THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

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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 scene of much mystery and intriduction of the scene of much mystery and intriduction of the scene of much mystery, a young trique. Mary Bewery, a young trique. Mary Bewery, a young trique. Mary Bewery, a young trique and seventeen, and her brother sof Doctor Ransford. Doctor Bryce is in love Ransford's assistant. Bryce is in love with Mary. A strange man inquires with Mary. A strange man inquires with Mary. A strange man inquires with the Close. A few minutes after him to the Close. A few minutes after him to the Close. A few minutes after and at the foot of Saint Wrytha's Stair and at the foot of Saint Wrytha's Stair and at the foot of Saint Wrytha's Stair and at Maryce alone with the Cathedral. Bryce alone with the Cathedral. Bryce alone with the cathedral wanted to know anything—dead man wanted to know anything—dead man wanted to know anything and let him into whatever secret and let him into whatever secret and let him into whatever secret where might be between this unlucky there might be between this unlucky stranger and Ransford."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES But the breast pocket was empty; were no papers there. Nor were there any papers elsewhere in the other pockets which he hastly searched; there was not even a card with a name on it. But he found a purse, full of moneybanknotes, gold, silver-and in one of its compartments a scrap of paper folded curiously, after the fashion of the cocked-hat missives of another age in which envelopes had not been invented. Bryce hurriedly unfolded this, and after one glance at its contents, made haste to secrete it in his own pocket. He had only just done this and put back the purse when he heard Varner's voice, and a second later the voice of Inspector Mitchington, a well-known police official. And at that Bryce sprang to his feet, and when the mason and his companions emerged from the bushes was standing looking thoughtfully at the dead man. He turned to Mitchington

with a shake of the head, "Dead!" he said in a hushed voice. "Died as we got to him. Broken-all to pieces, I should say-neck and spine certainly. I suppose Varner's told you

what he saw."

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, darkcomplexioned man, quick of movement,
nodded, and after one glance at the
body, looked up at the open doorway body, looked up at the body, looked up at the high above them.

"That the door?" he asked, turning to Varner. "And—it was open?"

"It's always open," answered Varner.
"Leastways, it's been open, like that, all this spring, to my knowledge."

"What is there behind it?" inquired Michington.

Bryce affected to have seen nothing.
"I came to fetch you," he answered.
There's been an accident in Paradise
man fallen from that door at the head
Et. Wrytha's stair. I wish you'd come
but I may as well tell you that he's
sat help—dead!"

"Dead!" A man?" evel limet Dead. A man?" exclaimed Rans-

A man?" exclaimed Ranswhat man? A workman?"
had already made up his mind
lling Ransford of the stranger's
the surgery. He would say
-at that time, at any rate. It
probable that any one but himw of the call; the side entrance
surgery was screened from the
a shrubbery; it was very untat any passerby had seen the
ll or go away. No—he would
knowledge secret until it could edge secret until it could er use of.

orkman—not a townsman "he answered. "Looks like he answered. "Looks like tourist. A slightly built, gray-haired." to had turned to his desk himself, looked round with arp glance—and for the mo-was taken aback. For he and Ransford—and yet that ince of apparently genuine glance which almost con-against his will against only facts, that Ransford was the Paradise affair for the

rly man — gray-haired — 1?" sald Ransford, "Dark hat?" "Dark "replied Bryce, who was rably astonished. "Do you

such a man entering the a white ago," answered Rans-stranger, certainly. Come

fully recovered his self-posses-hat time, and he led the way surgery and across the close urgery and across the close of going on an ordinary prosit. He kept silence as they sile to the control of the current of the group of men gathered ody Ransford showed nothonal interest.

you done anything toward find-who this unfortunate man is?" susford, after a brief examina-te turned to Mitchington. "Evi-stranger—but he probably has a him."

s on him."

here's nothing on him—except a large of him."

here's nothing on him—except a large of him here's nothing of money in it," and here of him here is not a scrap sockets myseif; there isn't a scrap sper—not even as much as an old to the here evidently a tourist, or thing of the sort, and so he'll probhave stayed in the city all night. I'm going to inquire at the hoteis."

here'll be an inquest, of course, arked Ranaford mechanically. "Well

—we can do nothing. Mitchington. You'd better have the body removed to the mortuary." He turned and looked up at the broken stairway at the foot of which they were standing. "You say he fell down that?" he asked. "Whatever was he doing up there?"

Mitchington looked at Bryce. "Haven't you told Doctor Ransford how it was?" he asked.
"No." answered Bryce. He glanced at Ransford, indicating Varner, who had come back with the constable and was standing by. "He didn't fall." he went on, watching Ransford narrowly. "He was violently flung out of that doorway. Varner here saw it."

Ransford's check flushed, and he was unable to repress a slight start. He looked at the mason.
"You actually saw it!" he exclaimed.

looked at the mason.

"You actually saw it!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what did you see?"

"Him!" answered Varner, nodding at the dead man. "Flung, head and heels, clean through that doorway up there. Hadn't a chance to save himself, he hadn't! Just grabbed at—nothing!—and came down. Give a year's wages if I hadn't seen it—and heard him scream."

cream."
Ransford was watching Varner with

Hansford was watching Varner with a set, concentrated look.

"Who—flung him?" he asked suddenly.

"Aye, sir, but not as much as all that!" replied the mason. "I just saw a hand—and that was all. But," he added, turning to the police with a knowing look, "there's one thing I can swear to—it was a gentleman's hand! I saw the white shirt cuff and a bit of a black sleeve!"

Ransford turned away. But he just as suddenly turned back to the inspector.

as suddenly turned back to the inspector.

"You'll have to let the cathedral authorities know, Mitchington," he said. "Better get the body removed, though, first—do it how before the morning service is over. And—let me hear what you find out about his identity, if you can discover anything in the city."

He went away then, without another word or a further glance at the dead man. But Bryce had already assured himself of what he was certain was a fact—that a look of unmistakable relief had swept across Ransford's face for the fraction of a second when he knew that there were no papers on the dead man. He himself waited after Ransford had gone; waited until the police had fetched a stretcher, when he personally super-intended the removal of the body to the mortuary outside the close. And there a constable who had come over from the police station gave a faint hint as to further investigation. "It saw that poor gentleman last night, sir," he said to the inspector. "He was standing at the door of the Mitre, talking to another gentleman—a tallish man."

"Then I'll go across there," said

Varner. "And—it was open." "Is always open," answel like that "Jacatways. It's only howeledge." "What is there behind it?" inquired Michaigton. "What is there behind it?" inquired Michaigton. "Some the property of gallery, that runs all round the naw." replied yarmer. "Clerestors of the saw." replied yarmer. "Clerestors of the ways up to the saw." replied yarmer. "Clerestors of the ways up to the saw." replied yarmer and walk around—lots of the two constalies who had followed him. "Lest Varner show you the way up there," he said. "Go quietly—don't make any fuss—the morning service is body—just take a quiet look around along that gallery, especially near the looked down at the dead man again as body—just take a quiet look around along that gallery, especially near the looked down at the dead man again as serted Bryce. "You'll have to go into that pretty deeply, But—the inside of the cathedra's like a rabbit-warren to gother wars unbestered. Now, you'll have to go into that pretty deeply, But—the inside of the cathedra's like a rabbit-warren in five minutes."

"A stranger, I should thave to go into that pretty deeply, But—the inside of the cathedra's like a rabbit-warren in five minutes."

"A stranger, I should thave to go into the path of the cathedra's like a rabbit-warren in five minutes."

It is medical man than myself to so other medical man than myself to so other in the same than the same

and across the market toward the cathedral. And that," concluded Mrs. Partingley, "is about all I know, gentlemen."

"Saxonsteade, eh?" remarked Mitchington. "Did he say anything about his reasons for going there?"

"Well, yes, he did," replied the landlady. "For he asked me if I thought he'd be likely to find the duke at home at that time of day. I said I knew his grace was at Saxonsteade just now, and that I should think the middle of the afternoon would be a good time."

"He didn't tell you his business with the duke?" asked Mitchington.

"Not a word!" said the landlady. "Oh. no!—just that, and no more. But—here's Mr. Dellingham."

Bryce turned to see a tail, broadshouldered, bearded man pass the window—the door opened and he walked into glance inquisitively at the inspector. He turned at once to Mrs. Partingley.

"I hear there's been an accident to that gentleman I came in with last night?" he said. "Is it anything serious? Your hostler says—"

"These gentlemen have just come about it, sir," answered the landlady. She glanced at Mitchington. "Perhaps you'll tell—" she began.

"Was he a friend of yours, sir?" asked Mitchington. "A personal friend?"

"Never saw him in my life before last night!" replied the tail man. "We just chanced to meet in the train coming down from London, got talking, and discovered we were both coming to the same place—Wrychester.

"So—we came to this house together. No—no friend of mine—not even an acquaintance—previous, of course, to last night. Is—is it anything serious?"

"He's dead, sir," replied Mitchington. "And now we want to know who he is."
"God bless my soul! Dead? You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Dellingham. "Dear! Dear! Well, I can't help you—don't know him from Adam. Pleasant, well-informed man—seemed to have traveled a great deal in foreign countries. I can tell you this much, though," he went on, as if a sudden recollection had come to him, "I gathered that he'd only just arrived in England; in fact, now I come to think of it, he said samuch. Made some remark in the tr

him."
"We have searched him," answered
Mitchington. "There isn't a paper, a letter, or even a visiting card on him."
Mr. Dellingham looked at the land-

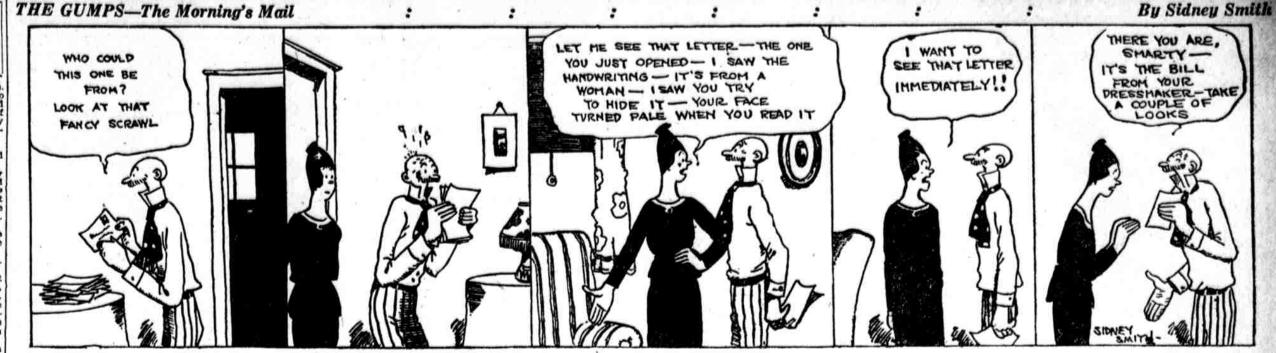
Mr. Dellingham looked at the lady.

"Bless me!" he said, "Remarkable!
But he'd a suitcase, or something of the sort—something light,—which he carried up from the railway station himself.

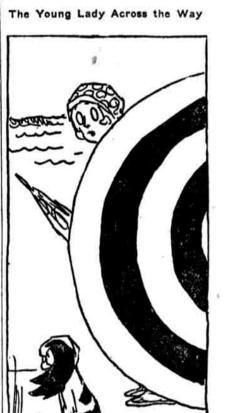
Perhaps in that—"

"I should like to see whatever he had," said Mitchington. "We'd better examine his room, Mrs. Partingley."

(CONTINUED MONDAY)



PETEY-A Common Occurrence By C. A. Voight CA Voight - NOPE - YOU CAN'T THIS HOLE THAT - WAIT'LL I - OH, PETEY-GUY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT IS WAY UP, BUT, COME WITH ME THIS SEE THAT GUY! LOOK WHAT ! TIME - I'M GONNER THAT'S ALL - OF GOT RIGHT OFF BELIEVE ME THEY JUMP CATCH FISH THIS TIME ALL THE - DIDN'T THE DOCK " - YOU'RE A JOHAH! RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER EVEN GET A BITE INTO THE BOAT-



The young lady across the way says there's no excuse for having a dog pedigreed if you give him a bath often enough and use good strong soap.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG MY MAW PAINTED IT BY HANG WITH DILPART ITS THE CASTLE WHERE OUR COUSIN WILLIE LIVED OVER THE OCEAN IN ENGLUND OVER THE OCEAN IN THE HUMBERDS OF YEARS AGO.
HE WAS A DUKE AN' IF HADN'T A GOT HUMB WED ALL BEEN DUKES. TO BE A DUKE ALL BEEN DUNES. LO BE A DUNE.
THEM TOMBSTONES AINT TOMBSTON BUT HOLES UNDER THAT BRIDGE SHOWIN' THE WATER FALL ON THE OTHER SIDE - WE ALL RUN AWAY FROM ENGLUND AN' COME OVER IN THE JUNEFLOWER , MY MANY SAYS -RE ANCESTRAL HALL

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—What Do You Wish on a Hot August Afternoon By Hayward : Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. HERE'S YOUR FORTY MAKE MY SECOND SODA MISS NEXT ONE O'FLAGE. VANILLA HOLY BUCKWHEAT TELL EM FOR Boss ME IM NEVER WISHES-COMIN' BACK VENUS" SAYS SHE WOULDN'T. MISS OFLAGES MIND THE WEATHER WISHES ARE A BIT. MODEST. ANYONE GOT A NICE PRIVATE YACHT THAT ISN'T WORKING TODAY? MARY DOODLE WISHES A GOOD ONE

