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Robert Redmayne, raised at large, is suspected of the murder of Michael Pendean, husband of Robert's niece, Jenny. Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is on the case. Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Ben-digo Redmayne.

Robert, in the woods near Bendigo's home, but fails to capture him. Robert sends word to Ben-digo, who sends word to Signor Giuseppe Doria, who works for Bendigo, takes his master to the meeting place. When Doria goes to the Bendigo home, he finds the house empty and signs of a terrible struggle. Jenny marries Doria and they go to live in Italy, where Jenny's uncle, Albert Redmayne, lives. Robert appears in the neighborhood of Albert's home.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"W HAT did you do?" "I made a fool of myself," confessed Jenny.

"Assunta says that I cried out very loud and they toppled over and fainted. When I came round there was nothing to be seen."

"The point is then: did Assunta see him also?"

"That was the first thing I found out. I hoped she had not. That would have saved the situation in a way and proved it was only some picture of the mind. But she saw him clearly enough. She heard him, too. When I cried out he leaped away into the woods."

Mr. Redmayne lighted a cigar which he took from a box on a little table by the open hearth. He drew several deep breaths before he spoke again.

"This is a very disquieting circumstance and I greatly wish it had not happened," he said. "There may be no cause for alarm; but, on the other hand, when we consider the disappearance of my brother Bendigo, I have a right to feel fear."

#### CHAPTER XI

Mr. Peter Ganns

Mark Brendon received with mingled emotions the long letter from Jenny Doria. It awaited him at New Scotland Yard, and, as he took it from the rack, his heart leaped before the well-remembered handwriting.

He reminded Brendon of his goodwill and declared how personally she showed welcome him and feel safer and more sanguine for his companionship. She also contrived to let him know that she was not particularly happy.

Brendon sought the famous American and found his director without difficulty. He had already visited New Scotland Yard, where he numbered several acquaintances, and Mark learned that he was stopping at the Grand Hotel in Trafalgar Square. On sending in his name a messenger boy had Brendon follow to the smoking room.

His first glance, however, failed to indicate the great man. The smoking room was nearly empty on this June morning and Mark observed nobody but a young soldier, writing letters, and a white-haired, somewhat corpulent gentleman sitting with his back to the light, reading the Times. He was clean-shaven, with a heavy face modeled to suggest a rhinoceros. The features were large; the nose swollen and a little veined with purple, the eyes hidden behind owl-like spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and the brow very broad, but not high. From it abundant white hair was brushed straight back.

Brendon extended his glance elsewhere, but the messenger stopped, turned, and departed, while the stout man rose, revealing a massive frame, wide shoulders, and sturdy legs.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Brendon," he said in a genial voice; then he shook hands, took off his spectacles, and sat down again.

"This is a pleasure I had meant to give myself before I quitted the city," declared the big man. "I've heard about you and I've taken off my hat to you more than once during the war. You might know me, too."

"Everybody in our business knows you, Mr. Ganns. But I've not come hero-worshipping to waste your time. I'm proud you're pleased to see me and it's a great privilege to meet you; but I've looked in this morning about something that won't wait; and your name is the big noise in a letter I received from Italy today."

The elder stated, took a golden box out of his waistcoat pocket, opened it, tapped it, and helped himself to a pinch of snuff. The habit explained his somewhat misshapen nose. It was tobacco, not alcohol, that lent its exaggerated luster and hypertrophied outline to that organ.

Brendon produced Jenny's letter. Peter read on his spectacles and read slowly. In fact, Mark had never seen a letter read so slowly before.

At last the American spoke.

"What about 'em? Can you go?"

"Yes; I've appealed to my chief and got permission to pick this up again. My holday's due and I'll go to Italy instead of Scotland. I was in it from the first, you know."

"I do know—I know all about it, from my old pal, Albert Redmayne. He wrote me the most lucid dispatch that ever I read."

"You can go, Mr. Ganns?"

"Brendon," said Mr. Ganns, "run round and find when the night boat sails from Dover, or Folkestone. We'll reach Paris tomorrow morning. I guess, catch the Rapide for Milan, and be at the Lakes next day. You'll find we can do it. Then telegraph to this dame that we start a week hence. You take me?"

"Want you to get there before we're expected?"

"Exactly."

He took another pinch of snuff and picked up the Times. "Will you lunch with me here in the grillroom at 2 o'clock?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Ganns."

Some hours later they met again and over a steak and green peas Brendon reported that the boat train left Victoria at eleven and that the Rapide would start from Paris on the following morning at half past six.

"We reach Bevano some time after noon next day," he said, "and can either go on to Milan and then come back to Coho and travel by boat to Menaggio, where Mr. Redmayne lives, or else leave the train at Bevano, take steamer on Maggiore, cross to Lugano, and cross again to Como. That way we land right at Menaggio. There's not much in it for time."

"We'll go that way, then, and I'll see the Lakes."

Peter Ganns spoke little while he partook of a light meal. He enjoyed the spectacle of Brendon's hearty appetite and bewailed his inability to join him in red meat and a bit of Burton.

They entered the smoking room presently and then Brendon, very

## NO OPERATION FOR HER

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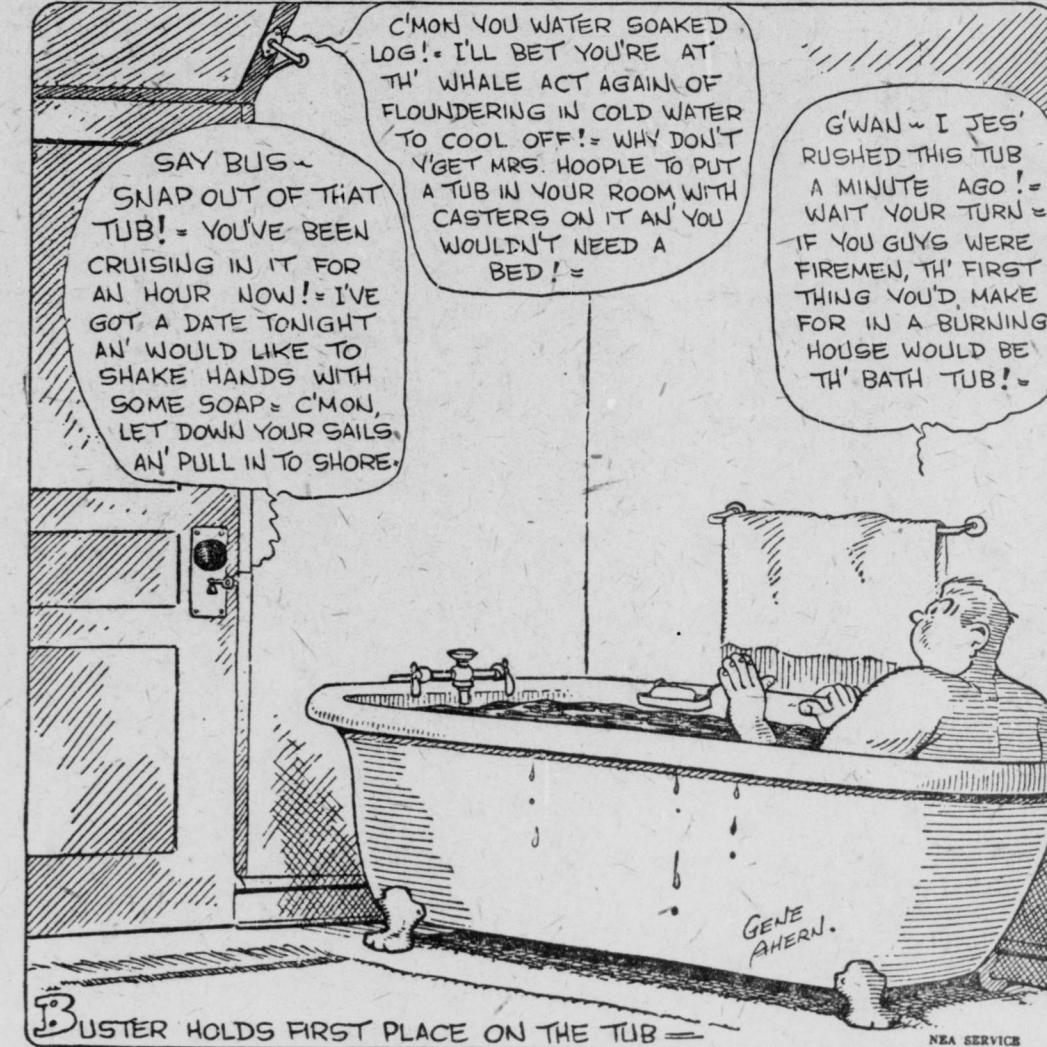
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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



A BREATH OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS

—By BLOSSER



THE STOUT MAN ROSE, REVEALING A MASSIVE FRAME, WIDE SHOULDERS AND STURDY LEGS.

"You must not stop here tonight," he said. "You must cross to Bellagio and stay with Signor Poggi until we know more."

"We shall see as to that. Prepare tea and leave me for half an hour to perfect."

In half an hour Jenny returned with Mr. Redmayne's tea.

"Providence is, I think, upon our side, pretty one," he began, "for my amazing friend, Peter Ganns, who designed to visit me in September, has already arrived in England; and when he hears of this ugly sequel to the story I confided in his ears last winter, I am bold to believe that he will hasten to me immediately and not hesitate to modify his plans."

"I'm sure he will," declared Jenny.

"Write me two letters," continued Albert. "One to Mr. Mark Brendon, the young detective from Scotland Yard, of whom I entertained a high opinion; and also write to your husband. Direct Brendon to approach Peter Ganns and beg them both to come to me as quickly as their affairs allow. Also bid Giuseppe return to you immediately. He will serve to protect us, for he is fearless and resolute."

But Jenny showed no joy at this suggestion.

"I was to have had a peaceful month with you," she pouted.

"So indeed I hoped; but it can hardly be peaceful now and I confess that the presence of Doria would go some way to compose my nerves. He is powerful, cheerful, and full of resource. He is also brave."

Jenny had left Doria for a time and apparently felt no desire to see him again until her promised visit to her uncle should be ended.

"I heard from Giuseppe three days ago," she said. "He has left Ven-



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



ANDREW STONEHEART TOOK IN A COUPLE OF SUMMER BOARDERS THIS WEEK

STANLEY  
NEA SERVICE

much to his surprise, heard an astonishing lecture which left him under the emotions of fourth-form schoolboy after an interview with his head master.

Mr. Ganns ordered coffee, took snuff, and bade Mark listen and read slowly. In fact, Mark had never seen a letter read so slowly before.

At last the American spoke.

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## HOOSIER BRIEFS

The farmhouse of John Stahl, near Tipton, was completely destroyed by fire.

Four horses were cremated when a barn belonging to Ben Miller, Colum-

bia City, caught fire.

Carrier pigeons of the Mishawaka

Homing Pigeon Club flew from Cuba, Ill., to Mishawaka, 200 miles, in nine

hours, fourteen minutes and six sec-

onds. Speed, 1,200 yards a minute.

Bees of Peter Fisher, Lafayette,

Indiana, went on a stinging spree, with the little son of Emory Tschopp, Samuel

Shaffer, workmen for Shaffer, and a team of horses, as victims. The team ran away when the "assault" occurred.

About 140 boys and girls are en-

rolled in a playground movement at Washington.

Camp meeting season has opened

and the Ohio Falls Holiness Associa-

tion has announced plans for its an-

nual encampment at New Albany.

Contracts for paving seventy-three

blocks of city streets, costing \$300,000,

have been let at Washington.

A check for \$1,000 from David May,

Los Angeles, formerly a Hartford

City merchant, was received by the

Blackford County board of hospital

trustees. The money was to be used

to equip a laboratory in the hospital.

Lafayette milk dealers report there

is no prospect of a drop in milk prices.

A baby health clinic was conducted

at Tipton, Dr. Adeline Melchi in charge.

Chief of Police Lane, South Bend,

says there is