By RUBY M. AYRES "The Phantom Lover," "The Master Man," "The Second Heneymoon," Etc.

woke he hardly knew his voice, it was a strained and altered.

"She's ill-very ill; the—the doctor rid me to send for you—it's you she wants—you she keeps asking for—not me—she has never once asked for me."

There was something heartbroken in the words.

"Oh, I am sorry—sorry—but it will be all right—when the worst is over." for words were stammered and incoherat. "Ralph—the child——"And now it seemed an eternity before be answered her.

And now it seemed an eternity before answered her.

"A hoy—it only lived an hour."

He dropped suddenly into a chair, Ming his face in shaking hands.

"Oh, my God! I wish I'd been kinder to her. I might have been. It wasn't that I didn't love her."

Ill stared at him for a moment with a dreadful sinking at her heart. Twice the trief to speak, but no words would come; when at last she forced her voice, he hardly recognized it.

"Raiph—you don't mean—Kathy—"

The doctor says there's only the smallest chance for her."

"Oh, poor boy! poor boy!"

She knelt down beside him and put he arms round his shoulders; for the first time the vague dislike that had always existed between thew was wiped away and forgotten; they were just brother and sister in their mutual grief and dread.

After a moment he struggled on—

"I've been so selfish. I might have made her much happier. I'd——" he started to his feet as if he hardly knew how to bear himself. "Oh, I'd give my soul if I could have these last months over again," he said hoarsely.

There was a tragic silence; then he came back to where Jill stood white-faced and stony.

"You know how I loved her," he said hearsely. "You know that she was more to me than any one in the world. The desn't need me to tell her that," Jill said gently. "She knows how much you always cared—" She knows how the silent house.

It was dark in Kathy's room, so dark that for a moment she could distinguish sothing; she moved forward distinguish so the said so the said so the said so the said sothing; she moved forward distinguish so the said so the s

that for a moment she could distinguish acthing; she moved forward blindly and stood beside the big bed with its dainty curtains and satin quilt.

curtains and satin quilt.

A nurse was there, and a little way of a doctor stood at a table: Jill almost inarined she would see another form, too; a shadowy, misty third keeping isalous guard by Kathy's golden head—the angel of death.

She bent over her sister and laid a statle hand on her.

"Kathy!"

But the white lids never even fluttred—there was no faintest quiver of the beautiful face.

"Kathy!" said Jill again softly.

The nurse came forward.

"She won't know you, I think," she said gently. "But she has been asking for you incessantly."

"I came as soon as I could," said Jill, sobbing.

She looked at Kathy, and the tragedy of it all swept over her in an over-whelming flood. A strange jumble of incongruous memories passed through the parameter in the dull little street where children quarreled all day—the Sunday when she had first seen.

street where children quarreled all day of the Sunday when she had first seen fallentyre—the ervent Salvationist between their his words directly at her.

"Come from the troublesome sea of the world into the harbor of safety." Though it was all those months ago, the could hear his high-pitched, rancous

ortaht, 1981, by Bell Syndicate, Inc. She had hated her life then—she had never been like Kathy—Kathy who had only asked to be allowed to stay in the caim and peace of the harbor, and whose wish had been refused. She had been taken out to battle with the winds of the world and the buffeting waves on going to send you away and so going to send you away and so going to send you away and so so going to send you away and so going to send you away and so so going to send you away and so going to send you away and so so going to send you away and so so going to send you away and so going to send you away and so taken out to battle with the winds of the world and the buffeting waves on greatness, and they had been too much for her weakness. And now—was it to end like this? Had the frail, dolicate beat been washed up into still waters at last by the guiding hand of Death?

Jill dropped to her kness and hid her face.

it penetrated the clouds of weakness it penetrated the clouds of weakness that her down and out of the world—and for one little moment the world—and for one little moment the white lids were lifted—for one little moment the lids were lifted—for one little moment the flicker of a smile crossed the delicate face—she half made a movement toward him.

"He wars they? Kathy—Ralph, tell in the caught his hand, had a movement toward him.

"Darling!" Jill caught the one breathless word—and the last look of ineffable love that filled her eyes as they rested on her husband—and then a great wave from the ocean of life caught and life.

caught Kathy high on its crest and carried her away, away, safe into harbor.

CHAPTER XII

and there comes a mist and a driving rain.

The rain beat itself suddenly against the window with a sharp rattle, and Jill looked up from the book she had vainly been trying to read. Outside, the street looked wet and cheerless—summer had gone—October winds had torn the leaves from the trees, and left branches hare and shivering before the coming of winter.

Two endless months since Kathy died!—two endless months since Jill heard the sharp whir of the telephone in this very room, summoning her to

her sister.

The world had seemed a queer place since then—she wondered how it had seemed to Ralph. She could not bear seemed to Kaiph. She could not bear to think of him—to look back on those first agonized days of his grief.

"Hillyard has aged twenty years," young Merredew said once to Jill.
"Poor fellow—poor, dear old fellow."
It was guite true—the loss of his

It was quite true—the loss of his wife had struck at the very root of his

wife had struck at the very root of his life.

Tallentyre and he were always together, Jill knew; Tallentyre had stood by his friend loyally and saved Ralph from utter despair. He had stayed with him night and day, till the first awful shock had passed.

She herself had seen him once or twice since, but neither of them had given a thought to their own affairs.

given a thought to their own affairs, she was sure—life had completely hanged since Kathy died.
Since Kathy died! She heard the Since Kathy died: She heard the words so often, and they still seemed so empty—to convey so little. Though two months had passed, she still found herself thinking "I must tell Kathy this—this will amuse Kathy." But Kathy was dead!—

Jill rose to her feet and wandered settlessly about the room; there was

restlessly about the room; there was an odd sort of feverish excitement in her veins, as if she had been told that something of great importance was about to happen.

But what could happen now that would matter at all? What could happen now to give her either joy or hap-

through the silent house.

It was dark in Kathy's room, so dark that for a moment she could distinguish piness again?

The penalty of the penalty of the penalty of the penalty of the piness again?

piness again?

Rigden and the Despards — she thought of them as one thinks of characters in a book—characters whom one has never met in real life.

Rigden had tried many times to see her, but she had always refused. Kathy had not liked him—Kathy had asked her to give him up. her to give him up-

Jill thought of the night when she and Rigden and Tallentyre had all dined at the Hillyards'—of the song Rigden had sung then, to please Kathy. A copy of it stood now on the plane, and Jill went across the room and turned its pages absently:

Last night I was dreaming—of thee love,
I dreamed thou wert living, my darling, my
darling,
I dreamed that I held three ence more to
my breast.

my breast!
The tears rushed to Jill's eyes, and blotted out the words. To have her back again—for just a day; just an hour! She stood quite still in the silent room and pressed her hands hard

over her eyes.

Some off, tapped at the door.

"Will you see Mr. Hillyard, please,

ma'am?"
'Ralph!" Hillyard soiled faintly as they touch

bad seemed thuri his words disely at her.

'Come from the troublesome sea of world into the harbor of safety.' I haven't come about myself this time.' he said. "You've been so good I can never thank you enough for what you've done. No. I know you don't want you've done. No. I know you don't

CONTINUED TO ORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Is Your Boss Like This?

By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. DEAR SIR-YOUR'S OF NO-BUT I CAN'T PUT YOUR RIGHT DICTATION THE WORDS LOOK THE SAME WHEN TENTH AT HAND! STEP HERE! FOR YOU ? WHOA: LIVELY THEY'RE WRITTEN WHETHER YOU SOFT PEDAL YELL EM OR NOT! ALLRIGHT GEE! A-E-HATWARD- 20

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says there seems to be a great revival of interest in wrestling and the young men talk about the Dempsey-Carpentier match nearly all the time.



AW! IDIO

NOT TEASE

HIM SEE

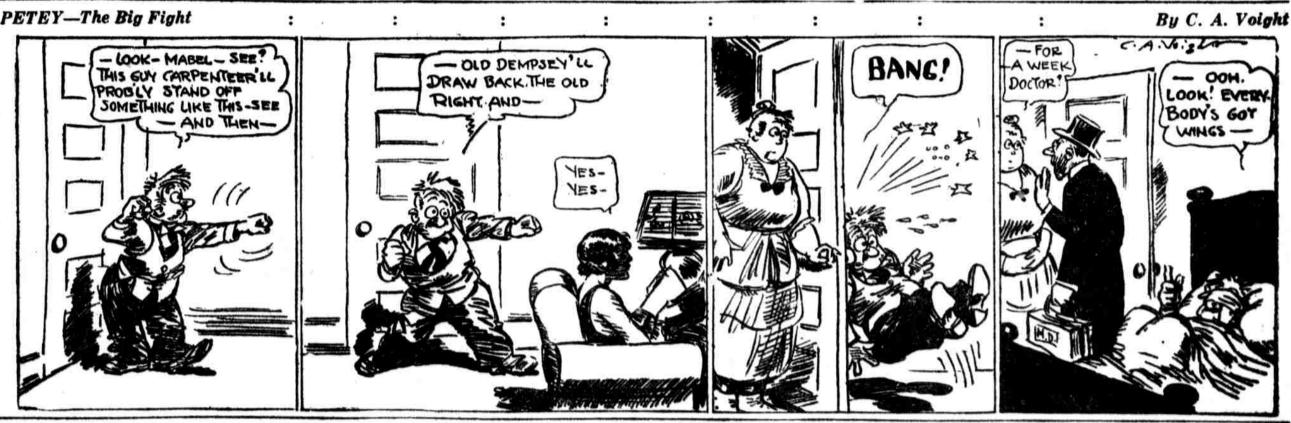
SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG LES GO OUT TO CLIMES WE'VE GOT TO WATER WHEEL AN' METCH PRACTICE, I TELL YOU! TURTLES . THAT OL SUGARTREE THAT STUB'S SPRA SAY WA YIR PENNIES VALLEY FOR ARRAY NEE DAY -LE'S GO DOWN STUB'S SPRAINED TO THE DOVER COVERED BRIDGE TAIN TWHAT CHORN BUT AHKLE . WHATCHA PUTTA AN' GIT SOME THE'S SOME THERE THERES THEE CHUCK FULL OF HARVESTERS LE'S GOERS

HEY, SPIDER.

YOUR DARN PARROT

JUST NIPPED MY

FINGER.



THE CLANCY KIDS-A Bird in the Hand's Worth Two in the Cage

YA WAS

TEASIN'HIM!

THAT'S WHY.

