

### Krazy Kat

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#### Husbands an' Wives

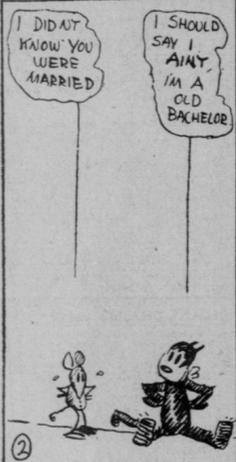


### The Dingbat Family



### Simply Heart Breaking Truth

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### Polly and Her Pals

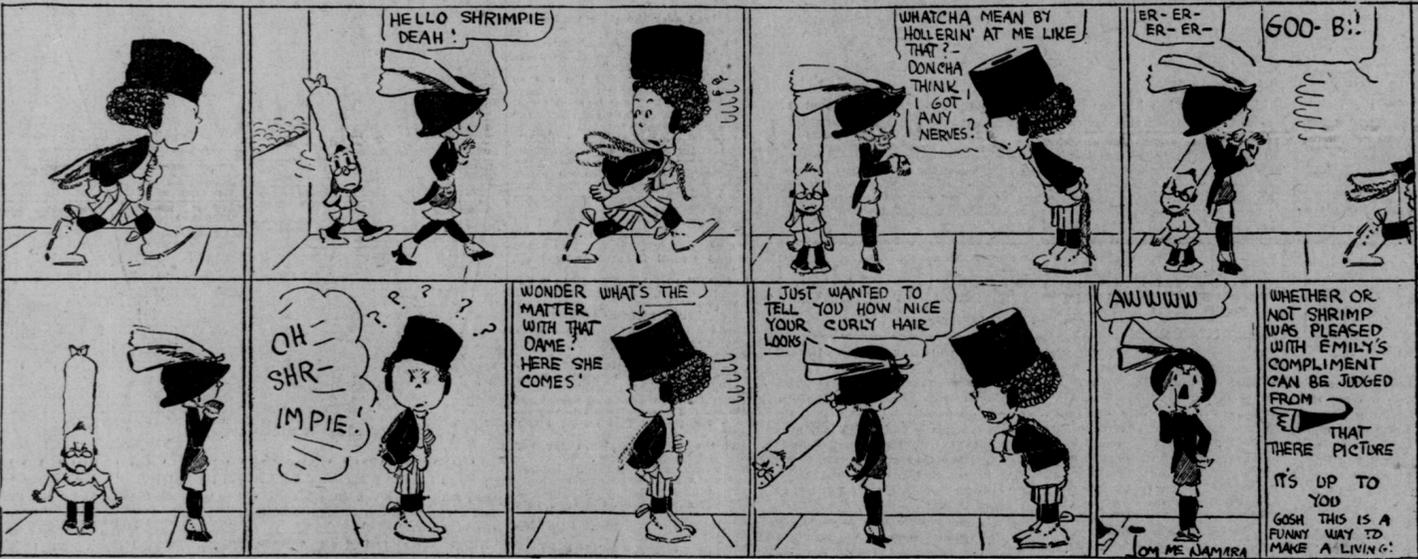


### The Girl Isn't Sneezing

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### Us Boys



### Compliments Interfere With Business

(Registered United States Patent Office)

### SHANER'S GOOGLY DEPT

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED BY S. S.

FLOOR'S SUPPER, AIN'T IT?

Answer to yesterday's WHY IS A POSTAGE STAMP LIKE A SUCCESSFUL MAN BECAUSE HE STICKS TO ONE THING TILL HE GETS THERE!

Here's one for to-day FROM KID EPSTEIN - U.S.A. WHAT ALWAYS GOES WITH IT'S HEAD DOWN?

ANSWER TO-MORROW



### THE INMATES OF THE GRANGE HOUSE

Continued from Saturday

Mason's brows wrinkled in thought. The project sounded plausible enough. Determined as he was to wreak his vengeance on Philip, Grenier's ingenious idea not only offered him a reliable means of escape, but promised a rich harvest of wealth. Certainly it was worth trying. Not once, but many times during the preceding month, Grenier had withheld the murderer's willing hand. When it did fall, what keener satisfaction could he have than the knowledge that he would be enriched by the deed?

"I can't see ahead like you," said Mason at last. "But I will obey orders. You tell me where and when, I will be there."

Grenier shifted his feet uneasily. "I don't quite mean that," he said. "I will acquaint you with certain facts on which you may rely absolutely. I will forthwith act myself on the assumption that the real Philip Anson won't interfere with me. That is all."

The other man guffawed most unpleasantly. This sophistry did not appeal to him.

"Put it any way you like," he said. "You can depend on me for my part of the bargain."

"And you can be quite certain that in a very little while we need not trouble our active wits any further as to the wherewithal to enjoy life. I have thought this idea out in all its bearings. It simply can't fail. Come, let us drink to a glorious future."

He reached for a decanter, but a sudden knock at the door jarred the nerves of both men considerably.

"See who is there," whispered Grenier, whose face showed white through the pair and grease it bore.

"What about you in that rigout?" growled the stronger ruffian.

**BAD LUCK**

"I will slip into my bedroom. Quick! See who it is."

Langdon entered.

"Where's Victor?" he said eagerly. "In his room," he will be here in a moment. What's the matter? You look pretty glum."

"I've had a piece of wretched luck. I was at Mrs. Atherley's 'At Home' to-day, when Anson turned up. I met

versing in the entrance hall, and the girl said the gentleman was a Mr. Langdon. No, Mrs. Atherley did not know him well. He was brought to her 'at home' on a previous Wednesday."

Obviously, Evelyn could not have more than a passing acquaintance with the man, or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the park, the terror of that previous meeting with Lady Morland's son she entertained a curious suspicion. Instantly dispelled by his glib manner, that Langdon was the man who sought to thrust his unwelcome attentions upon her.

Mount street—how came Mrs. Atherley and her daughter to return to the precincts of Mayfair? That was a little secret between Philip and Lord Vanstone.

When Evelyn slyly endeavored to make her new admirer understand that there could be no intimacy between a millionaire and a young lady who was embarking on a professional career—she thought so, he it recorded; this is no canon of art—he seemingly disregarded the hint, but interviewed Lord Vanstone next morning.

The conversation was stormy on one side and emphatic on the other. Philip had heard sufficient of Mrs. Atherley's history by judicious inquiry to enable him to place some unpleasant facts before his lordship.

When the facts had been thrust down the aristocratic gorge, Anson turned to his more agreeable topics. He informed Lord Vanstone, who bore the title as the third son of a marquis, that his niece's future was more important than his lordship's dignity. He must eat mud for her sake, and willingly withal.

Various firms of solicitors set to work, and, marvelous to relate, Lord Vanstone was able to write and inform his half-sister that certain speculations in which he had invested her fortune were turning out well. A cash payment of £2,000 would be made to her at once, and she possessed an assured income of at least £1,500 per annum during the remainder of her life.

The poor lady had heard these fairy tales before; indeed, some such story of more gorgeous proportions had converted her console into waste paper.

**A WELCOME CHECK**

But a lawyer, not Lord Vanstone's, sent her check for the larger amount, and, at a subsequent interview, affirmed the statements made

by her unreliable relative.

So she went back to her caste, and her castles were built on air. She was brave, and the dear woman thanked Providence for the decree that her daughter might now accept the attentions of any man, no matter how rich he might be, for she saw the drift of Philip's wishes, and, if Evelyn were married to him, surely all their previous trials might be deemed fortunate.

She little dreamed that imperious Philip had ordered matters his own way.

It was not to his thinking that his bride should come to him from the distant obscurity of Maiden Green. He would give her a great position worthy of the highest in the land and it was better for her that he should woo and win her from the ranks of her order.

It should not be imagined that he was hasty in his decision. To his mind Evelyn and he were known to each other since they were children. It was not by the wayward caprice of chance that he met her on the night the meteor fell; he would woo and win her from the ranks of her order.

"Sometimes I can not quite credit my good fortune," she said, softly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live until you were 25 without falling in love with some other girl?"

"That is ridiculously easy. Tell me how you managed to escape matrimony until you were 22 and you are answered."

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a wee-begone little boy, but you were so brave, and gave me your hand to help me out of the carriage with the air of a young lord."

**A QUIET WEDDING**

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

"Tell me, what did you think of me when you saw me standing disconsolate in the park?"

"Tell, tell—it was nothing but sweet questions and sweet assurances that this pair of turtle doves had been seeking each other through all eternity."

Their wedding was fixed for the middle of July. Sharp work, it may be said, but what need was there to wait? Mr. Abingdon was greatly pleased with Philip's choice, and urged him to settle down at the earliest possible date.

Mrs. Atherley, too, raised no protest. The sooner her beloved daughter was married, the more rapidly would life resume its normal aspect; they would not long be parted from each other.

The young people had no householding cares. Philip's mansions were replete with all that could be desired by the most fastidious taste. His yacht was brought to the Solent, so that they could run over to Portsmouth on a motor car to inspect her, and Evelyn instantly determined that their honeymoon in Etretat should be curtailed to permit them to go for a three weeks' cruise around the British coast.

This suggestion, of course, appealed to Philip. Nothing could be more delightful. He whispered in Evelyn's

ear that he would hug her for the idea at the first available opportunity.

One morning, a day of June rain, a letter reached Philip. It bore the printed superscription, "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," but this was struck out and another address substituted. It was written in a scrawling, wavering hand, the calligraphy of a man old and very ill. It read:

"My Dear Philip: I am lying at the point of death, so I use no labored words to explain why I address you in such manner. I want to tell you how bitterly I regret the injustice I showed to your dear mother and my sister. If, of your charity, you will come to my bedside and assure a feeble old man of your forgiveness, I can meet the coming ordeal strong in the certainty that Mary Anson will not refuse what you have given in her behalf."

"Your sorrowing uncle, "PHILIP MORLAND."

Continued Tomorrow



**Tomorrow: Realism! What! Seeing the Time**

Senator Depew, amid his memories of Thanksgiving, said at Briar Cliff Manor:

"I remember a Thanksgiving orator, in my boyhood in Peekskill, who worked the reminiscence stop too persistently."

"I've seen the time, dear friends, the orator said, 'when you couldn't go into your pumpkin field without danger of leaving your scalp behind. I've seen the time when tea was \$5 a pound. I've seen the time when you had to carry your gun to church for fear of redskins. I've seen the time when—"

"At this point a voice from the gallery shouted:

"And I've seen the time when I've looked at the clock."

Goes further than green tea—and more refreshing, too.

# Ridgways Tea