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BEGIN HERE! TODAY  
Michael, husband of Jenny Pendean, disappears from his home on Dartmoor. Jenny engages the services of Mark Brendon, criminal lawyer. Mark is found on the floor of Michael's new bungalow near Fogatori Quarry, where Michael is last seen. The company of Jenny's old boy friend, Robert, witnesses testify to having seen Robert ride away on his motor bicycle with Michael, both on the saddle. The sack is found at a far distance.

Jenny goes to live with her uncle Ben, a retired motor boatman. Ben-digo and is introduced to Giuseppe Doria. Brendon shows Brendon a letter addressed to him from Jenny. Brendon falls in love with Jenny and sees in Doria a rival for her affections.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

HE heard a singing voice and perceived that it was Doria, the motor boatman! Fifty yards from him Mark stood still, and the gardener abandoned his work and came forward. He was bareheaded and smoking a thin, black Tuscan cigar with the colors of Italy on a band around the middle of it. Giuseppe recognized him and spoke first.

"The Italian—"

"He is a gentleman, Mr. Brendon—a great gentleman, you might say. though you might not guess it. Giuseppe Doria sings to me and I go out in the launch now and then. I always travel to and fro that way when I have to visit Dartmoor for Uncle Ben and for the household provisions. And I am to have chickens to rear in the spring."

"It is Mr. Brendon, the sleuth! He has come with news for my master?"

"No, Doria—no news, worse luck; but I was this way down at Plymouth again—and thought I'd look up Mrs. Pendean and her uncle. Why d'you call me 'sleuth'?"

"I read storybooks of crime in which the detectives are 'sleuths.' It is American. Italians say 'sbirro.' England says 'police officer.'"

"How is everybody?" asked Mark.

"Everybody very well. Time passes; tears dry; Providence watches."

"And you are still looking for the rich woman to restore the last of the Doria to his castle?"

Giuseppe laughed, then he shut his eyes and sucked his evil-smelling cigar.

"We shall see as to that. Man proposes, God disposes. There is a god called Cupid, Mr. Brendon, who overthrows our plans as yonder plowshare overturns the secret homes of beetles and worms."

Mark's pulse quickened. He guessed what Doria possibly referred and felt concern but no surprise. The other continued.

"Ambition may succumb before beauty. Ancestral castles may crumble before the tide of love, as a child's sand building before the sea. Too true!"

Doria sighed and looked at Brendon closely. The Italian stood in a tight-fitting jersey of brown wool, a very picturesque figure against his dark background. The other had



IT WAS JENNY PENDEAN WHO WELCOMED HIM.

nothing to say and prepared to descend. He guessed what had happened and was concerned rather with Jenny Pendean than the romantic personality before him. But that the stranger could still be here, exiled in this lonely spot, told him quite as much as the man's words. He was not chained to "Crow's Nest" with his great ambitions in abeyance for nothing. Mark, however, pretended to miss the significance of Giuseppe's confession.

"A good master—eh? I expect the old sea wolf is an excellent friend when you know his little ways."

Doria admitted it.

"He is all that I could wish and he likes me, because I understand him and make much of him. Every dog is a lion in his own kennel. Redmayne rules; but what is the good of a home to a man if he does not rule? We are friends. Yet, alas, we may not be for long—when—"

He broke off abruptly and went back to his work. But he turned a moment and spoke again as Brendon proceeded.

"Madonna is at home," he shouted and Mark understood to whom he referred.

He had reached "Crow's Nest" in five minutes and it was Jenny Pendean who welcomed him.

"Uncle's in his tower," she said. "I'll call him in a minute. But tell me first if there is anything to tell. I am glad to see you—very!"

She was excited and her great, misty blue eyes shone. She seemed more lovely than ever.

"Nothing to report, Mrs. Pendean. At least—no, nothing at all. I've exhausted every possibility. And you—have nothing, or you would have let me hear it?"

"There is nothing," she said. "Uncle Ben would most certainly have told me if any news had reached him. I am sure that he is dead—Robert Redmayne."

"I think so too. Tell me a little about yourself, if I may venture to ask?"

"You have been so thoughtful for me. And I appreciated it. I'm all right, Mr. Brendon. There is still my life to live and I find ways of being useful here."

"You are contented, then?"

"Yes. Contentment is a poor substitute for happiness; but I am contented."

He longed to speak intimately, yet had no excuse for doing so.

"How much I wish it was in my power to brighten your content into happiness again," he said.

"I smile at him. He is a friendly

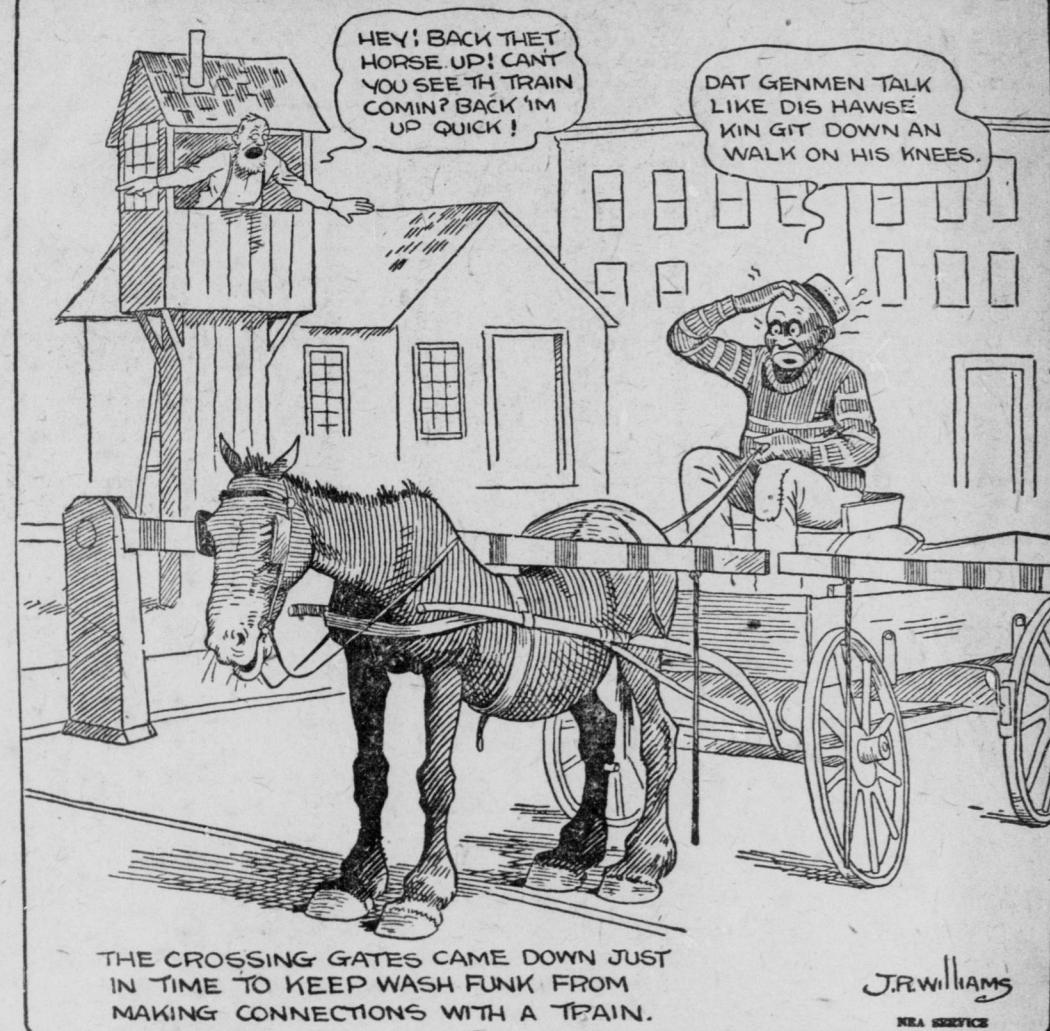
#### OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE MAJOR IS STIFFER THAN A HEAD WAITER TODAY!

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#### OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



—By BLOSSER

BETTER LEAVE IT ALONE, WILLIE!

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

NEA SERVICE

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

NEA SERVICE

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN

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