THE GUMPS-Gump Day at Chapel Hill.

THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher Copyright, 1986, by Alfred A. Knopf. Inc.

TRIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STANTS THE STORY The HILL Beglish cathedral town of receive with its peaceful close is to active with its peaceful close is to active with its peaceful close is to be active with the peaceful close is to be active and the peaceful close is to active active services are wards be active to an active and a few peaceful close is found decaid at the state later is found decaid at the state later is found decaid at the state is found decaid at the state is found decaid at the state is found to be active the man here and fell. This is objected to as the hearty is that the man fore and fell. This is objected to as and A cansford has Mary pur-has fourers for the dead man's man house for information regarding be dead man. Next day Bryce, and a Detective Marker meet at Bar-here and to the local superinterdent police flarker supe, "This young the active staying across at the Pea-ter and when the superinterdent police flarker and is found the base of the super an find out for where."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

YCE was all unconscious that any vas interested in his movements

he strolled out into Barthorne ace just after 11. He had casual question of the walter and that the old gentleman had He accordingly believed himfrom observation. And forthset about his work of inquiry own fashion. He was not going traw any attention to himself by stions of present-day inhabi-

whose curiosity might then be whose curiosity might then be used; he knew better methods than Every town, said Bryce to him-possesses public records—parish sters, burgess rolls, list of voters; a small towns have directories which more or less complete—he could relate for any mention or record related to any family of the name earch these for any mention or record f anybody or any family of the name of Braden. And he spent all that day in that search. Inspecting numerous incuments and registers and books; and when evening came he had a very com-late acquaintance with the family interaction of Barthorpe, and he was prepared to bet odds against any one of the name of Braden having lived there suring the last half century. In all he searching he had not once come screet the name.

uing the last than Century. In an is sarching he had not once come cross the name. The man who had spent a very lazy may in keeping an eye on Bryce as he value the various public places where-at he made his researches was also seening an eye upon him next morning men Bryce, breakfasting earlier than usual, prepared for a second day's abors. He followed his quarry away from the little town.--Bryce was walk-ng sut to Braden Medworth. In Bryce's philen, it was something of a wildgoose chuse to go there, but the similarity in he name of the village and of the dead mai at Wrychester might have its sig-affance and it was but a two miles' stoll from Barthorpe. He found Braden Medworth a very small, quiet and plc-ursque place, with an old church on he banks of a river which promised pod sport to anglers. And there he sum straight to the vicarage and it vicar, with a request to be allowed is impect the parish registers. The ways having no objection to carning the seminant fee, hastened to comply with the seminant fee, hastened to comply with

where having no objection to earning the summary of the second second second second second second here is request, and inquired how far here is request, and inquired how far here is a second second second second "No particular entry." answered Broc, "and as to period—fairly recent. The fact is, I am interested in names. I am thinking"—here he used one more of his easily found inventions—"of writing a book on English surnames, and am just now inspecting parish reg-mines in the Midlands for that pur-pose."

The status of the sta

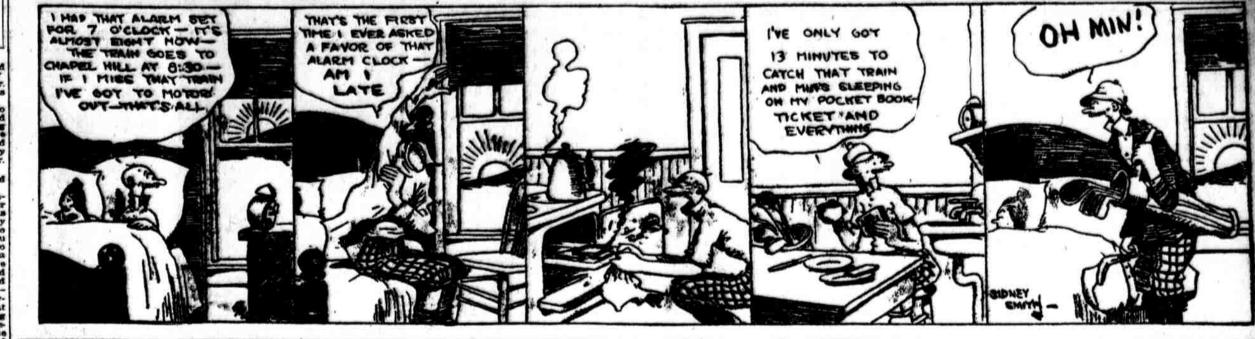
"Who was she?" demanded Brycs. "Governess at the vicarags." replied Claybourne. "Nics, sweet young lady." "And the man she married?.-Mr. Brake," continued Bryce. "Who was he?" "A young gentleman that used to come here for the fishing, now and then," answered Claybourne, pointing at the river. "Famous for our trout we are here, you know, sir. Mr. Brake had come here for three years before they were married-him and his friend Mr. Ransford."

"You remember him, too?" asked Bryce. "Remember both of 'em very well in-deed," said Claybourne, "though I never set eyes on either after Miss Mary was wed to Mr. Brake. But I saw plenty of 'em both before that. They used to put up at the inn there—that I saw you come out of just now. They came two or three times a year—and they were a bit thick with our parson of that time —not this one: his predeccessor—and they used to go up to the vicarage and smoke their pipes and cigars with him-and of course, Mr. Brake and the gov-erness fixed it up. Though, you know, at one time it was considered it was going to be her and the other young gentle-end, it was Brake—and Ransford stood best man for him." Bryce assimilated all this informa-"You remember him, too?" asked

Bryce assimilated all this informa-tion, greedily-and asked for more. "Im interested in that entry," he said, tapping the open book. "I know some people of the name of Bewery-they may be relatives."

The shoemaker shook his head as if doubtful.

may be relatives." The shoemaker shock his head as if doubtful. "I remember hearing it said," he re-marked, "that Miss Mary had no rela-tions. She'd been with the old vicar some time, and I don't remember any relations ever coming to see her, nor her going away to see any." "Do you know what Bruke was?" asked Bryce. "As you may be came here for a good many times before the mar-riage. I suppose you'd hear something about his profession, or trade, or what-ever it was?" "He was a banker, that one," replied Claybourne. "A banker-that was his trade, sir, t'other gentleman. Mr. Ransford, he was a doctor--I mind that well enough, because once when him and Mr. Brake were fishing here. Thomas Joynt's wife fell downstairs and broke he'd got it set before they'd got the res'lar doctor out from Barthorps yonder." "Fyce had now got all the informa-tion he wanted, and he made the old parish clerk a small present and turned to go. But another question presented little shop. "Your late vicar?" he said. "The one in whose family Miss Bewery was gov-erness-where is he now? Dead?" "Can't say whether he's dead or alive, sir," replied Claybourne. "He left this parish for another-a living in a dif-ferent part of Engind-some years since, and I haven't heard much of him from that time to this-he never came back here once, not even to pay us a friendly visit-he was a queerish sort. But I'll tell you what, sir," he added, evidently anxious to give his visitor good value for his half-crown, "our present vicar has one of those books with the names of all the clergymen in 'em, and he'd tell you where his prede-cessor is now, if he's alive-name of Rev. Thomas Gilwaters, M. A.--an Oz-ford college man he was, and very high learned."



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SCHOOL DAYS

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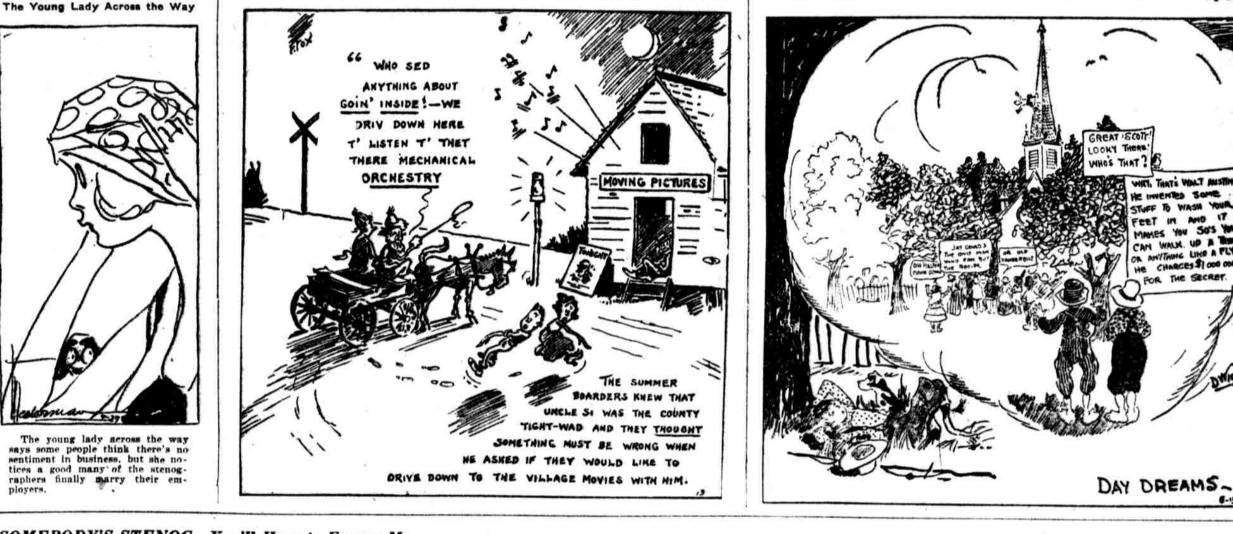
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Uncle Si, the County Tightwad, Drives Seven Miles to the Movies-By Fontaine Fox



WIST THAT'S WALT MASTIN HE INVENTED SOME STUFF TO WASH FEET IN MO IT MANES YOU SO'S YOU CAN WALK. UP & THE OR ANYTHING LINE A FLY. CHARGES \$1 000 00

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By DWIG

By Hayward

By Sidney Smith

The vice replied that was precisely what he had been about to suggest; and Broe carried the book away. And while he sat in the inn parlor awaiting his lunch, he turned to the carefully emplied index, glancing through it rap-idy. On the third page he saw the name Bawery." If the man who had followed

Bevery." If the man who had followed Bryce from Barthorpe to Braden Medworth had been with him in the quiet inn parlor Would have seen his quarry start ad heard him let a stiffed exchamation reape his lips. But the follower, know-ng his man was safe for an hour, was in the bar outside, eating bread and these and drinking ale; and Bryce's urprise was witnessed by no one. Yet had hear had been so much surprised that if If Wrychester had been there he could bot, despite his self-training in watch-uters in the back either start or

pite his self-training in watch-have kept back either start or A name so uncommon

Bewery": A name so uncommon hat here—here, in this out-of-the-way kidand village—there must be some menction with the object of his search. Here the name stood out before him. It he exclusion of all others—Bewery with just one entry of figures against t. He turned to page 387 with a sense if sure discovery. And there an entry caught his eye t ence; and he knew that he had dis-bered more than he had ever hoped or. He read it again and again, gloat-wered more than he had ever hoped or. He read it again and again, gloat-we over his wonderful luck— June 19. 1891. John Brake, bache-ler, of the parish of St. Pancras, Lon-don, to Mary Bewery, spinster, of this parish by the vicar. Witnesses: Charles Claybourne, Selina Womers-ier, Mark Ransford Twenty-two years ago! The Mary

"That's me, sir !" replied the old shoetaker briskly, after a glance.

The old man nodded at the church came you to witness that mar-

"And as if it was yesterday !" an-mod the old man with a smile. "Mise wery's inarriage?--why, of course !"

dent with his report. "Gone, sir," he said, "Left by the 5:30 express for London." Bryce found himself at 11 o'clock next morning in a small book-lined parlor in a little house which stord in a control in

morning in a small book-lined parlor in a little house which stood in a quiet street in the neighborhood of West-bourne Grove. Over the mantelplece, among other odds and ends of plotures, and photographs, hung a water-color drawing of Braden. Medworth—and to him presently entered an old, silver-haired clergyman whom he at once took to be Braden Medworth's former vicar, and who glanced inquisitively at his vis-itor and then at the card which Bryce had sent in with a request for an in-terview.

terview. "Doctor Bryce?" he said inquiringly

"Dr. Pemberton Bryce." Bryce made his best bow and assumed his suavest and most imigratiating man-

"I hope I am not intruding on your time, Mr. Gilwaters?" he said. "Tha fact is I, was referred to you, yesterday, by the present vicar of Braden Med-worth-both he and the sexton there. Claybourne, whom you, of course, re-

member, thought you would be able to give me some information on a subject which is of great importance-to me."

"I don't know the present vicar." re-marked Mr. Gilwaters, motioning Bryce to a chair, and taking another close by. "Claybourne, of course. I remember very well indeed—he must be getting an old man now—like myself! What is it you

The parish, by the vicar. Witnesses: "A states Claybourne, Selina Womers-"A shall have to take you into my want to know. now?" "I shall have to take you into my confidence." replied Bryce, who had to see why I have there made the ac-guaintance of a young lady whom I have been assistant. And I think young lady's name is— Mary Bewery." The old clergyman started, and looked at his visitor with unusual interest. He grasped the arm of his elbow chair and leaned forward. "Mary Bewery." he said in a low whisper. "What—what is the name of the man who is her—guardian." "Dr. Mark Ransford." answered Bryce promptly. The old man sat upright again, with a little toss of his head. "Bleas my soul!" he exclaimed. "Mark Ransford! Then—it must have been as f feared—and suspected!"

the old man leaned forward again, armost engerly. "What is it you want to know?" he asked, repeating his first question. "Is —is there some—some mystery?" "Yes!" replied Bryce. "A mystery that i want to solve, sir. And I dare say that you can help me, if you'll be so good. I am convinced—in fact. I know! —that this young lady is in ignorance of her parentage, that Ramsford is keeping some fact, some truth back from her— and I want to find things out. By the merest chance—accident, in fact—I dis-

merest chance-accident, in fact-1 dis-covered yesterday at Braden Medworth

The been sexton and parish clerk took it on from my father—and he ad the job from his father. To you remember this marriage? Wed Bryce, perching himself on the toking. Twenty-two years since. I Tays as if it was yesterday!" an-arred the old man with a smile. "Mise

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

The young lady across the way says some people think there's no sentiment in business, but she notices a good many of the stenog-raphers finally marry their employers.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-You'll Have to Excuse Me

that some twenty-two years ago you married one Mary Bewery, who, I fearnt there, was your governess, to a John Brake, and that Mark Ransford was



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