

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

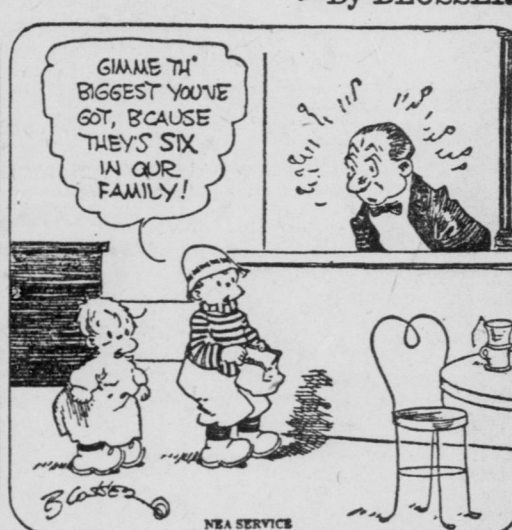


THE MAJOR'S SELF-SACRIFICE AS TO A VACATION

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



A Partnership Affair



—By BLOSSER

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



RED REDMAYNES

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD
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NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

HEY had reached the shrine—a little alcove in a rotting mass of brick and plaster. Beneath it extended a stone seat whereon the wayfarer might kneel or sit.

They sat down and Doria began to smoke his usual Tuscan cigar. His depression increased and with it Brendon's astonishment. The man appeared to be taking exactly that attitude to his wife she had already suggested toward him.

"Il volto sciolto ed i pensieri stretti," declared Giuseppe with gloom. "That is to say, 'her countenance may be clear, but her thoughts are dark—too dark to tell me—her husband.'"

"Perhaps she fears you a little. A woman is always helpless before a man who keeps his own secrets hidden."

"Helpless? Far from it. She is a self-controlled, efficient, hard-headed woman. Her loveliness is a curtain. You have not yet got behind that. You loved her, but she did not love you. She loved me and married me. And it is I who know her character, not you. She is very clever and pretends a great deal more than she feels. If she makes you think she is unhappy and helpless, she does it on purpose. She may be unhappy, because to keep secrets is often to court unhappiness; but she is not helpless at all. Her eyes look helpless; her mouth never. There is power and will between her teeth."

"Why do you speak of secrets?"

"Because you did. I have no secrets. It is Jenny, my wife, who has secrets. I tell you this. She knows all about the red man! She is as deep as hell."

Brendon could hardly believe his ears, but the Italian appeared very much in earnest. He chattered on for some time. Then he looked at his watch and declared that he must descend.

"The steamer is coming soon," he said. "Now I leave you and I hope that I have done good. Think how to help me and yourself. What she now feels to you I can not tell. Your turn may come. I trust so. I am not at all jealous. But be warned. This red man—he is no friend to you or me. You seek him again today. So be it. And if you find him, be careful of your skin. Not that a man can protect his skin against fate. We meet at supper."

He swung away, singing a canzone, and quickly vanished, while Brendon, overwhelmed by this extraordinary conversation, sat for an hour motionless and deep in thought.

He considered now his own course of action and presently proceeded to the region in which Robert Redmayne had been most frequently reported.

Brendon climbed steadily upward

and presently sat down to rest upon a little, lofty plateau where, in the mountain scrub, grew lilies of the valley and white sun-rose.

Suddenly Mark became aware that he was watched and found himself face to face with the object of his search. Robert Redmayne stood separated from him by a distance of thirty yards behind the boughs of a breast-high shrub.

But it appeared that the watcher desired no closer contact. He turned and ran, heading upward for a wild tract of stone and scrub that spread beneath the last precipices of the mountain. Mark strove to run the other down as speedily as possible, that he might close, with strength still sufficient to win the inevitable battle that must follow, and effect a capture.

He was disappointed, however, for while still twenty yards behind and forced to make only a moderate progress over the rocky way he saw Robert Redmayne suddenly stop, turn and lift a revolver. As the red man fired, the other flung up his arms, plunged forward on his face, gave one convulsive tremor through all his limbs, and moved no more.

The big man, panting from his exertions, approached only to see that his fallen victim showed no sign of life, the other, with his face amid the alpine flowers, remained where he had dropped, his arms outstretched, his hands clenched, his body still, blood running from his mouth.

The conqueror took careful note of the spot in which he stood and bringing a knife from his pocket blazed the stem of a young tree that rose not very far from his victim. Then he disappeared and peace reigned above the fallen.

Many hours passed and then, after night had flooded the hollow, there sounded from close at hand strange noises and the intermittent thud of some metal weapon striking the earth. The din ascended from a rock which lifted its gray head above a thicket of juniper; and here, while the flat summit of the boulder began to shine whitely under the rising moon, a lantern flickered and showed two shadows busy about the excavation of an oblong hole. They mumbled together and dug in turn. Then one dark figure came out into the open, took his bearings, flung lantern light on the blazed tree trunk, and advanced to a brown, motionless hump lying hard by.

The dark, approaching figure saw the object of his search and came forward. His purpose was to bury the victim, whom he had lured hither before destroying, and then remove any trace that might linger upon the spot where the body lay. He bent down, put his hands to the jacket of the motionless man, and then, as he exerted his strength, a strange, hideous thing happened. The body under his touch dropped to pieces. Its head rolled away; its trunk became dismembered and he fell backward heaving an amorphous torso into the air. For, exerting the needful pressure to move a heavy weight, he found none and tumbled to the ground, holding up a coat stuffed with grass.

The man was on his feet in an instant, fearing an ambush; but astonishment opened his mouth.

"Corpo di Bacco!" he cried, and the exclamation rang in a note of something like terror against the cliffs and upon the ear of his companion. Neither rascal delayed a moment. Their mingled steps instantly rang out; then the clatter faded swiftly upon the night and silence returned.

For ten minutes nothing happened. Next, out of a lair not fifteen yards from the distorted dummy, rose a figure that shone white as snow under the moon. Mark Brendon approached the snare that he himself had set, shook the grass out of his coat, lifted his hat from the ball of leaves it covered, and presently drew on his knickerbockers, having emptied them of their stuffing. He was cold and calm. He had learned more than he expected to learn; for that startled exclamation left no doubt at all concerning one of the grave-diggers. It was Giuseppe Doria who had come to move the body, and there seemed little doubt that Brendon's would-be murderer was the other.

The operations of the detective from the moment that he fell headlong, apparently to sleep no more, may be briefly chronicled.

With a loaded revolver still in his opponent's hand, he could take no risk and fell accordingly. Brendon had simulated death for a while, but when satisfied of his assailant's departure, presently rose, with no worse hurts than a bruised face, a badly bitten tongue, and a wounded arm.

Mark guessed that until darkness returned he might expect to be undisturbed. He walked back, therefore, to his starting place, and round the packet of food which he had brought with him and a flask of red wine left behind.

After a meal and a pipe he made his plan and presently stood again on the rough ground beneath the cliffs, where he had pretended so realistically to perish. He expected Redmayne to return and guessed that another would return with him. His hope was to recognize the accomplice.

With infinite satisfaction he heard Giuseppe's voice, and even an element of grim amusement attended the Italian's shock and his subsequent snipe-like antics as he leaped to safety before an anticipated revolver barrage.

CHAPTER XV
A Ghost

The next morning while he rubbed his bruises in a hot bath, Brendon determined upon a course of action. He proposed to tell Jenny and her husband exactly what had happened to him, merely concealing the end of the story.

He breakfasted, lighted his pipe and limped over to Villa Pianezzo. He was not in reality very lame, but accentuated the stiffness. Only Assunta appeared, though Brendon's eyes had marked Doria and Jenny together in the neighborhood of the silk-worm house as he entered the garden. He asked for Giuseppe and, having

found him, he told him the story of the red man, and the

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HOOSIER BRIEFS

Lewis Taylor, State treasurer of the Farm Bureau, was principal speaker at a meeting of Fourth district farmers at Bluffton.

Farmers and threshermen ironed out their differences at a meeting at Greensburg city hall today.

H. W. Elser, Huntington contractor, received the contract for the new Lafayette Hotel to be erected in that city.

An ex-service men's home-coming will be held at Laporte County fair, under direction of the Hamilton Gray Post, American Legion.

Tony Duella, 50, and his son James, 22, died from burns received July 4, when a still they were said to be operating exploded.

The first wheat of the season was sold at Greensburg by J. B. Johnson. He received 90 cents a bushel.

Capt. Lucas Lincoln of the Columbus National Guard was one of the last men to talk with Lieut. Louis J. Roth and Lieut. T. B. Null before they

Sixty Summer Salads

Do you want to know how to make rich summer salads? Fill out the coupon below and mail as directed. Washington Bureau Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin "SIXTY SALADS" and enclose 4 cents in postage stamps for same:

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... State.....

Our Washington Bureau reports that many coupons are received without name and address. Please write carefully and plainly.

FANCY HATBAND

One of the smartest white felt sport hats of the season has a band of white buckskin embroidered in red and blue, and white envelope purse embroidered to match.

CERISE AND WHITE

A gown of white satin, on very simple lines, is hemmed inside with cerise satin. The red appears also in the huge sash bow tied at the left side.

started on their fatal trip. He was a personal friend of the men.

Sixty-six members of the Anderson National Guards will leave Sunday for Camp Knox, Ky.

Stephen Zamro, Hammond, is suing Anna Felor, former fiancée for \$6,000 damages, which he claims he had given her at various times.

Demand for improvements of the electrical service furnished Shelbyville by the Interstate Public Service Company, was made by the Better Business Bureau.

George V. Tapp, Cleveland, Ohio, didn't want to drive from South Bend to his home alone. He met a pretty blue eyed blond at a dance, and as she said she was going that way, they decided to make the trip together. When Tapp left her alone in the machine for a while, the machine

as well as the blond disappeared, he told police.

VELVET NASTURTIUMS
Velvet nasturtiums in the natural gold and brown shades make a riot of color on a large leghorn hat.

QUILTED COTTONS
Quilted cottons are a novelty in Paris. Frocks and suits and even wraps are made of quilted percale.

COLORED SHOES

Colored shoes are no longer in such high favor in Paris, but at the recent races red kid shoes were frequently seen with all black or all white dresses.

BLACK SATIN
The most modern of black satin gowns are very simple but very chic. One model is trimmed only with wide ribbons and another with gardenias.

Help Bladder!

Take Balmwort Kidney Tablets!

Backache, Urgency, Pain, Pressure, and lack of control cause much misery and embarrassment. Help the bladder with soothing Balmwort tablets.

Ease the irritation—tone up the tissues—neutralize the fluid that causes burning, stinging pains. Sleep and get rest—strengthen.

Slow acting kidneys, backache, weak inflamed bladder, get quick balmy help from Blackburn's Balmwort Tablets.

Best for men, women, youth and age. "Thousands Have Proved It."

Two sizes, 60 cents and \$1.25. All druggists.

For sale by Haag, Brock and Goldsmith Bros. Drug Stores and all druggists.

