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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 to 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, cast its stuffing to the winds, fastened my handbag to the bicycle, thrust the blood-stained sack into a rabbit hole, where it could not fail to be discovered, and then returned to Robert Redmayne's lodgings 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 Doria 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 "Crown'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 "Crown'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 relate them.

My tears fall when I think of my incomparable Jenny and her astounding mastery of minutiae at "Crown'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

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RED REDMAYNES

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



NEA SERVICE
GENE AHERN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



ED WURGLER, 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 D'RIA.

Ten days after Peter Ganns had read this narrative and its sequel at his snug home outside Boston, there arrived 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 Pendean'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 Pendean behaved with utmost restraint, gave no trouble and made no noise. 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 tides have deflected the beach gravels of Bendigo's grave and search there has revealed nothing.

Upon his last night but one, Pendean 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 Pendean 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,

course, a secret receptacle upon his person beyond human knowledge or power of discovery, for he says that only his mother knew of his accident. That accident was the loss of an eye. Below the eye he has 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 knew 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 wife 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 is well with you in your days of retirement, honor and ease. Until then I subscribe myself, my admirers 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 lustre and alignment, the false thing had given to Pendean's expression a quality that never failed to distract 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."

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

To be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-

blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells S. S. S. will build them.

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

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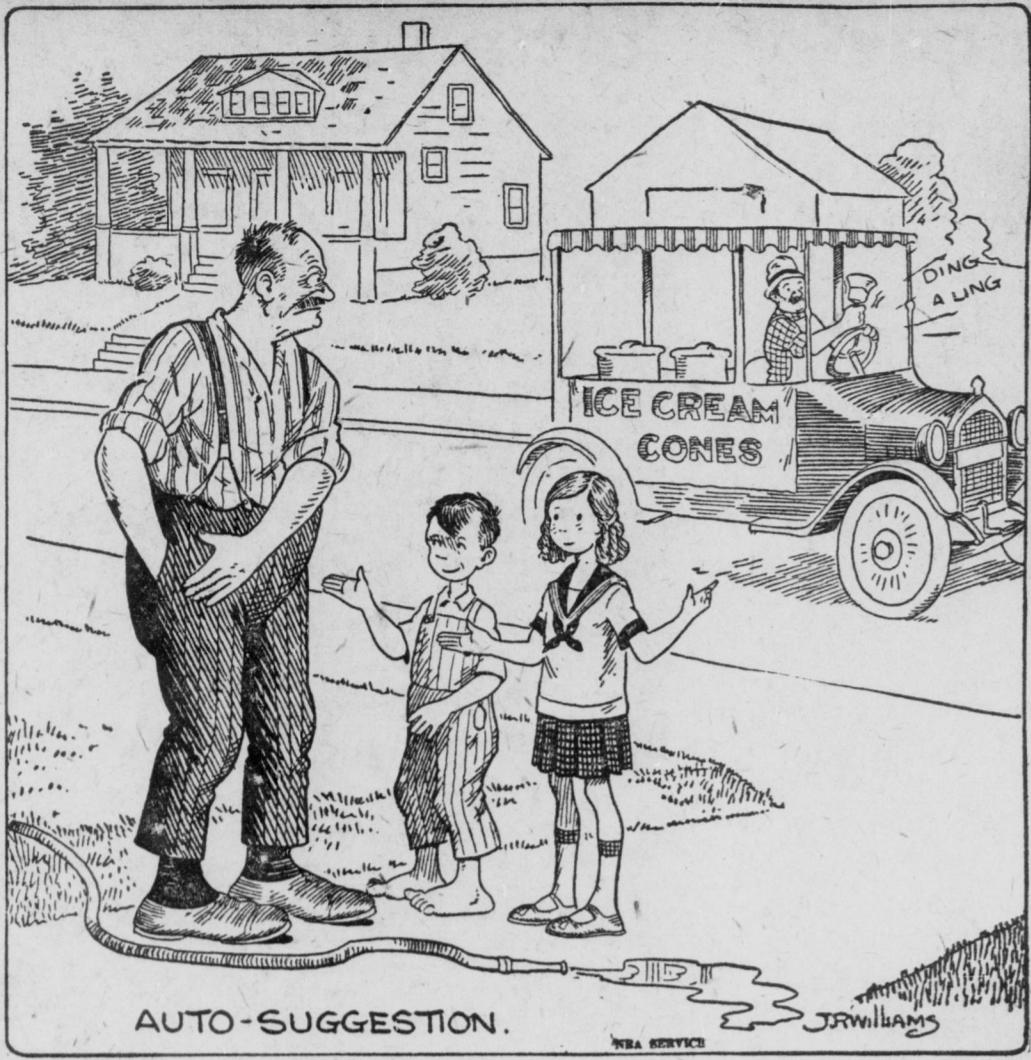
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Poor Fish



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE AN OPERATION ON YOUR NOSE, MR. DUFF TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT BONE. YOU BETTER HAVE IT DONE RIGHT TODAY.

WHAT EVER YOU SAY, DOC.

I'LL SHUT THIS DOOR SO NOBODY CAN COME IN AND BOTHER US WHILE WE'RE HAVING OUR LITTLE PARTY.

IS THIS GOING TO HURT, DOC?



NOW GO RIGHT HOME AND GO TO BED—STAY IN BED FOR THREE DAYS AND THEN COME DOWN AND LET ME SEE HOW YOU ARE—IT MAY BLEED A LITTLE BUT DON'T MIND THAT.

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR.

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