

## RED REDMAYNES

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS  
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THE gloaming had long thickened to darkness when I went my way and laid the trail through Two Bridges, Postbridge and Ashburton to Brixham. Once only was I bothered—at the gate across the road by Brixham coast guard station; but I lifted the motor bicycle over it and presently ascended to the cliffs of Berry Head. Fate favored me in details, for, despite the hour, there were witnesses to every step of the route.

On the cliff I emptied my sack, fastened my handbag to the bicycle, thrust the blood-stained sack into a rabbit hole, where it could not fall to be discovered, and then returned to Robert Redmayne's olding at Paignton. There a telegram had already been sent informing the landlady of his return that night.

I changed into the serge suit, cap and brown shoes of Doris and packed Redmayne's clothes, tweeds and showy waistcoat, boots and stockings into my handbag with the wig and mustaches and my weapon.

I walked to Newton Abbot and reached that town before 6 o'clock. At the railway station I breakfasted and presently took a train to Dartmouth. Before noon I reached "Crow's Nest" and made acquaintance with Bendigo Redmayne.

But he had little leisure for me at this moment, for there had already come news from his niece of the mysterious fatality on Dartmoor.

Needless to say that my thoughts were now entirely devoted to my wife and I longed for her first communication. Our briefest separation caused me pain, for our souls were as one and we had not been parted, save for my visit to Southampton, since our marriage day.

It was her exquisite thought to involve the man from Scotland Yard. When I sought to destroy him on Grante and believed that I had done so, the man displayed an ingenuity for which I did not give him credit, and unconsciously laid the foundations of subsequent disaster.

The letter which Bendigo Redmayne received, and supposed had come from his brother at Plymouth, was posted by Jenny on her journey to "Crow's Nest." We had written it together a week earlier and studied her uncle's indifferent penmanship very carefully before doing so.



"I RETURNED TO HOLD MY DEAD WIFE IN MY ARMS."

We proposed to let six months pass before the death of Bendigo Redmayne, and we were already contemplating details and considering how best to bring his brother back upon the stage for the purpose of Ben's destruction, when Mark Brendon blundered in upon us once again.

I swiftly brought Robert Redmayne to life; and though, with more leisure for refinements, I should not have clothed him in his old attire, yet that crude detail possessed a value of its own and certainly served to deceive Brendon.

Of subsequent events, most are so familiar that there is no need to retrace them.

My tears fall when I think of my incomparable Jenny and her astounding mastery of minutiae at "Crow's Nest"—her finesse and exquisite touch, her kittenlike delicacy, her catlike swiftness and sureness. The two beings involved were as children in her hands. Oh, precious phoenix of a woman, you and I were of the same spirit, kneaded into our clay!

I say that accident made a radical alteration of design vital, for I had intended on the night when Robert Redmayne would come and see Bendigo, to murder the old sailor in his tower, room and remove him before

morning with my wife's assistance. But the victim postponed his own destruction, for upon the night when his death was intended, during my previous conversation with him touching Jenny, I had perceived, by his clumsy glances and evidence of anxiety, that somebody else was in the tower room—nobody.

There was but one hiding place and but one man likely to occupy it. I did not indicate that I had discovered the secret and it was not the detective who gave himself away; but, once alive to his presence, I swiftly marked a flash of light at one of the little ventilation holes in the cupboard and perceived that our sleuth stood hid within it.

Having conveyed the old sailor to the cave, where, on my recent run up the coast after dropping Brendon, I had already looked in and lighted the lamp, I landed behind him and, as his foot touched the shore, the pole-axe fell. He was dead in an instant, and five minutes later his blood ran upon the sand.

Once more my amazing wife and I parted for a brief period and then I had the joy of introducing her to Italy, where the remainder of our task awaited us.

And now for Italy. It is true that in my early manhood I had suffered a sad accident at Naples, the secret of which was known to my mother and myself alone. I, therefore, entertained some grudge against her country; but the fact that no time lessened by love for the south.

### CHAPTER XIX

A Legacy for Peter Ganns  
If at any time I entertained one shadow of regret in the execution of those who had traduced me and so earned their destruction, it was after we had dwelt for a season with Albert Redmayne beside Como. But Jenny swiftly laughed me out of these emotions.

"Keep your tenderness and sentiment for me," she said. "I will not share them."

We might have killed Albert a thousand times and left no sign—a fact that brings me to that part of my recital I most deplore. Nevertheless, though things difficult and dangerous we had triumphantly achieved, before this task for a child we failed; and the reason for our collapse was not in Jenny, but in me. Had I listened to my austere partner I should have waited only until she had searched for and found her uncle's will. This she did; and as the instrument proved entirely satisfactory, my duty was then to proceed about our business. Only an artist's fond pride intervened, nothing but my vanity, my consciousness of power to excel, upset the rightful climax. We were, indeed, both artists, but how incomparably the greater she! Had she won her way with me, we should be living now to enjoy the fruits of our accomplishments.

But though she did not win her way, yet, in defeat, her final, glorious deed was to intercept the death intended for me, that I might still live. Loyal to the last, she sacrificed herself, forgetting, in that supreme moment, how life for me without her could possess no shadow of compensation.

My wife's deeper sanity and clearer vision always inclined her to distrust our American acquaintance, Peter Ganns.

Ganns is a great man on his own plane. But, though he is a greedy creature who digs his grave with his knife and fork, though his habit of drenching himself with powdered tobacco, instead of smoking like a gentleman, is disgusting, yet I have nothing but admiration for him. His little plot—to treat me to a dose of my own physis and present a forgery of "Robert Redmayne" in the evening dusk—was altogether admirable. The thing came in a manner so sudden and unexpected that I failed of a perfect riposte.

It was Jenny, of course, who had assisted me to dig Marco's grave on Grante and who shared my disappointment when we found that Brendon had escaped my revolver.

While Jenny related her sufferings and made appeal to her listener's evermastering devotion, I left the house and Brendon saw me go. To get a boat, that I might cross to Bellagio, was the work of ten minutes. A black beard was all the disguise I used, save that I had left my coat in the boat and appeared before Redmayne in shirt sleeves.

With trembling accents I related to Assunta, who of course knew me, that Poggi was taken fatally ill and might hardly hope to last an hour. It was enough. I returned to the boat and in three minutes Albert joined me and offered me untold gold to row as I had never rowed before.

A hundred and fifty yards from shore I directed him to pass into the bow of the boat, explaining that I should so make greater speed. As he passed me, the little pole-axe fell. He suffered nothing and in five minutes more, with heavy stones fastened to feet and arms, he sank beneath Como. The pole-axe followed, its work completed.

Then I rowed ashore swiftly, returned the boat to the beach unobserved, hid my disguise in my pocket and strolled to a familiar inn. I stopped at this albergo for a considerable period, that a sufficient alibi might be established. Then the crash came. I returned home suspecting nothing—to fall like Lucifer, to find all lost, to know my dead wife in my arms and know that, without her, life was ended for me.

In seemingly splendid fashion she passed and it shall not be recorded that the man this glorious woman loved made an end of his days with less distinction and propriety. To die on the gallows is to do what many others have done: I will condescend to no such ignominy. Ganns understood me well enough for that.

Let not my legacy to Peter Ganns be forgotten or that I appoint Mark Brendon executor and residuary legatee.

I think there is nothing more to say. "Al finir del gioco, si vede chi ha guadagnato." "At the end of the game we may see the winner." But not always, for sometimes the game is drawn and honors are easy. I have played a drawn game with Peter Ganns and he will not pretend a victory or withhold the first applause

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



ED WUGLER, WHO DELIVERS WASHINGS FOR HIS WIFE, ATTENDED THE SALE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS AT BIRDSALL'S CORNERS

where it belongs. He knows that, even if we were equal, the woman was greater than either of us.

### GIUSEPPE DORIA.

Ten days after Peter Ganns had read this narrative and its sequel at his snug home outside Boston, there awaited him, upon his breakfast table, a little parcel from England. Something amazing challenged his astonished eyes. There came a long letter from Mark Brendon also, which repeated information already familiar to Peter through the newspapers; but added other facts for him alone.

New Scotland Yard, Oct. 20, 1921.

My Dear Peter Ganns: You will have heard of Pendeau's confession and message to you; but you may not have read full details as they concern you personally. I enclose his gift; and it is safe to bet that neither you nor any man will henceforth possess anything more remarkable. He made a will in prison and the law decides that I inherit his personal estate; but you will not be surprised to learn that I have handed it over to the police orphanages of my country and yours in equal proportions.

The facts are these. As the day approached for his execution, extraordinary precautions were taken, but Pendeau behaved with utmost restraint, gave no trouble and made no threat. Having completed his written statement, he asked to be permitted to copy it on a typewriter, but leave to do so was not granted. He kept the communication on his person and he was promised that no attempt to read it should be made until after his execution. Indeed, he received this un-

derstanding before he put pen to paper. He preserved a quiet and orderly manner, ate well, took exercise with his guards and smoked many cigarettes. I may mention that the body of Robert Redmayne was found where he buried it; but the tide have deflected the beach gravels of Bendigo's grave and search there has revealed nothing. Upon his last night but one, Pendeau retired as usual and apparently slept for some hours with the bed clothes up to his face. A warden sat on each side of him and a light was burning. Suddenly he gave a sigh and held out his hand to the man on his right.

"See that goes to Peter Ganns—it is my legacy," he said. "And remember

that Mark Brendon is my heir." He then put a small object into the warden's hand. At the same time he apparently suffered a tremendous physical convulsion, uttered one groan and leaped up into a sitting position. From this he fell forward unconscious. One attendant supported him and the other ran for the prison surgeon. But Pendeau was already dead—poisoned with cyanide of potassium.

You will remember two facts which might have thrown light upon his secret. The first was his accident in Italy as a youth; the second, your constant interest in a peculiar, inhuman quality of his expression which you were never able to understand. Both are now explained. He had, of

course, a secret receptacle upon his person beyond human knowledge, the power of discovery, for he says that only his mother knew of his accident. That accident was the loss of an eye. Behind an eye of glass that took its place had lain concealed, until he required it, the capsule of poison found crushed within his mouth after death.

What the published statement of this knave has done for me you will guess. I am leaving the detective service and have found other occupation. One can only seek to live down my awful experience. Next year my work will bring me to America and when that happens, I shall be very glad to see you again, should you permit me to do so—not that we may speak of the past, with all its futility and bitterness for me, but that we may look forward, and that I may see all as well with you in your days of retirement, honor and ease. Until then I subscribe myself, your admirer and faithful friend,

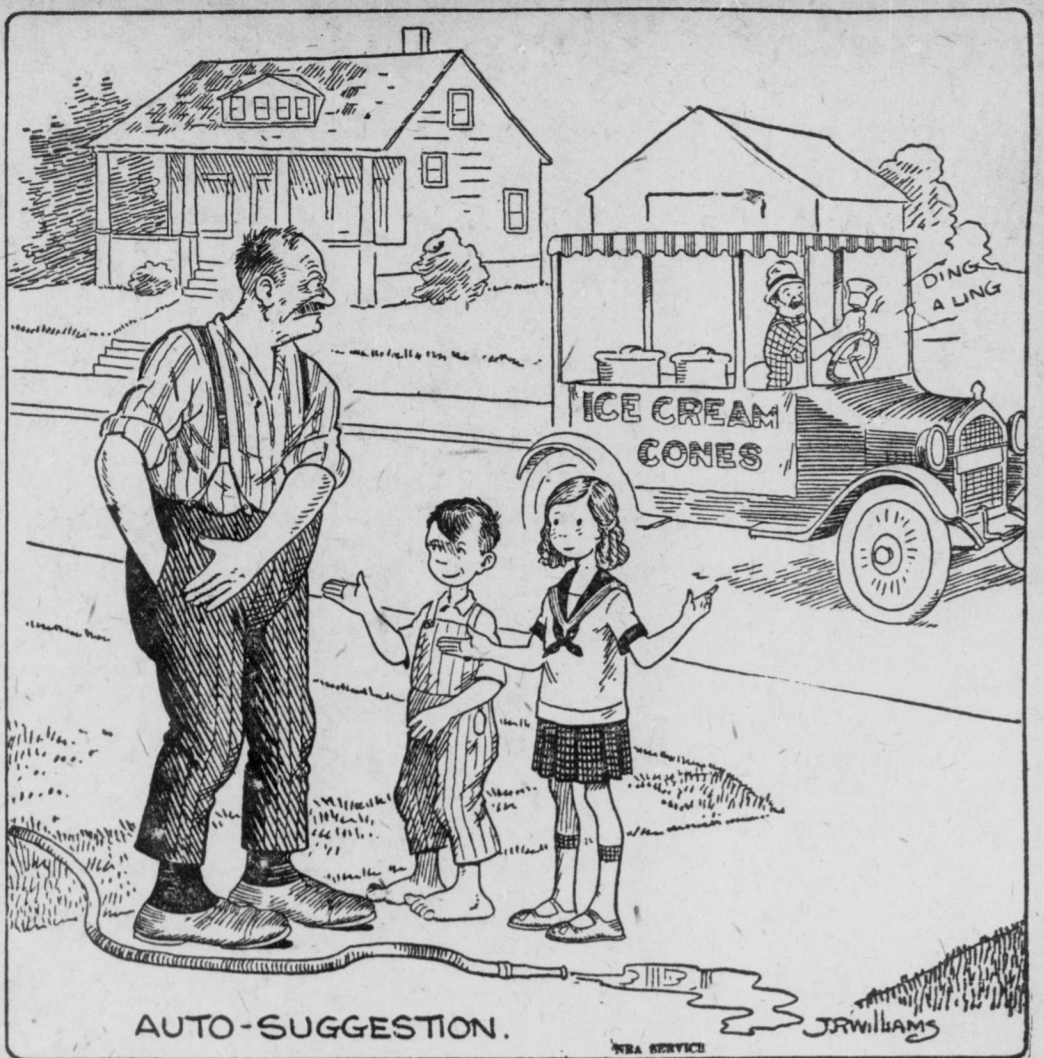
MARK BRENDON.

Peter opened his parcel. It contained an eye made of glass and very exquisitely fashioned to imitate reality. Its prevailing darkness had prevented the truth from appearing, and yet, perfect though it was in luster and pigment, the false thing had given to Pendeau's expression a quality that never failed to disturb Peter.

Mr. Ganns turned over the little object that had so often met his inquiring gaze. "A rare crook," he said aloud; "but he is right; his wife was greater than either of us. If he'd listened to her and not his own vain-glory, both could be alive and flourishing yet."

THE END

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



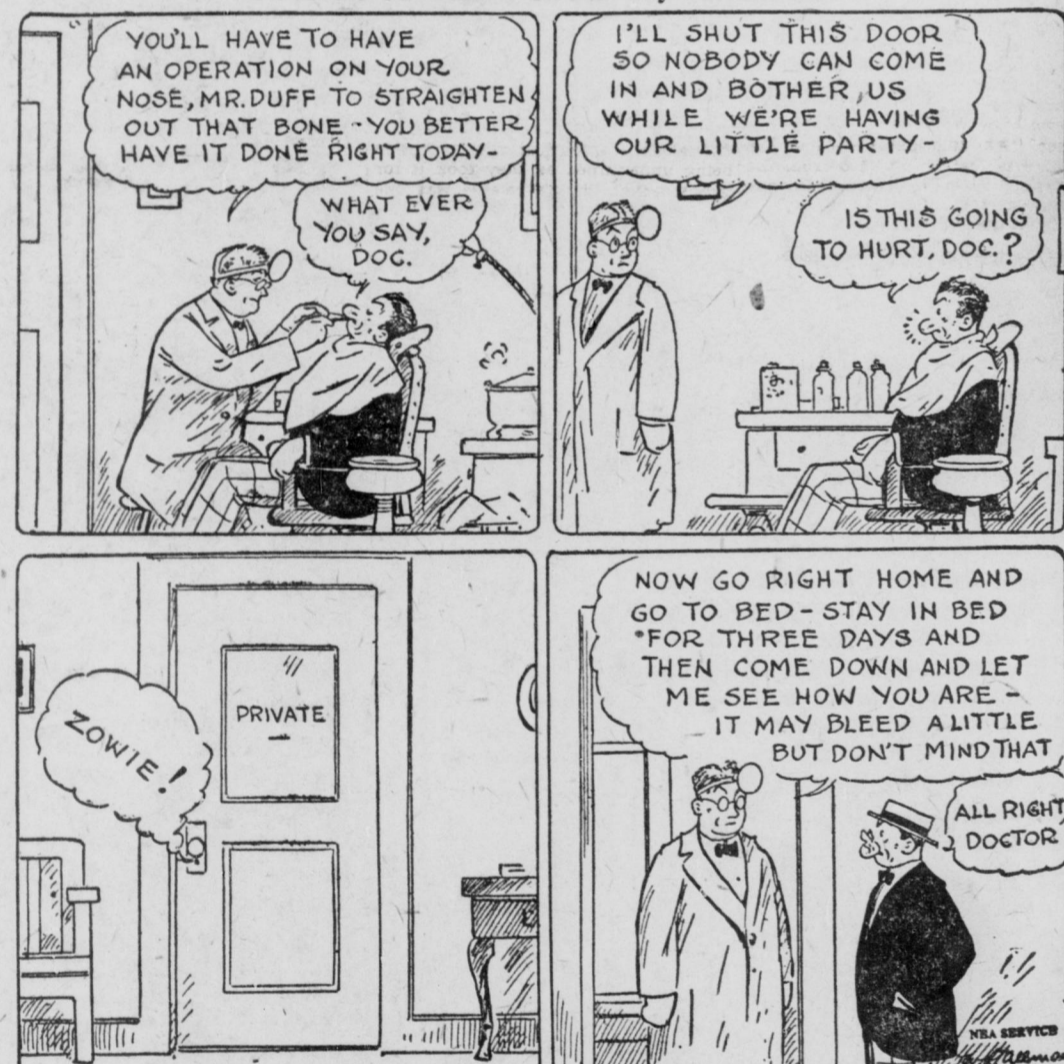
AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Poor Fish

By BLOSSER



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



## rites set for suicide

Girl Who Took Own Life Will Be Buried Near Julietta.

Funeral services of Miss Josie Parish, 20, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Parish, who committed suicide Tuesday at the home of her grandmother, in Julietta, will be held at the home of her parents, two and

one-half miles south of Julietta, Thursday at 2 p. m., and at Buck Creek Chapel at 2:30 p. m. Burial will be in Freeman's cemetery.

## How to build up your Weight

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