THURSDAY

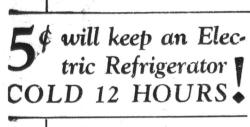
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CHAPTER XII.—That rranges to take a snap ne seeking to leave THE STORY

XII.—That night Shind take a snapshot of any-to leave the house-kes the attempt, and a taken. Developed, to stonishment it shows the Saunders. Overcome by okes insist it can't be e he had shot her, and PROLOGUE.-While desponden Maine Sybil's

CHAPTER XIII.—Flora Stokes ad-nits her husband is a morphia ad-lict, Ha supply cut off on the train of the shooting and denial of he drug. Flora had known of her jusband's suff, and in her loyalty hields him. Shine is deeply puzzled wor the picture, finally concluding if known the structure, finally concluding if tokes' confession apparently clears in the stokes' confession apparently clears p the mystery, the accepted idea be-ng that Joe Tracy must have left he tragedy. CHAPTER I.-After the play, which a big hit, Wally Shine, official CHAPTER II.—Hugh Bassett, di-rector of the play, and Anne Tracy's fance, tells Joe he has heard he is spring on Sybil in an effort to learn the whereabouts of Jim Dallas and sarn the reward offered by the Park-neon family. The boy's denial is not

CHAPTER In.—Joe Tracy is ar-anging for a vacation trip. To Anne e betrays his enmity toward Sybil tokes tells Sybil he has news of Jim allas, and to secure the necessary tells and the

the island, in some manner, before the tragedy. CHAPTER XIV.--Piecing together mappenings since the shooting. Anno Tracy convinees heraelf it must have been Joe, dressed in the contume of the together the shooting. Anno Tracy convinees heraelf it must have the floor above. Anne steals upstairs and finds her friend. The two women fueld new the shooting: Joe must, have heard Stokes tell Sybil of his knowledge of Jim Jallas' where-abouts, and, seeking the Parkinson fort to deevice Stokes into thinking it was Sybil and telling him where believing her dead, Jim's enemies believing her dead, Jim's enemies believing her dead, Jim's enemies he could join him. In he exile. Anne promises to keep the secret "forever," IV.-The sound of a Investigation shows a re-taken from a desk brary. Flora, Stokes wife, with the announcement that a been shot and her body off by the swift the that the island.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.-Flora Stokes tells basett she saw Sybli lakot but did ot see the murderer. Basett noti-les the sherfif, Abel Williams. He company is accounted for with the exception of Joe Tracy, presum-bit on one can leave the states as that no one can leave the states as the state one can leave the states as the states concentration of thought. The states the table the states the stat IAPTER VI. -- Discussing the say with Rawson and Bassett, ams volces the opinion that bills actualled by belows o they are all by belows o they are the living room makes hasten there.

tragedy with Rawson and Basset, Williams voices the opinion that staring concentration of thought, the dubies is studied by jealousy while they are taiking, the sound of a crash in the living room makes them hasten there. CHAPTER TI — Anne Tracy, shocked at her friend's awuld each is also uneasy abdut Joe. Remember-ing his rage agains 2501; and re-shocked at her friend's awuld each the friend's awuld each is also uneasy abdut Joe. Remember-ing his rage agains 2501; and re-shocked at her friend's awuld each the friend's awul

fear of them, her riveted guance grew fixed as a sleep walker's. She lost all šense of her surroundings her entire being contracted to a point of inner activity. Before tha intensified mental vision a series o pictures passed like the slides in a magic lanter—Shine's photograph the worn, wide-eyed face of Sybil Joe plaving Schostian, bis costume the upper part of the building. CHAPTER XI.-Ame insists that Joe must somehow have left the island. Anne tells the armazed Bas-sett she saw Joe in the living room the night before, in the hust he hiding in the house. playing Sebastian, his ents, a replica room as they falling outsi

> have been alm pictures were kie spots of light breaking through arkness. If the darkness could e dispelled and the spots of light olical, fused into continuity, she could reach something, something

vouid reach something, something she was groping toward, fearfully (roping toward, Suddenly a recollection flashed up, clairvoyantly distinct—Joe at he flat trying to make Bassett five him the part of Sebastian, mitating Sybil's walk. That pic-ure brought her to her feet, rought a smothered cry to her

bureau lay the key nk that she had broug room after their last She snatched it up a out of it, al d in that costume

of it-Sybil alive off the wait!

The door of the bedro om oppo the stain-head was open, inst the pale light of the win-poised with one hand resting the raised sash, was a boy's re-surely the figure she had in the living room two bights re. It was so completely boynickerbockers and belted acket, hat she could not yet to sure, and ent forward with slackened gait, sering and murmuring fearfully "Sybil, is it you?" The fieme to the The figure left the window came earer, silently, creepingly, with a and raised for caution. She saw he face then, pinched and raggard, alter the clipped close, but

TORRANCE HERALD

s so extraordinary—such a unknown happenings lay thém—that at first they thing. Anne spoke first, she said. "It's Joe that's of

dead." "Yes. Do they know?" "They know nothing. They think it was you. It's all over. Stokes has told. But, oh, what is it? I can't understand—it's like a fearful fream." Iream." The words died away and a sud-len violent trembling shock her

The words died away and a sud-den violent thembling shock her. With the joints of her knees like water she sank to the side of the bed, gripping the other with her shaking hands, pulling her down beside her. "Tell me, tell me," she implored. "Why is he dead? Why did he pretend he was you? What was he doing?" They sat clinging together, two small huddled figures in the gray light. Though the house below was silent as the tomb they spoke in subdued volces, question, answer, surmise. Each knew a different aspect of the story, brought her own knowledge of Joe's motives and actions. In that whispered ex-change they pieced together the separate facts, combined them in coherent sequence, and came to a final enlightemment. Joe had met his death in his last effort as a pollec spy, his last ef-fort to get the Parkinson reward. Leaving his room to come down and make ready for his departure, is

Leaving his room to come down and make ready for his departure, he had heard the volces of Stokes and Sybil In the living room. Sybil remembered Stokes' upward look and question about some one mov-ing in the gallery—Joe creeping to concealment behind the arch. The nature of their conversation would have held him listening: here was his last opportunity to get the in-

the rendezvous in the house. It's open situa no hiding place outside, ing that it would be a the summer nation offered le, but know no hiding place outside, put s ing that it would be almost inside, he had conceived the of putting on his Sebastian tume and impersonating Sybil. His room was next to Sy His had heard her come ups His room was next to Sybil's. His room was next to Sybil's. High and heard her come upstairs and from his window could com-mand the Point. When Shine left it he had gone down, passed the balcony where Stokes was waiting, and heard his following footsteps, moved with that close imitation of Sybil's gait to the summer house. There the dim light and the droop-ing curls of his wig enabled him to carry through the deception. Stokes' wild speech, followed by the draw-ing of the pistol, had terrified him. Confronted by a man armed and half mad, panic had seized him and he had made a rush from the place.

ormation he sought. He had hear

place. So Joe had died, a body clad in gala dress swirled out on currents that would never bring him back. Anne said nothing. She did not feel any special grief, or feeling of any kind. Too much had hap-pened, she was benumbed. She had a vague sense that in some future time, when she had recivered from her dulled and battered state, she might be sorry, cry perhans. Her The second secon

"You've known?" "For a month. I've written him telling him I'd come if I could--if I ever could. Oh, but it's been hopeless. I was spied on, dogged, followed-" Her volce rose on a hoarse note, stopped, and after a seared, listening hush, went on whispering: "I want to stay dead, never to come to life again. It's my chance-the only chance I'll ever have. You've found me now, and I'll tell you everything." And never to come to life again. K-my chance—the only chance I'll ever have. You've found me now, and I'll tell you everything." And she told Anne the story—the story that no one else had ever heard. Since she had received his ad-dress the longing to join her lover had possessed her. She had writ-ten she would come, she knew he was waiting for her, but the watch keet upon her made any more imkept upon her made any move im (Continued on Next Page)

JUNE 16, 1927

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