Nothing Venture

(Continued From Page Two)

The path under the rhododendrons was cool and dark; a faint breath of damp rose up from between the twisted stems. There was water not very far away. Jervis walked beside Rosamund Carew, but he didn't look at her; he looked into the green gloom ahead of them.

When they came to the place where a couple of planks cross a brook, he stood still and said,

"What do you want to say to me?"

"Quite a lot of things."

Jervis looked at her in order to insure the direction of a portentous frown.

"If you've really got anything to say to me, I think this would be a good place to say it, and then we can go back and join the others."

"Won't she let you speak to me? Poor old Jervis!" There was a light drawling contempt in her voice.

Jervis smiled, that sudden, dangerous smile of his.

"You are too attractive," he said. "You always were. A man must defend himself."

Rosamund drew at her cigarette.

"I've been wondering where on earth I'd seen her before. She used to dance at Solano's, didn't she?"

Jervis noddod.

"I believe she did. Have you anything to say about it?"

"No—I just wondered whether you knew."

"Certainly I knew. Is that all you wanted to say to me? Shall we go back and have our coffee?"

"It isn't nearly all. Your coffee will have to wait. I've got a lot of things to say to you."

"Say them," said Jervis.

She threw away the end of her cigarette. It fell into the water and with a little hiss went dead. She drew rather a long breath, and turned away from Jervis.

"Did you wonder why I broke off the engagement?"

"Oh, no—it was perfectly obvious."

"You think I did it to get the money."

Jervis' eyes met hers for a moment. Their expression was one of amusement. It stung her into a hot protest.

"What a foul mind you've got! No wonder you were livid, if you thought I'd done a beastly thing like that!"

Jervis laughed.

"Perhaps you'd like to explain why you did do it."

"I can't. But it wasn't anything to do with the money. You can't possibly believe a thing like that!"

"Can't I?"

"No, you can't. It's not true anyway. And if you hadn't rushed off and married the first girl who vamped you, everything would have been all right."

"It must have been a nasty jolt for you. Pretty good team work—wasn't it?"

Rosamund swung round and stood with her back to him for a moment. Then she said over her shoulder,

"You needn't rub it in."

"I don't want to talk about it," said Jervis—"I never did. Don't you think we might go back to the others?"

"No."

"Is there anything else you want to say to me? Because if not—"

"Of course there is!"

"Let's get on with it then."

Rosamund turned round. Her face never varied from its even pallor, but a still paler line seemed to have been drawn from nose to mouth.

"You're as hard as nails," she said. "It's no use trying to work on your feelings, because you haven't got any."

"Yes?"

She made a slight gesture with her cigarette.

"Jervis—I've got to have some money. I can't go on—the situation's impossible—I owe about twenty-five hundred."

Jervis frowned at the running water.

"You can send the bills to me. I'll settle them this time, but not again. After this you'll have to make do on your allowance."

"Nonsense!"

He looked at her, and looked away again.

"If I raise it a thousand, will you keep within it?"

"No—I can't. It's no good pretending that I can. If Uncle Ambrose had known you were going to marry someone else, he'd have left me properly provided for. He talked about it once before we were engaged, and he said he'd leave me a hundred thousand."

"What's the good of talking like that?"

"Give me that hundred thousand and let me clear out. I don't bring you very good luck—do I? Well, let me clear out. I've got a good opening that I could take if I'd some capital. Let me go, and I've an idea that it'll be better for all of us."

"My dear Rosamund," said Jervis, "I'll see you at Jericho before I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Jericho?" Rosamund said. "You won't get rid of me as easily as that. You'd better think again—second thoughts are best."

Jervis laughed.

"I'm afraid I might think for ever without your getting any nearer that hundred thousand. And now I think we'll go back to the others."

He turned as he spoke, and set a brisk pace back along the path. Rosamund walked beside him in silence. Just as they came to where the shade ceased, she laughed and said,

"It would have saved a lot of trouble if we had married each other—wouldn't it?"

Jervis stepped out into the sunlight.

"Do you think so?" he said.

She could not see his face.

Chapter 29

"ARE YOU HURT?"

Nan got up to say good-bye at a quarter to three. Her heart was like a hot burning coal. She had had to sit by Robert Leonard, to take her coffee from his hand, and to listen while he talked. Her burning anger lit a bright color in her cheeks and made her eyes brilliant. She felt as if anything she touched would be liable to scorch or go up in a little puff of smoke. It was a dreadful feeling of course, but it made her very sure of herself.

When she got up to go, Leonard looked at his watch and exclaimed.

"I'd no idea it was so late! I ought to be attending to my incubators at this very moment. Give me a lift as far as my gate, will you, Jervis? My car's dead till I can get someone out from Cryston."

Impossible to refuse of course. Nan wondered whether Jervis would have liked to refuse.

He said, "All right," with an air of complete indifference.

At any rate she wouldn't have to sit next to the man. F. F. would have that pleasure. F. F. wouldn't mind, of course. It was only she who felt like an exploding bomb when Robert Leonard was anywhere about. She got in beside Jervis and heard the other two settling themselves behind her. F. F. full of amiable chatter.

"Did you have a car in South America? I forget where you were. Were you ever in Mexico? Shocking roads, but not as bad as San Pedro. The Madalena roads are pretty hard to beat. I had an old flivver there. She was a wonder. She jumped the holes like a rabbit."

They moved off, slid down the drive, and coasted as far as Mr. Leonard's gate. He got out and made his farewells.

"You must come and see my place some day, Mrs. Jervis. Thanks for the lift, Jervis. Good-bye, Mr. Francis."

"Au revoir," said Ferdinand.

The afternoon was very hot. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Robert Leonard found it necessary to pass a handkerchief across his forehead. Ferdinand, looking back, admitted this, but could not understand why Leonard should have quite so shaky a hand.

Jervis wasn't thinking about Robert Leonard. He looked once at Nan, and was aware of distinct relief. She had not golden hair, sea-blue eyes, regular features, or a statuesque figure. He was feeling a strong distaste for all these things.

Nan's firm round chin, her brown hair, her steady grey eyes, and the rather childish contour of her face were as complete a contrast as could be found to the charms of his cousin Rosamund. His gaze dwelt upon his wife with approval.

They began to descend the hill, and before they came to the steepest part he put the car into low gear. For a couple of hundred yards the gradient was about one in seven, and the surface bad. They had on their right a high bank out of which the road had been cut, and on the left a narrow strip of rough grass with an occasional scrawny bush, and beyond that a low parapet of loose stones which defended a sheer drop to the sea below.

Jervis had scarcely shifted down, when amongst his other thoughts there slid into his mind a conviction that there was something wrong with the car. The conviction became a certainty and took entire possession of him. The steering was bad; the wheel wobbled, and there was a drag to the left.

A drag to the left was a drag to the cliff. The wheel kicked in his hands. He wrenched it over and jammed on the brakes, and as he did so a number of things happened all at once. The left front wheel came off and went bounding down the hill, its scarlet and black catching the sun. The front axle came down with a heavy bump on the left.

The car swung round, slid, tilted, and fell over with a crash. Robert Leonard heard the sound of it as he walked up the path from the gate to his house. He stood still. Then he walked on again.

Of the three people in the car, two were taken entirely by surprise. Ferdinand had a moment of wondering why the road should be so much rougher going down than it had been coming up. Then he saw the black and scarlet wheel go bowling down the road like a child's hoop gone crazy. And then the car turned over and threw him clear.

Nan did not see the wheel or notice the jolting. She was looking over the steep edge of the cliff. She had never seen anything so blue in all her life. The tide was high, and the water came up to the foot of the cliff.

The first thing she knew of the accident was a violent jolt, and then the side of the car dropping away from her on her left. She gave a little cry and put out both her hands. Something struck her right shoulder. Then the car turned right over with a sound of smashing glass, and she was on her hands and knees on the rough grass with the leather seat pressing down upon her back.

Ferdinand picked himself up out of the dust of the road. He felt rather dazed. He wasn't sure whether he had been thrown clear or whether he had jumped, but he was in the middle of the road with the knees of his trousers torn and the car across the road, very neatly upside down, her bonnet hitched up on the stone parapet.

He couldn't see Jervis, and he couldn't see Nan. He felt grateful for the parapet, because if it hadn't been there, the car wouldn't have been there either, but at the bottom of the cliff like a smashed egg. He came out of his daze with a jerk and ran forward just as Nan crawled out from under the front seat. She pulled herself up by the wall and said,

"Where's Jervis?"

Ferdinand ran round to the other side of the car.

She said, "Where's Jervis?" again. again.

She couldn't run, because her legs didn't feel as if they belonged to her. She crawled round the car, holding on to it. It looked so odd upside down. The sides were smooth; her fingers slipped on the paint. She got round to the other side and saw Ferdinand dragging Jervis clear.

Jervis did not move or help himself at all. Then she saw his face. And when she saw his face, she forgot all about her legs not belonging to her, and she let go of the car and ran to him.

There was a most dreadful moment. Was he dead?

Everything stood still, her thoughts wouldn't move. She couldn't draw her breath, and a blackness like the shuddering darkness of a nightmare made a wall around her. It was like being buried alive; her mind switched crazily back to that incredible stage hypnotist she once had seen—to him and his bedraggled subject whom he "buried alive" in a dirty white robe.

She didn't know how long it lasted. At last Ferdinand's voice came through the blackness. He shook her arm.

"Nan! Nan!"

Ferdinand turned back to Jervis. He had dragged his inert body to the roadside, and now was bent over him, his hand to Jervis' heart.

"Is he—dead?" asked Nan in a curiously small voice.

Ferdinand did not answer; he signalled her to come, and when she had sat down with the wall at her back he lay Jervis' head in her lap and quickly scaled down the cliff to the sea. He came back with his hat full of cold salt water. Nan wet Ferdinand's handkerchief, and bathed his face. There was a smear of blood mixed with dust.

"Oh, Jervis!" she cried.

His eyelids fluttered. He sighed, and was still.

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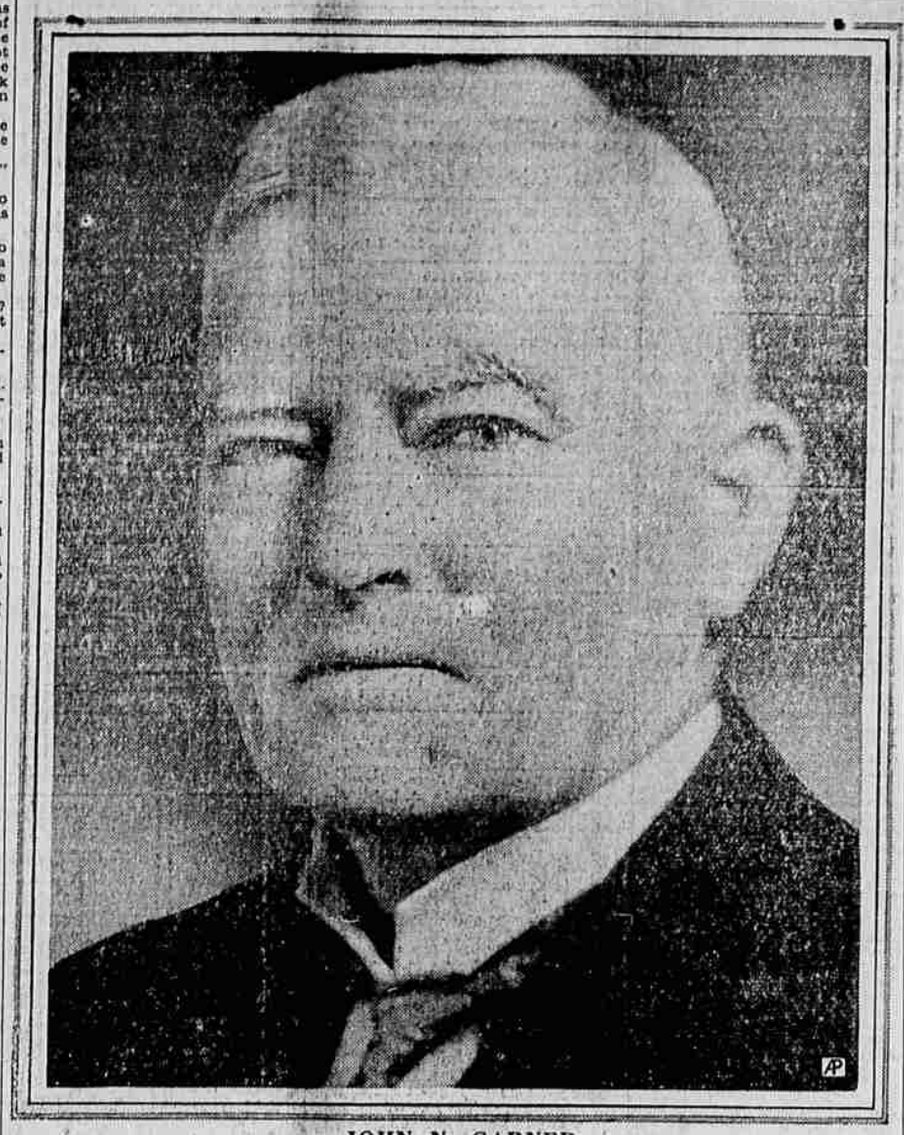
(To Be Continued)

The Vice-President-Elect, John N. Garner



JOHN N. GARNER

Old Clock Saved

The famous ancient Dutch clock which once graced the town hall of Musselburgh, Scotland, has been rescued from an adjoining yard where it has been resting unseen for several years, and placed under a glass case inside the building. The timepiece was presented to Musselburgh by Dutch traders hundreds of years ago, and was dismantled in 1914.

French Expert Heads League

Josef A. M. C. Avenol, above, has been named secretary-general of the League of Nations to succeed Sir Eric Drummond of Great Britain. Avenol, representative of France at Geneva since 1923, is an authority on international finance.

Something to Think About

Shed's not only a thinker, as this Rodin-esque pose proves, but she's also the most distinguished and prettiest co-ed at the University of Illinois. Her name is Blanche Waddell, her home Chicago. The university publication gave her the titles.

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

THE SUCKING-FISH, or Remora, is the hitch-hiker of the marine world. When a large shark or turtle comes near, the Remora attaches itself by means of the suction disc, and is carried along. It is not only afforded the protection of its large hosts, but also profits by the kills made by them. Old mariners believed the Remora capable of retarding the progress of vessels.

SPORTS SQUIBS

Jake Williams, now with the Chicago Cardinals pro football team, was captain and star tackle at Texas Christian university.

A candidate for "biggest prep footballer" is Roy Hoke, 268-pound tackle on the Mohall, N. D., high school eleven. He required made-to-order togs.

The smallest man on the 1932 Notre Dame football squad is Laurie Vejar, who weighs 150 pounds and stands five feet, six inches.

Roy McArthur, of Georgia Tech, punted 22 times in the rain and mud against Auburn for an average of 37 yards a try.

Prior to this year's encounter Auburn and Tulane had played 12 football games, Tulane winning six and Auburn four and two ending in ties.

George Potter, junior and regular Northwestern quarterback, may not be able to play football because his scholarship may require him to take his year of foreign study then.

Programs at University of Iowa home games features stories of former games with the day's opponent, written by captains of the teams of former years.

Ken Rhudy, University of Washington miler, is Track Coach Hec Edmundson's new assistant at indoor workouts.

A hole-in-one made in a drizzling rain was the second one achieved by Orval W. Adams, on the country club golf course at Salt Lake City.

Southern California's 10 to 0 defeat of Stanford in 1928 was accomplished without making a first down by rushing and with but four first downs from passes.

Bob McQuage, North Carolina state quarterback, kicked a 28-yard field goal and two extra points in the game against Florida.

Jimmy Hitchcock and Ripper Williams, Auburn football players, were All-Dixie league baseball stars last season.

Gump Ariail, Auburn end, sent the ball through the uprights the first time he tried to place-kick for the extra point.

Atlanta wrestling fans enjoyed a free show when an old state law requiring the promoter to pay $200 tax per show in addition to city and federal taxes was unearthed.

The Columbus Red Birds of the American association set a new baseball attendance record for the league this season.

A questionnaire submitted to members of the Notre Dame football squad showed that most of them get their greatest thrill from their first scrimmage as freshmen against the varsity.

Vinson Sahlin, brilliant University of Chicago quarterback, won recognition during his high school days in Chicago as one of the best young speed ice skaters in the midwest.

Purdue, in getting 20 first downs against Northwestern, piled up a larger figure than any opponent in Dick Hanley's seven years as coach of the Purple, yet failed to win the game, which ended 7-7.

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