

THE RED FISHER

By Owen Oliver



A very proper Mephistopheles, long, lean, sardonic . . . He sat upon an overhanging branch, dangling his pointed shoes above a glassy stream

THE Red Fisher knows the bait for every one. He took me with Robert Carr. You'll think that's only a figure of speech, but it isn't. There is a full bottle of strong sleeping-draught in my bedroom, marked out in 16 portions by lines of glass. I would take the whole bottleful if I could escape a picture of the Red Fisher waiting to pull me out of the river of sleep. The devil may be only a superstition that ages haven't quite wiped off the slate of heredity; but the picture is a fact. You can see it on the walls of Nugent's gallery; 874 The Red Fisher. Arthur Dana.

"I don't either," she agreed, "but still—I'm a cat, of course, but I only wanted just to have a little amusement. If he'd pulled me up as he ought to have done I'd have been pulled up after a kick or two, and—I suppose you know that I like him!"

Joyce. Robert's tastes are mature. I don't suppose his dolings concern any woman, but he had not broached the subject to me.

Margaret's affectionate mood soon passed. I knew it would! Their discussion became sharper and more in evidence. They never went out together; and whenever one dined at home the other dined with friends, or "in town." It was generally she who was out; but Robert was "at the club" more than he used to be. He was abstracted and silent very often when I talked to him. I had always been able to rally him into interest before.

plague. I'd be good to him—now, Try, Neen. If you could put the idea of making it up into his head? It's natural to him to do the kind thing if he thinks of it. You could say it's a pity we squabble, because I can be nice, and— you could say you know I like him. . . . Will you, Neen? We never had sisters, you and I; only each other."

By NAZARIENE DAAN KANNIBELLE. (Copyright, 1921, World-Wide News Service, Inc.)

World's Greatest Detective Cases

Secret of Dead Man's Swamp; Famous Detective Solves Baffling Mystery.

(Detective John Wilson Murray was for many years head of the detective force in Canada. During that time he had through his hands and personally solved some hundreds of cases, from embezzlement to burglary, from forgery to murder. His fame became world-wide, and he was the personal friend of the heads of the police of nearly every country in the world. We was as well known in Scotland Yard as he was at Toronto, in Canada, or New York. For 30 years he was the terror of criminals throughout the whole of North America. In the underworld of crime, he was known as "Old New-Let-Do," because once he started on a case, he did not let go till the criminal was dead or behind the prison bars. He traveled thousands of miles in one case to get his man, and in another he tracked down a criminal after spending three patient years collecting evidence to secure his conviction. The case given below is picked out from many others in which he was concerned, because it began in England, ended in Canada, and filled the newspapers of European countries for many a long day during the time of the trial. Murray retired a few years ago, and Canada lost the most brilliant detective it ever had.)

they were chopping down was at the end of the swamp. Joseph's foot slipped. He grabbed at what he thought was a half submerged log, and then he cried in horror. He was hanging on a dead man's body in the underbrush.

tragedy which sent that weird and suggestive name flying over the telegraph wires throughout the world, men had been lost in "Dead Man's Swamp," and their rotting bones discovered years afterwards and all trace of their identity had disappeared. The place is a tangled mass of thick briars, and on the edge of it is a deep pool which has become known as Pine pool. No one inhabits this lonely part of the forest except the creatures of the wild.

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