who's WHO IN THE STORY

then approached her bugbears examiningly. Things that Jenny (who was iningly. Things that Jenny with a smile was objects against which Nancy flung man, rising. "You keep your bed to-day, young man, and the house to-morrow. You just escaped going to the hospital, with Nip and Tuck for your doctors. He's in your hands now, young ladies. Just a look in once in a while." After a few more advisory comments, the neighborly surgeon took himself off.

"Well, well!" said Jenny banteringly, to cover up her relief. "Little of Doug Fairbanks in th' Whachamacalit! You poor nut, why didn't you run, with home on'y ten steps off?"

"I did think of it, when it was too late," answered the culprit, with painful slowness. Jenny's outline was rather blurred. "Maybe I ate too much turkey."

"You're not to talk," interposed Nancy. Turkey " Craig! " "

The bitter ashes she must this day taste! "Would you like Ling Foo for company?"

"Yee. But there's " one thing pointments nine diameters, so would the the magnify the objects of her love.

yea do?'—fiercely.
"I tried to help him. Look at my lips. But he isn't a boy, Jenny; he's "For what?"

desided; but it was metal against metal, there was nothing within to be seen.
A sigh from the patient broke the tableu, for which blue eye and hazel were mateful. The two young women leaned faward expectantly; but there was no mourence at that time.

If he with this result."
We're all here, so don't worry.
We'll be back at nine. Come along, Jenny."
In the hall the two girls paused and stared solemnly into each other's eyes, and shook their heads.

"A dagger, in th' doorjamb, inside his room!"

"And what could you have done that I failed to do?"-with a shade of trucuence.
"I'd killed a couple with my hat-

plas."
"Hatpins?"
"Sure. A woman can bust up a riot
with a coupla hatpins. I've told you
Rut alleys! that a hundred times. But alleys! Somethin' 's goin' on here that you an' me ain't wise about, Nancy.

ma sin't wise about, Nancy."

"Jenny, some one is threatening his life. He's been babbling a little."

"Bomebody tryin t' kill him? What for! What's th' boy done?"

"I don't know; but he spoke of allers and battle and murder and sudden death, and I don't know what else."

"Why, that poor kid wouldn't hurt a fr. Nancy."

must be got out of the room. If Jerry babbled again about love, it would make confinion all around. It would not be fair to any one of the three.

"Jenny, what did he do to you that he was sorry for?" She shot this bolt to embarrass her friend.

Jenny got up. "He kissed me in th' all one night. You know—kid stuff. le nearly strangled me. He was scared stiff after he'd done it. Said he didn't sen it an' was sorry. I didn't mind, snowin' who it was. Sometimes you

day ween th' times comes. What sort o' sight did he put up?" asked Jenny siy,

"He was a lion, Jenny! I don't see how he did it. If he'd had his back to a wall, they couldn't have hurt him. I didn't dream he was so strong. But they got behind him. It was my fault. The sight fascinated me: I'd never seen men fight before. He shouted to me to run. If I had, probably I'd have saved him this. Go to bed and come back early in the morning." Nancy discovered that she was very tired.

"Bed nothin'!" replied Jenny, tosa-ing saide her hat and cloak.

"It's nonsense for both of us to watch. There's very little to do."

"But I couldn't sleep!"

"All right: we'll both watch." said leny, wondering what it was that Nancy did not want her to hear, should lerry begin to babble again.

All this exchange was carried on in strained whispers.

patient, but covertly each other, until the window shades whitened in the

Bancroft's first sensation-that he could recollect-was of the sea. He was far down; bardly any light above. He saw strange fish, sunken ships and ironbound treasure chests, half buried in the sand. He vaguely wondered if he could ever find the place again. Science therited men. a piri of the theore, spoke of terrific pressures at this depth, Walloy, a circle but Suns.

Walloy, a crook in Stewart's emptor.

Wallow, a crook in Stewart in Stew Never's chum, whole soules of the suffered no particular discom-

the magnify the objects of her love.
There came a knock on the door.
Nancy rose and answered it, silently.
Jany stepped within.
"What are you doin' up so late? • • • Want to know."

Mancy!" Jenny cried, her hands flying to her throat at the sight of Jeremiah's till, battered face.
"Oh, Jenny, they came out of the alley, four of them. They nearly killed him!"

Jenny ran to the lounge and knelt.

Agony pinched her heart.

"My land!—but I don't want any—

Jenny ran to the lounge and knext.

Agony pinched her heart.

"Th' alley?" she said. "He was always yankin' me past 'em. I thought it was a joke. An' so they got him! But why? What's he done? What did you do?"—fiercely.

"It tried to help him. Look at my "I'm sorry," he said, speaking to "I'm sorry," he said, speaking to

man."
"Just find that out?" said Jenny, time to run. But something boiled up in me • • with this result."

meurence at that time.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"The surgeon next door says he'll his room!"

"Somebody with keys! I'm glad the surgeon did not see it. But what are we going to do, Jenny? This is no joke; he is in danger, if some one can get into his room as easily as this."

"How you come t' get struck?"

"I tried to pull one of them away.

"I tried to pull one of them away.

Heistruck me, and I ran for help."

"Good girl! But if I'd 'a' been daylight. But I'm goin' to ask him daylight. But I'm goin' to ask him

"We Mustn't Let Him Suspect!"

"And the next morning find him gone, for fear he might drag us into it! No we must not let him suspect. But it's maddening! Who could want to hurt

"Search me," said Jenny, hearingor imagining she heard—a new note of tenderness in Nancy's voice, "Better get th' swellin' out o' those lips, or you'll have trouble tonight. What'll we give him t' eat?"

"Cocoa; he won't care to chew anything."

thing."

"I don't know; but he spoke of allers and battle and murder and suddeath, and I don't know what else."
"Why, that poor kid wouldn't hurt a fig. Nancy."
"Who said he would? Some one wasts to hurt him; and he doesn't know why, either, from what I gathered."
All at once Nancy knew that Jenny must be got out of the room. If Jenny laughed at that.
"I see nothing to laugh at," said Nancy, bridling.
"It sounded funny, though. But I wish I'd 'a' been there with my hatpins!"—vindictively. "In two minutes I'd busted up that fight, believe me!"
"And I didn't have the brains to think of it!"
""""""""" said Jenny as she put out

"Aw!" said Jenny, as she put out her arms. "What you did was braver than I'd 'a' done. You piled in bare handed. You poor kid!" They stood tenderly embraced for a minute, loving and doubting, and ashamed of their doubts. Namey doubted as to the true merits of that stolen kiss. (Not that it really mattered!)
And Jenny was hesitant to believe that
Nancy had been frank about Jeremiah's
babbling. But Jenny would always be first to recover from a sentimental wave.
"Th' Two Orphans," she said. "All don't mind. Jus' that once; never tried it again or mentioned it. Why, I don't think he'd ever kissed a young woman before. He's a queer boy. We ain't got all o' him yet. What's he do?

What's he work at?

"Th' Two Orphans, ' she said. An we need 's a little paper comin' down an th' orchestra goin' pink-a-punk. You make a coupla pieces of toast an't l'll see t' th' cocon. We'll show 'em. You've never nursed anythin' but You've never nursed anythin' but before. He's a queer boy. We nin't got all o' him yet. What's he do? What's he work at?

"He's writing a Latin something." said Nancy, desperately trying to figure out how to drive Jenny away from the room without offending her.

"Latin your granny!" jeered to sters. He don't let th' waiters put over anythin', but he's no tightwad." "He's spending his capital. He told us that he inherited a little."

"But alleys an' murder an' sudden death—how about that? Th' more I think o' him, t' further he gets away.

"But I wonnebody else?" You make a coupla pieces of tous. In I'll see t' th' cocoa. We'll show 'em. I'll show 'em. I'll

said Nancy, desperately trying to figure out how to drive Jenny away from the room without offending her.

Lattin your granny!'' jeered te skeptical one, "Latin don't buy lobsters. He don't let th' watters put over anythin', but he's no tightwad.''

"He's spending his capital. He told at the inherited a little."

But alleys an' murder an' sudden think o' him, t' further he gets away.

"But I saw him in his own home, in the country. The old housekeeper clear, it may be something he has fallen into since he came to town."

I don't see how. He's been with give it up. He's th' kind that'll tell fight did he put up?'' asked Jenny.

"He was a lion, Jenny! I don't see to a wall, they couldn't have hurt him, leven me fight before. He shouted to saved him this. Go to bed and come discovered that she was very tired.

But alleys an' murder an' sudden think o' him, it' further he gets away.

"But I saw him in his own home, in the country. The old housekeeper the clear. It may be something he has fallen into since he came to town."

"Gon't see how. He's been with give it up. He's th' kind that'll tell fight did he put up?'' asked Jenny.

"He was a lion, Jenny! I don't see to a wall, they couldn't have hurt him. It was my fault. The sight fascinated me: I'd never was an abiding sense of nouse. There all the old questions came clamoring back for answers, that he had a horror of death, to die without knowing what it was all about! Never to know whether it was the Enchanted Helmet of Mambrino or the Barber's Basin! of Mambrino or the Barber's Basin:— whether his father was a true man or a false! So he must hang on to this life of his; no more venturing against unequal odds. Still, he had enjoyed himself up to the moment the Woolworth had fallen over on him. He chuckled! How easily he fell into Jenny's lingo!

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Ain't You Glad?

THE FINAL COUNT SHOWS!-ANDREW GUMP ---- 10,873 - 5,499 -- 16,572 SYLVESTER SKINK --- 10,963 - 5,372 -- 16,335 GUMP'S PLURALITY ---THANKS' TO THE DEAR WOMEN CONGRATULATIONS ROLLING IN-COUNTRY IS TO BE CONGRATULATED -

IS EXTREMELY GRATIFYING -HUNDREDS OF LETTERS AND TELEGRAME SENDING CONGRATULATIONS :

BY BRIDG PUBLIC SHOCKER PELL VIDIOPERA PRIDAR NOVEMBER 1

AFTER "ALL THE

NEWSPAPER KNOCKS THIS

HERE'S ONE PROM OLD TIMER -"CONGRATULATIONS, OLD TOP- YOU WERE LUCKY TO HAVE LIVED IN A DISTRICT SHORT OF GOOD MEN-"

MIN- REMEMBER WAY BACK IN BLOOMINGTON WHEN I COURTED YOU AND ALL THE THE WAS JUST MY PERSISTENCY AND DETERMINATION THAT WON YOU- ETHATA CONGRESSMAN - AINT YOU GLAD' SIDNEY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss Scratch

WELL MISS RITZY! I WHY-MISS SCRATCH! GUESS YOU FORGET YOU DRESSED LIKE A FLAPPER HOW SILLY! ONCE A FLAPPER OU ALWAYS YOURSELF A SHORT TIME FLAP! THE DRESS YOURE FULL DIFFERENCE. MY HEART'S THE SAME! YOUR HEW LONG DRESSES,



MISS SCRATCH-YOU'RE SO GIVE THIS A SEAT IN YER DININ ROOM Copyright, 1888, by Public Lodger Co.

WORE FASCINATION, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN. THE BOSS DOESN'T EXPECT YOU TO RUN SO PAST. GOOD HOKUM BECAUSE IN A FEW MONTHS WE CAN START ALL OVER AGAIN AND THE "KICK" WILL BE AS GOOD AS EVER. HIDES "RUNNERS".

BENEFITS OF THE LONG SKIRT

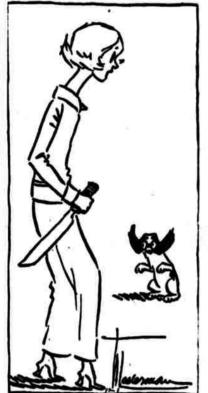
By Hayward

ECONOMICAL CAUSE STARTING FROM LONG TOU GOT A CHANCE TO GO TO SHORT. WHAT YOU CAN TRIM IT OFF. BY THE TIME THE STYLES HAS GOT BACK TO WHERE THEY WAS YOUR SKIRT HAS ALSO GOT UP TO WHERE

YOU CAN SCREAM AT A MOUSE WITH A WHOLE LOT MORE DRAMATIC EFFECT. MAYBE ITS TOO LONG FOR YOUR KID SISTER, SO SHE CAN'T CRIB IT FOR

ITS A WON'ERFUL WORLD IF YOU LOOK AT IT COCK-EYED. Camille O'Flage

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says short skirts are so comfortable and sensible that she does hope the fashion authorities won't insist on anything more than a reasonable longevity.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG LOOK WHE I'M OFFERM' TO FOR HIS OLD SHATES, FROG! GEEWHILLHER, ELMER I'M OFFERIN & TRADE HIM ALL THESE THINGS! TAKE HIM UP! BUT PIRST, MY TAMERACK FISH POLE, MY MAKE HIM THROW I WARED SANJWINE LINER LINE AND FOUR BLUE HOOMS WITH THE GREEN HOUR BLUE ROOM WITH THE BREE
BOB ) GOT OPPON HEN QUITCHLY,
THE BAS O' TWELVE COMMISS
AND AN ASATE, BY ROUND TROM I
WITH THE DRIVER WELDED BN
AND FINALLY I'M OFFERM! THE SIMP MY WINTER HITELS

PETEY-Hitting the Nail on the Head



- OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE IDEA IS FOR ONE TEAM TO BEAT HUH THE OTHER - THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE THING, SEE - TAKE FOR INSTANCE LAST WEEK, YARVARD WON OVER PALETON THAT MAKES
IT DIFFERENT FROM ROWING - IN
ROWING LAST YEAR PALETON TRIMMED YARVARD-





GASOLINE ALLEY-A Sudden Acceptance

