

BY  
EDEN PHILPOTTS  
ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Michael, husband of Jenny Pendean, disappeared from his home on June 1. He is last seen in the company of Robert Redmayne, uncle to Jenny, when the two men were found near a bridge built by Michael near the Foggerin Quarry.

Bob is found on the floor of the cottage and witnesses testify to having seen Robert ride away on his motor bicycle with a heavy sack behind the saddle. The sack was found with a hole a fair distance from the scene of the supposed murder.

Mark Bendigo, famous criminal investigator, is engaged by Jenny to solve the mystery. Jenny goes to live with her uncle Bendigo Redmayne. Brendon calls at Bendigo's home and meets Giuseppe Doria, who works there.

Now Go On With The Story

BENDIGO REDMAYNE grunted. "Come in and see the letter," he said. "I never thought you'd fall. It's all very terrible indeed and I'm damned if I understand anything about it. But one fact is clear; my brother wrote this letter and he wrote it from Plymouth, and since he hasn't been reported from Plymouth, I feel very little doubt the thing he wanted to happen has happened."

Then he turned to his niece.

"We'll have a cup of tea in half an hour, Jenny. Meantime I'll take Mr. Brendon up to the tower room along with me."

Mrs. Pendean disappeared into the house and Mark followed her with the sailor.

They passed through a square hall full of various foreign curiosities collected by the owner. Then they ascended into a large, octagonal chamber, like the lantern of a lighthouse, which surrounded the dwelling.

"My lookout," explained Mr. Redmayne. "In foul weather I spend all my time up here and with yonder strong, three-inch telescope I can pick up what's doing at sea. A bunk in the corner, you see. I often sleep up here, too."

"That's how I figure it," answered the sailor.

"When did you last see him, Mr. Redmayne?"

"Somewhere about a month ago. He came over for the day with Miss Reed—the young woman he was going to marry."

"Was he all right then?"

Bendigo considered and scratched his red beard.

"Nosy and full of chatter, but much as usual."

"Did he mention Mr. and Mrs. Pendean?"

"Not a word. He was full up with his young woman. They meant to be married in late autumn and go abroad for a run to see my brother Albert."

"He may correspond with Miss Reed if he gets to France."

"I can't say what he'll do. Suppose you catch him presently? How would the law stand? A man goes mad and commits a murder. Then you nab him and he's as sane as a judge. You can't hang him for what he did when he was off his head, and you can't shut him up in a lunatic asylum if he's sane."

"A nice problem, no doubt," admitted Brendon. "But be sure the law will take no risks. A homicidal maniac, no matter how sane he is, is better than twice, is not going to run loose any more after killing a man."

"Well, that's all there is to it, detective. If I hear again, I'll let the police know; and if you take him, of course you'll let me and my brother know at once. It's a very ugly thing for his family. He did good work in the war and got honors; and if he's mad, then the war made him mad."

"That would be taken very fully into account, be sure. I'm sorry, both for him and for you, Mr. Redmayne."

Bendigo looked sulkily from under his tangled eyebrows.

"I shouldn't feel no very great call to give him up to the living death of an asylum if he hove in here some night."

"You'd do your duty—that I will bet," replied Brendon.

"Then descended to the dining-room, where Jenny Pendean was waiting to pour out tea. All were very silent and Mark had leisure to observe the young widow.

"What shall you do and where may I count upon finding you if I want you, Mrs. Pendean?" he asked presently.

It related to Robert Redmayne's

"R. R."

Brendon examined the letter and the envelope that contained it.

"Have you another communication—something from the past I can compare with this?" he asked.

Bendigo nodded.

"I reckoned you'd want that," he answered and produced a second letter from his desk.

It related to Robert Redmayne's

"Dear Ben. It's all over. I've done in Michael Pendean and put him where only Judgment Day will find him. Something drove me to do it; but all the same I sorry now it's done—not for him but myself. I shall clear tonight, with luck, for France. If I can send an address later I will look after Jenny—she's well rid of the blighter. When things have blown over I may come back. Tell Albert and tell Flo. Yours,

"Doris" will be wished to know when you'll want the boat," she said.

"I should like it immediately if possible," begged Brendon. "Much time has been lost."

"Tell them to get aboard, then," directed Bendigo, and in five minutes Mark was taking his leave.

"I'll let you have the earliest information of the capture, Mr. Redmayne," he said. "If your poor brother still lives, it seems impossible that he should long be free. His present condition must be terrible for great torment and anxiety to him—and for his own sake I hope he will soon surrender or be found—if not in England, then in France."

"Thank you," answered the older man quietly. "What you say is true. If he is heard of again by me, I'll telegraph to Scotland Yard, or get 'em to do so at Dartmouth. I've slung a telephone wire into the town, as you see."

They stood again under the flagstaff on the plateau and Brendon studied the rugged cliff line and the fields of corn that sloped away inland above it. The district was very lonely and only the rooftree of a solitary farm house appeared a mile or more distant to the west.

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5 YEARS' SEARCH WAS SUCCESSFUL

Tanlac Ended Stomach Trouble After All Else Failed, States Mrs. Walker.

The Tanlac treatment has done so much for me that I never miss a chance to recommend it," is the recent statement of Mrs. I. Walker, 1303 N. Second St., Vincennes, Ind.

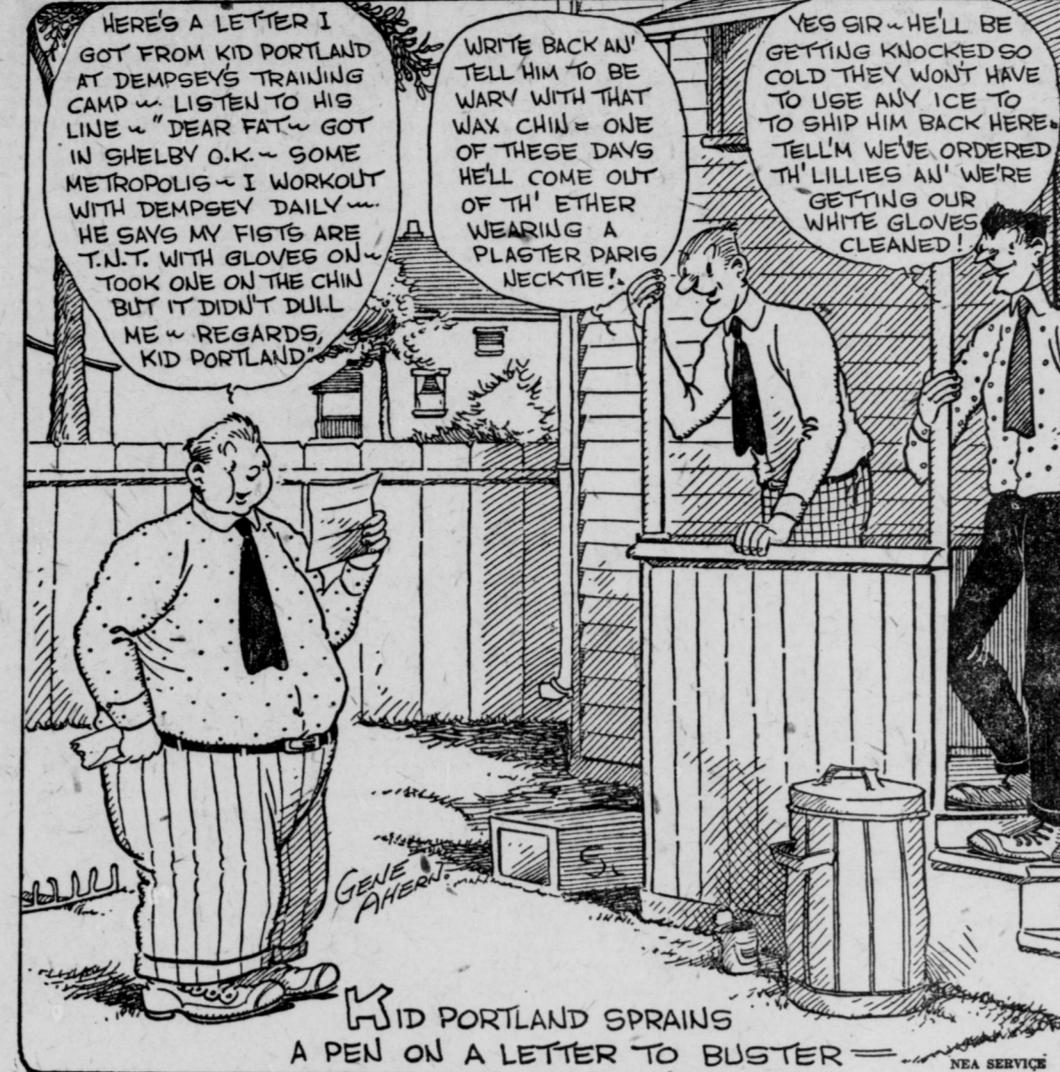
"For five years, I suffered tortures from indigestion and stomach trouble without being able to get a particle of relief. My appetite was so poor that often I didn't eat anything at all as hours of distress and misery followed every meal. I was subject to bilious attacks, headaches and weak spells, and was so nervous that at night I could scarcely sleep a wink. I had sharp pains 'in my back also,' couldn't do my housework, and was getting worse.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



engagement to be married and the writing was identical.

"And what do you think he's done, Mr. Redmayne?" Brendon asked, pocketing the two communications.

"I think he's done what he hoped to do. At this time of year you'll see a dozen Spanish and Brittany onion boats lying down by the Barbican at Plymouth, every day of the week. And if poor Bob got there, no doubt plenty of chaps would hide him when he offered 'em money enough to make it worth while. Once aboard one of those sloops, he'd be about as safe as he would be anywhere. They'd land him at St. Malo, or somewhere down there, and he'd give you the slip."

"And, until it was found out that he was mad, we might hear no more about him."

"Why should it be found that he was mad?" asked Bendigo. "He was mad when he killed this innocent man, no doubt, because none but a lunatic would have done such an awful thing, or been so cunning after—with the sort of childish cunning that gave him away from the start. But once he'd done what this twist in his brain drove him to do, then I judge that his madness very likely left him. If you caught him tomorrow you'd possibly find him as sane as yourself—except on that one subject. He'd worked up his old hatred of Michael Pendean, as a shirker in the war, until it festered in his head and poisoned his mind, so as he couldn't get it under. That's how I read it. I had a pretty good contempt for the poor chap myself and was properly savage with my niece, when she wedded him against our wishes; but my feeling didn't turn my head, and I felt glad to hear that Pendean was an honest man, who did the best he could at the Moss Depot."

Brendon considered.

"A very sound view," he said, "and likely to be correct. On the strength of this letter, we may conclude that when he went home, after disposing of the body under Berry Head, your brother must have disguised himself in some way and taken an early train from Paignton to Newton Abbot and from Newton Abbot to Plymouth. He would already have been there and lying low before the hunt began."

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FRUIT PLENTIFUL—

PICK IT YOURSELF

Large Crop Slashes Price of Cherries.

Twenty-five cents for picking a gallon of cherries!

That's what Marion County farmers get when they pick their cherries for market. They retail at 50 cents at the city market. Farmers will let you pick them yourself for 25 cents.

Last ear cherries were hard to get. The average price was 83 cents a gallon. That meant more than 40 cents if you picked them.

The drop in price is due to the abundance of the fruit this year. Such a crop has not been seen for many years, farmers say.

YOUNG PEOPLE TO PICNIC

OPPORTUNITIES PICTURED

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