

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

aints.

Police officers call and investigations begin. Dr. Blessington is called, and after seeing the murdered John Dane, makes the astounding revelation to Amy Drane that her "uncle" is not a man but a woman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The announcement of Dr. Bless ington that the body of the murdered person above stairs was the body of a woman and not of a man did not shock Amy Drane as much stained body of her supposed uncle John and her mind was still so dulled by that shock that she did not immediately grasp what the doctor was telling her

"A woman? Uncle John was a woman?" she repeated gropingly. "But what—that couldn't be, you Why, he's always been a I don't know what you mean,

upstairs there," the doctor said, "is or was—a woman. I am merely stating the fact. I thought you should know it immediately as you are, I understand, the only relative

"I don't understand it," Amy said.
"Why, it's dreadful, isn't it! Oh,
it is horrible! It's like some frightful nightmare! It doesn't seem as if it could be true, any of it."

"It is only too true," the doctor said. He looked at the girl with keen professional eyes. "You don't feel that this is too much for you? The shock and the strain must be considerable, but you seem a normai sort of person. What I mean exactly is that if you feel too nervous over this I can give you a simple bromide until your nerves re-cover from the shock."

"No, thank you," she said. "I think I'll be all right."

"Are you going to be here for awhile?" he asked Simon Judd. "I suppose you will," he added with a slight smile, "considering the circumstances and that the police will have to be finding a murderer. Just keep an eye on this young lady, will you? I'll leave my card! it has my telephone number. If she seems to be about to flop just send for me. Not." he added, "that I think you'll have to. Have you anyone, by the way," he asked Amy, "who could stay here with you a few days? I'd suggest that you go elsewhere, but I have a notion the police will want you here, until they've done some

questioning, at least."
"I'm not afraid to stay here, I think," Amy said, "No; Mr. Judd will be here; I'll not be afraid. I'll have Mr. Carter stay here during

"Yes. He's—we're great friends. I expect him to come this morn-

You've not had breakfast yet?" "No; I was waiting for it when cough," said Simon Judd.

"Well, my prescription for you is that you go in now and eat a good breakfast. That will help you more than anything I could give you. And as for the things to be attend-ed to in such cases as this, you may leave them to me. What is your leave them to me. What is your name?" he asked Simon Judd, and Judd told him. "Mr. Judd, I'm sure will act for you as far as necessary. There can be no funeral," he added, to Simon Judd, "until the law has gone through its formalities. However, if I might just speak to you a

Amy, as she had been advised, entered the house to try to eat a breakfast, and Dr. Elessington led Simon Judd to the far end of the

The funeral arrangements can all be attended to later," he said; Dick Brennen, the detective, ar"It was not that I wanted to speak about. As soon as possible I will taxicab, while Amy Drane and Siget a proper death certificate, and I mon Judd were at breakfast. As suppose William Dart is the man he turned from the cab, after hav-Miss Drane will want to have. He ing siammed the door, he cast his is an old friend of Drane's—of the dead person; one of the few close friends the dead man—woman—

"Three story mansard-roofed house painted white versands full width ad, I think.

here yesterday?'

"I don't know that he was here—"
"Dart—William Dart—that's the name. Old feller about seventy years old or so, ain't he? All dress-ed in black. That the man?" 'You have described him."

as cause her amazement. The shock —but you might give me the name had come when she faced the blood of another funeral man while you're about it.'

"Later, if necessary," the doctor said. "There will be ample time.
What I wanted to urge was that you keep your eye on this girl. I don't want to alarm you needlessly He resembled no one in particular but until we know more about this yet that this murder is not he work of a maniac; perhaps a maniac here

no doubt about that, sir!"

Judd exclaimed. "When this man Brennen comes,"

Dr. Blessington turned away, but Simon Judd called him back. "What I don't see, doc," he said, "is how you didn't know this was a woman all the while. You're the

family doctor, ain't you?" "That's rather peculiar, too," he said, frowning a little . "I am the family doctor here; I have a larger bill here each month than with any house in Westcote; I'm called here again and again. But I've never been asked to so much as feel John "That's Bob Carter?" the doctor

The man—of woman—has never been sick, or if she has she never called me. The servants have had all my attention, and plenty of it,

"That colored man sure has a bad

're all sick." said Dr. hold of sick help. It's as bad as a hospital; I don't see how a person can bear to have so much sickness But John Drane or this woman who pretended to be John Drane—has certainly been good to them. I've never known her to discharge a servant for ill health; she's had me here twenty times a month. A good woman, even if she did choose to masquerade as a man."

"Well, I've read of such doin's before," Simon Judd said philosophically, "and I don't know that I blame some of 'em for wantin' to wear man clothse and let on they're men. Sort of queer, though, some

"It is queer," said the doctor. "It is apt to be queerer than we ima-

gine."
Dick Brennen, the detective, ar-

ad, I think."

"Hold on, now!" Simon Judd said. of house in front—fluted pillars,

little feller with the beard that was supporting the third floor mansard murder was projection—" His brain registered physical ob-

jects in this way, a result of his innumerable appearances on the witness stand against criminals he has tracked down. A silver watch "You have described him."
"Well, black my cats!" Simon
Judd exclaimed. "I was tryin' to
think what that feller looked like,
and all I could think of was under003." For Brennan no one ever was never a silver watch to Bren-Judd exclaimed.

think what that feller looked like, fourteen jewel move, and all I could think of was undertaker. And he is one, is he? Well, now, maybe we won't want him five South Street but at seven six after all. I don't know but what after all. I don't know but what maybe he's mixed up in this some maybe he's mixed up in this some way, doc. I don't want to keep way, doc. I don't want to keep trade away from any friend of trade away from any friend of the stood of the stood of the officers greeted him with a stood was sold was "Hello, Dick!" and Brennan replies the stood was "Hello, Dick!" and Brennan replies the stood was "Hello, Dick!" and Brennan replies the stood was "Hello, Dick!" may, doc. I don't want to keep Earl Sway, doc. I don't want to keep Earl Sway from any friend of stood "on South-west corner or intrade away from any friend of stood "on South-west corner or intrade away from any friend of stood "on South-west corner or intrade away from any friend of Earl Sway metal." For Brennan gold was a week and the stood of the sto "yellow metal;" it was not for Bren-nan to decide which was which. Not on the witness stand.

except himself; you were apt to say affair it is best to try to be safe to yourself when you saw him "I What I mean is that we don't know know that man!" and then, immeyet that this murder is not he work diately. "No, I'm wrong —I know yet that this murder is not he work of a maniac; perhaps a maniac here in this house. If one murder has been done another may be attempted, you see? Probably there is nothing in the idea, but keep an eye on Miss Drane. Don't let her be another victim, Judd."

"I'll look out for her the best I can, doc," Simon Judd said, "and you can bet on that. She's a nice kid, this Amy is. But how about it being a murder all so sure? You talk like you knew it wasn't a suicide,"

diately, "No, I'm wrong—I know someone who looks quite a little like that man." You say this of people resembling the clerk, who waits on you in the grocery. Dick Brennan's face was so like thou sands of other faces that it was hard to remember. Not infrequently this was of value to him in his work. A man who so nearly resembled many other men could easily make himself look unlike himself.

Dick Brennan was forty-two, but he looked not over thirty. For

ide."
"It was no suicide," said the doctor positively. "There are good up criminals. He had never "stud-reasons for knowing it was not. The blow that drove the knife into of criminals had soaked into him; the heart was a far more powerful an understanding of their probable blow than that old woman could actions and reactions had become have struck; death was so instanta-neous that a suicide could not have reason why he was so valuable; anneous that a suicide could not have reason why he was so valuable; an-withdrawn the knife from the other reason was that he had a yound; and, finally, there was no brain that was able to recognize the knife in the room . It was murder times when a criminal was not acting according to rule. He could "Ain't it a shame, now!" Simon think when he had to.

Brennan was not particularly an-noyed because he had been put on this case on a Sunday morning. He the doctor continued, "you can tell this case on a Sunday morning. He him I will be back in an hour or so had planned to see a football game I have a call I must make now.
You had better get some breakfast you're apt to have a long and hard day."

Ad planned to see a football game that afternoon but his intention had been to pick up a couple of pick-you're apt to have a long and hard day."

He followed the circular esting. drive to the veranda, glancing past the house toward the back where

the drive curved farthest and when he had mounted to the veranda he rang the bell. Norbert, the col-ored houseman, came to the door. "I'm the detective assigned to this case," he said without flourish. "Upstairs, sir; yes, sir," Norbert assured him. "Two cops up there; you can go right on up. Should I take your hat, sir? No; you goin'

At the head of the stairs one of the officers greeted him with a "Hello, Dick!" and Brennan replied

"Mean piece of business this is Dick," the officer said.
"Stabbing is it? What was that about it being an old lady?

(Continued Next Week.)

The secretary of the bar association was very busy and very cross one afternoon, when his telephone

Well, what is it?" he snapped. "Is this the City Gas Works?" sked a woman's soft voice. madam," roared the secre

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Jiggs: "Saw a woman yesterday stop on the street, turn down her

of the City of Louisville."

"Ah," came from the lady's end in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

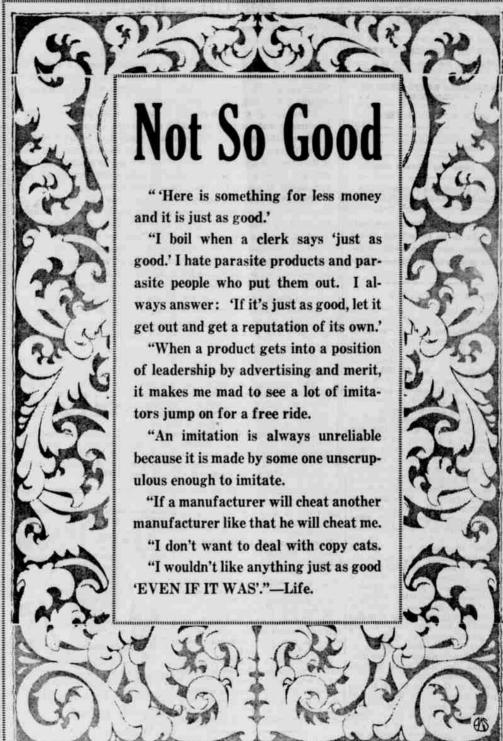
stocking and dig out a flea. What do you think of that?"

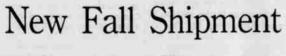
Wiggs: "that must be a case of job?"

the wicked flee where no man pure.

Father: "Now that you've fin-

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