



EDITH PHILPOTTS
ILLUSTRATED
BY
R.W. SATTERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Michael Pendean disappears and Robert Redmayne, uncle to Michael's wife, Jenny, is suspected of the murder. John Brendon, the investigator, has charge of the case.

Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Robert Redmayne, who appears near Jenny's home and sends word to Bendigo to meet him in a nearby cave. Bendigo does as he is told and leaves his master at the meeting place. When Doris calls to bring Bendigo home, he finds the cage empty and signs of a terrible struggle.

Jenny marries Doris and they go to live in Italy, where Jenny's uncle Albert, who also lives in Italy and Albert sends for Brendon and for Peter Ganns, famous American detective and dear friend to Albert.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY "YOU'RE a detective inspector of Scotland Yard," continued Ganns, "and Scotland

Yard is still the high-water mark of police organization in the world. The Central Bureau in New York is pretty close up, and I've nothing but admiration for the French and Italian secret services; but the fact remains: The Yard is first; you've won and fairly won your place there. That's a big thing and you didn't get it without some work and some luck, Brendon.

"But now—this Redmayne racket. In a word, your conduct of the affair don't square with your reputation. Your dope never cut any ice from the start."

Brendon did not hide his emotion, but kept silence while Mr. Ganns helped himself to a pinch of snuff.

"A great many of your 'cast-iron' facts' were no facts at all."

"What were they then?"

"Elaborate and deliberate fictions, Mark."

He paused again, applied himself to his gold box, and then proceeded.



MR. REDMAYNE WAS OVERJOYED AT SEEING GANNS.

"Now see how reason bears on the evidence of Robert Redmayne and his trick acts since first he disappeared. A thing occurs and there are only certain ways—very limited in number—to explain it. Either Robert Redmayne killed Michael Pendean, or else he did not. And if he did, he was sane or insane at the time. That much can't be denied and is granted. If he was sane, he committed the murder with a motive; and pretty careful inquiry proves that no motive existed. Then, assuming him to be sane, he would not have committed such a murder. The alternative is that he was mad at the time and did homicide on Pendean while out of his mind.

"But what happens to a madman after a crime of this sort? Does he get off with it and wander over Europe as a free man for a year? Granted the resources of maniacal cunning and all the rest of it, was it ever heard that a maniac went at large as this man did, and laughed at Scotland Yard's attempt to run him down and capture him? No, Mark, the man responsible for these impossible things isn't mad. And that brings me back to my premedical alternative.

"That's true," he said. Peter did not pursue the subject. He shut his book, yawned, took snuff, and declared himself ready for a meal. The long day passed and both men turned in early and slept till daybreak.

Before noon they had left Baveno on a steamer and were crossing the blue depths of Maggiore. At Luino they left the steamer and proceeded to Tress.

They wound over Lugano and came in evening light to its northern shore. Then once more they took train, climbed aloft and fell at last to Menaggio on Como's brink.

"Now," said Peter, "I guess we'll leave our traps here and beat it to Villa Planezzo right away."

Within twenty minutes their one-horse vehicle had reached Mr. Redmayne's modest home and they found three persons just about to take an evening meal. Simultaneously there appeared Mr. Redmayne, his niece, and Giuseppe Doria; and while Albert, Italian fashion, embraced Mr. Ganns and planted a kiss upon his cheek,

Jenny greeted Mark Brendon and he looked once more into her eyes.

Doria held back a little while while welcomed her uncle's friend; then he came forward, declared his pleasure at meeting Mark again and his belief that time woul' soon reveal the truth and set a period to the ministerial of the wanderer.

Mr. Redmayne was overjoyed at seeing Ganns and quiet forgot the receipt of his visit in the pleasure of receiving him, as you call them, begin to say a bit, my son. There's only one sure and certain way to know that a man is dead; and that is by seeing his body and convincing the law, by the testimony of those who knew the man in life, that the corpse belongs to him and nobody else."

They chatted for half an hour and

S.S.S. keeps away Pimples

HERE are thousands of women who wonder why their complexions do not improve in spite of all the face treatments they use. They should not continue to wonder. Erruptions come from blood impurities and a lack of rich blood-cells. S. S. S. is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, rapid and effective blood cleansers known. S. S. S. builds new blood-cells. This is why S. S. S. routs out of your system the impurities which cause boils, pimples, blackheads, acne, blotches, eczema, tetter, rash. S. S. S. is a remarkable flesh-builder. That's why underweight people can quickly build up their lost flesh, get back their normal weight, pink, plump cheeks, bright eyes, and "pep."

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

"Your gift—the gold box—take a pinch," said Peter holding out his snuff to the old bookworm; but the

old bookworm said, "I don't want any more of your gift."

"Tell them, Giuseppe," directed Mr. Redmayne.

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