

# RED REDMAYNES

By EDEN PHILPOTTS  
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is trying to solve the mystery of the disappearance of his wife, Jenny. He is in the company of his uncle, Robert Redmayne, when the two visit a bungalow being erected by Michael near Fortson Quarry. Blood is found on the cottage floor and witnesses testify to having seen Robert ride away on his motor bicycle with a heavy sack behind the saddle. Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne, and Brendon visits her there. Mark meets Giuseppe Doria, who works for Bendigo. On the road leading to his hotel, Mark sees Robert Redmayne but fails to capture him. Jenny and Doria find Robert and arrange for him to meet Bendigo.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

BENDIGO spoke, not to Doria, but to the man in hiding. "Come right out, Brendon," he said. "The game's up for tonight."

Mark emerged and Giuseppe gazed in astonishment.

"Corpo di Bacco!" he swore. "Then you heard my confidences. You are a sneak!"

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his long flight of steps and went to sea. Brendon and Jenny stood above under the flagstaff.

Anon they saw the flash of a ruby and an emerald upon the sea westward and soon heard Redmayne's motor boat returning. Less than half an hour had passed. Only Giuseppe Doria ascended the steps and he had little to tell.

"They didn't want me yet, so I ran back," he said.

"They went back into the cave together and I am to return within an hour."

Doria smoked some cigarettes and then descended again. Jenny bade Mark good-night and retired.

CHAPTER VIII

Death in the Cave

Alone, Brendon regarded the future with some melancholy.

Indeed, he knew that in the long run such a cheerful and versatile soul as Giuseppe was more likely to satisfy Jenny than he.

The return of the motor boat arrested his reflections.

But Doria once more came back to "Crow's Nest" alone.

"After the time was up I ran in," he said. "The cave was empty. Now I am a good deal alarmed and I come back to you."

Much puzzled, Brendon delayed only to get his revolver and an electric torch. He then descended with Doria to the water and they were soon afloat again. The launch grounded her prow on a little beach before the entrance of Robert Redmayne's hiding place.

Both men landed and Giuseppe evidenced the launch. Then immediate evidence of tragedy confronted them. The lamp stood on a ledge and flung a radius of light over the floor beneath. Here had been collected the food and drink supplied to Redmayne on the previous day, and it was clear that he had eaten and drunk heartily. But the arresting fact appeared on the beaten and broken surface of the ground. Heavy boots had torn this up and plowed furrows in it. At one spot lay an impression, as though some large object had fallen, and here Brendon saw blood—a dark patch already drying, for the substance of it was soaked away in the sandy shingle on which it had dropped.

Spots of blood and the dragged impression of some heavy body stretched along the ground to the stone steps and there disappeared.

"Pull yourself together and help me if you can," said Brendon.

"Where does this place lead?"

"There are many shallow steps then a long slope and, after that you have to bend your head and scramble out through a hole. You are then on a plateau half way up the cliff."

Lamenting the loss of time, Mark lent a hand and the launch was soon above high water mark. Then, with Brendon in front and the light from his torch upon the steps, they began their ascent. Save for a drop of blood here and there, the stone stairway gave no clue, but when they had reached its summit and the subterranean path turned to the left, still in a tunnel of the solid rock, they marked on the ascending slope, slippery with percolations from the roof, a straight smear dragged over the muddy surface.

For the last ten yards of the tunnel Mark had to go on his knees and crawl. Then he emerged and found himself in the open air on a shelf hung high between the earth and the sea.

Here Brendon saw evidences that the dead weight dragged from beneath had remained still a while.

"Where is the path from here?" Mark asked, and Doria, proceeding cautiously to the east of the plateau, presently indicated a rocky footpath that ascended from it.

Brendon desired to be at Dartmouth as swiftly as possible, so that a search might be instituted at dawn. Doria considered whether he might make best speed by road or water, and decided that he could bring Mark more quickly to the seaport in the launch than along the highway.

Brendon agreed and they descended the zigzag path and then, from the plateau, reentered the tunnel and presently reached the step again and the cavern beneath. Extinguishing the lamp, which still burned steadily, they were soon afloat.

Brendon directed Doria how to act. "Tell Mrs. Pendean and the servant to lock up the house and then join us," he said.

Doria obeyed and in ten minutes returned with Jenny, dazed and pale, and the frightened domestic still fumbling at her bodice buttons.

Doria's work was now done and, having directed him to take the women back, Mark bade them all keep the house until more news should reach them.

In half an hour the news had spread, search parties set out by land, and Brendon himself, with Inspector Damarell and two constables, put to sea in the harbor master's swift steam launch.

Then began a laborious hunt in the cave and the tunnel by which it was approached from above. Morning light filled the hollow place and the officers working methodically left no cranny unexplored; but their combined efforts by daylight revealed little more than Brendon had already found for himself in the darkness. Inspector Damarell returned to the steam launch and bade the skipper go back to town.

"We'll ride home by motor from above," he said.

The launch was off and once more the chimney with the steps, the inclined plane beyond, and the plateau half way up the cliff were all examined with patient scrutiny.

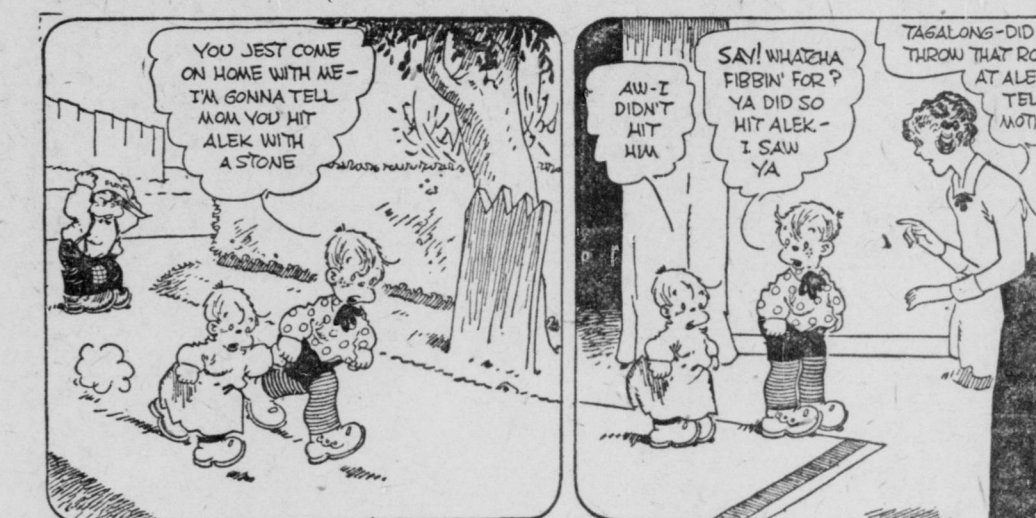
For hours, until dusk began to deepen on the precipices above them, the men worked as skillfully and steadfastly as men might work. Then their fruitless task was done.

The entrance of "Crow's Nest" opened upon the high road which took the police back to Dartmouth, and here Brendon delayed the car and descended alone down the comb to the house. Mark inquired for Jenny of the frightened maid.

"Ask Mrs. Pendean if she can see me a moment," he said, and the woman left him to ascertain. But Brendon was disappointed. Jenny sent word that she could not see him to day and hoped he would take occasion



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



## SAYS SHE IS THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN DETROIT

Brendon turned to Brendon. "I'll ask you to hold off until I've seen the poor chap. As a brother I ask it."

"Trust me. It's quite understood that nothing shall be done now until you have seen him and reported. It may not be regular, but common humanity suggests that."

With morning Brendon proved grumpy and desirous to be left alone.

He came down to luncheon and, after that meal, Doria conveyed Brendon in the launch to Dartmouth, where Mark visited the police station and explained the need for further delay. He telephoned to Scotland Yard and presently returned to "Crow's Nest."

Doria landed Brendon and then put off again, going slowly down the coast.

The night came at last—very dark overhead, but clear and calm. The tide was just making and midnight had struck when Bendigo Redmayne, in rough weather kit, stumped down

"I'm the happiest woman in Detroit, and words just can't express my gratitude to Tanlac," declared Mrs. Jenny Countryman, highly esteemed resident of 1265 Plum Street, Detroit.

"For nearly 10 years my liver and kidneys bothered me so much that each time I felt an attack coming on I thought surely it would be my last one. It used to take me 15 minutes to get out of my chair, and I couldn't stoop over at all without bracing with my hands on my back. My skin was a sallow yellow, and at night my kidneys worried me so much my sleep was very broken."

"But by the time I finished my Tanlac treatment I was like a new person. My kidneys and liver never bother me a particle now, and I can stoop and bend just as easily as I could, even when a girl. My skin has a clear, healthy color and I sleep like a child all night without waking. I can tell anyone how good Tanlac is."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Adv.

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## SERVICES FRIDAY FOR PETER AKERS

Veteran Railroad Man Follows Wife to Grave.

Knights of Pythias will be in charge of the funeral of Peter C. Akers, 75, of 1939 Central Ave., at the Kregolo & Bailey chapel, 905 N. Meridian St., Friday at 2 p. m. Burial will be in Crown Hill cemetery.

A surprise and a keen disappointment awaited them at Dartmouth. The day's work had produced no result whatever.

Wearied and out of spirits, Mark left the police station and went to his hotel.

He fell asleep at last, thinking not of the vanished sailor, but Jenny Pendean.

Mark was early astir and with Inspector Damarell he organized an elaborate search system for the day.

Brendon proceeded presently to "Crow's Nest," drawn thither solely by thoughts of Jenny. He found her distressed, but calm. She had telegraphed to her uncle in Italy.

She was very nervous, desiring to leave the lonely habitation on the cliffs as quickly as possible; but she intended to await Albert Redmayne's decision.

CHAPTER IX

A Piece of Wedding Cake

Albert Redmayne, holding it his duty to come to England, did so, and Jenny met him at Dartmouth after his long journey.

"Oh, that Peter Ganns were here!" he sighed again and again, while he thrust himself as near as possible to a great coal fire.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Boy Drowns in River

BRAZIL, Ind., July 5.—Charles Kipatrick, 14, adopted son of Chris Willen, Clay City, was drowned while swimming in the swollen waters of El River, near Clay City. The body was recovered by campers.

## PILOT AND PASSENGER KILLED; 1,000-FT. FALL

Wing of Plane Crumples During Exhibition Flight.

By United Press  
LOS ANGELES, July 5.—B. H. De- lay, exhibition aviator, and R. I. Short of Los Angeles, a passenger, were killed near Cloverfield, Santa Monica, late Wednesday when a wing of their plane crumpled. They fell 1,000 feet.

Auto Robbed in Park

J. L. Hulsan of Greenfield, Ind., told police today a thief took a tire and motorometer from his automobile at Riverside Park. The tire and motorometer were valued at \$20.

Getting Too Fat? Try This—Reduce

People who don't grow too fat