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THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of Wrychester, with its peaceful close, is the scene of intrigue and mystery. Mary Bewery, nineteen years old, and her brother, Dick, seventeen, are wards her borther, Dick, seventeen, are wards her botter Ransford. A strange man sees Dactor Ransford. A strange man sees Dactor Ransford and a few min-sees Bowers for the dead mary burkehase flowers for the dead mary purchase flowers for the dead marks funeral. A banker offers a reward for information. Bruce finds an entry in a parish register where Mark Ransford had acted as best man at the marriage of John Brake and Mary Bewery. Gossip is rife in connection with Ransford and the dead man. Collishaw, the laborer, who said he could shrow light on the Brake murder, is found dead under a tree with his dinner pall and an old tin bottle beside him. Detectives surmise Ransford was left alone with Collishaw and his wife the might before, and Ransford was left alone with Collishaw and his wife the might before, and Ransford was left alone with Collishaw and his wife the might before, and Ransford was left alone with Collishaw and his wife the might before, and Ransford was left alone with a scrap of paper he took from Braden's purse. Hurker admits he has learned that Braden was in truth Brake, father of Mary and Dick. He tells Bryce that Brake visited him the night he was murdered.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

all that—and therefore—"
"And therefore," interrupted Harker
with a smile, "that when he and Brake
met—as you seem to think they did—
Ransford flung Brake through that open
doorway; that Collishaw witnessed it,
that Ransford's found out about Collishaw, and that Collishaw has been
poisoned by Ransford. Eh?"
"That's a theory that seems to be
Rupported by facts," said Bryce,
"Certainly!" answered Ransford.
"Certainly!" answered Ransford.
"Certainly!" answered Ransford.
"Certainly!" answered Ransford.

yes, who was deriving a consider-and peculiar pleasure from his se-interview with the old detective, ed at Harker's last remark, hat's a bit of platitude, isn't it?" segested. "Of course we shall know i more—when we do know a lot

set store by platitudes, sir," re-Harier. "You can't repeat an es-ted platitude too often—it's got the ark of good use on it. But now, e do know more—you've no doubt know more—you've no doubt ing a lot about this matter, peter Bryce—hasn't it struck you that the sone feature in connection with ake or Braden's visit to Wrychester to the hobody's given any particular at-tition up to now—so far as we know, any rate?"

What?" demanded Bryce.

any rate?"
What?" demanded Bryce.
This," replied Harker. "Why did he
h to see the Duke of Saxonsteade?
certainly did want to see him—and
soon as posible. You'll remember
t his grace was questioned about that
the inquest and could give no exnation—he knew nothing of Brakecouldn't suggest any reason why

planation—he knew nothing of Brake and couldn't suggest any reason why Brake should wish to have an interview with him. But—I can!"

"You?" exclaimed Bryce.

"I answered Harker. "And it's this—I spoke just now of that man Glass-dale. Now you, of course, have no knowledge of him, and as you don't keep yourself posted in criminal history, you don't know what his offense was?"

"You said forgery?" replied Bryce.

"Just so—forgery." assented Harker. And the signature that he forged was—the Duke of Saxonstead's! As a matter of fact, he was the duke's London estate agent. He got wrong, somehow, and he forged the duke's name to a check. Now, then, considering who Glassdale is, and that he is the signature who Glassdale is.

he forged the duke's name to a check.

Now, then, considering who Glassdate is, and that he was certainly a fellow convict of Brake's and that I myself saw him here in Wrychester on the day of Brake's death—what's the conclusion to be drawn? That Brake wanted to see the duke on some business of Glassdale's! Without a doubt! It may have been that he and Glassdale wanted to visit the duke together."

Bryce sliently considered this suggestion for a while.

"You said just now that Glassdale

Could be traced?" he remarked at landale Traced—yes," replied Harker. "So as he's in England."
"Why not set about it?" suggested

Not yet," said Harker, "there's things "Not yet," said Harker, "there's things o do before that. And the first thing so let's get to know what the mystery of that scrap of paper is. You say yet, and the strain of the scrap of paper is. You say yet, and the scrap of paper is to say yet, and then the thing to do is to had out if anything is hidden there. Try it tomorrow night. Better go by Yourself-after dark. If you find anything let me know. And then—then we can decide on a next step.

"But between now and then, there'll be the inquest on this man Collishaw. And,

about that—a word in your ear: Say as little as ever you can!—after all, you know nothing beyond what you saw. And—we mustn't meet and talk in public—after you've done that bit of exploring in Paradise tomorrow night, come round here and we'll consider matters."

The stitle English catheers years old, and suppers, where years old, and suppers of the property of the property of the property of the years of successful to the years of the years of y

"You are at liberty to explain—that lishaw, and that Collishaw has been poisoned by Ransford. Eh?"

"That's a theory that seems to be miproried by facts." said Bryce.

"It's a theory that would doubtless mil men like Mitchington," said the old detective, with another smile. "But—hot me, str! Mind you, I don't say there han finst that And Brake didn't come here to find Ransford. He came because of the secret in that scrap of paper laid it. "Latin," he said. "You can read it, of course. What does it say?"

Bryce saw no reason for concealment and producing the scrap of paper laid it. "Latin," he said. "You can read it, of course. What does it say?"

Harker peered inquisitively at it. "Latin," he said. "You can read it, of course. What does it say?"

Harker was looking hard at the two lines of witting. "That's a big question. Gottor," he answered. "But I'll go so far as to say this—when we've found ut what if does mean, we shall know a let more than we know now!"

Bryce, who was deriving a considerable and peculiar pleasure from his server interview with the old detective. "That's a bit of platitude, isn't it?" he suggested. "Of ccurse we shall know a lot more—when we do know a lot more—when we do know a lot more—when we do know a lot more."

Ransford still standing in the witness-box, suddenly lost control of himself. He uttered a sharp exclamation and smote the ledge before him smartly with his open hand.

open hand.
"I protest against that." he said vehemently. "Emphatically, I protest: You first of all make a suggestion which tells against me—then, when I demand that a question shall be put which is of improved investigated.

tells against me—then, when I demand that a question shall be put which is of immense importance to my interests, you close down the inquiry—even if only for the moment. That is grossly unfair and unjust?"

"You are mistaken," said the coroner.
"At the adjourned inquiry, the two medical men can be recalled, and you will have the opportunity—or your solicitor will have—of asking any questions you like for the present—or under suspicion:" interrupted Ransford hotly. "You know it—I say this with due respect to your office—as well as I do. Suspicion is rife in the city against me Rumor is being spread—secretly—and, I am certain—from the police, who ought to know better. And—I will not be slienced, Mr. Coroner!—I take this public opportunity, as I am on oath of saying that I know nothing whatever of the causes of the deaths of either Collishaw or of Braden—upon my solemn oath."

"The inquest is adjourned to this day week," said the coroner quietly.
Ransford suddenly stepped down from the witness box and without word or glance at any one there, walked with set face and determined look out of the court, and the excited spexitators grant-

set face and determined look out of the court, and the excited speciators gathering into groups, immediately began to discuss his vigorous outburst and to takes sides for and against him.

Bryce, Judging it advisable to keep away from Mitchington just then, and for similar reasons, keeping away from Harker also, went out of the crowded building alone—to be joined in the street outside by Sackville Bonham, whom he had noticed in court, in company with his stepfather, Mr. Folliot. Bryce had observed, had stopped behind, exchanging some conversation with the coroner. Sackville came up to Bryce with a knowing shake of the hand. He was one of those very young men who have a habit of suggesting that their fund of knowledge is extensive and petation.

tation.

"Queer business, all that, Bryce!" observed Sackville confidentially. "Of course, Ransford is a perfect ass:"

"Think so?" remarked Bryce, with an inflection which suggested that Sackville's opinion on anything was as valuable as the attorney general's. "That's how it strikes you, is it?"

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

THE GUMPS-A Novice is a Novice After All



PETEY-His Name is Mud

- AH- PRETTRY - ALLOW ME. DAMSEL- MUD PUDDLE MISS -SIR WALTER RALIEGH. THAT'S ME - ! 5 -YOU'RE SO KIND

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes the climate of Akron, O., is just exactly right for raising rubber.

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG By Fontaine Fox MR. BANG , DUBBED . HIS , SHOT AND -الما المع المد و الما والمعدود الما المعدود الما الما WHEN HE THREW HIS GOLF STICK HE HIT THE BALL -AND HOLED OUT Why cant I call it a shot! didnt I hit it with a Golf Stick!



By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

-THEY OUGHT

TO FIX

THAT HOLE



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boss is Going Away for a Rest



