

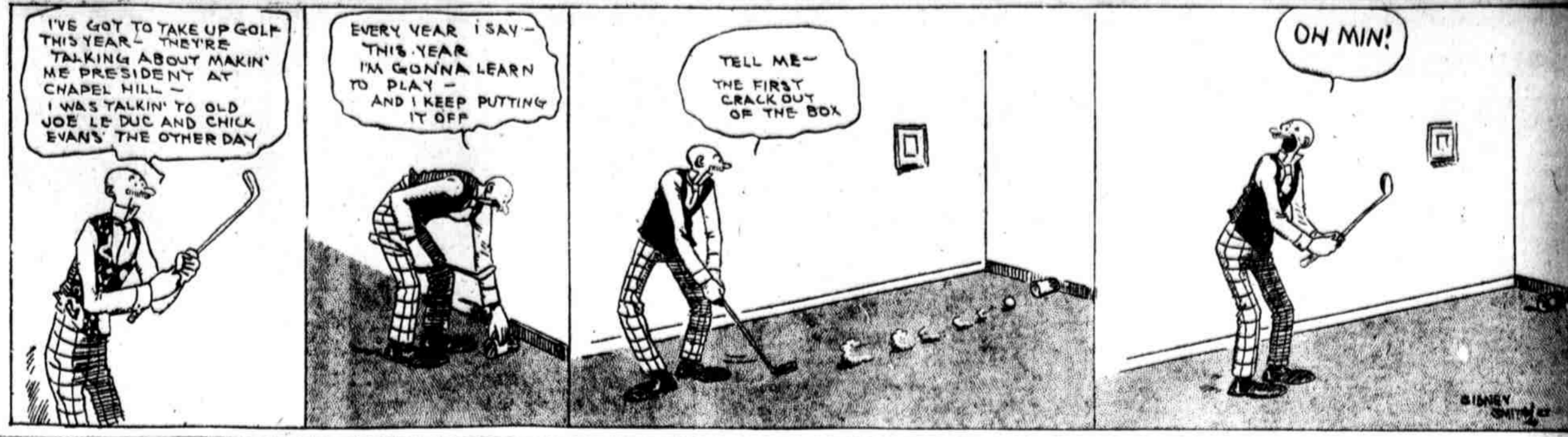
THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

Copyright, 1919, Fred Public Ledger Co.
LIX-CONVICT. He was sentenced, East Market Milwaukie Quarter, Sessions in autumn, 1881, to ten years' term in servitude for embezzling the bank's money to the tune of over 200,000 pounds. Served his term at Dartmoor. Went to Australia as soon as he was free, he came out. That's who Marbury was—Matland. Dead—certainly!

"Nobody could go to for information about the past?" asked Spargo. "No—nobody!" answered Evelyn. "Spargo drummed his fingers on his blotting-pad. He was thinking hard. 'How old is your father?' he asked suddenly. 'He was fifty-nine a few weeks ago,' answered Evelyn. 'And how old are you, and how old is your sister?' 'I am twenty, and Jessie is nearly nineteen. 'Where were you born?' 'Both of us at San Gregorio, which is in the San Jose province of Argentina, north of Montevideo. 'Your father was in business there?' 'He was in business in the export trade, Mr. Spargo. There's no secret about that. He exported all sorts of things to England and to France—skins, hides, wools, dried salts, fruit. That's how he made his money. 'You don't know how long he'd been there when you were born?' 'Was he married when he went out there?' 'No, he wasn't. We do know that. He's told us the circumstances of his marriage, because they were romantic. When he sailed from England to Buenos Aires he met on the steamer a young girl who, he said, was like himself, relationless and nearly friendless. She was going out to Argentina as a governess. She and my father fell in love with each other, and they were married in Buenos Aires soon after the steamer arrived. 'And your mother is dead?' 'My mother died before we came to England. She was eight years old, and Jessie six, then. 'And you came to England—how long after that?' 'Two years. 'So that you've been in England ten years. And you know nothing whatever of your father's past beyond what you've told me?' 'Nothing—absolutely nothing. 'Never heard him talk of—you see, according to your account, your father was a man of getting on to forty when he went out to Argentina. He must have had a career of some sort in his country. Have you never heard him speak of his boyhood? Did he never talk of old times, or that sort of thing?' 'I never remember hearing my father speak of any period antecedent to his marriage,' replied Evelyn. 'I once asked him a question about his childhood,' said Jessie. 'He answered that his early days had not been very happy ones, and that he had done his best to forget them. So I never asked him anything again. 'So that it really comes to this,' remarked Spargo. 'You know nothing whatever about your father, his family, his fortunes, his life, beyond what you yourselves have observed since you were able to observe? That's about it, isn't it?' 'I should say that that is exactly it," answered Evelyn. 'Just so," said Spargo. "And therefore, as I told your sister the other day, the public will say that your father has some dark secret behind him, and that Marbury had possession of it, and that your father killed him in order to silence him. That isn't it, is it? I not only believe your father to be absolutely innocent, but I believe that he knows no more than a child unborn of Marbury's murder, and I'm doing my best to find out who that murderer was. By the by, since you'll see all about it in tomorrow morning's Watchman, I may as well tell you that I've found out who Marbury really was. He—' 'At this moment Spargo's door was opened and in walked Ronald Breton. He shook his head at sight of the two sisters. 'I thought I should find you here," he said. 'Jessie said she was coming to see you, Spargo. I don't know what good you can do—I don't see what good the most powerful newspaper in the world can do. My God!—everything's about as black as ever it can be. Mr. Aylmore—I've just come away from him his solicitor, Straton, and have been with him for an hour—is obstinate as ever—he will not tell more than he has told. Whatever good can you do, Spargo, when he won't speak about that knowledge of Marbury which he must have?' 'Oh, well!" said Spargo. "Perhaps you can give me some information about Marbury. Mr. Aylmore has forgotten that it's not such a difficult thing to rattle up the past as he seems to think it is. For example, as I was just telling these young ladies, I might have discovered who Marbury really was." Breton started. 'You have? Without doubt?' he exclaimed. 'Without reasonable doubt, Marbury was an ex-convict. Spargo watched the effect of this sudden announcement. The two girls showed no sign of astonishment or of unusual curiosity; they received the news with as much unconcern as if Spargo had told them that Marbury was a famous musician. But Breton started, and it seemed to Spargo that he saw a sense of suspicion dawn in his eyes. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

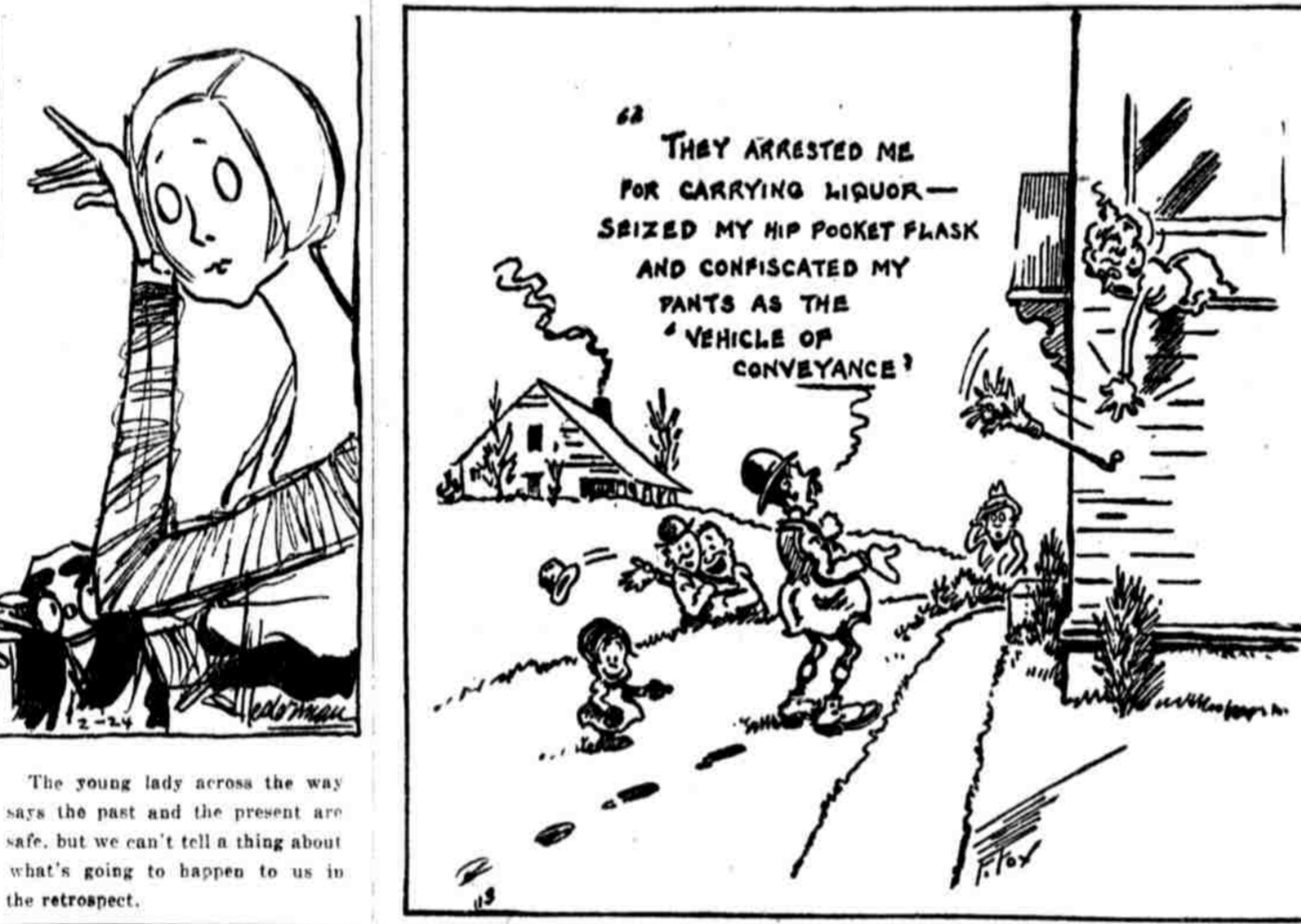
THE GUMPS—Fore!



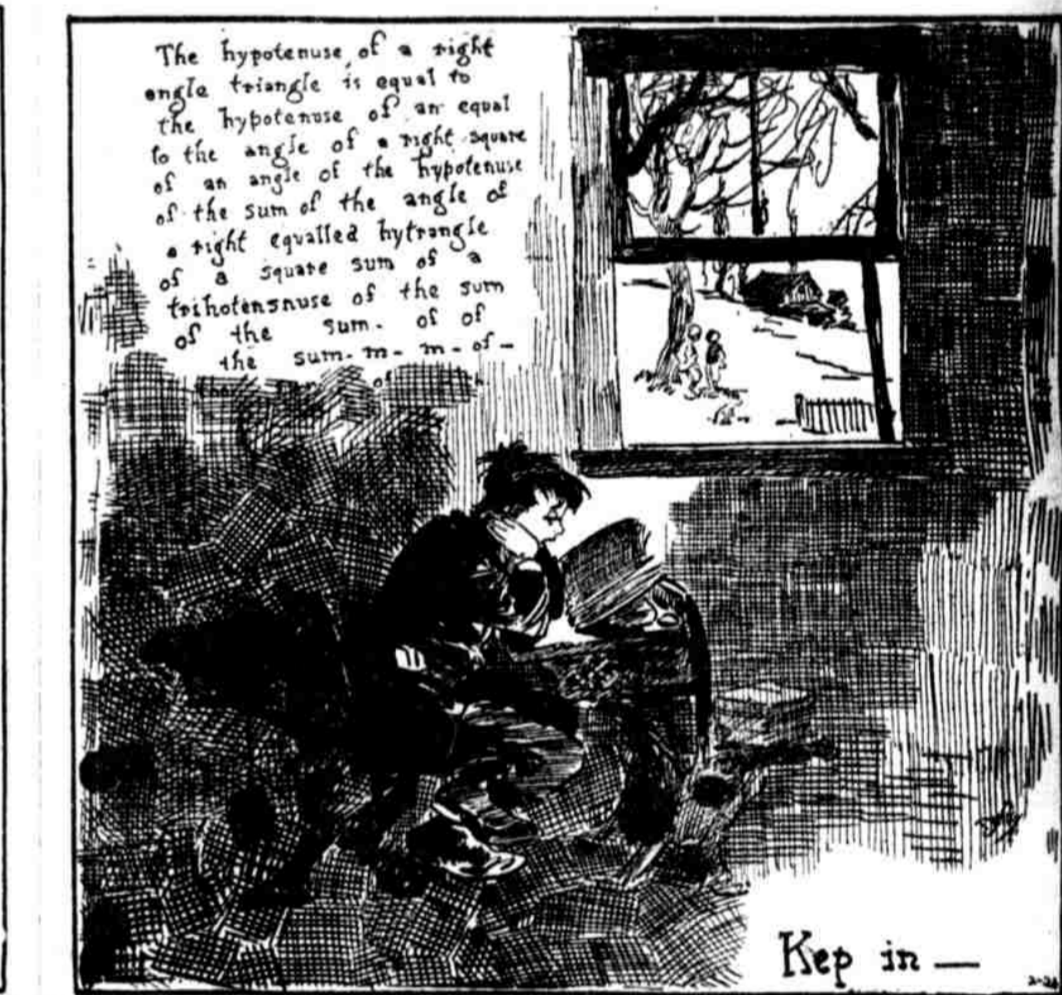
PETEY—How Does He Get That Way?



ANOTHER PERIL OF THE PROHIBITION LAW



SCHOOL DAYS



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—He Should Carry a Harp and Wear a Halo



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE FLYING FROGS

CHAPTER I Bally Sam Goes Francing
SPRING had come. For days the snow had been growing warmer and warmer, the snow had turned into water and run away to river and lake, and now a soft wind was blowing from the south. Peggy turned her face to the wind and let it play with her hair. 'Blow, South Wind, blow,' she sang, 'blow the birds back to their nests; blow the flowers out of their winter sleep; blow the leaves upon the trees; blow the joy of awakening time into our hearts. Blow, South Wind, blow!' 'Blow, South Wind, blow!' joined in the voice of Billy Belgium. 'Blow the nettles out of the ground so we can play baseball; blow the sunger into the mouths of the fishes so they will bite when we go fishing; blow the chill out of the river so we can go swimming. Blow, South Wind, blow!' 'He-haw, blow South Wind, blow!' prayed Bally Sam. 'Blow sweetness into all growing things; blow frolic-some fun into man and beast! Blow, South Wind, blow!' Bally Sam kicked up his heels as if he were already filled with frolic-some fun. 'He-haw, I like the spring,' he brayed, grinning from ear to ear. 'It makes me want to play, and if there is a boy and a girl around who'd like to prance with me, they'd better climb on my back in a hurry, for I can't stay still long when that jolly South Wind is blowing. There was a boy, and a girl, too, and it took only a jiffy for Billy and Peggy to climb on his back. Then, Sam pranced away across the fields and meadows. On he raced past streams and ponds made big with snow water. On, on, until he came to the woods of Birdland. 'We will visit the birds,' cried Peggy. 'Perhaps they have ridden the South Wind home from their winter sleep in Dixieland. It takes a long time to come from the South, and this is only the first breeze of spring,' answered Billy. 'But we will go through Birdland and see if their nests are ready for them. Birdland's trees were just beginning to stretch themselves after their winter sleep. The leaves had not come forth, but the buds were showing, and the bark, which had been a frozen gray during the cold weather, was getting black its summer color as the sap flowed upward. Marbury and three among the bushes were pussy-willows, their fluffy tails swelling under the touch of the warm South Wind. With the trees bare of leaves, it was easy to see the last year's nests that had not been hidden away in holes or hollows. Some of the nests had been all torn to pieces by the winter tempests and some had been badly damaged. 'But the birds will not mind that,' said Billy to Peggy. 'They like to build cozy, new nests each year. Peggy's eyes were eagerly roving about the woods, for she was hoping that some of the birds might have come back from the South a bit early. Suddenly she caught Billy by the arm and pointed ahead. 'See! Some of the birds have come home. Billy looked, and he quickly pulled Bally Sam to a halt. 'Sh-h-h-h-h!' he warned. 'Those are not our birds. They are some strange kind of creatures in the old nests of the birds. Peggy now saw that this was true. At the same time a harsh noise came from the stolen nests—a noise utterly unlike the sweet voices of the birds. (Tomorrow more will be told about the strange creatures.)

DOROTHY DARNIT—The Chimpanzee Was Insulted

