

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

Safe Number Sixty-Nine
BY J. S. FLETCHER
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"But, naturally, everything had been in Maygrove's favor," he said in conclusion. "My father was not a very precise business man; he had two businesses to attend to; he was fond of other matters; he trusted Maygrove implicitly, and he let the affairs of the bank rest in his hands. And so, when I came to the end of my investigations there, Mr. Campenhiave was the unpleasant fact that we had been robbed of nearly 200,000!"

"You think that Richard Maygrove appropriated all that for himself?" I asked. "I know that he handled all that, of course," he replied. "And the amount which I have seen in his rooms and in the safe?" I said. "What of that?"

"That, I take it, is what he cleverly put aside for himself in his old age," he answered. "According to you, it's about one-sixth of the lot."

"And the rest?" I said. "Have you any hope of recovering that? Have you traced it at all?" He gave me quite a smile. "You shall know more about that when I have identified Richard Maygrove," he answered. "I am sure I shall identify this body from what you tell me. What a world of chance and coincidence! It had not been for the man's love of antiques and archeology, I don't suppose you'd ever have found out who the quiet old student calling himself Robert Washaw really was!"

It was long past dark when we reached Ebury street, and at Mr. Candew's request, Millwaters took us straight to the dead man. My companion gave him one look and turned to me with a satisfied expression. "Undoubtedly," he said. "He went across the room to Millwaters, who lingered at the door. 'I know who this man is,' he went on. 'He has friends and relatives. They will come for him tomorrow. And, of course, they will relieve you of all further anxiety and responsibility. Mr. Campenhiave will go a little further.'"

I followed him out to the taxi cab, which we had kept waiting, and he told the driver to go to one of the ultra fashionable hotels. All the way there he kept silence, we exchanged no further conversation until he had spoken to an official, given him a sealed envelope, which I noticed he had brought with him from Stillminster, and had been shown with me into a private sitting-room. Then he turned to me.

"Now," he said, "now you are going to hear and see something I have come here to see Mr. James Marchdale. Marchdale is a multi-millionaire, head of the great firm of Marchdales, machine makers, of St. Louis, Missouri. He is at present over here with his wife and daughter, the daughter, as you may have heard, is to be married next month to our Earl of Cherington, one of the poorest, and possibly the proudest, of our nobles in England. Mr. Marchdale is, of course, to dower his daughter, the countess-to-be, very handsomely, being, as I said, a multi-millionaire. And, incidentally, Campenhiave, Mr. James Marchdale is Robert Maygrove."

The door had opened before I could recover from my start of surprise, and a man entered, an elderly man, strikingly alike to the dead man whom we had just left in Ebury street. That he was under the influence of a great shock, a sudden fear, was abundantly evident from his pallid face and the perspiration on his brow. He looked at both of us with a glance, and his low voice shook as he spoke. "Mr. Candew?" he said thickly. "I am Mr. Candew," he said. "And you are Mr. James Marchdale—in reality, Robert Maygrove. You won't deny that, I have come to tell you that your brother Richard, who was released from penal servitude about three years ago, is dead. He is lying dead—unfriendly and dead—at this address, and you must see to his funeral arrangements. But—first a word with me. The man took the card on which Mr. Candew has scribbled Millwaters' address, and his hand trembled so that we let it fall. "What—what is this?" he muttered.

"This—this, of course, is a shock. It—unnerves me, as you see." "Then I must ask you to pull yourself together," said Candew mercilessly. "For I have serious words to say to you. Now, let me tell you, Robert Maygrove, that I have spent large sums in tracking you. When you disappeared from Stillminster you went across to the United States. From time to time you received capital from England—I know with whom you banked it in St. Louis, how you started your business, how you built it up, how you have become what you are—an American millionaire, about to marry a daughter into our peerage. And am very sure that your original capital was sent to you, year by year, by your brother, and that it was our money I have no hold on you. I can't say that you know the money was stolen. But we punished your brother, and he became a convict. Do you wish the Earl of Cherington to know that he is going to marry a convict's niece?"

The man to whom all this was addressed grew paler and paler as Candew proceeded. And at the last words he winced so much that I thought he would cry out. But Candew went on as mercilessly as ever.

"Some £20,000 or £40,000 of your brother's booty lies at his rooms or in his safe, at your disposal," he said. "It represents little of the amount of which he robbed my father and me. What do you propose?—I didn't know he was dead. I went to meet him the other night, secretly, but he didn't turn up. Don't let this come out, Mr. Francis. My daughter—"

"I want restitution of what is my father's and mine," answered Candew with stern determination. "It seemed to me that I saw Maygrove's breast heave with relief. Mechanically he lifted his right hand to an inner pocket of his dinner jacket. "How much?" he whispered. "How much?"

"Your brother robbed us of £150,723 10s," replied Candew. "I have carried the precise figures in my head for many years." "I stood wondering by as the wretched man sat heavily down at a writing table and wrote out a check. He did not look at Candew as he handed it over, but Candew read it over carefully before putting it in his pocket-book. Then, without as much as a glance at Robert Maygrove, he turned to the door. "Come!" he said to me. "That's all."

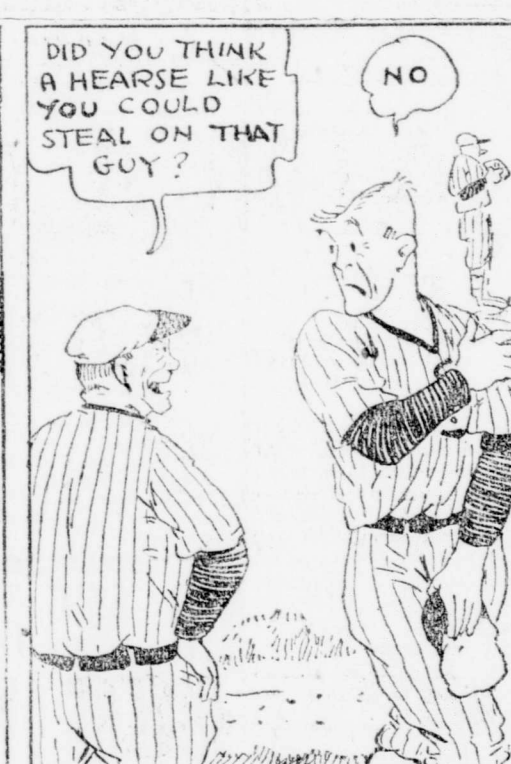
Maygrove rose with a sudden exclamation. "This—this affair!" he said, holding out the card. "What am I to do? I don't want publicity—it must be kept secret. I don't know the ways of this country now and—"

"I will waste enough breath on you to advise you to employ a confidential solicitor in the morning," said Candew, turning from the door. "Tell him everything—and he will manage everything for you."

Then he strode out, and I stood after him amazed and wondering. We had walked away some distance from the hotel before he spoke. Then he lifted his hat, as if to find relief in the sharp winter air. "There!" he exclaimed, "that's good! After breathing the same atmosphere with that fellow! Campenhiave, that man was as guilty as the other! Did you see his face? A plant—a plant! All through, a wicked plant—and one much cleverer than in his way, didn't mind going into penal servitude to work it! It makes me sick."

"You've recovered your money, anyway?" I said, still wonderstruck at the recent scene. "He turned in the light of the gas lamp and gave me a queer, sidelong look. "I'm afraid you are not a financial expert, my friend," he remarked dryly. "You forget that we have lost a good 12 years' interest on this little sum. And 12 years' interest on £150,000 is—but never mind that! Come and dine with me somewhere." The End.

YOU KNOW ME AL



Well, That's a Good Reason

By RING W. LARDNER

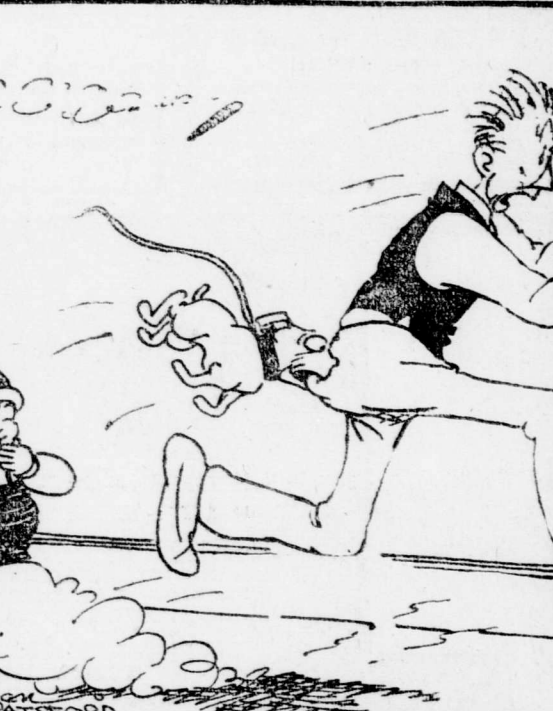
'CAP' STUBBS



It Works Fine on Monday

By EDWINA

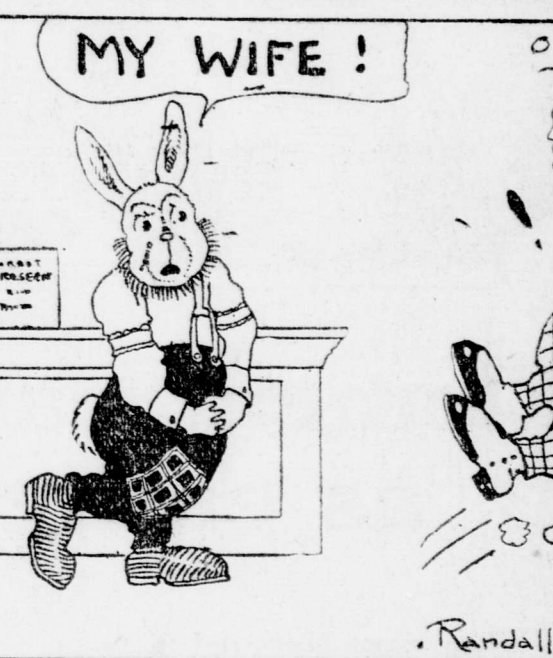
BILLY'S UNCLE



You Can't Always Tell by the Ears

By BEN BATSFORD

IN RABBITBORO



At the Dumbunny Store

BY ALBERTINE RANDALL

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 13—NANCY RESCUES NICK
"Here was Nick looking out between the bars of the window. Nancy flew away in her airplane to look for Nick. She flew right over Bing-Bang Land and cried out, "There goes another of those queer birds like we saw a little while ago." Soon she came to the place where the tin soldier camp was. She remembered what the Tinker Man had told her and flew very high so that none of them could shoot at her. When she was right over the army, she reached for a gas bomb and dropped it. It was only a sleeping gas bomb really. Then she leaned out and watched to see what would happen. Fidd! She heard the bomb hit the ground and burst. Almost instantly General Hobbledohy fell over on the ground, snoring. Then Colonel Butter Cup fell over, and Major Straight Back, and Captain

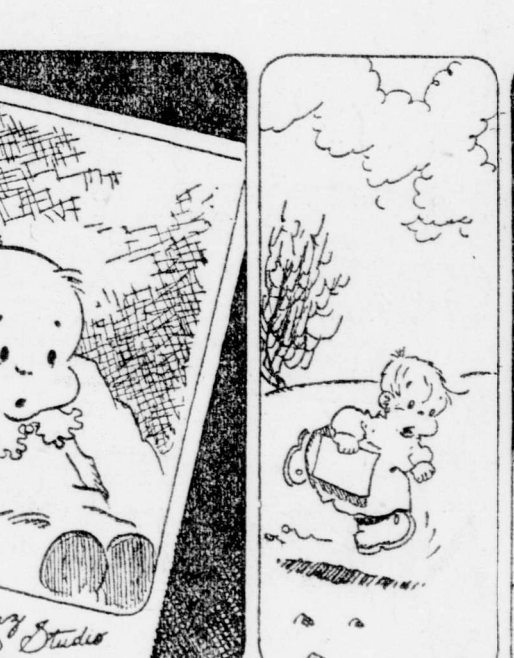
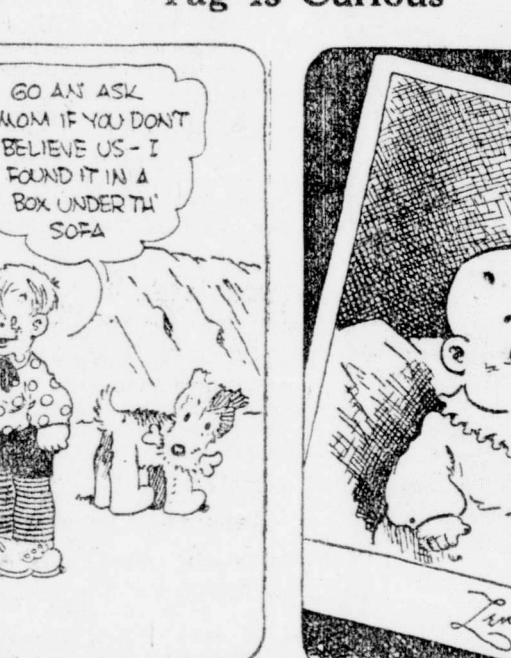
A Puzzle a Day

A boy bought a number of pieces of candy for 12 cents. Had he received two more pieces, the candy would have cost one cent less, per dozen pieces. How many pieces did he receive for 12 cents?

Yesterday's Answer:

adapt

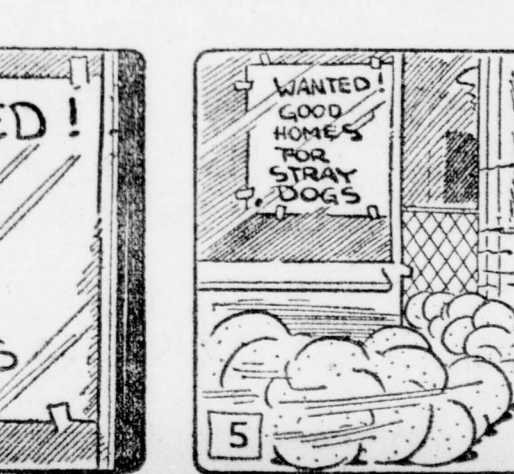
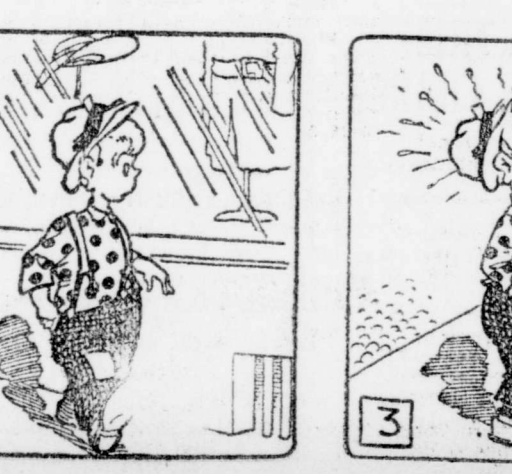
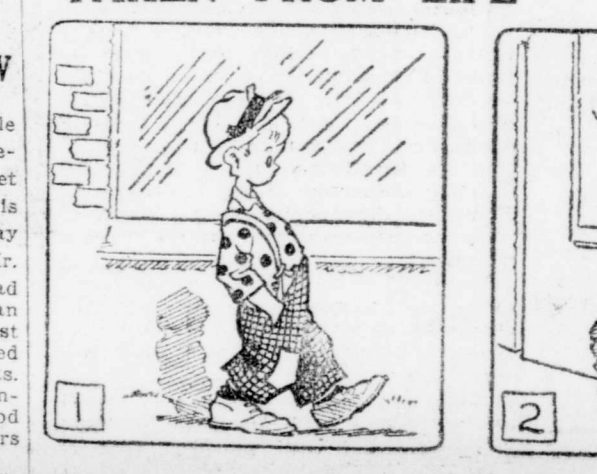
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Tag Is Curious

BY BLOSSER

TAKEN FROM LIFE



Just Shopping

BY MARTIN

PAINFUL ACCIDENT MAY CAUSE LOCKJAW

PORT LAMPTON, April 27.—While plowing a field on his farm near White-wood on Wednesday John Ennis met with a strange accident which, it is feared by attending physicians, may cause tetanus and prove fatal. Mr. Ennis was following the plow and had the misfortune to step on an oil can which had been lost from a mower last fall. The spout of the can penetrated his foot and may have serious results. Doctors are fighting to save the injured man from lockjaw and blood poisoning. Mr. Ennis is about 60 years of age.

The incomplete series of letters shown above may be changed into the word "adapt" by adding the three straight marks shown below.