

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

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"Why the caged lion effect?" inquired the scientist. "Some one has been having a little fun with me," growled Sedgwick. "Apparently it was one sided. What's this on the easel?" "What would you like it to be?" "Let's have a closer look."

"First let me thank you," said Sedgwick. "For the curious work of art you left at my place." "Hay-ee!" inquired the elder, with a rising inflection. "Don't take the trouble to lie about it," put in Kent. "Just show us the original of the drawing which you traced so handsly."

CHAPTER XIII. The Aid of the Stars.

THEY left the elder groaning at his door and went to look up Dimmock, the rummage man. But he was wholly unable to throw any light on the former owner of the reports in which the drawing had been tucked away. There the investigation seemed to be up against a blank wall.

So come on and materialize this promised article. "If you regard a trip to the Martindale Public library as activity I can furnish that with great excitement." "What are you going to do there?" "Consult the files of the newspapers and pick out a likely high class astrologer from the advertisements."

vent of one keener eyed than the mourners, whose scrutiny he did not desire to tempt. Shortly Gansett Jim came to the grave. Hastily and carelessly he pitched in the earth, trampled it down and returned. Carriages rolled to the door of Hedgerow house and rolled away again, carrying the mourners to their train. Not until then did Kent snuff up his tackle and take the road.

"In a private burying ground on the Blair's estate." "Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?" "This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers."

"Of what use is my gun? We're in the light, and he's in the shadow." "So you've got a gun on you, eh?" remarked the sheriff, his chuckle deepening.

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