

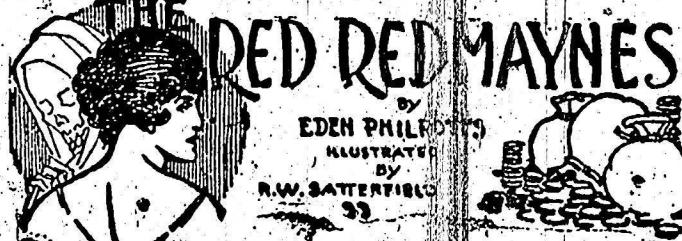
## The Delicious Flavor

drawn from the leaves of

# "SALADA"

GREEN TEA

has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.



BEGIN HERE TO DAY.

When Jenny Pendean's husband, Michael, disappears, her uncle, Robert Redmayne, is suspected of murder. Mark Brendon is in charge of the case. Robert remains at large.

Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne. Robert visits the neighborhood of Bendigo's home and sends word for his brother to meet him at a nearby cave. Giuseppe Doria, who works for Bendigo, leaves his master at the specific place. When Doria fails to bring Bendigo home, he finds both men have disappeared. There is evidence of a struggle in the empty cave.

Jenny marries Doria and goes to live in Italy, where her uncle, Albert Redmayne, lives. When Robert appears in Italy, Brendon and Albert's friend, Peter Gammie, American detective, renew investigations.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The told the unfortunate man that he must speak by day. Ernesto then found a certain place, a mile from town in a secluded valley—a little bridge that spans a stream—and directed Robert to await his brother at that spot on the following day at noon. This night Uncle Alberto had already received the news of his brother's disappearance.

Having done this, the red man departed without more words and the thief, greatly courageous, kept his appointment that he had made, dragging me with him. We were now past midday and waited until after two o'clock. But nobody came to the gate to view neither man nor woman.

I listened intently to these words.

"And what of your meeting with him?" he asked.

"That was clearly an accident on Robert Redmayne's part. I happened to be walking, deep in thought near the spot where my wife first saw him, and rounding a corner, I suddenly confronted the man sitting on rock by the path. He started at my footfall, looked up, clearly recognized me, hesitated, and then leaped into the bushes."

"How was he dressed?"

"Exactly as I saw him dressed at 'Creak's Nest' where Mr. Bendigo Redmayne disappeared."

"I should like to know his tailor," said Mr. Gammie. "They're a useful suit of yours."

"Now, Peter, tell me all that is in your mind," urged Mr. Redmayne as he poured out five little glasses of golden juice. "You hold that I go to some peril from this unhappy man?"

"I do think so, Albert." And as to my mind, it is not by any means made up."

Gammie spoke again. "There has been mention made of Mr. Bendigo's log. He kept a careful diary—so it was reported. I should like to have that book, Albert, for in your statement you tell me that you preserved it."

"I did, and it is here," replied his friend. "That and the dear Bendigo's 'Bible,' as I call it—a copy of 'Moby-Dick'—I brought away. As yet I have not consulted the diary—it was too intimate and distressed me. But I was looking forward to doing so."

"The parcel containing both books is in a drawer in the library. I'll get them," said Jenny. She left the apartment where they sat overlooking the lake and returned immediately with a parcel wrapped in brown paper.

But whether Bendigo's diary might have proved valuable remained a matter of doubt, for when Jenny opened the parcel, it was not there. A blank book and the famous novel were all the parcel contained.

"But I packed it myself," said Mr. Redmayne. "The diary was bound exactly as this blank volume is bound, yet it is certain that I made no mistake, for I opened my brother's log and read a page or two before completing the parcel."

"He had bought a new diary only the last time he was in Dartmouth," said Doria. "I remember the incident. I asked him what he was going to put into the book, and he said that his log was just running out and he needed a new volume."

"Then the one has been substituted for the other by somebody else. That is a very interesting fact, if true."

He took up the empty volume and turned its pages; then Brendon declared they must be going.

"I'm afraid we're keeping Mr. Redmayne out of bed, Gammie," he hinted. "Our kits have already been sent to the hotel and as we've got a mile to walk, we'd better be moving."

But Peter spoke and surprised them. "I'm afraid you're going to find me the sort of friend that sticketh closer than a brother, Albert. In a word, somebody must go to the hotel and bring back my traveling grip, for I'm not going to lose sight of you again till we've got this thing straightened out."

Mr. Redmayne was delighted.

"How like you, Peter—how typical of your attitude! You shall not leave me, dear friend. You shall sleep in

under an orange bush, sniffed the fragrance of the red blossom above him, regretted that his vice had largely spoiled his sense of smell, took snuff and opened his notebook. He wrote in it steadily for half an hour; then he rose and joined Albert Redmayne.

The elder was full of an approaching event.

"To think that to-day you and Pogi meet!" he exclaimed. "Peter, my dear man, if you do not love Virginia I shall be broken-hearted."

"Albert," answered Mr. Gammie, "I have already loved Pogi for two years. Those you love, I love; and that means that our friendship is on a very high plane indeed; for it often happens that nothing puzzles us more internally than our friends' friends. By the same token, how much do you love your niece?"

Mr. Redmayne did not answer instantly.

"I love her," he replied at length. "Because I love everything that is lovely; and without prejudice, I do honestly believe she is about the loveliest young woman I have ever seen. Her face more nearly resembles that of Botticelli's Venus than any living being in my experience; and it is the sweetest face I know. Therefore I love her outside very much indeed. Peter."

"But when it comes to her inside, I feel not so sure. That is natural, for this reason, that I do not know her at all well yet. I have seldom seen her in childhood, or had any real acquaintance with her until now. Nor does she come to me, as it were, alone. Her life turns to her husband. She is still a bride and adores him."

"You have no reason to think her an unhappy bride?"

(To be continued.)

### Serenity.

With how much care and fret and use less trouble!

We build our souls of unsubstantial things,

Until our minds grow ill, our bodies double;

For lacking wisdom, all our striving brings

Serenity no nearer. And the springs

Of joy we might have found are choked with stubble.

About our foolish rootless walls of rubble,

Doubt's brush like bats, our faces with their wings.

We have not learned that ancient pagan calm.

With which men, firm in courage, met despair;

Nor peace, which is the Christian's secret charm;

Nor Nature's deep serenity; the air

Of starlit evening, and a quiet river;

And Death a wind to cool the hottest fever.

Theodore Maynard.

### Real Prodigy.

Why do you call your child remarkable?"

"It's nine years old and plays no instrument, doesn't even recite pieces."



I am ready to talk to you, Mr. Gammie."

ready to talk to you, Mr. Gammie."

He looks intently.

"Show them the

They above a

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ter. "Did I

not hear you

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here the husban-

He asked

"Did I hear you

yes, Peter. 'Tis

he said. "Nat-

urally, he said,

you said,

"Nat-

urally, he said,

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