Copurisht, 1928, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedred town of Wychester self, tits proceed to the process of the

Cold teatanswered Bryce readily. "Cold teat— with too much sugar in it. There was no H C. N. in that—besides, wherever

is, there's always a smell-stronger or you were very anxious that we take care of that bottle?" ob-

served Mitchington.
"Of course!—because I suspected the
use of some much rarer poison than
that," retorted Bryce. "Pooh!—it's a
clumsy way of poisoning anybody!—
quick though it is."
"Well, there's where it is!" said
Mitchington. "That'll be the medical
evidence at the inquest, anyway. That's
how it was done. And the question
now is——"

how it was done. And the question how 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 ctever!
That's what I say!"
"I don't understand you," said Mitchington.

ington.
"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 is more easily detected. It's an amateurish way of poisoning anybody—unless you can do it in such a fashion that no suspicion can attach you to. And in this case it's here—whoever adminsistered that poison to Collishaw must have been certain—absolutely certain, mind you!—that it was impossible for any one to find out that he'd done so. Therefore, I say what I said—the man must be dammed clever. Otherwise, he'd be found out pretty quick. And all that puzzles me is—how was it adminmust be damned clever. Otherwise, he'd be found out pretty quick. And all that puzzles me is—how was it admin-litered?"

"How much would kill anybody—
pretty quick?" asked Mitchington.
"How much? One drop would cause instantaneous death!" answered Bryce.
"Cause paralysis of the heart, there and then, instantly!"
Mitchington remained silent a while, looking meditatively at Bryce. Then he turned to a locked drawer, produced a key, and took something out of the drawer—a small object, wrapped in paper.
The telling out of the that?—I have known hundreds.

Pretty filter would filt anybody—
"Tow much of the drop would cause instantaneous of the first payed instantaneous of the first payed in the property of the first payed in the first pa

difficulty in finding that out!—so there you are."

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

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

"Well?" said Bryce.

"It wasn't in that tin bottle, anyway." remarked Mitchington, who was evidently greatly weighted with mystery.

"No!—of course it wasn't!" affirmed Bryce. "Good Heavens, man—I know that!"

"How do you know?" asked Mitchington.

"Because I poured a few drops from that bottle into my hand when I first found Collishaw and tasted the stuff."

"Because I poured a few drops from that bottle into my hand when I first found Collishaw and tasted the stuff."

"A clear way of putting it, certainly." assented Bryce. "But—there's a very clear way, too, of dissipating any such ideas."

"What way?" demanded Ransford.

clear way, too, of dissipating any such ideas."

"What way?" demanded Ransford.

"If you do know anything about the Braden affair—why not reveal it, and be done with the whole thing," suggested Bryce. "That would finish matters."

Hansford took a long, silent look at his questioner. And Bryce looked steadily back—and Mary Bowery anxiously watched both men.

"That's my business," said Ransford at last. "I'm neither to be coerced, builled nor cajoled. I'm obliged to you for giving me a hint of my—danger, I suppose! And—I don't propose to say any more."

"Neither do I," said Bryce. "I only came to tell you."

came to tell you."

And therewith, having successfully done all that he wanted to do, he walked out of the room and the house, and Ransford, standing in the window, his hands thrust in his pockets, watched him and war account the Close.

go away across the Close.
"Guardian!" said Mary softly. go away across the Close.

"Guardian!" said Mary softly.

Ransford turned sharply.

"Wouldn't it be best," she continued.

speaking nervously, "if—if you do know
anything about that unfortunate man—
if you told it? Why have this suspiclon fastening itself on you? You!"

Ransford made an effort to calm himself. He was furiously angry—angry
with Bryce, angry with Mitchington.
angry with the cloud of foolishness and
stupidity that seemed to be gathering.

"Why should I—supposing that I do
know something, which I don't admit—
why should I allow myself to be coerced
and frightened by these fools?" he
asked. "No man can prevent suspicion
failing on him—it's my bad luck in
this instance. Why should I rush to
the police station and say: 'Here—I'll
blurt out all I know—everything."

THE GUMPS—Shady Rest Again :



PETEY—He Read Between the Lines



- HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT - HOW ABOUT HE SAYS THEY TOOK YOUR MOUSTACHE MY HOOCH ?!? CUP- MY MOTHER'S PICTURE, YOUR HIGH HAT- AND THAT'S ALL-

OW 00 !!! GOODBY HOOCH

By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she certainly doesn't think it speaks very well for the financial stability of the government when it can afford to pay only 41/4 per cent on its securities and many of the new oil companies can pay 25.

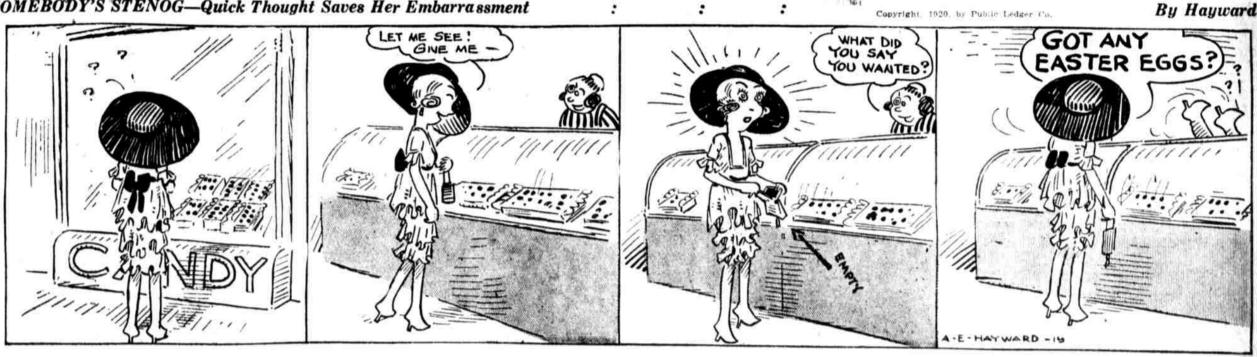
PATHETIC FIGURES By Fontaine Fox E 8 THE JEALOUS LOVER WHOSE SWEETHEART (AWAY AT A VERY GAY SUMMER RESORT) SENDS

HIM A PHOTO OF HERSELF FROM WHICH

THREE FOURTHS OF THE PICTURE HAS BEEN CUT OFF.

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS ALC: NO THE PARTY OF THE PARTY THANK GOSH I DIDN'T PASS! GOT THE SAME'S I HAD THIS IS MY THIRD HUH! A PLENTY! GOSH-ALGEBRA AN' PHISICAL JOCRAPHY HAFFTO STUDY HARD CAMPE MEARLY KNOW ALL THE LESSONS -CEPTIN HE COT A NEW TEACHER AN' THEY SAY SHE'S MEANER NDIAT-THE WORRY CLUB 3.4

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Quick Thought Saves Her Embarrassment



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

