

SECRETS OF RACECOURSE.

(Continued from Page 3.)

now. I was driving my car along the rather dangerous, winding road which leads from the racecourse down into the town, when my lights revealed the figure of a man in a dark coat. I sounded my horn, but the fellow was so absorbed that he did not hear, and to avoid a collision I drove down, over the side of the car overturned. In that moment I recognized the man as the man in the light-colored coat. It was a fearful sight, but I found myself unable to move, though for a while, though my eyes were shut, and I found myself becoming as pliant as if it were now that a man came and bent over me. I felt his hand go into my pocket, and I knew that he was taking my watch. The last I saw was the face of George Sangster. Shortly afterwards everything became a blank, and I remember something clearly until I awoke, to find myself lying in the sun on the deck of a liner.

"So Sangster was the thief! Sangster was the villain!" It was always Sangster—Sangster!

Dick felt an indefinite sense of relief, and he thought he had been deceived. He had realized that her father's hands were clean. It made all the difference.

"Does that her father would be a happy one?"

"I don't know," he said, "you don't know what this news means to me!"

"What should it mean to you in particular?" asked Marjory, eyeing his son critically.

"I have father, my mother, my sister, my brother, my boy, my dog, my horse, my house, my money, my life, my everything, my everything!"

Richard Harding looked hard at Dick, grinned, but said nothing.

"I am glad," Marjory said, "I liked her. He evidently did not disapprove."

The next morning as George Sangster was seated at breakfast, with Joe Turvey seated beside him, the latter, who had been silent for some time, now the door was suddenly opened.

The manœuvre who opened it looked rather scared.

"What is it, John?" asked the moonshiner.

"It's the police, sir."

"Police?" exclaimed Sangster, leaping to his feet.

The next moment four officers entered the room, and the man in the light-colored coat, the holder of the wealthy but useless, and two dog-eared. They showed their warrants, and they were then ordered to search the house, where Sangster lost count for the first time. He knew, if he had confessed that the game was indeed lost.

"Joe, he cried, making a grimace at Marjory, "is the game up?" It means a long sentence for both of us!"

And then, with many a curse, he accompanied the officers, and passed from his house, never to enter it again.

Ball, Turvey, and George Sangster took their own way, and were never seen again.

The first one received twelve months' imprisonment, "three or five years," and Sangster the same.

Soon afterwards the New House was put up for sale, but nobody would buy it. The gentlemen of the county had no fancy for the place, probably on account of its bad name.

It soon fell into a dilapidated condition. Meanwhile, everything prospered with the man in the light-colored coat, and he was assured of Richard Harding's forgiveness was a new man.

He was trained into the wonderful life of the Millionaire's Club, and he was the only man in the city who was expected to become, and she won the Millionaire's Plate.

How, the following year, without having suffered any of the trials and troubles which usually attend a career of such success, she developed into a great horse, and won the Two thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, the season history.

She proved herself to be one of the greatest horses that England has ever seen, and after the St. Leger was won, Dick Harding was quietly married to Marjory Bailey.

He remained in the city until such time, as he wished to concentrate all his thoughts upon the business of riding the great filly, which he had been so successful in training.

And is Dick happy now? Yes, Marjory now is as happy as a girl, and she is as pretty. Everyone loves her, and she is inclined to be jealous. You esteem, Well, rather. Wouldn't you be jealous if someone you loved had just as much money, more real estate, more horses, more dogs, more cats, more birds, or she did for you?

"I am not jealous, my splits up his affection into two halves. The one half is given to Marjory, the other to Nanette, the docile and obedient prostitute who was trained for him, for his father, and for his trainer. And you can hardly blame him, can you?"

(Next Saturday the opening installment of "The Secret of the Thames" will appear in CHUCKLES. It is a sensational story well reading the grand new Serial Story.)

A FATAL MISTAKE!

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Murder!" he said incredulously. "Who's been murdered? Not that poor woman they found just a few minutes ago? The diamonds scattered about here?" "She wasn't murdered. I'm dead tired," he added, in a quiet tone. "There's an hotel at Carlisle. I'll take you and the diamonds to the rooms for the night. Come along with me, my name, the same as yours, for I want to turn up there as 'Ferryer Locks.'" "I'll go," said Bathurst. "No use asking you why, I suppose?" "Not in the least."

THE SECOND CHAPTER. A Gaining Scheme.

They found the hotel full of people, relatives and friends, mostly of the victims of the awful disaster from which they themselves had so luckily escaped. A silent, awe-filled crowd, waiting until after the inquest for permission to bury their dead. Locke discovered that the man who had been the victim of the robbery was John Erree-Johnson, a doctor with a small practice at Leith.

He was sitting in the small coffee-room, the centre of a group of sympathisers talking of the tragedy, and the fact that the hanging lantern Locke used in the shop had been seen near normal and his voice steady.

They were going to spend three weeks in the North of Scotland, Locke heard him say. "She'd been planning the loan for months, and she'd had an awful death—she would expect to find them under the circumstances."

"It was as her nephew would hardly be able to get on without her."

"I am going to see about sending it off. Follow something to eat. I shall be back presently."

He was sitting in the small coffee-room, the centre of a group of sympathisers talking of the tragedy, and the fact that the hanging lantern Locke used in the shop had been seen near normal and his voice steady.

"We start for London tomorrow morning at seven o'clock," said Bathurst, in an undertone. "We can go by a branch line to Carlisle, and then to the station at St. Pancras there."

"Thought you were going to wait for the inquest," said his friend, gratified at the sudden change of plans.

"I've got to get used for that now," returned Ferryer Locks. "Simply a waste of valuable time."

To depress the little crowd in the coffee-room thinned out, till at eleven o'clock Locke, Bathurst, and Johnson alone remained in the room, the blating fire.

Johnson was talking excitedly, thickly, and presently asked for drinks, though he was obviously already taken more than one too many.

"For goodness' sake, don't touch any more of those," said Ferryer Locks, who had turned round, picked up the glass, and drank the whiskey-and-water thoroughly.

A few minutes later, he was nodding drowsily, and announced his intention of going off to bed.

Ferryer Locks saw him up to his room, and when he had closed the door he turned back.

"What on earth are you up to?" queried the latter. "By giving a man a drink?"

"A harmless one," interrupted Locke. "I am contemplating burglary in his room, and I thought it best to get him necessary to insure that he would not wake up at an inconvenient moment."

"For goodness' sake, don't touch any more of those," said Bathurst. "Simply a waste of valuable time."

"I'll give him half an hour," he said. "I'll give him half an hour, and then I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Everything," said Bathurst. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

"I want you to go to the station as far as I have gone, in a case of sheer logical deduction, I thought it best to get him necessary to insure that he would not wake up at an inconvenient moment."

"I thought no more of it," said Bathurst. "I thought no more of it."

about him until after the smash. Taking it for granted that the man in the light-colored coat was travelling alone, as he did one day, I was surprised to hear he was travelling with another man, and that he was in the wreckage.

"If he had time to get out of the car and shut and his hand, surely he would have had time to help her out—or if she were hurt he would have done so."

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plete change of plans. If it suddenly occurred to him that the man in the light-colored coat was on fire, that the carriage was on fire, it could be identified as his aunt by some accident, but it was not a strong attraction of suspicion which might subsequently arise as to his disappearance."

"On the face of the matter, therefore, he thrust the jewels under the debris covering the man in the light-colored coat, and the carriage, and then waited till he was sure that the man had done its work before discussing his aunt."

"Other facts he told us just how strengthen my conviction that he said his aunt was very eccentric. That she spent all her life travelling abroad, had no home or relations other than her own, and that she was very fond of him, with his medical knowledge, to carry out his duties, and as a result of her zeal for the body, I am glad to say."

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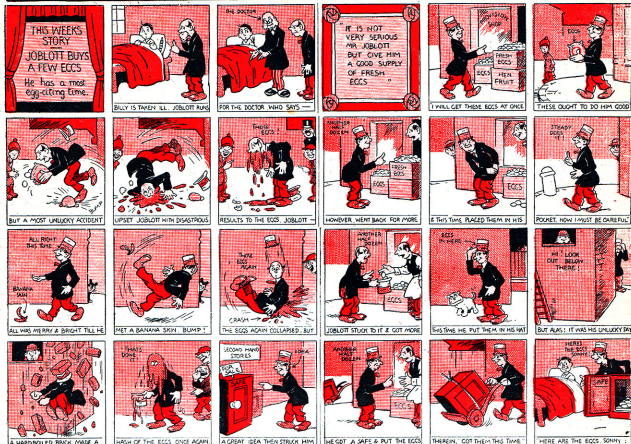
THE SECRET OF THE THAMES

A GRAND STORY OF GERMAN ESPIONAGE.

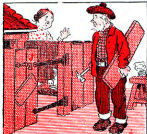
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VERY SCREW-PULOUS.



"Are ye no ashamed o' yersel', Hamish, makin' me a clobber wi' yer hammer on the sawbath?" "But, lass, I maun mend the pig-stye door." "Well, I don't like this Sunday work. It's vera wicked! Could ye no use screws?"

HARD LUCK!



"I lost a purse yesterday!" "Oh? Was there much in it?" "Dunno! Another fellow took it out of the old fellow's pocket before I had time to get it!"

POINTED REMARK.



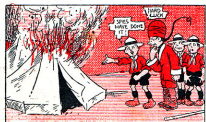
"Hello, Joe, you're jist in time! Will you have some o' this soup?" "Yes, I'll have a mouthful!" "Will you indeed! You'll have a pint, and that's all!"

TOLD TO "BEAT IT!"



Head Keeper (to applicant for beater's job): "Have you ever done any beating before?" "Yes, sir! I was for two years with Briggs & Co., carpet beaters!"

LITTLE LOO LUMMEE AND HIS LUCKY LAMP.



1. "Oh, look here!" cried some Boy Scouts to little Loo Lummee. "German spies have, in our absence, set fire to our tent!" "What a dirty trick!" said Loo. "I'll holper you!"



2. And Lummee went to Daisy Dimple, who was playing with her dolls, and said: "Lend me your doll's-house, please!" "Certainly!" said Daisy, overcome by his handsome face.



3. Then Lummee brought out his lucky lamp and gave it a jolly old brush-up, and wised the doll's-house was the size of a cow-shed. And so the little Boy Scouts were made happy!