THURSDAY



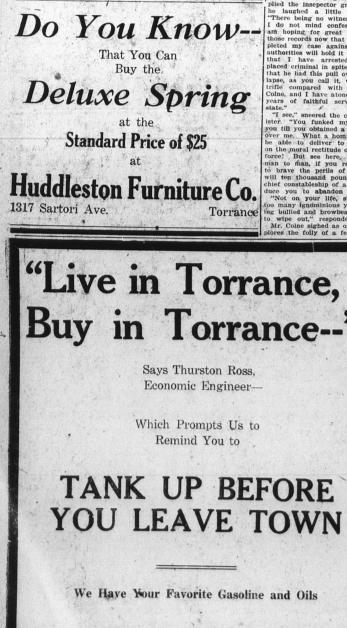
DUDLEY GLENISTER, d of the mirder of his George Glenister, is folled attempt to destroy his en-Norman Slater, kept pris-vith his sweetheart, Kath-llenister, in an old mill,

WRAGGE, · Scotland fatal

MAUD BLAIR," who on GO ON WITH THE STOR

I care Blair. ccounts now about that," re " "I only wan s with a black you run awa oy," she added she be

on his wire. George Glenister on the 7th of firs. Grimes shock her head June. 1919." For a few seconds Mr. Colne did and mouthed a denial. man-monkey shall edited in walching the progress of d the keeper, and he strode be cottage, followed by who unobtrusively at-timself (6 Mr. Colne again the cottage, followed by most reached the stropping-stones. who unobtrusively at-timed to Mr. Colne again the cottage, overlooking the fact the cottage, overlooking the fact the cottage, difference the the cottage, difference for the serving the family--trusters than that across the top swetheart shut up there!" leduced worshiper of the leduced worshiper of the



Palmer Service Stations

TORRANCE

\$10.00 Coupon Books for \$9.50

Arlington at Carson

Border at Cabrillo

a glow. Wragge ecided that the t was compe-situation that Just now his hand—the hand once more of the cabi

by-Jowl with his own agged and drawn int lines that indicate motion

smapping point. Yet Wragge had looked of face and qualied before it tervals during the workt mo of his life. He would have loss than human if a note of umph had not crept into his "Mr. Colne," he said, "I an eler the disadvantage of holdi warrant, but I will take th sponsibility of arresting yo suspicion for the murder o George Glenister on the 71 June, 1919." ed on that the

hold it to my

d covered son halted and call lives to be save ' sneered the cabinet min-ou funked my pull over

u funkeu ou obtained a greas. What a homily I sl to deliver to Parlia baral rectitude of the here, Wragi here, Wragi aral recut. But see here, w. man, if you really inten-man, if you really inten-thousand pounds and the nstableship of a county in-nu to abandon the idea." on your life, sir. I have ny isnominious years of be-nied and browbeaten by you we out," responded Wragste with as one who de isched as one who de

ad vanished into the man usive picture. CHAPTER XXVII "Sheep and Goats" A LF GRINSTEAD was n LF GRINSTEAD was n the threshold of the room by Norman and Ki when he returned from his the landing. A

Baker Smith Carson Street Jeweler

Feb. 13, Odd Fell



SNAPSHOT OF THE MAN WHO HAS TO LISTEN TO THIS ALL DAY LONG AT THE OFFICE ---nersley's electric projector. The great statesman had the sil-er tones of his beautiful voice rell under control when at last he roke the silence. Then a short gasp broke from him to be echeed in a deeper exclama-tion from the detective. Precogu-pied as they both were the sam him had@bbruded on their sense and distracted their attention as multraneously. Away beyond th mill-race another light had broke out which was not the steady glov of the Amphiblan electric. Bec "What of yourself, Wragge?" he id quietly. "Have you connted le cost of the action you are pro-sting to take?" The you are prothe summer of the summer of the summer of the sector you counted near the sector you are pro-toget of the action you are pro-get of the 'The roords of your lapse from the straight path still in being, remember." Bave not forgotten, sin, 're-ite insepector gravely. Then laughed a little and added: pre being no witnesses present. o not mind confessing that I hoping for great things from e records now that I have confi-er and the straight of the sector. John Grimes and his moties that enshroute a strugging with a belching cloud of smoke. John Strugging with a belching cloud of smoke. John Grimes and his motiey following had vanished in the darkness that enshrouted the strugging stones but a

ping sto from the that he Wree tones, but te keeper's l e knew he c's grip ma to the divers Mr. Colne ee and, for ran with an self free and, for a man of years, ran with amazing swift toward the dam. When he had covered s twenty yards he halted and ca bäck: "There are lives to be sa i shal do my best." The mill was ablaze, and in weird blend of smoke and round the door human figures noving wildly, as in some fi national states of the same set of the same set.

TORRANCE HERALD

SO'S YER

SO'S YER NI

LET ME

SO'S YER OLD

MAN"

NOW



