

## Krazy Kat

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Among the Stars



Tomorrow:

All My Eye

CHOSE THE LESSER EVIL

A gentleman from the north was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket and the head of the hunt called to one of the negroes:

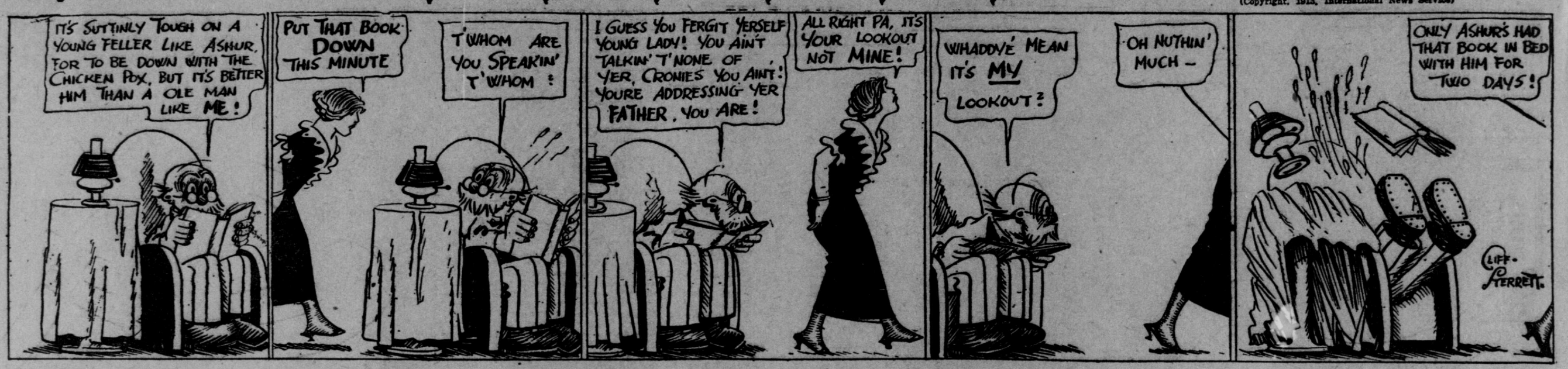
"Sam, go in there and get the bear out."

The negro plunged into the cane. After the hunt the visitor said to the negro: "Were you not afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?" "Cap'n," replied the negro, "it was jus' dis way; I neber had met dat b'ar, but I was passonally quainted wid de ol' boss, so I jus' naturally lookt dat b'ar."

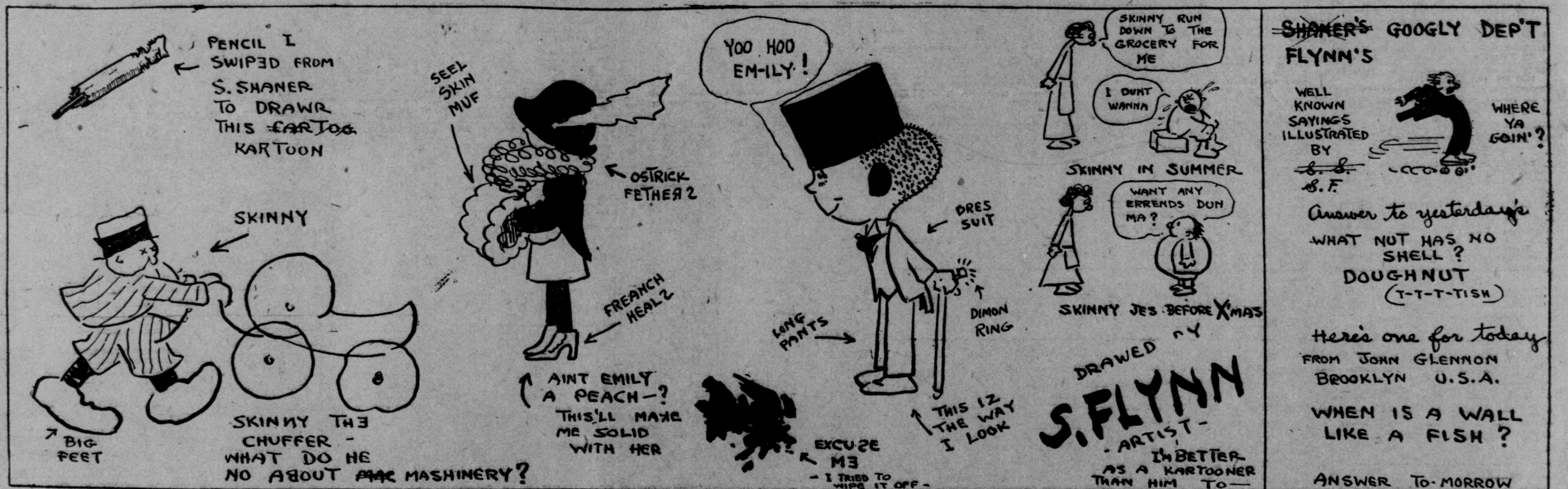
## The Dingbat Family



## Polly and Her Pals



## Us Boys



## KING OF DIAMONDS

BY LOUIS TRACY

Continued from Yesterday

Both of them glanced askance at the quantity Mason consumed, but they passed no comment. He tried to smoke, and as so that the light should not fall on his face. And then he said to them:

"Tell me all you know about Philip Anson. It interests me."

SNAP! The hard composition of his pipe was broken in two.

"What a pity!" cried Willie. "Shall I run and buy you a new one?"

"No, my boy, no. I can manage. Don't mind me. I can't talk, but I will listen. May the Lord have mercy on me, I will listen."

He suffered that night as few men have suffered. Many a murderer has had to endure the torments of a hunted conscience, but few can have been harrowed by their own sons lauding to the sky the victim's benefactions to themselves and to their dead mother.

He was master of his emotions sufficiently to control his voice. He punctuated their remarks by occasional comments that showed he appreciated every point. He examined with interest specimens of their work, for they understood both the stitching and stamping of leather, and once he found himself dully speculating as to what career he would have carved out for himself were he given in boyhood the opportunities they rejoiced in.

But throughout there was in his surcharged brain a current of cunning purpose. First, there was Grenier, away in the north, robbing a dead man and plotting desolation to some girl. He must be dealt with. Then he, the lawyer, must be slain, and by his own hand. He would spare his sons as much pain as might be within his power.

He would not merely disappear, leaving them dubious and distressed. No. They must know he was dead, not by suicide, but by accident. They would mourn his wretched memory. Better that than alive with the abiding grief of the knowledge that he was Philip Anson's murderer.

He was quite sure now that the dead would arise and call for vengeance if he dared to continue to exist.

Yes, that was it—a life for a life—a prayer that his deeds might not bear fruit in his children—and then death, speedy, certain death.

Some reference to the future made by Willie, the younger, who favored his mother more than the outspoken John, gave Mason an opportunity to pave the way for the coming separation.

"I don't want you two lads to make any great changes on my account," he said slowly. "It is far from my intention to settle down here, and let all your friends become aware that you are supporting a ticket of leave father. Yes, I know. You are good boys, and it won't be any more pleasant for me to live away from you than it would be for you—under other conditions—to be separated from me. But—I am in earnest in this matter. I will stop here tonight just to feel that I am under the same roof as you. It is your roof, not mine. Long ago I lost the right to provide you with a shelter. Tomorrow I go away. I have some work to do—a lot of work. It must be attended to at once. Of course, you will see me often. We can meet in the evening—go out together—but live here—with you—I can't."

His sons never knew the effort that his speech cost him. He spoke with such manifest hesitation that Willie, who quickly interpreted the less pronounced signs of a man's thought, winked a warning at his brother.

He said with an optic signal:

A HORRIBLE DREAM

"Not a word now, John. Just leave things as they are."

Under any ordinary conditions he would be right. He could never guess the nature of the chains that encircled his father, delivering him fettered to the torture, bound hand and foot, body and soul.

At last they all retired to their rooms, the boys to whisper kindly plans for keeping their father a prisoner at that hour.

He examined three sides of the building carefully—the sea front was inaccessible—and waited many minutes before he knocked at the door. He tried the door, and rattled it; peered in at the windows; stood back in the garden, and looked up at the bedrooms.

THE RESCUE

"A queer business," he muttered, as he turned unwillingly to leave the place.

"Ay, a very queer business," he said again. "I must go on to Soaradale, and make inquiries about this Wootton Williams afore I report t' super."

When Philip's almost lifeless body was hung over the cliff it rushed

phantoms that flitted before his vision.

He fell into a stupal slumber, disturbed by vivid dreams. Once he was on a storm swept sea at night, on a sinking ship, a ship with a crew of dead men, and a dead captain at the helm.

Driving onward through the raging waves, he could feel the vessel settling more surely, as she rushed into each yawning caldron. Suddenly, through the wreck of flying spindrift, he saw a smooth harbor, a sheltered basin, in which vessels rode, with cheerful lights, and men and women were watching the doomed craft from the firm security of the land.

But, strain his eyes as he would, he could see no entrance to that harbor; naught save furious seas breaking over relentless walls of granite.

Even in his dream he was not afraid.

He asked the captain, with an oath: "Is there no way in?"

And the captain turned corpse-like eyes toward him. It was Philip Anson. The dreamer uttered a wild beast's howl, and shrunk away.

Then he awoke to find Willie standing by his bedside with soothing words.

"It is all right, father. You were disturbed in your sleep. Don't get up yet. It is only 5 o'clock."

At that hour a policeman left his cottage in a village on the Yorkshire coast and walked leisurely toward the Grange house.

He traversed four miles of rough country, and the sun was but, so he did not hurry. About 6:30 he reached the farm. There were no signs of activity such as he expected in the country at that hour.

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down through the summer air feet foremost. Then, in obedience to the law of gravity, it spun around until, at the moment of impact with the water, the head and shoulders plunged first into the waves.

At that point the depth of the sea was 60 feet at the very base of the rock. At each half tide, and especially in stormy weather, an irresistible current swept away all sand-deposit, and sheered off projecting masses of stone so effectively that, in the course of time, the overhanging cliff must be undermined and fall into the sea.

High tide or low, there was always sufficient water to float a battleship, and the place was noted as a favorite look for salmon, at that season preparing for their annual visit to the sylvan streams of the moorland valleys.

The lordly salmon is peculiar in his habits. Delighting, at one period of the year, to roam through the ocean wilds, at another he seeks shallow rivers, in whose murmuring fords he scarce finds room to turn his portly frame.

And the law protects him most jealously.

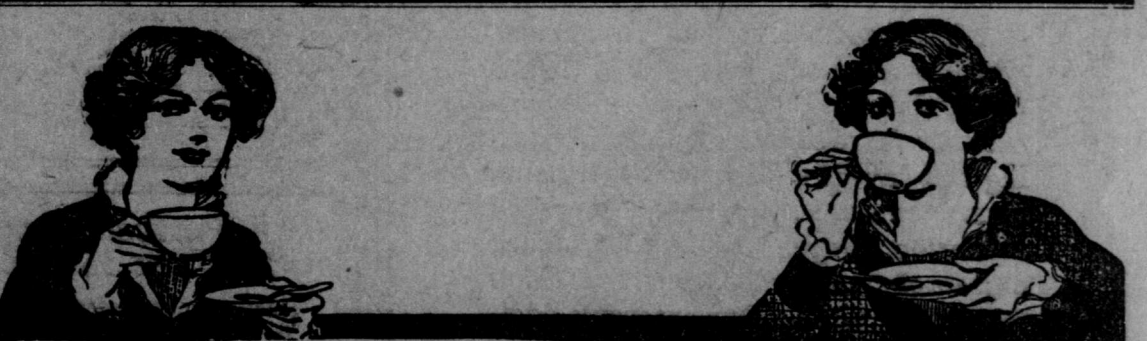
In the river he is guarded like a king, and when he clusters at its mouth, lastly making up his mind to try a change of water, as a monarch might visit Homburg for a change of air, he can only be caught under certain severe restrictions.

It must not be netted within so many yards of the seaward limit of the estuary; he may not be caught wholesale; the nets must have a maximum length of 400 feet; they must not be set between 7 p. m. on a Friday and 7 a. m. on a Monday.

Viewed in every aspect, the salmon is given exceptional chances of longevity. His price is high as has culled reputation, and the obvious sequel to all these precautions is that certain nefarious persons known as poachers try every device to defeat the law and capture him.

A favorite device is to run out a large quantity of nets in just such a tangle as the foot of the cliff crowded by Grange house. None can spy the operations from the land, while a close watch seaward gives many chances of escape from enterprising water bailiffs, who, moreover, can sometimes be made conveniently drunk.

When Philip hurried into the placid sea, his naked body shone white, like the plumage of some gigantic bird. Indeed, a man who was leisurely pulling the cable in a zigzag course—while two others paid out a net so that its sweeping curves might en-



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