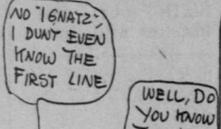
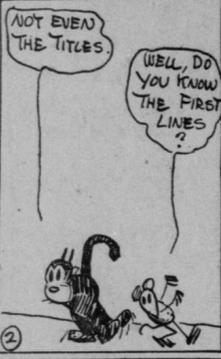


### Krazy Kat

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#### Sing Me a Song



Tomorrow:  
Kats Will Be Kats  
Very Warm

A party of commercial travelers were drawing the long bow and spinning yarns of wonderful adventures on sea and land. A silent listener sat in the corner. Presently one of the company addressed him. "Have you traveled much, sir?" "A little. I've been round the world seven times."

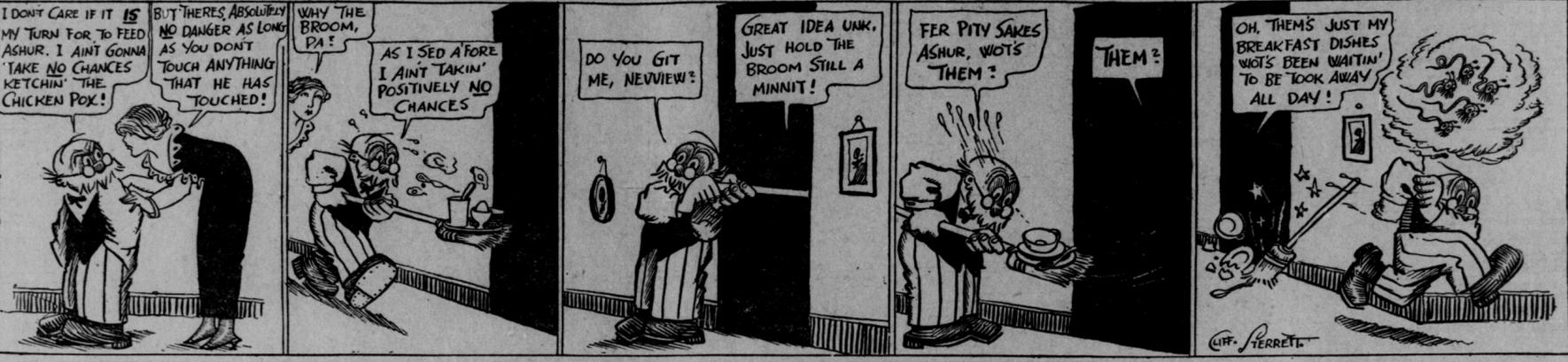
### The Dingbat Family



### Mr. Dingbat Is Some Joker

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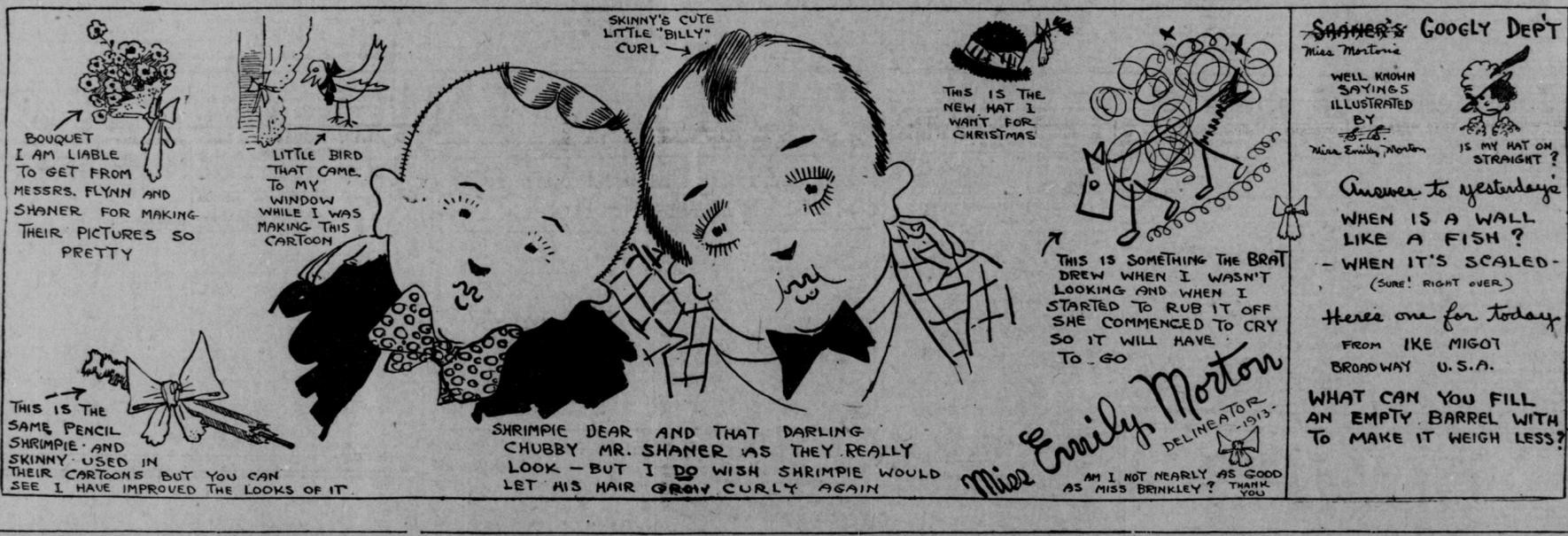
### Polly and Her Pals



### And Now Pa Is Scared for Fair

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### Us Boys



### Emily Morton Gets in On the Art Stuff

Registered United States Patent Office

### BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

Continued from Yesterday

Wearing their heavy sea boots, none of the fishermen, though each was an expert swimmer, dared to jump into the water. But the oarsman being a person of resource, and reasoning rapidly that not the most enthusiastic salmon bait in England would pursue him in such manner, grabbed a boathook and caught Philip with it beneath the arm.

He only used the slight force needed to support him until another could grasp him.

Then they lifted the half-drowned man on board, turned him on his face to permit the water to flow out of his lungs, and, instantly reversing him, began to raise his elbows and press them against his sides alternately.

Soon he breathed again, but he remained unconscious, and a restored circulation caused blood to flow freely from the back of his head.

Of course, the men were voicing their surprise throughout this unparalleled experience.

"Whoa is he?"

"Where did he come from?"

"Nobbut a loony wad has jumped off yon crag."

"He's neaked as when he was born."

At last one of them noticed his haken scrip. He pointed out the wound to his companions.

"That was never dean by fallin' 't' watter," he said.

At last one of them noticed his stature. His delicate skin, the texture of his hands, the cleanliness of his teeth and nails, were quick tokens to the fisherman that something quite beyond the common run of seaside accidents had taken place. The oarsman, a man of much intelligence, hit on an explanation.

"He was swarmin' doon 't' cliff after 't' birds," he cried. "Mebbe foter-gramm' 'em. I've heard of sike doin'."

"Man alive!" cried one of his mates, "he wouldn't strip 't' skin for that job."

This was unanswerable. Not one gave a thought to the invisible Grange house.

They held a hasty consultation. One man doffed his jersey for Philip's benefit, and then they hastily covered him with oilskin coat and overalls.

It was now nearly dark, so they ran out a marking buoy for their net, shipped oars, and pulled lustily to their remote fishing hamlet, three miles away from the outlet of the river which flowed through Seardsdale.

Arrived here, they carried Philip to the house of one who was the proud owner of a "separ" bed.

And now a fresh difficulty arose. A doctor, and a policeman, should be summoned. A messenger was dispatched at once for the nearest medical man—whom lived a mile and a half away, but the policeman, who dwelt in the village, was a bird of another color.

A QUANDARY

These men were poachers, law-breakers. At various times they had all been fined for illegal fishing. The policeman was of an inquiring turn of mind. He might fail to understand the mystery of the cliff, but he would most certainly appreciate every detail of their presence in that particular part of the sea which lapped its base on the shore.

So they smoked, and talked, and tried rough remedies until the doctor arrived.

To him they told the exact truth; he passed no comment, examined his patient, cut away the hair from the scalp wound, shook his head over it, bound it up, administered some stimulant, and sat down to await the return of consciousness.

But this was long delayed, and when, at last, Philip opened his eyes, he only rallied sufficiently to sleep.

The doctor promised to come early next day, and left.

Throughout Wednesday and Thursday Philip was partly delirious, waking at times to a vague consciousness of his surroundings, but mostly asking vacantly for "Evelyn."

Often he fought with a person named "Jockey Mason," and explained that "Sir Philip" was not in Yorkshire at all.

The wife of one of his rescuers was assiduous in her attentions. Most fortunately, for these fishfolk were very poor, that lure spread beneath the cliff invokel an unprecedented number of salmon, so she could afford to buy eggs and milk in abundance, and the doctor brought such medicines as were needed.

Gradually Philip recovered, until, at 9 o'clock on Thursday night, he came into sudden and full use of his senses. Then the doctor was sent for urgently; Philip insisted on getting up at once. He was kept in bed almost by main force.

With the doctor's arrival there was a further change. Here was an educated man, who listened attentively to his patient's story and did not instantly conclude that he was raving.

He helped, too, by his advice. It was utterly impossible to send a telegram to London that night. No matter what the sufferings of anxious friends concerning him, they could not be assuaged until the morning.

Yes, he would find money and clothes, accompany him, if need be, on the journey if he were able to travel tomorrow—attend to all things, in fact, in his behalf—for millionaires are scarce birds in secluded moorland districts. But, meanwhile, he must take a drink of milk and beef essence, rest a little while, take this draught, in a small bottle indicated, and sleep. Sleep was quite essential. He would awake in the morning very much better.

The knock on the head was not so serious as it looked at first sight. Probably he would not even feel it again if he wore a soft cap for some days. The broken skin was healing nicely, and consciousness of the brain had many gradations as fever, which ranges from a slight cold to yellow jack.

In his case he was suffering from two severe shocks, but the crisis was passed and he was able, even now, to get up if it could serve any possible purpose.

All this, save the promise of help, the doctor said with his tongue in his cheek. He had not the slightest intention of permitting Philip to travel next day. It was out of the question. Better reason with him in the morning and, if needful, bring his friends to Yorkshire rather than send him to London.

Evelyn's message must have caused much speculation as to its true significance in the minds of those telegraphic officials through whose hands it passed. It read:

"Am absolutely bewildered. Can not help feeling sure that news received from Station Hotel, York? In that case, who is it who has been writing repeatedly, in your name, from Station Hotel, York? Do not know what to think. Am going immediately to Abingdon. Please send more information. Suspense unbearable." "EVELYN."

If ever there was need for action it was needed now, Anson's strenuous

energy brought forth full strength of his indomitable will. The pallor fled from his cheeks, the dullness from his eyes.

"Doctor Scarth," he cried, "you must not keep me here in view of that telegram from the woman I love. Believe me, I will be worse, not better, if you force me to remain inactive, chained almost helpless in this village, and miles away from even a telegraph office. Help me now, and you will never regret it. I ask you!"

The doctor cut short his excited outburst.

"Very well," he said. "Whatever you do, try and cease from troubling yourself about circumstances which a few hours will put right. I must return to my dispensary for one hour. Then I will come for you, bring some clothes and the necessary money, and we will leave Seardsdale for New York at 2:30 p. m. That is the best I can promise. It must satisfy you."

He gave hasty directions as to his patient's food, and left him.

At last came the doctor, with a valise.

The few inhabitants of the hamlet gathered to see them off, and the fisherman's wife was moved to scow her apron into her eyes when Philip shook hands with her, saying that she was seeing him again in a few days.

At 10 minutes past 5 Anson and Doctor Scarth arrived in New York.

They hurried first to the station master's office. Anything for Anson? Yes. A few words of entreaty from Evelyn to avoid further risk.

Then to the hotel. They sought the manager.

But the manager was perfectly civil. The presence of Doctor Scarth, a reputable looking stranger, gave evidence that something important was afoot. Mr. Anson was in his rooms at the moment. Their names would be sent up.

Doctor Scarth, quick to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, intervened quietly.

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be better if you accompany us in person. An unpleasant matter can be arranged without undue publicity."

This was alarming. The manager went with them instantly. They paused at the door indicated.

"Come with me," said Philip, turning the handle without knocking. Grenier, intent on the perusal of a letter he had just written, looked up quickly.

He was face to face with Philip Anson.

The one man stood, the other sat, gazing at each other in a silence that was thrilling.

Doctor Scarth and the hotel manager entered noiselessly and closed the door behind them. Grenier, adroitly seconded that he was, was bereft of speech, of the power to move. He harbored no delusions. This was no ghost coming to trouble his soul in broad daylight. It was Philip Anson, himself, alive and in full possession of his senses, a more terrible apparition than any visitor from beyond the grave. His presence in that room meant penal servitude for life for Victor Grenier, a prison cell instead of pallid chambers, bread and skilly in place of Carlton luncheons.

No wonder the seconded was dumb, that his tongue was dry. He went cold all over, and his eyes swam.

Philip advanced toward him. Grenier could not move. He was glued to his chair.

"Who are you?" said Anson, sternly. No answer. As yet the acute brain refused to work. Lost—ruined—no escape—were the vague ideas that jostled each other in chaos.

"Can you not speak? Who are you that dares to usurp my name, after striving to murder me?"

No answer. The shifty eyes—the eyes of a detected pickpocket—wandered stupidly from Philip's set face to that of the perplexed hotel manager and the gravely amused doctor.

Philip never used strong language, but he was greatly tempted at that moment.

"Confound you!" he shouted. "Why don't you answer me?"

"I—I—my name is Philip Anson. The manager—the bank."

As a spent fox will vainly try the last despairing device of climbing a tree in full sight of the hounds, so did Victor Grenier evolve the desperate scheme that perhaps—perhaps—he might carry out a feeble pretense of self-assertion.

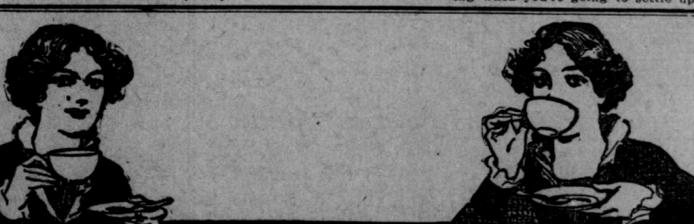
If only he could get away, into the crowded stations, into the streets, sink into obscurity while the chase swept past, he might yet endeavor to escape.

"You Philip Anson! You vile impostor! I am sorely inclined to wring your neck!"

Philip came nearer. In sheer fright lest the other might give effect to his words Grenier again backed his chair violently. It caught against a thick rug and he fell headlong. For an instant they all thought he had hurt himself seriously.

The doctor and manager ran to pick him up, but he rose to his knees and whined:

"I will tell everything. I mean, there is some mistake. Look at my letters, my bank books. They are Philip Anson's. Indeed, there is a mistake."



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**Ridgways Tea**