

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Simon Judd, amateur detective, and William Dart, an undertaker, are visiting John Drane, eccentric man of wealth at the Drane place. Suddenly the household is shocked to find that John Drane is murdered. The dead man is first seen by Jonie, the maid, then by Amy Drane and Simon Judd. The latter faints.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

When Simon Judd returned to consciousness it was largely because of the pain in the ear and when he tried to move his head he could not do so. For a moment or two he was unable to remember where he was or how he came there for, close to his eyes, was what seemed to be an enormous black pillar. It seemed to be, as his senses returned, a most unaccountable thing—a low black shoe out of which arose a phenomenally large ankle, and when he put his hand to his ear he was no longer in doubt, a foot was standing on his ear. Someone was standing with one heel against his nose and the toe of the other foot on his ear, and he tried to push the latter foot

"Lave be! Sthop it, you!" hoarse voice whispered, but the foot removed itself from his ear and Simon Jud sat up. He found him-self encompassed by skirts and he backed out from among them and got to his feet. He was in a group at the door of John Drane's room: evidently he had been unconscious but a moment or two, for Amy Drane was still standing in horror on the threshold. The maid Josie still lay where she had fallen, but there were now others peering into the room. Norbert, the colored houseman, was there, and the big foot that had been pressed against Simon Judd's nose was that of the cook, a woman almost as enormous as Simon Judd himself. Behind the cook was a second maid, Zella, with her hands pressed against her cheeks, and Drane's chauffeur was running up the stairs. To him Simon Judd turned.

'John Drane's been murdered," Simon Judd said to the chauffeur. 'I can't look at him; I faint off at the sight of blood. Always did and dare say I always will. This here girl's fainted, too. Help me get her onto a bed somewhere and out of the way or she's like to be trompled. Here, you!" He touched Zella on the shoulder.

"You come and get this girl out of her faint," he said. "Where we

goin' to put her?"
"Here—this way," Zella said, crossing the hall and opening a door. "Miss Amy's room. Let me help you, George. You and me take her shoulders and he can take her feet. Go easy, George-she's Dart he surely is mighty mad about got heart trouble."

They carreid Josie to the bed in

Amy's room and Simon Judd followed the chauffeur into the hall. "If you know who the family doctor is you better send for him,"

Judd said. "You better send for the police, too; this ain't my baili-"Yes, I'll do that," the chauffeur

He, at least, was efficiently esslike. "You better not let them touch anything in there, un-

Judd said. "I'll take hold here; you get a move on." I'll telephone," the chauffeur

"but don't you get excited about it. You keep calm; you don't want it. You keep calm; you don't want to fetch on another of those spells of yours. You better go down and take a —take a drink of water or something."

No one been in the room: one of the officers asked as he saw the group at the door.

"No one," Simon Judd told them.
"No that I know of, anyway," and

something.

"We can't tell that yet," he said.
"Come on, if you want me to help you down. I got to 'phone the doc

"He was all I had!" she sobbed. "He was so good to me; he was so the house. He came up the stairs, kind to me!" a small black case in his hand.

kind to me!"

"There, there!" Simon Judd comforted her. "I know just how you feel, girl. You can cry all you want to, it won't do you no mite of harm. All of you keep out of that room!" he ordered, and then to the weeping girl again: "I don't feel right comfortable about that hired girl we put in your room: the other one was these felies to go downstairs. said how she has heart trouble. I don't know but what you might help in there some, if you feel up to it.

in there some, if you feel up to it."
"Josie?" Amy asked. "In my room? Yes; I'll go to her."
She wiped her eyes and hurried across the hall, and Simon Judd looked after her.
"There's a real kid" he said to

He looked at those remaining at

John Drane's door.
"Say, look here!" he said suddenly.
"Where's that other feller; the man with the whiskers. What did John say his name was? Dart?"
The housekens turned.

"I left him down theer in the parior, or whatever you call it, when I come up to bed," Simon Judd said. They had something to talk over, seemed like. I guess maybe they talked late; maybe he ain't up yet."
"See, Norbert, if he's in his room," Mrs. Vincent ordered and the negro

went. He came back at once "No. ma'am," he said. "He ain't in his room; his bed ain't been slep in. I guess he got so mad—"
"You guess what?" Simon Judd

demanded. "I said mad," said Norbert, "I mean mad. What I mean is I've got this cough on my chist and I been takin' medicine for it. The doc gives me a medicine for to alle-viate the cough, and he says take a swaller whenever the cough comes upon me, and last night I leaves the bottle down there. So when I starts to cough I go down to get my bottle. Yes, sir!

"What time was it?" Simon Judd anked.

"Well, I don't rightly know. May be one o'clock, maybe two o'clock. I ain't look at no timepiece, I jus' starts down. And when I get on the You and me steps here I hear Mist' Drane and Mist' Dart talkin' together an' Mist'

it. Yes sir! swearin' and cussin'; yes, sir! Mighty mad! So I don' go down. I comes up." "What were they talking about." Simon Judd asked.

"Now, that I don' know," said Norbert. "I ain' listen; it ain' none of my business what gentlemens talk about. I jus' comes up." The chauffeur George came up

"I got Doctor Blessington," he told Simon Judd. "He'll be right out. And I got the police station;

In fact the police officers arrived almost immediately, the local headquarters having telephoned to the said, and he started for the stairs, but the cook took his arm.

"George! Ain't it awful? Ain't just awful!" she cried.

"Mighty bad, Maggie," he said, "but don't you get awsted should be a bound to the stairs Simon but don't you get awsted should be a bound to the stairs simon but don't you get awsted should be a bound to the stairs simon but don't you get awsted should be a bound to the stairs simon but don't you get awsted should be a bound to the stairs simon but the cook took his arm. From the top of the stairs Simon Judd bade them to come up. "No one been in the room?" one

"Yes, I'll be doin' just that," she he told of having heard the scream said. "It's terrible, George; a murder right in the house. Who done it, d' ye think?" he told of having heard the scream of the girl Josic and of coming at once from his room. The officers either of the room.

"Looks like murder, Joe," one said.

"Sure is murder," the other reand the police." plied. "Looks to me like a case
Simon Judd turned toward the for Brenny."

Simon Judd turned toward the murdered man's room. He put his hand over his eyes to hide the dead man from sight.

"Now, you see here, Miss Amy," he said. "You better go downstairs awhile until the doctor comes; that awhile until the doctor comes; that "We're going to have Brennen on this case, most likely," the officer

man of yours is sending for him—and for the police. There ain't this case, most likely," the officer this case, most likely," the officer said. "They hand him most of these days. He's a good and for the police. There ain't nothin to be done until they come."

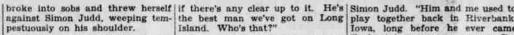
"No, nothing to be done," she said and turned, and then, suddenly, she one; he'll clear this up in no time

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It was Dr. Blessington entering

"And all of you hang around down there, see?" said the officer. "There'll be questions to be asked." "Come! We'll go down," said Si mon Judd and, as Amy Drane came from the room where the maid Josie "There's a real kid," he said to himself. "If that's a flapper she ain't flapped none of the common sense out of her yet, anyhow!"

He looked at those sense out of her yet, anyhow!" They went down. The servants

went into the dining room off the hall and waited there, and Simon Judd an dAmy went onto the ver-anda. The girl sat twisting her The housekeeper turned.

"Mr. Dart? Yes sir. Why, I don't the doctor came down the stairs know where Mr. Dart is. I made did rot arise. She held her hand-like suest room for him. Mr. Ressington came out onto the hands, saying nothing, now and again wiping her eyes, and when Dr. Blessington came out onto the veranda and set down his black case. His face was drawn into ser ious lines and he was frowning.

"You are Mr. Drane's niece-his niece, I believe?" he said. And this gentleman? "Why, I'm just a feller that kney John when he was a boy," explained

A "Byrd" Dog



Muskeg, one of the sled dogs bound for the South Pole with bound for the South Pole with Commander Byrd's expedition. Muskeg came from New Hamp-shire to Boston by plane. The huskie, son of Chinook, famous blazer of icy trails, enjoyed the

against Simon Judd, weeping tem-pestuously on his shoulder. Island. Who's that?" play together back in Riverbank, Island. Who's that?" East—sixty years ago, anyway. I'm east on a sort of business and tele-phoned old John yesterday, just for

> out and see him a day or so.' "How long is it since you saw him last, before yesterday?" Dr. Biessington asked.
> "Thirty-five years," said Simon with the surface, no paint will flow

old time's sake, and he says to come

"That is a long time; he is greatly can be done by a novice. changed since then, isn't he "Well, yes," Simon Judd admitted. Yes, John had changed quite a bit. Just as bony as ever and so on, but

a lot older." "Would you have known him if you had not known he was John brane? Would you have recognized him, for example, if you had met him on the street by chance?" Simon Judd rubbed the back of

his head thoughtfully.

"Now, that's a hard one, doc!" he said at length. "I might have, and cane); add one egg, beaten. Dissolve

I might not have. Maybe not. It's a fourth teaspoon baking soda in a been so blame long since I saw John cup thick apple sauce and add. Sift last. Why, what are you getting at a teaspoon salt, two teaspoons bak-Dr. Blessington turned to Amy.

man,' the 'man' we have known as John Drane, is not a man at all. 'He' is a woman!" (Continued Next Week.)

up there in the bed, the murdered

by Nancy Hart Modernistic furniture has achiev ed a great vogue, and often comes unpainted so purchasers may decor-

ate it according to fancy. Many who enjoy doing this work, however, find that, when applying a second color, the paint brush in un-trained hands leaves wavy, crooked

lines instead of straight ones.

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Saved!



Captain Sora, a member of the rew of the Nobile dirigible Italia," as he looked immediately after being rescued from the Arctic wastes. He was taken abourd the Citta Di Milano.

under, and a first rate painting job

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Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Trunbald of Hermiston were visitors in Hepp-ner for a short time on Friday. Mr. Trunbald is engaged in running a

"I stole a kiss the other night,

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