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THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of wrychester with its peaceful Close is the evene of much mystery and integer. Many Bewery, a young trigue. Many Bewery, a young woman of uneteen, and her brother woman of uneteen, and her brother Dick, a youth of seventeen, are words of Dector Ransford. Doctor Bryce is of Dector Ransford. Bryce is in tove with Mary, and she has appealed to with Mary and she will be supported to the peace of the marry me. That's the plain truth."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

stepson of Mr. Folliot, a wealthy restdent of the close. The two young peo-

door was slightly ajar; instead, the knock was repeated, and at that Bryce crossed the room and flung the door open.

A man stood outside—an eiderly, slight-figured, quiet-looking man, who looked at Bryce with a half-deprecating, half-nervous air; the air of a man who was shy in manner and evidently fearful of seeming to intrude. Bryce's quick, ebservant eyes took him in at a glance, puting a much worn and lined face, thin gray hair and tired eyes; this was a man, he said to himself, who had seen trouble. Nevertheless, not a poor man, if his general appearance was anything to go by—he was well and even expensively dressed, in the style generally affected by well-to-do merchants and city men; his clothes were fashionably cut, his slik hat was new, his linen and boots irreproachable; a fine diamond pin gleamed in his carefully arranged frave. Whe interest was new to be supported by the color of the step outside the street of the street of the step outside the street of boots irreproschable; a fine diamond pin gleamed in his carefully arranged cravat. Why, then, this unmistakably furtive and half-frightened manner—which seemed to be somewhat relieved at the sight of Bryce?

"Is this—is Doctor Ransford within?" saked the stranger. "I was told this is his house."

"Doctor Ransford is out." replied Bryce. "I saw it was no good, so I was running for help—"

Bryce pushed him toward the bushes by which they were standing.

e. "Just gone out—not five minutes This is his surgery. Can I be of

yonder."
The stranger followed Bryce's outstretched finger. "Paradise?" "What's that?" he said, wonderingly. Bryce pointed to a long stretch of

Fray wall which projected from the south wall of the cathedral into the close.

It's an inclosure—between the south perchange in the cathedral into the close. "It's an inclosure—between the south porch and the transept, he said. "run of old tombs and trees—a sort of wilderness—why called Paradise I don't know. There's a short cut across it to the deanery and that part of the close—through that arenway you see over there. "If you go across, you're almost sure to meet Doctor Ransford."
"I'm much obliged to you," said the stranger. "Thank you."
He turned away in the direction which Bryce had indicated, and Bryce went after him.
"If you don't meet him, shall I say you'll call again?" he asked. "And—what name?"
The stranger shook his head. "It's immaterial," he answered. "I'll see him—somewhere—or later. Many He went on his way toward Paradise, complying the processing the morning service—of course, it's 10 o'clock. Never and Bryce returned to the surgery and them—go straight to the police. Prince there had been as the police. The police is an inclosure of the cathedral people—some of the vergers. No!" he broke off suddenly, as the low strains of an organ came from within the great building. "They're just beginning the morning service—of course, it's 10 o'clock. Never mind them—go straight to the police.

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"They've met!" mused Bryce, and stopped, staring after Ransford's retreating figure. "Now what is it in the man's mere presence that's upset Ransford? He looks like a man who's had a nasty, unexpected shock—a bad 'un!" recognized as one Stack the resistepson of Mr. Folliot, a wealthy resistepson of Mr. Folliot, a wealthy resistence of the close. The two young peofent of the close. The two young peofent of the close. The two young peofent of the close is an acting together with evident great friendliness.

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Bryce. "Just gone out—not five minutes ago. This is his surgery. Can I be of use?"

The man hesitated, looking beyond Bryce into the room.

No. I don't want professional services in the fact is, I once knew some one of that name. It's no matter—at present.

Bryce stepped outside and pointed stross the close.

Doctor itansford," he said, "went over there—I rather fancy he's gone to the Beanry—he has a case there. If you went through Paradise, you'd very likely meet him coming back—the Deanery is the big house in the far corner yonder."

The stranger follows:

Bryce pushed him toward the bushes by which they were standing.

"Take me to him," he said. "Come on!"

Varner turned back, making a way through the cypresses. He led Bryce to the foot of the great wall of the nave. There in the corner formed by the angle of nave and transept. on a broad pavement of flagstones, lay the body of a man crumpled up in a curiously twisted position. And with one glance, even before, he reached it, Bryce knew what body it was—that of the man who had come, shyly and furtively, to Ransford's door.

"Look!" exclaimed Varner, suddenly pointing. "He's stirring!"

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door.

"Look!" exclaimed Varner, suddenly pointing. "He's stirring!"
Bryce, whose gaze was fastened on the twisted figure, saw a slight move-ment—which relaxed as suddenly as it had occurred. Then came stillness. "That's the end!" he muttered. "The man's dead! I'll guarantee that before I put a hand on him. Dead enough!" he went on, as he reached the body and dropped on one knee by it. "His neck's broken."

of nave and transept; on the other, the cypresses and yews rising amongst the old tombs and monuments. Assuring himself that no one was near, no eye watching, he slipped his hand into the inner breast pocket of the dead man's smart morning coat. Such a man must carry papers—papers would reveal something. And Bryce wanted to know anything—anything that would give information and let him into whatever secret there might be between this unlucky stranger and Ransford.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—A Beautiful Sight to See



PETEY-All He Got Was Blisters This Trip





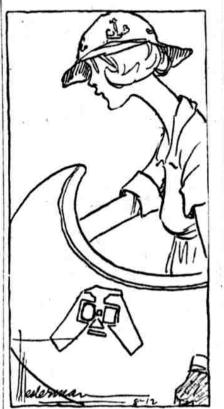
- THERE YOU GO AGAIN ABOUT THE HEAT -- WHY DID YOU FORGET THE DURN THING? - KEEP QUIET HOW. HERE'S WHERE WE FISH'



By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she hates to see a candidate try to dodge the issues and if he only knew it what the people like is a man who comes right out boldly and takes his place on the fence.

THE STARTLING DISCOVERY By FONTAINE FOX - THAT WILLIE MUST HAVE SPENT ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER LUNCHEON SHOOTING WATERMELON SEEDS INTO GRANPA'S BEARD.



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Everybody Needs Some Kind of a Vacation



"CAP" STUBBS—Sammy Enjoyed the Candy

