

# THE RED REDMAYNES

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS  
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Robert Redmayne, uncle of Jenny Pender, is suspected of the murder of Jenny's husband, Michael. Robert disappears and is being pursued by Mark Brendon, criminal investigator. Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne. Brendon meets Robert in the woods near Bendigo's home, but fails to capture him. Giuseppe Doria, a worker for Bendigo, arranges a meeting at Bendigo's home, but Robert fails to keep the appointment.

Robert sends word to Bendigo to meet him alone in a nearby cave. Doria takes Bendigo to the appointed place and leaves him with Robert. When Doria returns for his master, both men have disappeared. Albert Redmayne comes from Italy to try to solve the mystery.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

MR. ALBERT REDMAYNE slept well, but the morning found him very depressed. He was frightened and awe-stricken. He detested Crow's Nest and the melancholy murmur of the sea. He showed the keenest desire to return home at the earliest opportunity and was exceedingly nervous after dark.

"Oh, that Peter Ganns were here!" he exclaimed again and again, as a comment to every incident unfolded by Brendon or Jenny, and then, when she asked him if it might be possible to summon Peter Ganns, Mr. Redmayne explained that he was an American beyond their reach at present.

"Mr. Ganns," he said, "is my best friend in the world—save and excepting one man only. He—my first and most precious intimate—dwells at Bellagio, on the opposite side of Lake Como from myself. Signor Virgilio Poggli is a bibliophile of European eminence and the most brilliant of men—a great genius and my dearest associate for twenty-five years. But Peter Ganns also is a very astounding person—a detective officer by profession.

"I myself lack that intimate knowledge of character which is his native gift. Books I know better than men, and it was my peculiar acquaintance with books that brought Ganns and me together in New York. There I served him well in an amazing police case and aided him to prove a crime the discovery of which turned upon a certain paper manufactured for the Medici. But a greater thing than this criminal incident sprang from it; and that is my friendship for the wonderful Peter."



JENNY UTTERED ONE LOUD CRY OF TERROR AND FELL UNCONSCIOUS.

He expatiated upon Mr. Peter Ganns until his listeners wearied of the subject. Then Giuseppe Doria intervened with a personal problem. He desired to be dismissed and was anxious to learn from Brendon if the law permitted him to leave the neighborhood.

He found himself detained, however, for some days, until an official examination of the strange problem was completed. The investigation achieved nothing and threw no ray of light, either upon the apparent murder of Bendigo Redmayne, or the disappearance of his brother.

Mr. Albert Redmayne stayed no longer in Devonshire than his duty indicated, for he could prove of no service to the police. On the night previous to his departure he went through his brother's scanty library and found nothing in it of any interest to a collector. The ancient and well-thumbed copy of "Moby Dick" he took for sentiment, and he also directed Jenny to pack for him Bendigo's "Log," a diary in eight or ten volumes.

He departed, assured that his family was the victim of some evil, concealed alike from himself and everybody else; but he promised Jenny that he would presently write to America and lay every incident of the case, so far as it was known and reported, before his friends.

Before he returned to the borders of Como and his little villa beneath the mountains, the old scholar took affectionate leave of Jenny and made her promise to follow him as soon as she was able to do so.



## For skin blemishes use Resinol

Don't be annoyed and embarrassed any longer by an ugly, blotchy skin. Apply a little Resinol Ointment and use Resinol Soap for your toilet, then note how much better your skin looks and feels. This wholesome treatment seldom fails to restore that healthy color and clarity of skin which every man desires.

Resinol Shaving Stick soothes tender skins. These three products at all drug stores.

Robert Redmayne had vanished off the face of the earth and his brother with him. There remained of the family only Albert and his niece—a fact, she imparted, not without melancholy, to Mark Brendon, when the day came that he must take his leave of her and return to other and more profitable fields of work.

For a period of several months the detective was not to hear more of those who had played their small parts in the unsolved mystery. He was busy enough and in some measure rehabilitated a tarnished reputation by one brilliant achievement in his finest manner.

On a day in late March, Brendon received a little, triangular-shaped box through the post from abroad, and opening it, stared at a wedge of wedding cake. With the gift came a line—one only: "Kind and grateful remembrances from Giuseppe and Jenny Doria."

She sent no direction that might enable him to acknowledge her gift; but there was a postal stamp upon the covering and Brendon noted that the box came from Italy—from Ventimiglia, a town which Doria once mentioned in connection with the ruined castle and vanished splendors of his race.

## CHAPTER V

### On Grante

Dawn had broken over Italy and morning, in honeysuckle colors, burned upon the mountain mists.

Two women climbed together up the great acclivity of Grante. One was brown and elderly, clad in black with an orange rag wrapped about her brow—a sturdy, muscular creature who carried a great, empty wicker basket upon her shoulders; the other was clad in a rosy jumper or silk, and flashed in the morning light and brought an added beauty to that beautiful scene.

Jenny ascended the mountain as lightly as a butterfly. She moderated her pace to the slower gait of the elder and presently they both stopped before a little gray chapel perched beside the hill path.

Mr. Albert Redmayne's silk-worms, in the great airy shed behind his villa, had nearly all spun their cocoons now, for it was June again and the annual crop of mulberry leaves in the valleys beneath were well-nigh exhausted. Therefore Assunta Marzelli, the old bibliophile's housekeeper, made holiday with his niece, now upon a visit to him, and together the women climbed, where food might be procured for the last tardy caterpillars to change their state.

And then, where two tall cypresses stood upon either side, Jenny and Assunta stayed a while.

The lake below was now reduced to a cup of liquid jade over which shot streams of light into the mountain shadows at its brink; but there were vessels floating on the waters that held the watchers' eyes. They looked like twin, toy torpedo boats—mere streaks of red and black upon the water, with Italy's flag at the tail. But the little ships were no toys and Assunta halted them, for the strange craft told of the ceaseless battle waged by authority against the mountain smugglers and reminded the widow of her own lawless husband's death ten years before.

The women climbed presently to a little field of meadow grass that sparkled with tiny flowers and spread its alpine sward among thickets of mulberry. Here their work awaited them; but first they ate the eggs and wheat bread, walnuts and dried figs that they had brought and shared a little flask of red wine. They finished with a handful of cherries and then Assunta began to pluck leaves for her great basket while Jenny loitered a while and smoked a cigarette. It was a new habit acquired since her marriage.

Soon the women started upon their homeward way. They had descended about a mile and at a shoulder of Grante sat down to rest in welcome shadow.

And then, suddenly, as if it had been some apparition limned upon the air, there stood in the path the figure of a tall man. His red head was bare and from the face beneath shone a pair of wild and haggard eyes. They saw the stranger's great tawny mustache, his tweed garments and knickerbockers, his red waistcoat, and the cap he carried in his hand.

It was Robert Redmayne. Jenny uttered one loud cry of terror and then relaxed and fell unconscious upon the ground. The widow leaped to her aid, but it was some time before Jenny came to her senses.

"Did you see him?" she gasped, clinging to Assunta and gazing fearfully where her uncle had stood. "Yes, yes—a big red man; but he meant us no harm. When you cried out, he was more frightened than we. He leaped down, like a red fox, into the bushes and disappeared."

"Remember what you saw," said Jenny tremulously. "Remember exactly what he looked like, that you may be able to tell Uncle Albert just how it was, Assunta. He is Uncle Albert's brother—Robert Redmayne!"

Jenny helped Assunta with her great basket, lifted it on her shoulders and then set off beside her.

"I have a horrible dread," she said. "Something tells me that we ought to be going faster. Would you be frightened if I were to leave you, Assunta, and make greater haste?"

The other managed to understand and declared that she felt no fear.

They parted and Jenny hastened, risked her neck sometimes, and sped forward with the energy of youth and on the verge of fear.

Jenny saw and heard no more of the being who had thus so unexpectedly returned into her life. Her thoughts were wholly with Albert Redmayne. He was at Bellagio when she reached home, and his man-servant, Assunta's brother, Ernesto, explained that Mr. Redmayne had crossed after luncheon to visit his dearest friend, the book lover, Virgilio Poggli.

Jenny waited impatiently and she was at the landing stage when Albert returned. He smiled to see her and took off his great slouch hat.

He looked at Jenny's frightened eyes, and felt her hand upon his sleeve. "Why, what is wrong? You



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## THE OLD HOME TOWN--By STANLEY



## HOOSIER BRIEFS

Edward Guy Mathewson, 27, Michigan Central brakeman, of Momence, Ill., was killed near Valparaiso while making a coupling.

George Sharpe, proprietor of the Greenfield Bottling Works, was painfully injured when a bottle exploded.

Work of improving the Clover Leaf Railroad in the vicinity of Marion is under way.

Mrs. Mary E. Price, 63, Muncie, was fatally injured when an automobile

bile in which she was riding left the road.

About fifty thousand cigarettes were stolen from the warehouse of the Huntington Grocery Company.

An emergency operation saved Edith Wiley, 2, from death by strangulation after she had swallowed a grain of corn.

The Rev. Virgil Thompson conducted union services at Washington courthouse lawn in the dark. Lights went out, but the minister was not daunted.

The anti-rat campaign conducted in Madison and Jefferson County resulted in death of rodents which would have done \$25,000 damage.

Homer Huntsinger, near Anderson, was internally injured when an automobile in which he was riding collided with a machine driven by Joseph Longfellow, Anderson.

Samuel H. Short, 21, Terre Haute miner, was instantly killed when he fell from an elevator in Jackson Hill mine No. 6.

Authorization of \$700,000 worth of public school improvement bonds was made by the East Chicago council.

George N. Mannfeld, State superintendent of fisheries, and Gustav J.

## OUT OUR WAY--By WILLIAMS

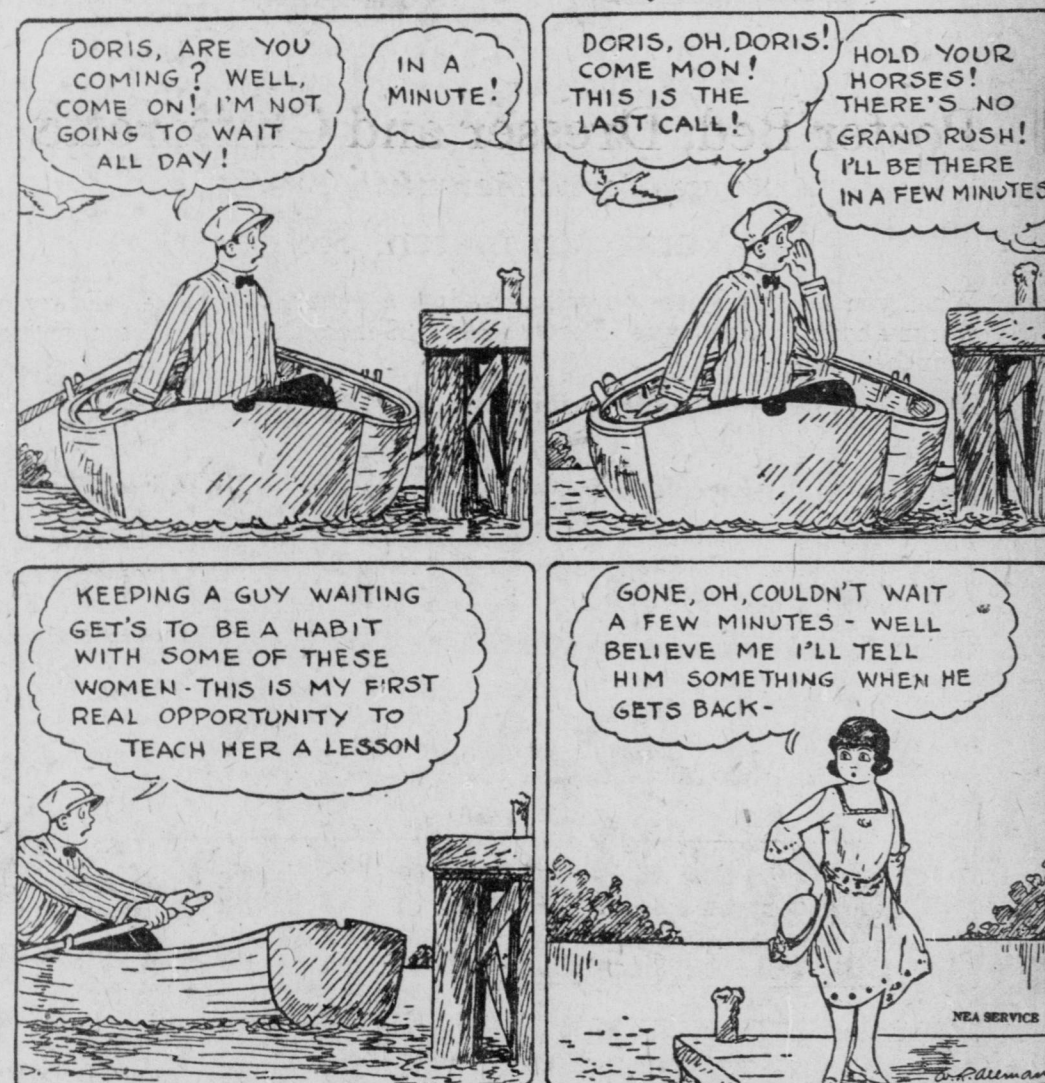


## Especially the Way Alek Came

## By BLOSSER



## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS--By ALLMAN



T. Meyer, both of Indianapolis, will speak at Columbus in interest of re-stocking streams.

O. P. Miller, Anderson butcher, was given a farm valued at \$12,000 by his uncle and aunt, N. P. Oren and wife.

David Parris, 30, Hammond conductor, and the first man to volunteer from East Chicago during the World War, was electrocuted in the vestibule of his car.

## Auto Accessories Stolen

Automobile owners today complained that thieves had taken accessories and other articles from their cars. Joe M. Parr, 636 N. Jefferson Ave., parked his automobile at Meridian and Georgia Sts. A \$20 tire was stolen.

J. L. Kelly, 32 W. Twenty-Second St., said a \$5 water indicator was taken from his car at Riverside Park.

Albert Measen, 16 N. Pennsylvania

St., reported two blankets, valued at \$8, taken from his car. Jack O'Neil, 463 Ketchum St., said his \$6 motor-meter was stolen.

## Boils

THERE is a reason for everything that happens. Common-sense kills misery. Common-sense also stops boils! S. S. S. is the common-sense remedy for boils, because it is built on reason. Scientific authorities admit its power! S. S. S. builds blood-power, it builds red-blood-cells. That is what makes fighting-blood. Fighting-blood destroys impurities. It fights boils. It fights pimples! It fights skin eruptions! It always wins! Mr. V. D. Schaaf, 557 15th street, Washington, D. C., writes:

"I tried for years to get relief from a bad case of boils. Everything failed until I took S. S. S. I am now absolutely cured, and it was S. S. S. that did it."

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

**SSS** The World's Best Blood Medicine

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA



MOTHER:-- Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.