THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

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see," answered Bryce, quietly. "Ah!-sort of family arrangement. With Ransford's consent and knowledge.

sudden revelations!"
"I will," replied Bryce. "By-bye!"
He turned off to his rooms, wondering how much of truth there was in the fatuous Sackville's remarks. And—was thing up in there—a search of some thing up in there—a search of some large. how much of truth there was m the fatuous Sackville's remarks. And—was there some mystery still underamed of by himself and Harker? There might be—he was still under the influence of Ransford's indignant and dramatic assertion of his innocence. Would Ransford have allowed himself an outburst of that sort if he had not been, as he said, utterly ignorant of the immediate cause of Braden's death? Now Bryce, all through, was calculating for his own purposes, on Ransford's share, full or partial, in that death—if Ransford really knew nothing whatever about it, where did his, Bryce's theory, come in—and how would his present machinations result? And, more—if Ransford's assertion were true, and if Varner's story of the hand, seen for an instant in the archway, were also true—and Varner was persisting in it—then, who was the man who flung Braden to his death that morning? He realized that instead of straightening out, things were becoming more and more complicated.

But he realized something else. On the surface there was a strong case of suspicion against Ransford. It had been

but he realized something ease. On the surface there was a strong case of suspicton against Ransford. It had been suggested that very morning before a coroner and his jury; it would grow; the police were aircady permeated with suspicton and distrust. Would it not hav him. Bryos. to encourage to help suspicion and distrust. Would it not pay him, Bryce, to encourage, to help it? He had his own score to pay off against Ransford; he had his own schemes as regards Mary Bewery, Anyway, he was not going to share in any attempts to clear the man who bundled him out of his house unceremoniously—he would bide his time. And in the meantime there were other things to be done—one of them that very night.

But before Bryce could engage in his scoret task of excavating a small portion of Paradise in the rear of Richard Jenkins's tomb, another strange development came. As the dark fell over the old city that night and he was thinking of setting out on his mission, Mitchington came in, carrying two sheets of

ington came in, carrying two sheets of paper, obviously damp from the press, in his hand. He looked at Bryce with an expression of wonder.

expression of wonder.

"Here's a queer go!" he said. "I can't make this out at all. Look at these big handbills—but perhaps you've seen 'em? They're being posted all over the city—we've had a bundle of 'em thrown in on us."

"I haven't been out since lunch," remarked Bryce. "What are they?"

Mitchington spread out the two papers ont he table, pointing from one to the other.

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"You see?" he said. "Five hundred pounds reward—one thousand pounds reward! And—both out at the same time from different sources!"

"What sources?" asked Bryce, bending over the bills, "Ah! I see. One signed by Phipps and Maynard, the other by Beachcroft. Odd, certainly!"

"Odd?" exclaimed Mitchington. "I shoul think so! But de you see, doctor, that one—500 reward—is offered for information of any nature relative to the deaths of John Braden and James Collshaw, both or either. That amount will be paid for satisfactory information by Phipps and Maynard. And Phipps and Maynard are Ransford's solicitors. That bill, sir, comes from him. And now the other, the 1000 pound one, that offers the reward to any one who can give definite information as to the circumstances attending the death of John Braden—to be paid by Mr. Beachcroft. And in stinctively realized what was happening, and knew that somebody else than himself was in possession of the secret of the scrap of paper, saw that it would be some time before they arrived at the precise spot indicated in the Latin directions. He quietly drew back and tunderstand it!"

Bryce read and reread the contents of the two bills. And then he thought for awhile before speaking.

"Well," he said at last; "there's probably this in it, the Folliot's pretty wealthy people. Mrs. Folliot is pretty wealthy people. Mrs. Folliot is pretty.

THIS STARTS THE STORY
The Bittle English cathedred fown of prophester. Intergue and mystery, the bittle English cathedred fown of prophester. Intergue and mystery, the problet. Planty of a group of a group of the problet. Planty of a group of a group of the problet. Planty of a group of a group of the problet. Planty of a group of a group of the problet. Planty of a group of a group of the problet. Planty of a group of a grou

e you off to?"
"Nowhere!—strolling round," answer-Bryce. "No particular purpose,

"Who are they?" he asked. "Did you see them—their faces?"
"Not their faces?" answered Dick.
"Only their figures in the gloom. But I heard Mitchington's voice."
"Police, then!" said Bryce. "What on carth are they after?"
"Look hore!" whispered Dick, pulling at Bryce's arm again. "Come on! I know how to get in there without their seeing us. You follow me."
Bryce followed readily, and Dick stepping through the wicket-gate, seized his companion's wrist and led him amongst the bushes in the direction of the spot from whence came the metallic sounds. He walked with the step of a cat, and Bryce took pains to follow his example. And presently from behind a screen of cypresses they looked out on example. And presently from behind a screen of cypresses they looked out on the expanse of fiagging in the midst of which stood the tomb of Richard Jenkins.

Round about that tomb were five men whose faces were visible enough in the light town by couple of strong lamms. whose races were visible enough in the light thrown by a couple of strong lamps, one of which stood on the tomb itself, while the other was set on the ground. Four out of the five the two watchers recognized at once. One, kneeling on the flags, and busy with a small crowbar similar to that which Bryce carried tasks the correctly was the research. har for that which byce carried inside his overcoat, was the master-mason of the cathedral. Another, standing near him, was Mitchington. A third was a clergyman—one of the tesser dignitaries of the chapter. A fourth whose presence made Bryce start for the second time that evening—was the Duke of Saxonsteade. But the fifth was a stranger—a tail man who stood between Mitchington and the duke, evidently pay-

"I say!—come quietly back—don't give it away. I want to know what it's all about."

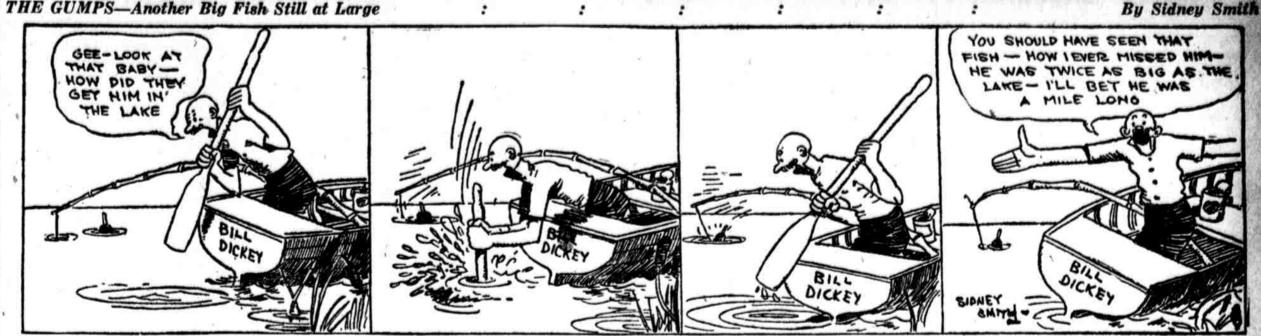
Bryce squeezed the lad's arm by way

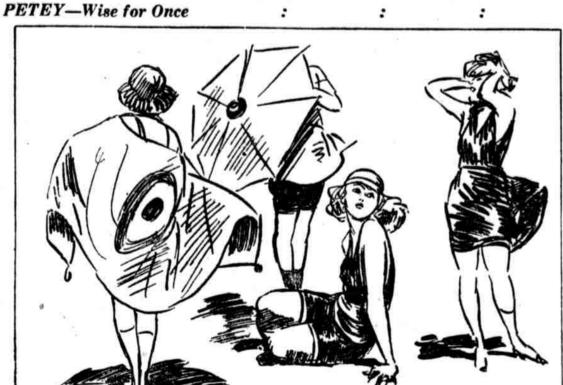
of assurance and made his way back through the bushes. He wanted to get hold of Harker, and at once, and he hurhold of Harker, and at once, and he nur-ried round to the old man's house and without ceremony walked into his parlor. Harker, evidently expecting him, and meanwhile amusing himself with his pipe and book, rose from his chair as the

younger man entered.
"Found anything?" he asked
"We're done!" answered Bryce. "I
was a fool not to go last night! We're
forestalled, my friend!—that's about

CONTINUED TOMORROWS

THE GUMPS—Another Big Fish Still at Large





C.A Voish SAY PETEY- WE WANT - AW COME ON -YOU'RE OLD YOU TO ACT ON A HOT AFRAID COMMITTEE TO JUDGE MAN-OF A BUNCH THE BEST BATHING OF GIRLS COSTUME -HOTHIN DOIN!

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says it must be terribly disappoint-ing to a good baseball player to come to the bat with the bases full and be put out by being hit by a pitched ball, even if it doesn't hurt



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS -:-LIKE TO CARRY IT YOU SEE HOM IT S .. SHE PROBLY WANT TO TELL ME SUMPH IMPORTANT -Some other time I'm de TO CARRY YOUR BASKET HERE, TAKE IT. WHEN KHICHTHOOD WAS IN

By C. A. Voight

- NOPE -

ONLY ONE-

MY WIFE!

