THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of Weighester is the seems of intrigue and mystery. Mary Bewery, nineteen years old, and her brother Dick, seventeen, are wards of Doctor Ransford A strange man sees Doctor Ransford and a few minutes later is found dead. The theory is that he fell, but this is objected to, as Varner, a stonemason, insists he was slain. Ransford has Mary purchase flowers for the dead man's funeral. Bryce finds an entry in a parish register where Mark Ransford had acted as best man at the marriage of John Brake and Mary Bewery. Collishaw, a laborer who seld he could throw light on the Brake murder. Is found stead. Detectives surmise Ransford is the murderer on the ground that he prescribed for Collishaw and his wife the night before. Despite police suspicions, Miny assures Ransford of her confidence in him. Simpson Harker, a delective, questioning Bryce, learns a scrap of paper he took from Braden tells of a screet chest hidden in a camatery. Harker admits he has learned that Braden was in truth Brake, father of Mary and Diok. Harker tells Bryce of a convict he saw in the city before Braden's death. At the inquest over Collishaw's body Doctor Ransford in an outburst denies any part in the denths of either Braden or the mason. Bryce, Anda a party has searched the cemetery and Jound a box containing jewels stolem from the Duke of Saxonstead many years before. The police inspector and a Scotland Yard man call on Doctor Ransford and ask his help. He tells them of his suspicions of Bryce and Harker. The officere go to question Bryce. He admits loving Mary Bewery and leade them to cost new suspicions on Ransford.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS STARTS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES WELL," he answered, after a moment's thought. 'Till qualify that by saying that from the evidence I have, and from what I know. I believe it to be an indisputable fact. What I do know of fact, hard, positive fact, is this:

—John Brake married a Mary Bewery at the parish church of Braden Medworth, near Barthorpe, in Leicestershire. I've seen the entry in the register with my own eyes. His best man, who signed the register as a witness, was Mark

the winth dose, you see—but he was doomed."

Mitchington showed a desire to speak, and Bryce paused.

"What about what Ransford said before the coroner?" asked Mitchington about the post-mortern, you know, which, he said, ought to have shown that there was nothing poisonous in those pills."

"Pool!" exclaimed Bryce contemptuously. "Mere bluff! Of such a pill as that I've described there'd be no trace but the sugar coating—and the poison. I tell you, I haven't the least doubt that Ransford. Brake and Ransford, as young men, had been in the habit of going to Braden Medworth to fish; Mary Bewery was governess at the vicarage there. It was always supposed she would marry Ransford; instead, she married Brake, who, of course, took her off to London. Of their married life. I know nothing. But within a few years, Brake was in trouble, for the reason I have told you. He was arrested—and Harker was the man who arrested him."

know how easily it could be administered but—a medical man?"

Mitchington and Jettison exchanged glances. Then Jettison leaned nearer to Bryce. "So your theory is that Ransford got rid of both Braden and Collishaw—murdered both of them, in fact?" he suggested. "Do I understand that's what it really comes to—in plain words?" "Not quite," replied Bryce. "I don't say that Ransford meant to kill Braden—my notion is that they met, had an Braden Medworth to fish; Mary Bewery

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mitchington. "Now, if I'd only known-

"You'll know a lot before I'm through," said Bryce. "Now, Harker, of course, can tell a lot—yet it's unsatisfying. Brake could make no defense—but his counsel threw out strange hints and suggestions—all to the effect that Brake had been cruelly and wickedly deceived—in fact, as it were, trapped into doing what he did. And—by a man whom he'd trusted as a close friend. So much came to Harker's ears man whom he'd trusted as a close friend. So much came to Harker's ears—but no more, and on that particular point I've no light. Go on from that to Brake's private affairs. At the time of his arrest he had a wife and two very young children. Either just before, or at, or immediately after his arrest they completely disappeared—and Brake himself utterly refused to say one single word about them. Harker asked if he could do anything—Brake's answer was that no one was to concern himself. He preserved an obstinate silence on that point. The clergyman in whose family Mrs. Brake had been governess saw Brake, after his conviction—Brake would say nothing to him. Of Mrs. Brake, nothing to him. Of Mrs. Brake, nothing to him. Of Mrs. Brake, nothing more is known—to me at any rate. What was known at the time is this—Brake communicated to all

that no one was to concern himself. He plot the cleryyman in whose family print. The cleryyman in whose family far and the control of the provided and not been governeed as nothing to him. Of Mrs. Brake nothing more is known—to me the control of the provided and the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of the not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of a man who has be not easily the less of the less of the less of a man who has be not easily the less of the less of

iffty pounds, mark you!—into the friendly society. Where should Collishaw get fifty pounds all of a sudden? He was a mason's laborer, earning at the very outside twenty-six or eight shillings a week. According to his wife, there was no one to leave him a legacy. She never heard of his receipt of this money, from any source. But—there's the fact What explains it? My theory—that the rumor that Collishaw, with a pint too much ale in him, had hinted that he could say something about Braden's death if he chose, had reached Braden's death if he chose, had made it his business to see Collishaw and had paid him that fifty pounds as hush money—and, later, had decided to rid himself of Collishaw altogether, as he undoubtedly did, by poison.'

Once more Bryce paused—and once

lishaw altogether, as he undoubtedly did, by poison."

Once more Bryce paused—and once more the two listeners showed their attention by complete silence.

"Now we come to the question—how was Collishaw poisoned." continued Bryce. "For poisoned he was, without doubt. Here we go back to theory and supposition once more. I haven't the least doubt that the hydrocyanic acid which caused his death was taken by him, in a pill—a pill that was in that box which they found on him, Mitchington, and showed me. But that particular pill, though precisely similar in appearance, could not be made up of the same ingredients which were in the other pills. It was probably a thickly coated pill which contained the poison—in solution, of course. The coating would melt almost as soon as the man had swallowed it—and death would result instantaneously. Collishaw, you may say, was condemned to death when he put that box of pills in his waistcoat pocket. It was mere chance, mere luck, as to when the exact moment of death came to him. There had been six pills in that box—there were five left. So Collishaw pickel out the poisoned pill—first! It night have been delayed till the sixth dose, you see—but he was doomed."

I tell you, I haven't the least doubt that was how the polson was administered, it was easy. And—who is there that would know how easily it could be administered

-my notion is that they met, had an altercation, probably a struggle, and that Braden lost his life in it. But as

regards Collishaw "Don't forget!" interrupted Mitchington. "Varner swore that he saw

THE GUMPS-A Lesson From Old Timer



By Sidney Smith THEY DON'T GET OFF OF MY HOOK- I BRING 'EM WATCH ME THROW THIS CAUGHT TILL THEYRE IN THE GOAT- THERE'S OUT - IP I HAD ENDUGH LINE I COULD THROW IT OHE BIG FIRM IN HERE ! DON'T LIKE -! TAKE THE MOTOR BOAT WHEN I GO OUT
AFTER HIM - HE'S HOTHING BUT SCALES
AND BONES FROM CHAEING MY BAIT
AROUND THE GOAT - AND I'M NEVER
BOING TO LET HIM BET IT EITHER TELL WON -THOIS TO TUO HEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR MOUTH SHUT-JUST BRAINS YOUVE OUT AND IN WATCH HE HID

PETEY—He Needs a Periscope







By FONTAINE FOX



By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way snys she saw in the paper that there's another notch in Babe Ruth's bat but so long as it doesn't actually break she supposes it's all

WHERE IS HE GOING TO PLANT THAT SIGN?



SCHOOL DAYS OH CARRIE! GIVING CASTOR OIL TO MARSHALL! IM JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE POOR BOY'S LIFE!
LISTER! I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GIVE IT SO HE'LL
ACTUALLY LINE IT! TASTES LINE LEMONADE! FIRST, YOU SQUEEZE SOME LEMON JUICE INTO A GLASS; THEN POUR IN A TABLESTOOMFUL OF OIL; THEN POUR IN SOME MORE LEMON JUICE! THEN YOU PUT IN SOUNDS RIGHT SMART. THANK THEE . HALF A TEASPOONFUL OF BAKING SODA, STIR IT UP AND I'LL TRY IT-DRINK WHILE IS SIZZING. AMY! FETCH ME TH AND A LEMON . HONEST, 7 THE ARCHANGEL



