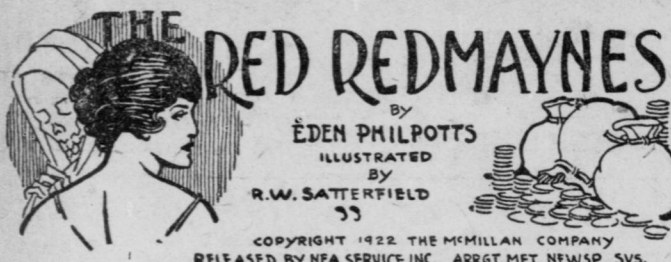


OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE RED REDMAYNES
BY EDEN PHILPOTTS
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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She was in his arms now and he sought to soothe her, sustain her and bring her mind to regard a future wherein peace, happiness and content might still be her portion. Another hour passed, the fireflies danced over their heads; sweet scents stole through the garden; lights twinkled from the house; on the lake in the silence that now fell between them they heard the gentle thud of a steamer's propeller. Still Doria did not return and as a church clock struck the hour Jenny rose.

She left him to seek Assunta; and he, hearing the steamer and guessing that Peter was at hand, hastened to the house. Silence seemed to fill it, and as he lifted his voice and called to Albert Redmayne, the noise on the water ceased. No answer reached Mark, and from the library he proceeded to the adjoining bedroom. It was empty and he hastened out upon the veranda above the lake. But still the boat never did not appear. A long, black vessel with all lights out had anchored a hundred yards from the Villa Planoso, and now a boat put off from the craft of the lake police and paddled to the steps below Brendon.

Peter, with four men, quickly landed and Brendon spoke. He could give no details, however, and Jenny furnished them. While she and Mark sat in the garden, guarding the front door and front gate, behind them to the house there had come a message by boat for Mr. Redmayne. Assunta told them how an Italian had reached the steps in a skiff from Bellagio; how he had called her and broken the evil news that Signor Foggi was fallen dangerously ill; and how he sent her to see his friends to see him without delay. Assunta declared that her master had been gone for an hour, if not longer.

The group formed under Peter's command and he issued his directions swiftly. He cast one look at Mark which the detective never forgot; but none saw it save Brendon himself. Then he spoke.

"Row this boat back to the steamer, Brendon," he said, "and tell them to take you across to Foggi as quick as may be. If Redmayne is there, leave him there and return. But he's not there; he's at the bottom of the lake!"



THE BULLET MEANT FOR MICHAEL PENDEAN STRUCK DOWN HIS WIFE.

Then Peter turned to the rest and bade them all, with Jenny, accompany him to the dwelling room. Supper had been laid here, but the apartment was empty.

"What has happened," explained Peter, "is this: Doria has used the only certain means of getting Albert Redmayne out of this house, and his wife has doubtless aided him to the best of her power by arresting the attention of my colleague whom I left in charge. How she did it I can easily guess."

Jenny's horrified eyes flamed at him and her face grew rosy.

"How little you know!" she cried. "This is cruel, infamous! Have I not suffered enough?"

"If I am wrong, I'll be the first to own it, ma'am," he answered. "But I am not wrong. What has happened means that your husband will be back to supper. That's but ten minutes to wait. Assunta, return to the kitchen. Ernesto, hide in the garden and look the iron gate as soon as Doria has passed through it."

Silence fell and in five minutes came the chink of the iron gate and

the footfall of a man without. Doria was singing his canzone. He came straight into the room, stared at him at the assembled men, then fixed his eyes upon his wife.

"What is this?" he cried in amazement.

"Game's up and you've lost," answered Ganna. "You're a great crook! And your own vanity is all that beat you!" He turned quickly to the chief of police, who showed a warrant and spoke English.

"Michael Pendean," he said, "you are arrested for the murder of Robert Redmayne and Bendigo Redmayne."

And add 'Albert Redmayne,' growled Ganna. He leaped aside with amazing agility as he spoke, for the culprit had seized the weapon nearest his hand and hurled a heavy salt-cellar from the table at Peter's head. The mass of glass crashed into an old Italian mirror behind Ganna, and at the moment when all eyes instinctively followed the sound, Jenny's husband dashed for the door. Like lightning, he turned and was over the threshold before a hand could be lifted to stop him; but one in the room had watched and now he raised his revolver. This young officer—destined for future fame—had never taken his eyes off Doria and now he fired. He was quick, but another had been quicker, had seen his purpose and anticipated his action. The bullet meant for Michael Pendean struck down his wife, for Jenny had leaped into the doorway and stopped it.

She fell without a sound, whereupon the figure turned instantly, abandoned his flight, ran to her, knelt and lifted her to his breast. He was harmless now, but he embraced a dead woman and the blood from her mouth, as he kissed her, covered his lips. He made no further fight and, knowing that she was dead, carried her to a couch, laid her gently down, then turned and stretched his arms for the handcuffs.

A moment later Mark Brendon swiftly from the house. Foggi sent no message and Albert Redmayne has not been seen at Bellagio," he said.

CHAPTER XVII

The Methods of Peter Ganna

Two men traveled together in the train de luxe from Milan to Calais. Ganna wore a black band upon the sleeve of his left arm; his companion carried the marks of mourning in his face. It seemed that Brendon had increased in age; his countenance looked haggard; his very voice was older.

Peter tried to distract the younger man, who appeared to listen, though his mind was far away and his thoughts brooding upon a grave. After a pause and a long silence, while the train sped through the darkness of the Simplon tunnel, Peter retraced the steps by which he had been enabled to solve the riddle of the Redmaynes.

"I went first to Penzance and devoted several days to learning all possible particulars of the Pendean family. On examining Michael Pendean's ancestry, as a preliminary to finding out everything remembered of Pendean himself, I at once made a highly important discovery. Joseph Pendean, Michael's father, was often in Italy on his pith-hat business for the firm, and he married an Italian woman. She lived with her husband at Penzance and bore him one son, and a daughter who died in infancy. The lady seems to have given cause for a certain amount of scandal, for her Latin temperament and lively ways did not commend themselves to the rather austere and religious circle in which her husband and his relations moved. Michael was devoted to his mother and accompanied her frequently to Italy. On one of these occasions, when a boy of seventeen or eighteen, he met with an accident to his head; but I could glean no particulars of its nature."

"When at last Mrs. Pendean died in Italy, her husband returned to England immediately afterward with his son. The boy was subsequently apprenticed to a dentist, having expressed a wish to follow that profession."

"Nothing at present was positively known by me which made it out of the question that Joseph Pendean's wife should be the mother of Giuseppe Doria. But none the less many facts might exist as yet beyond my knowledge, which would prove such a suspicion vain. I considered how to obtain these facts and naturally I thought turned to Giuseppe himself."

"Having found out what Penzance could tell me, I beat it up to Dartmouth, because I was exceedingly anxious to learn, if possible, the exact date when Giuseppe Doria entered the employment of Bendigo Redmayne as motor boatman. Albert's brother hadn't any friends that could find; but I traced his doctor and, though he was not in a position to enlighten me, he knew another man—an innkeeper at Tor-cross, some miles away on the coast—who might be familiar with this vital date."

"Mr. Noah Blades proved a very strewed and capable chap. Bendigo Redmayne had known him well, and it was after spending a week at the Tor-cross Hotel with Blades and going fishing in his motor boat, that the old sailor had decided to start one himself at 'Crow's Nest.' He failed, and his first boatman was a failure. Then he advertised for another and received a good many applications. He'd sailed with Italians and liked them on a ship, and he decided for Giuseppe Doria, whose testimonials appeared to be exceptional. The man came along and, two days after his arrival, ran Bendigo down to Tor-cross in his launch to see Blades."

"Redmayne, of course, was full of the murder at Princeton, which had just occurred, and the tragedy proved so interesting that Blades had little time to notice the new motor boatman. But when matters is that we know it was on the day after the murder—on the very day Bendigo heard what his brother, Robert, was supposed to have done at Fogginator Quarry—that his new man, Giuseppe Doria, arrived at 'Crow's Nest' and took up his new duties."

"That meant that not Pendean, but his wife's uncle, Robert Redmayne,



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perished on Dartmoor. And there he lies yet, my son!"

Mr. Ganna took snuff and proceeded.

"Here, I think, we may spare a tribute of admiration to Pendean's histrionics. Both he and his wife were heaven-born comedians as well as hell-born criminals."

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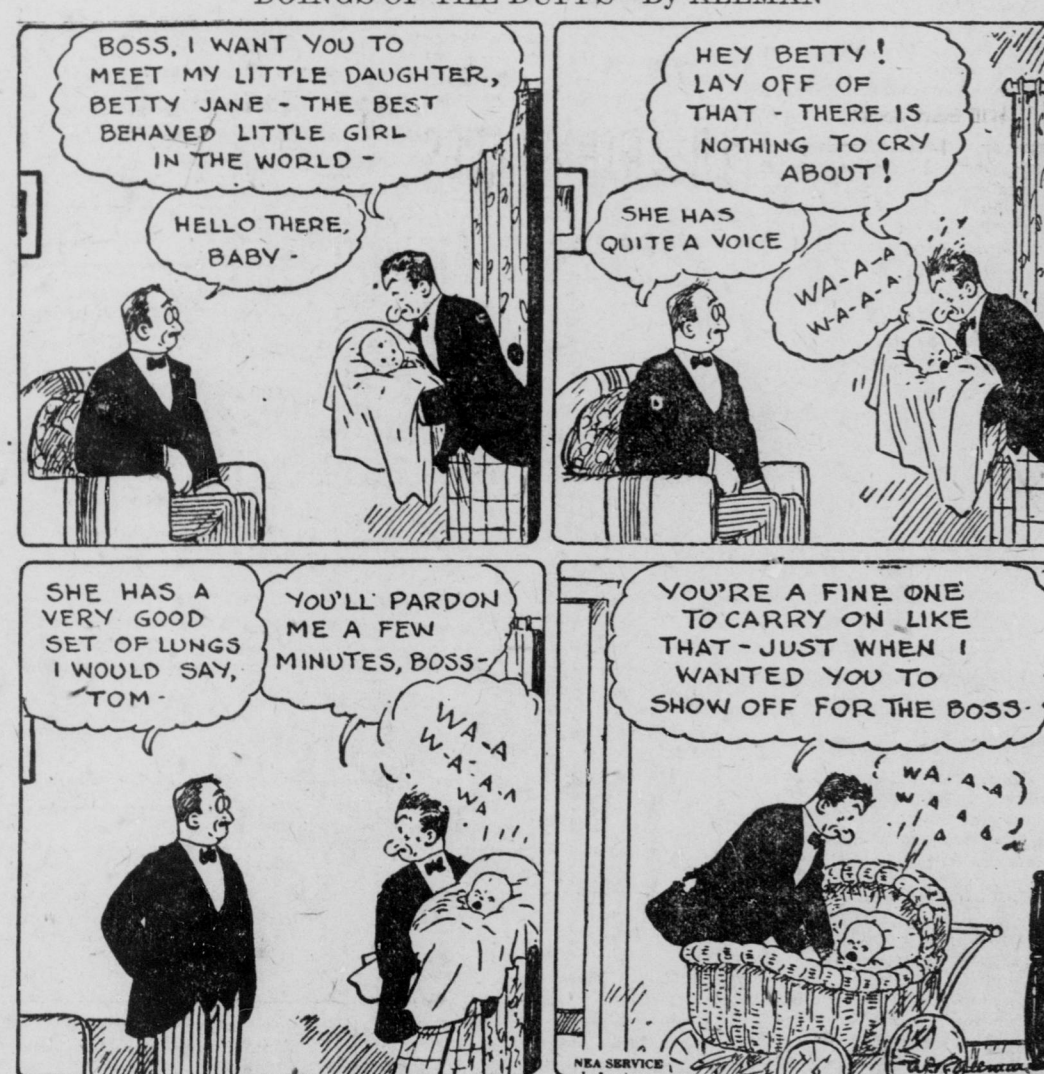


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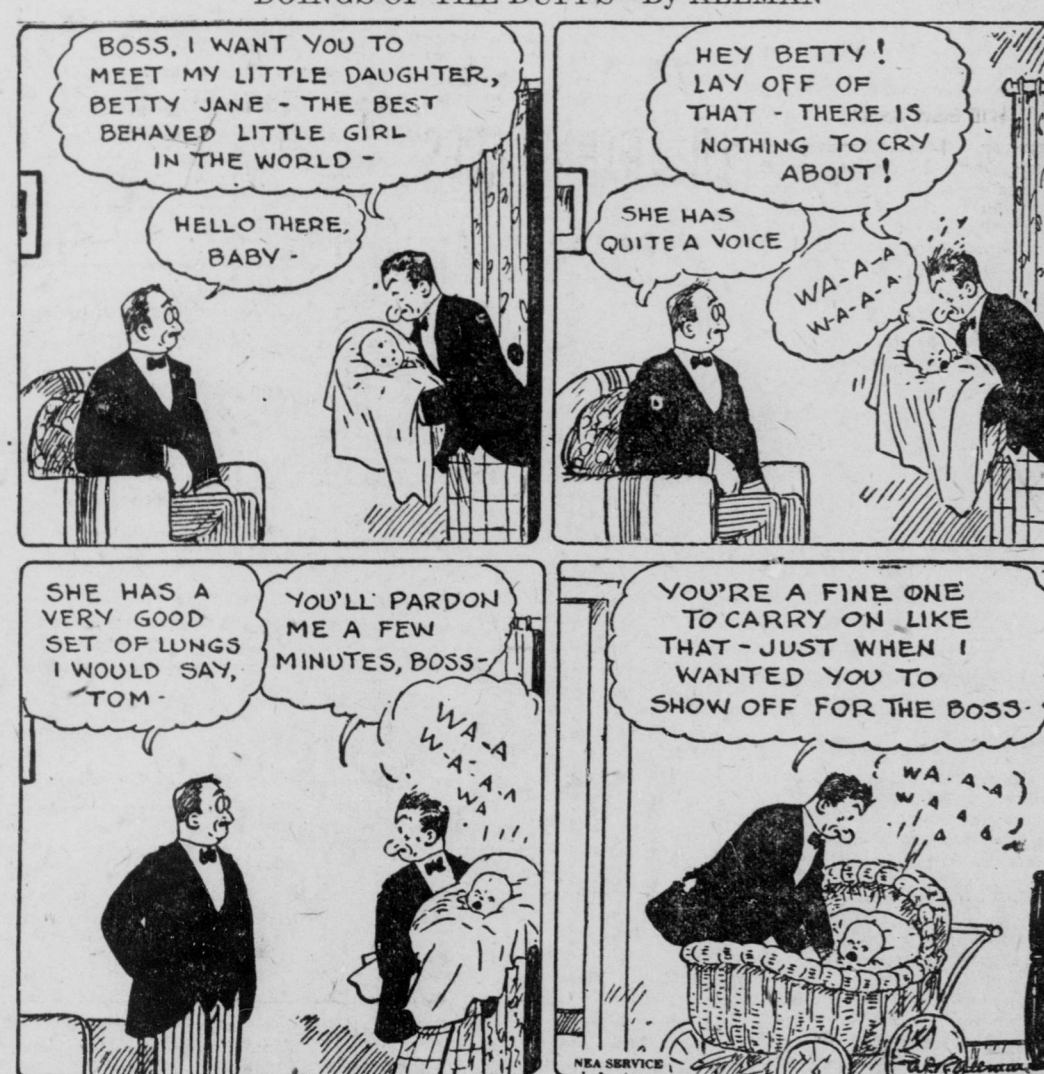
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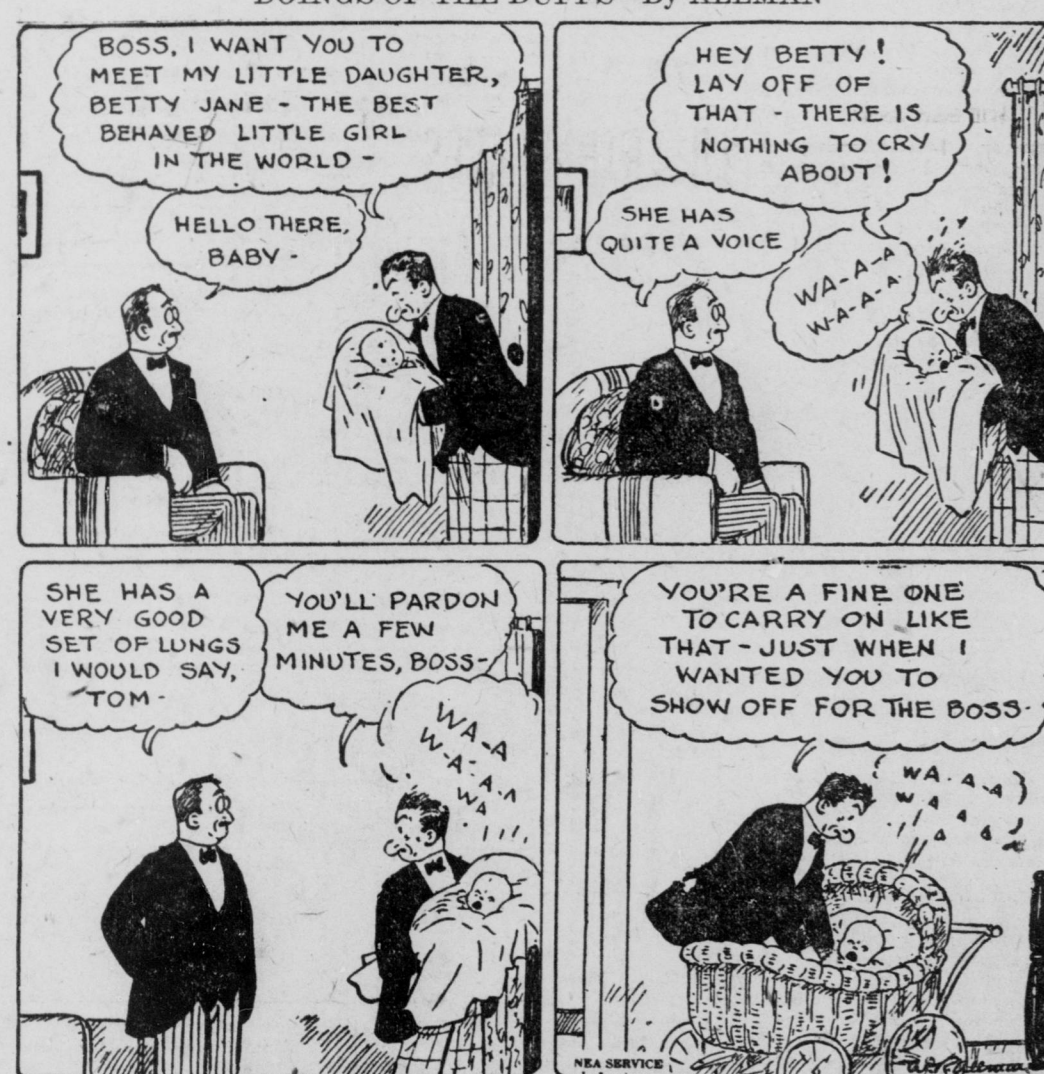
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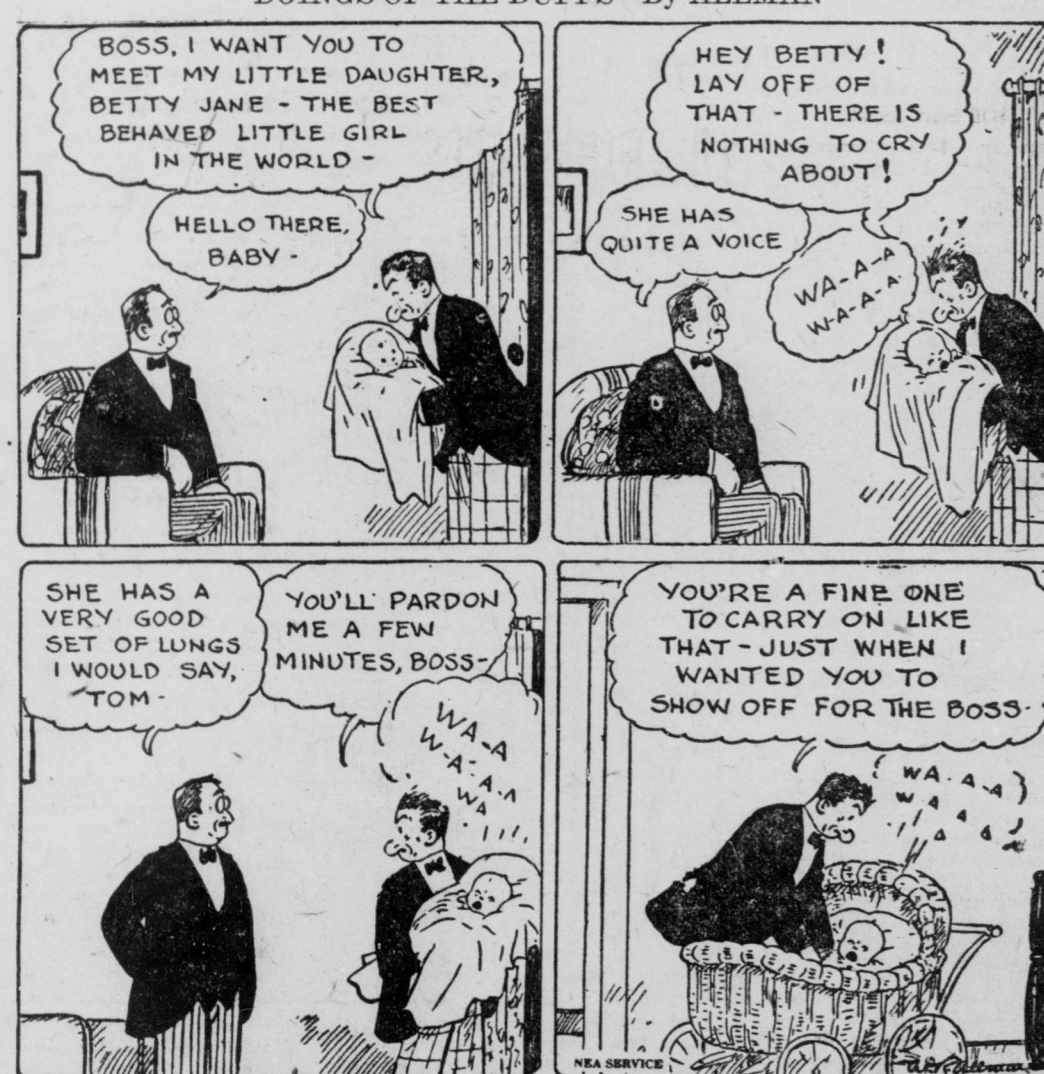
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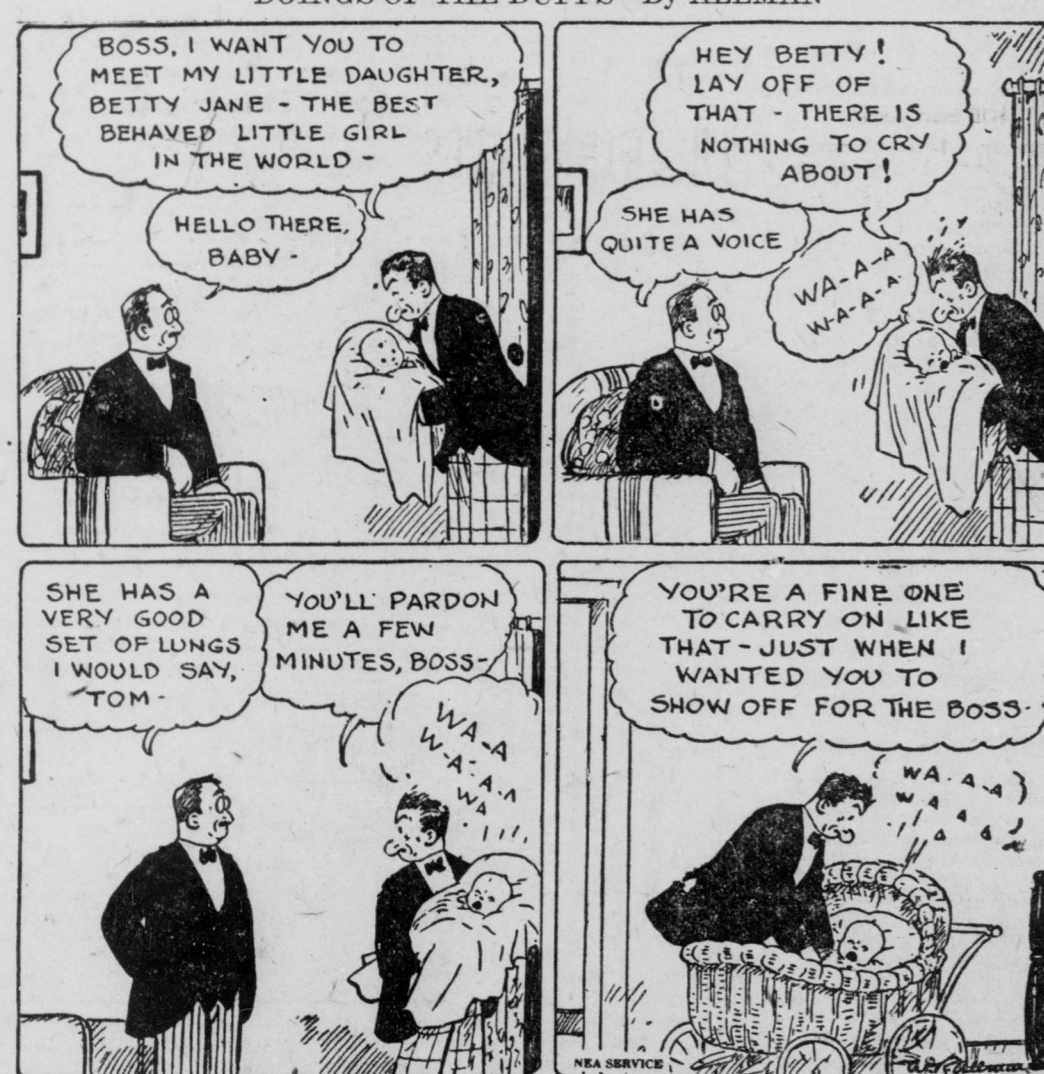
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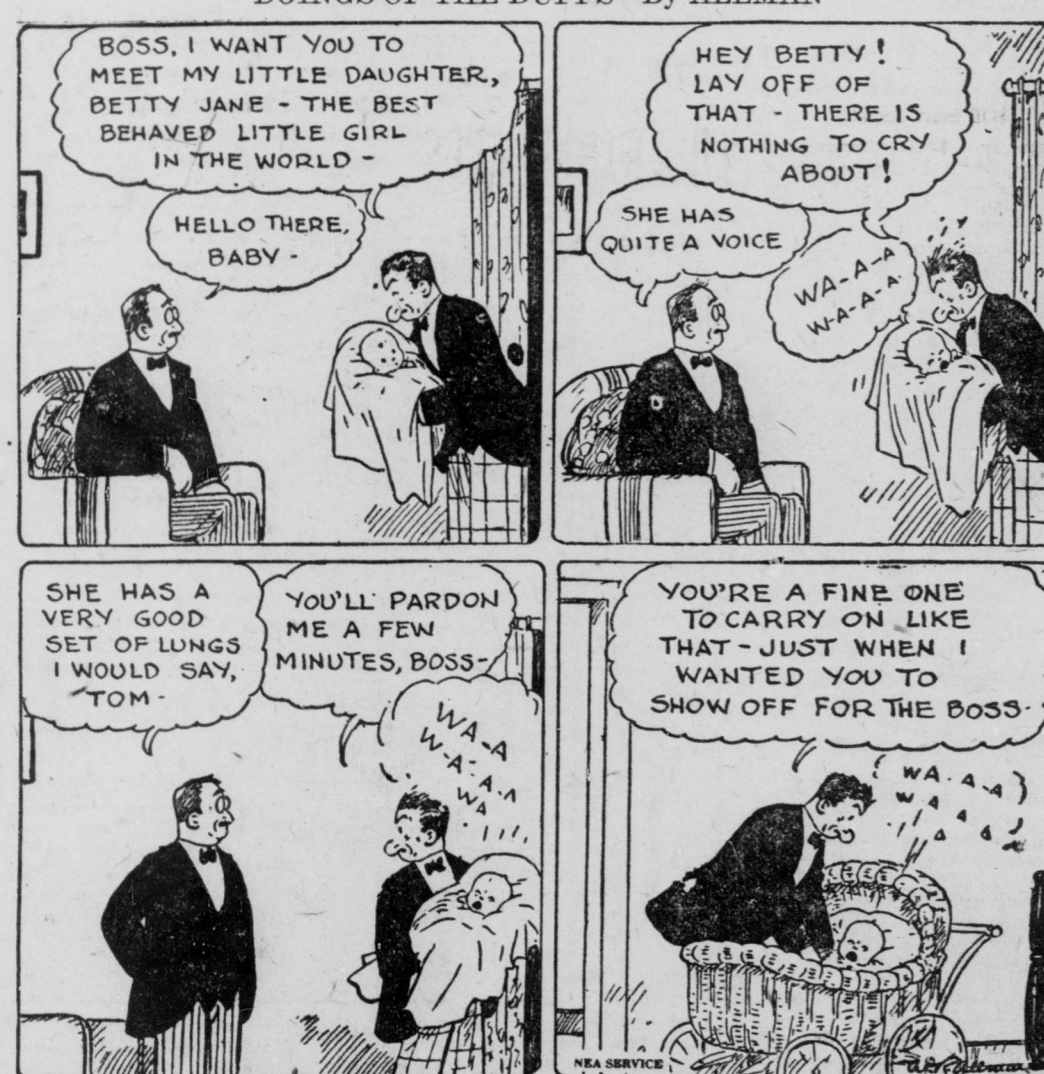
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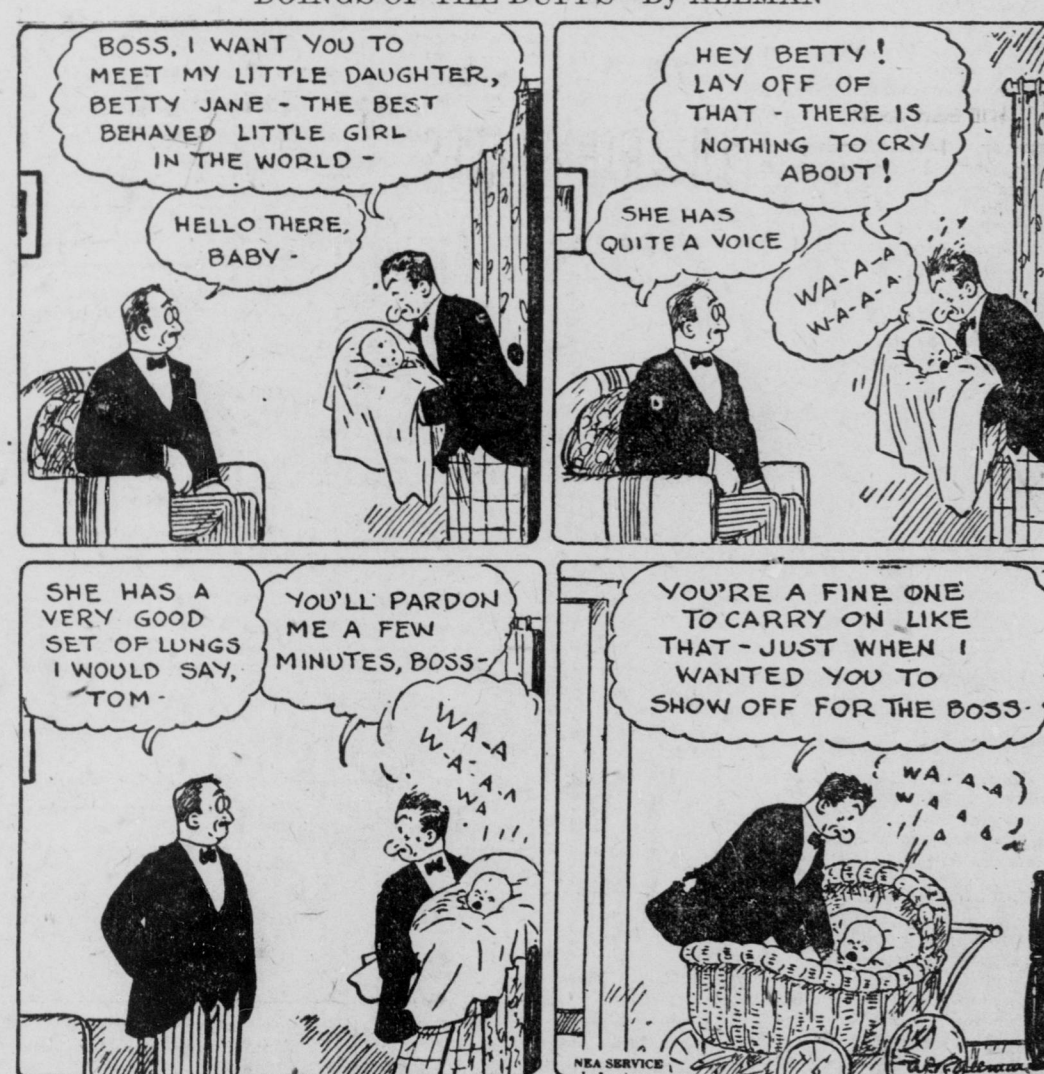
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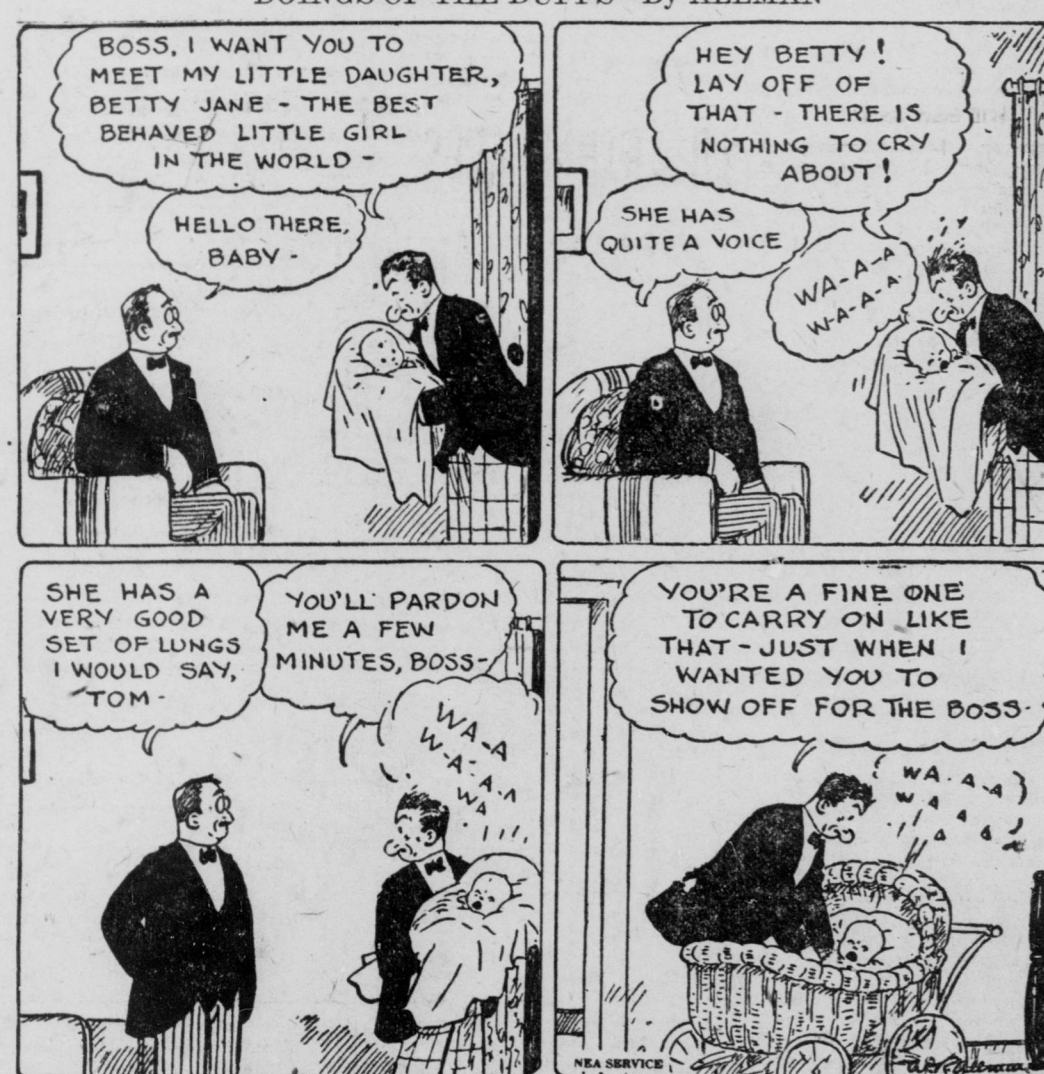
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