

THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

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THIS STARTS THE STORY The little English cathedral town of Wyke...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES BRYCE, who had been listening attentively...

Mitchington shook his head. "What's it look like?" he answered, almost appealingly...

"Well, there's a denying the suspicious look of it. If I were only certain of that, I could say had got to Ransford's ears...

"That's what Coates has told you, of course," asked Bryce. "After the autopsy?"

"Both of 'em told me—Coates and Everett, who helped him," replied Mitchington. "They said it was obvious from the very start. And I say—"

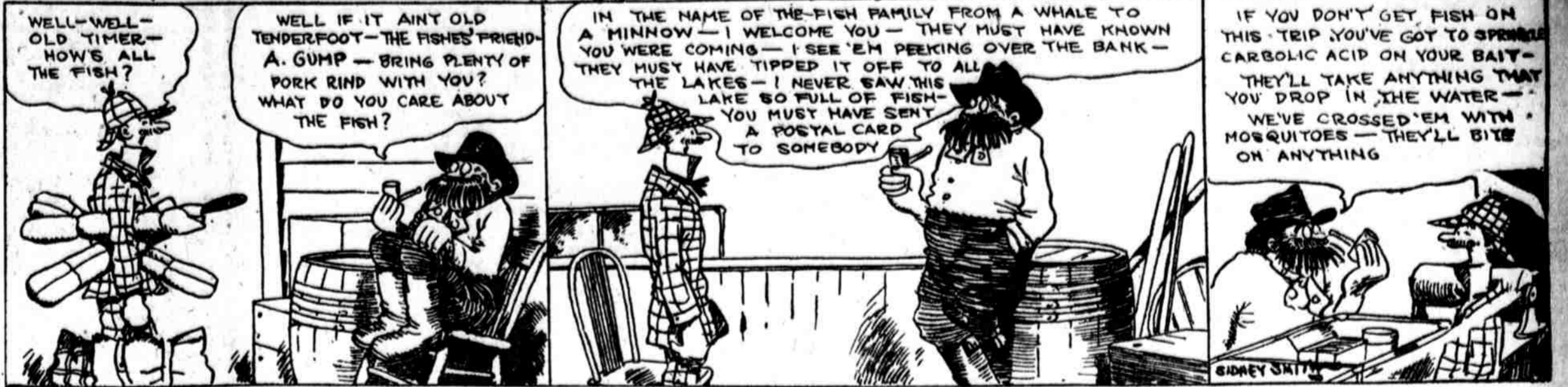
"Well, there's a where it is," said Mitchington at the inquest, anyway. "That's how it was done. And the question now is—"

"Who did it?" interrupted Bryce. "Precisely. Well—I'll say this much at once, Mitchington. Whoever did it was either a big bungler—or damned clever!

"Plain enough—my meaning," replied Bryce smiling. "To finish anybody with that stuff is easy enough—but no poison is more easily detected. It's an amateurish way of poisoning anybody...

THE GUMPS—Shady Rest Again

By Sidney Smith



PETEY—He Read Between the Lines

By C. A. Voight



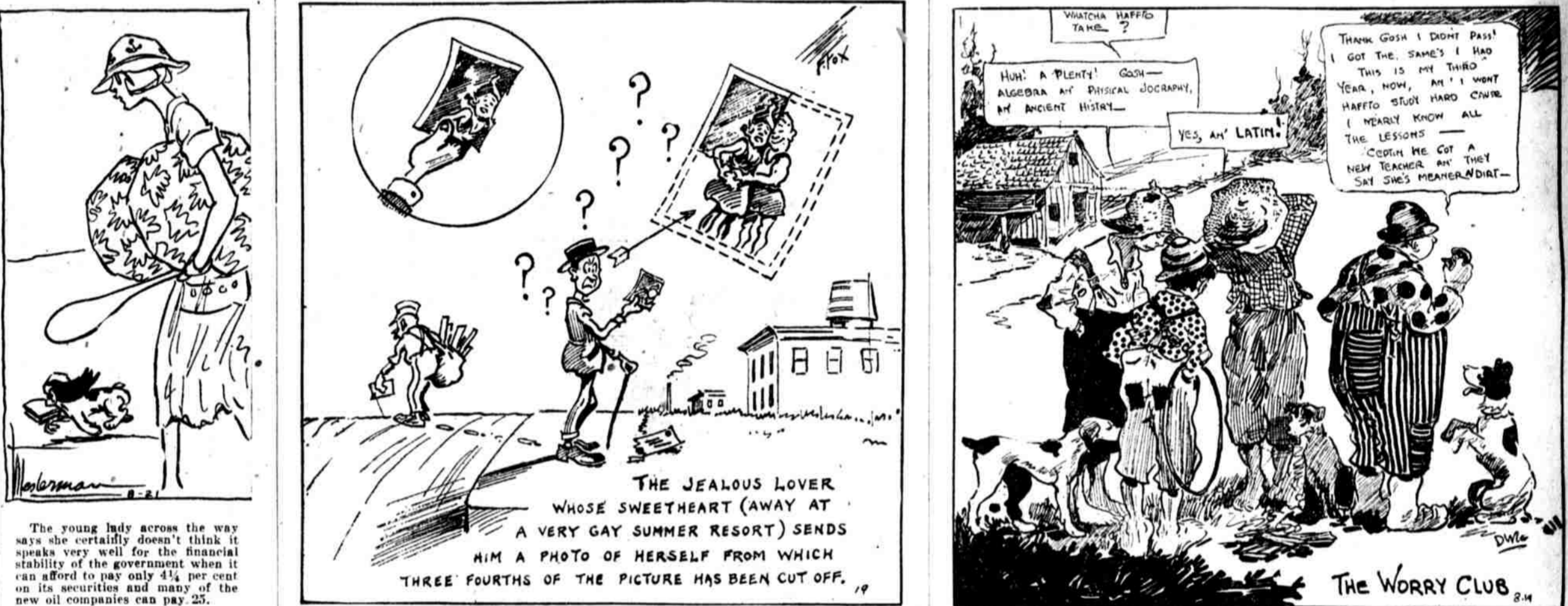
The Young Lady Across the Way

PATHTIC FIGURES

By Fontaine Fox

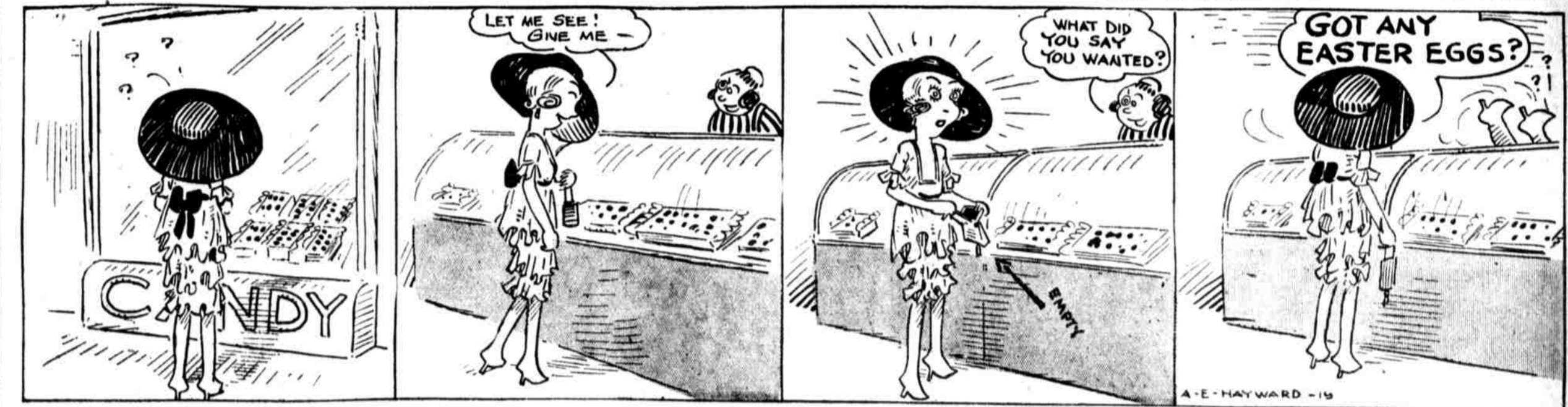
SCHOOL DAYS

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Quick Thought Saves Her Embarrassment

By Hayward



"CAP" STUBBS—And He Used to Be a Champion

By Edwina



(CONTINUED TOMORROW)