POOR DOCUMENT

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The Breaking Point

.By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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A detailed description of Judson A detailed description of Judson Clark and a photograph of him accompanied the story. Bassett reread the article carefully, and swore a little, under his breath. If he had needed confirmation of his suspicions, ft lay in his hand. But the situation had changed over night. There would be a search for Clark now, as wide as the knowledge of his disappearance. Local police authorities would turn him up in every city from Maine to the Pacific coast. Even Europe would be on the lookout, and South America.

But it was not the police he feared But it was not the police he feared so much as the press. Not all of the papers, but some of them, would go after that story, and send their best men on it. It offered, not so much a men on it. It offered, not so much a chance of solution, as an opportunity to revive the old dramatic story. He could see, when he closed his eyes, the local photographers climbing to that crbin and later sending its pictures broadcast, and divers gentlemen of the press, eager to pit their wits against ten years of time and the ability of a once conspicuous man to hide from the law, packing their suitcases for Morada. No, he couldn't stop now. He would go on, like the others, and with this advantage, that he was morally certain that he could law his hands on Clark at any tim. But he would have to prove his c.s., connect it. Who, for prove his c.s., connect it. Who, for instance, was the other man in the cobin? He must have known who the boy was who lay in the rough bunk, del ribous. Must have suspected, anyhow. That made him, like the Donaldsons, accessory after the fact, and crimically liable. Small chances of his coming out with any confession. Yet he was the connecting lab. Must be

ECONOMICAL in use.

ORANGE OF PEKOBLEND

these intestinal muscles

normal, natural exercise

farm some 15 years ago."

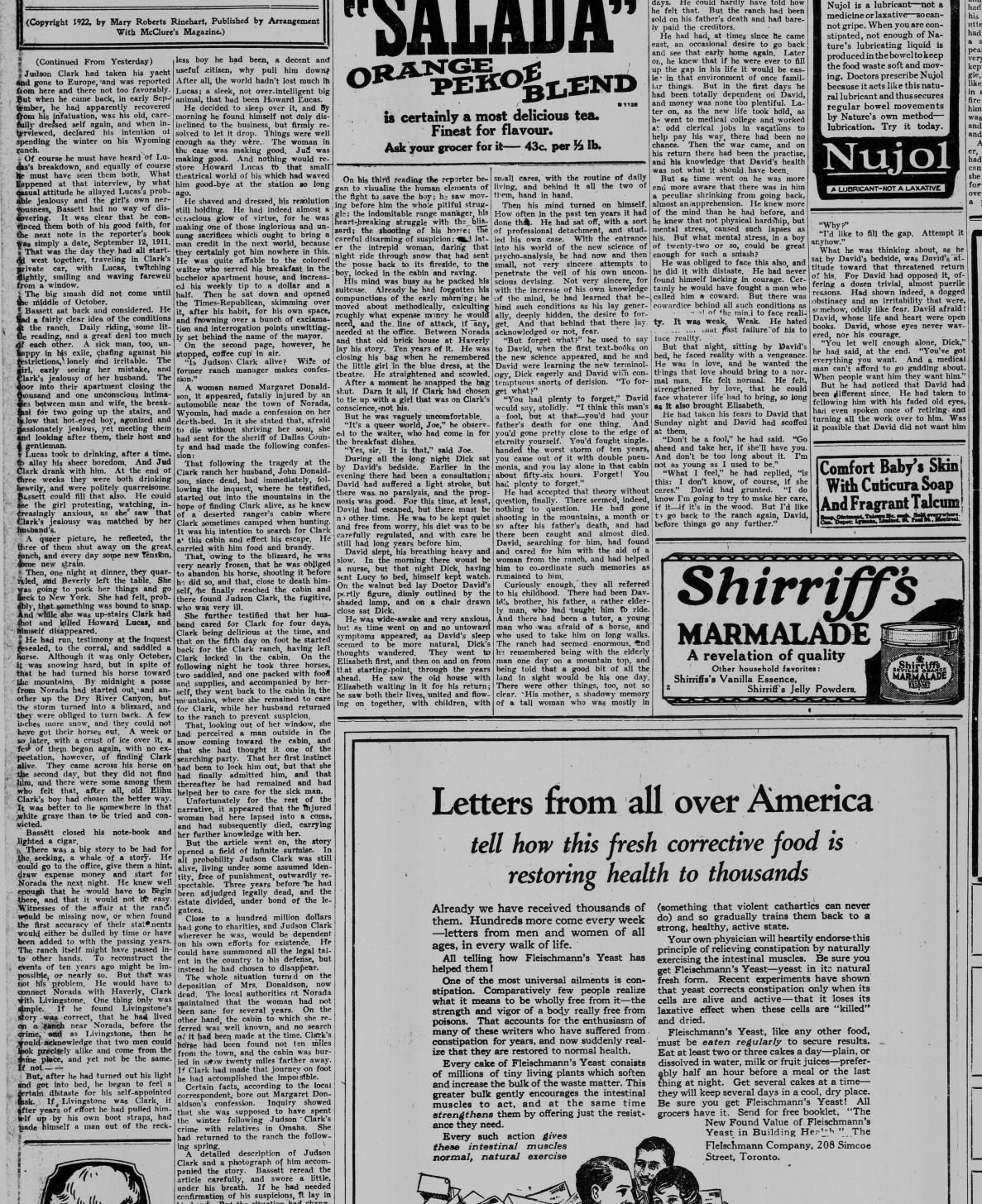
bed; horses and dogs; a corral with a high fence and sometimes cattle, some-times horses, milling around inside it, while men on horseback would single while men on horseback would single out one and rope it. But he could not remember any names at all.

He had a general impression that there had been plenty of money in those days. He could hardly have told how he felt that. But the ranch had been sold on his father's death and had bare-

paid the creditors.

He had had, at times since he came He had had, at times since he came east, an occasional desire to go back and see that early home again. Later on, he knew that if he were ever to fill up the gap in his life it would be easie in that environment of once familiar things. But in the first days he had been totally dependent on David, and money was none too plentiful. Later on, as the new life took hold, as he went to medical college and worked

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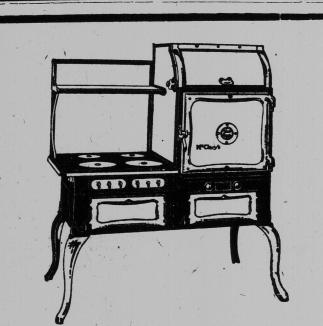
and ambition"-"Constipation has completely disappeared"-"The boils disappeared after the first week, and now I never need laxatives"-"I can truly say it has made me feel 100% better than I have felt since I left the

to go back to Norada? But that would He bent over and felt the sick man's pulse. It was stronger, not so rapid.
Oddly enough, that was his first memory of David. He had been lying in a rough bunk in the mountain cabin, had been bending forward and feeling his pulse. He had felt very weak and utterly inert, and he knew now that he had been very ill. The cabin had been a small and lonely one, with snow-peaks not far above it, and it had been very cold. During the day a woman kept up the fire. Her name was Maggie, and she moved about the cabin like a thin ghost. At night she slept in a lean-to shed, and David kept the fire going. A man who seemed to know him well—John Donaldson, he learned, lumps, over which he would groan and was his name—was Maggie's husband, agonize and every so often he came, about dawn and brought food and supplies.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

(To be continued) Lieut. H. G. F. Hibbard of the

After a long time, as he grew stronger, Maggie had gone away, and David had fried the bacon and heated the canned tomatoes or the beans. Before she left she had written out a recipe for biscuits, and David would study would be begun within a few days. over it painstakingly, and then produce a panful of burned and blackened Charlottetown.



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