem of the new-mown hay lying in the meadows outside the old houses. pargo took the ticket and carefully

his puese. "I'm awfully obliged to you, Crowfoot," he said, "The fact is, I can't tell you where I got it just now, but I'll promise you that I will tell you, and all about it, too, as soon as my tongue's free to do so." "Some mystery, eh?" suggested Crow-

"Considerable," answered Spargo. Don't mention to any one that I showed it to you. You shall know every

thing eventually." "Oh, all right, my boy, all right!" said Crowfoot. "Odd how things turn up, isn't it? Now, I'll wager anything that there aren't half a dozen of these old things outside Market Mileaster itself. As I said, there were only fifty, and they were all in possession of burgesses. They were so much thought of that they were taken great care of. "I've been in Market Mileaster my self since the races were given up, and self since the races were given up, and I've seen these tickets carefully framed and hung over mantelpieces-oh, yes

Spargo caught at a notion.
"How do you get to Market Mileasr?" he asked.

ter?" he asked.
"Paddington," replied Crowfoot.
"It's a goodish way."
"I wonder," said Spargo, "if there's any old sporting man there who could remember—things. Anything about this ticket, for instance?"

this ticket, for instance?"
"Old sporting man!" exclaimed Crowfoot. "Egad!—but no, he must be dead—anyhow, if he isn't dead, he must be a veritable patriarch. Old

the office boy, "here's a chap dying to see you!"

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"YES, that's the way to get him, isn't it?" said Spargo. "Here, I'll get him myself."

He went across the room and accosted the old sporting journalist. "I'll see if he's alive." "Then, if you do go down," suggested. "This place is like a pandewenium."

Crowfoot led the way into a side alcoye and ordered a drink. "Always is, this time." he said, rawning. "But it's companionable, what is it. Spargo?"

Sparge took a pull at the glass which he had carried with him. "I should say, he suid, "that you know as much bout sporting matters as any man writing about 'em?"

"Well, I think you might say it with truth," answered Crowfoot. "And old sporting matters?" said Spargo.

"Have another drink?" suggested Crowfoot.

"And old sporting matters?" said Spargo excused himself. He was suited be dead—anyhow, if he isn't dead, he must be a veritable patriarch. Old Ben Quarterpage, he was an aductioneer in the town, and a rare sportsman."

"I may go down there," said Spargo.
"Then, if you do go down," suggested Crowfoot, go to the old Yellow Dragon in the High street, a fine old place. Quarterpage's place of business and is private house were exactly opposite the Dragon. But I'm afraid you'll find him dearl—it's five and townty years since I was in Market Mileaster, and he was an old bird then. Let's see, now. If old Ben Quarterpage were exactly opposite the Dragon. But I'm afraid you'll find him dearl—it's five and wenty years since I was in Market Mileaster, and he was an old bird then. Let's see, now. If old Ben Quarterpage were exactly opposite the Dragon. But I'm afraid you'll find him dearl—it's five and you'll find him dearl—it's f

"And old sporting matters." said argo.

"Yes, and old sporting matters." reled the other with a sudden flash of led the other state of led the other with a sudden flash of led the other with a sud

CHAPTER XVI The "Yellow Dragon"

"Can you tell me what this is?" be SPARGO, changing his clothes, washked.
Another sudden flash came into the

Another sudden flash came into the old sportsman's eyes—he eagerly turned the silver ticket over.

"God bless my soul." he exclaimed.

"Where did you get this?"

"Never mind, just now," replied Spargo. "You know what it is?"

"Certainly I know what it is?"

"Certainly I know what it is." But—Gad. I've not seen one of these things for Lord knows how many years. It makes me feel something like a young 'un again!" said Crowfoot. "Quite a young 'un again!" said Crowfoot. "Quite a young 'un."

"Hat what is it?" asked Spargo. "Crowfoot turned the ticket over, showing the side on which the heraldic device was almost worn away.

"It's one of the original silver stand tickets of the old racecourse at Market Mileaster." answered Crowfoot. "That's what it is. One of the old original silver stand tickets. There are the arms of Market Mileaster, you see, nearly worn away by much rubbing. There, on the principal houses and shops, the bridge beneath which ran the river whereon ships had once come up to the town before its mouth, four miles away, became intures of the come of the come of the come of the principal houses and shops, the bridge beneath which ran the river whereon ships had once come up to the town before its mouth, four miles away, became intures of the come o rubbing. There, on the town before its mouth, four miles away became impassably sated up. It was a bright, clean little town, but there were few signs of trade in it, and Spargo had been quick to notice that in the Yellow Dragon, a big, rambling old hostelry, reminiscent of the old coaching days, there seemed to be little doing. He had caten a bit of lunch in the coffee-room jourediately on his arrival: It was a lad—

He had caten a bit of lunch in the coffective in Elmshire. It has cayed since the river that fed gradually silted up. There a famous race-meeting there commodate 150 neople, but beyond himself, an old gentleman and his daughter, evidently tourists, two young men talking form when I was a lad—

it often was no one lade. The ing couple, there was no one is it. There say that's a ticket for the was little traffic in the wide street be neath Spargo's windows: little passage of people to and fro on the sidewalks: here a countryman drove a lazy cow

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES BLUE EYES AND CROOKED NOSE By DADDY

and Billy meet the dwarf Nose in Movicland and find supprise that he is a fine op. Fierce Fangs and Be-Cook, want Crooked Nose Peggs, but he tells the chilat he is in love with a fair and they go with him to help

The Runaway QALKY SAM, carrying Peggy, Billy and Crooked Nose on his back, had rt over Fierce Fangs and Be-Cook, and be went through

hate me or make fun of me, and then my heart would break."

"Indeed, she would not hate you nor make fun of you," declared Peggy. "If she is the lovely lady she seems to be she would never give a thought to your crooked nose after she once saw your handsome blue eyes and your smiling gentle mouth."

"But the nose is so big she would be sure to see it first and not look at the rest of my face," groaned Crooked Nose. That seemed true and Peggy thought over the matter a moment. Then she got an idea.

thought over the matter a moment. Then she got an idea.

"Pick two bouquets of wildflowers," she said. "Hide your nose with one of them and give the other to the fair dansel. Woo her and win her before the woods was a pleasant country in which lay a parme estate. Crooked Nose had a stop on the edge of this bointed ahead.

The broad acres of the father dansel, he said. "Here I I sing to her."

The idea seemed so good to Crooked Nose and Billy that all three at once got busy picking large bunches of wildflowers.

As they put the two bouquets in the hands of Crooked Nose there came a seream from down the road quickly followers.

de while I sing to her."

Lifting his voice Crooked Nose sang pretty love song—sang it so sweetly the pegy felt sure that, if the fair mesh heard it her heart would melt the tenderness and she wouldn't care lit what kind of a rose he had. Independent on the porch of the farmed and waved her hand. At this oked Nose sang more tenderly and soked Nose sang more tenderly and singly than before—so winningly that the fair damsel could not the plea in his voice. She sudyleft the porch, ran to the stable, lied a prancing horse and came galage toward them.

It now that the fair damsel was ag to him Crooked Nose became is, and where he had been she right past.

(Tomorrow will be told how the fair damsel sees the face of Crooked Nose fair damsel sees the face of Crooked Nose fair damsel sees the face of Crooked Nose there came a scream from down the road quickly followed by the sound of fast-thudding hoofs. Looking quickly out they saw an alarming sight. The prancing horse of the fair damsel had come suddenly upon Giant Fierce Fangs, striding alorg carrying selicity. The giant was so monsistent the horse had become startled. Now it was rurning away dashing madly down the road with the fair damsel bouncing about in the saddle. At any moment she might be thrown off and killed.

"I'll save her." should remain a scream from down the road quickly out they saw an alarming sight. The prancing horse of the fair damsel had come suddenly upon Giant Fierce Fangs, striding alorg carrying selicity and the fair damsel bouncing about in the saddle. At any moment she might be thrown off and killed.

"I'll save her." should remain a scream from down the road quickly out they saw an alarming sight. The prancing horse of the fair damsel had come suddenly upon Giant Fierce Fangs, striding alorg carrying sight. The prancing horse of the fair damsel had come suddenly upon Giant Fierce Fangs, striding alorg carrying sight. The prancing horse of the fair damsel had come suddenly upon Giant Fierce Fangs, striding alorg carrying sight. The prancing

damsel sees the face of Crooked Nosc for the first time.)

being and the second



JUST AS THOUGH THAT BIRD EVER HAD AN OPINION OF
HIS OWN- THAT OLD SHORT EMDONE OF THOSE- YES DEAR AND NO
DEAR KIND - NEVER SET IN A CHAIR LIKE HE OWNED IT IN HIS LIFE -JUST KINDA SLIPS IN IT DON'T KNOW HOW LONG HE'S GOING TO STAY THERE



By Sidney Smith Copy ant. 1920, by the Tribune Co. ANY TIME YOU SEE HIM LOOKING OUT THE FRONT WINDOW YOU KNOW THE FAMILY'S OUT - HE'S GOT AS MANY RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AS A SALOON KEEPER - HE AND THE FURNACE SMOKE IN THE SAME ROOM- A PERFECT NEB-HE'S UNDER THE BED AS MUCH AS THE DOG- THEY TELL ME WHEN SHE'S AFTER HIM HE CANCRAWL AROUND ON HIS STOMACH FASTER THAN SHE CAN MOVE THE BED

PETEY-Half Way Is Far Enough-He'll Swim the Rest



- HEAR ABOUT OL' FRANK SMITH A FEW DAYS AGO CUBA -BIG SHARK GOT ON HIS LINE AND PULLED, HIM HALF WAY TO CUBA-

-:-

COME ON YOU. SHARK!

SIDNEY SMITH

By C. A. VOIGHT

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way

and she's just been rending an article by a prominent Egyptologist. who writes just as good English as

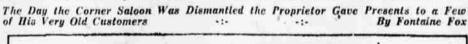
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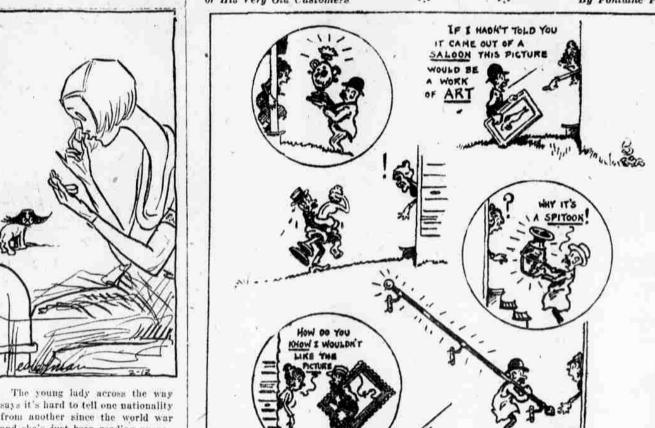
UP HE WON'T

AWFUL STUCK

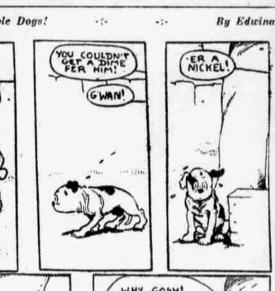
LOOK AT MY DOG

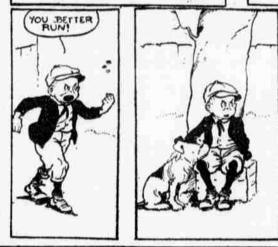
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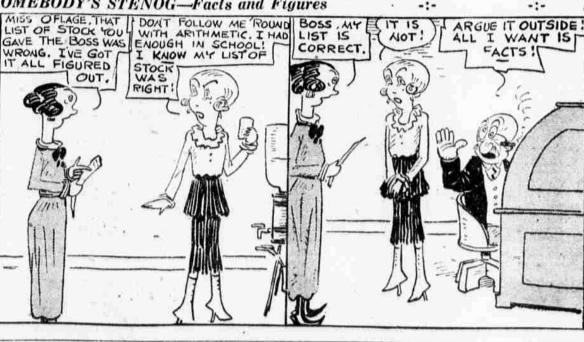
"CAP" STUBBS-Talk About Valuable Dogs!







SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Facts and Figures



HOW CAN THERE WELL-WELL? BE 400 BOLTS ANY DECISION 200/2 ? RATS



DOROTHY DARNIT-You Needn't Be Handsome to Be Proud

DONT

BLAME

HIM HE

DOG IS A

MUT







HE AINT HANDSOME