

A complete line of

Groceries

Fresh Vegetables every week

Agents for the popular
Tip Top Bread

Garden Seeds Brooms

We Also Carry A line of

Overalls, Jumpers, Sox, Ladies Hose,
Mens Underwear, Shirts, Mens and
Ladies Handkerchiefs, Suspenders,
Thread, Gloves, Pins and needles,
Muslins, Gingham and Calicoes.

We pay CASH for Eggs

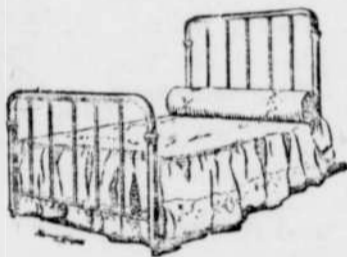
"The Quality Grocers"

Waterbury & Chapman
Estacada, Oregon

Beds

from
\$2.90
to
\$9.50

Full line
mattresses
and springs.



New Stock of Heywood BABY BUGGIES
and GO CARTS, run on tires, with auto
tops at from \$6.00 to \$11.00.



Baby Cribs
with springs
and
mattress
\$10.

Estacada Furniture Co.

Green Tracing Stamps

Undertakers

\$2. a day.

\$10. a week

The Hotel Estacada

Modern Conveniences

One of the most delightful
Resorts on the Coast

Local and Tourist Trade Solicited

Reduce the High Cost
Of Living

Preserve Your

EGGS IN WATER-GLASS

Estacada Pharmacy



PROLOGUE.

Was Jennie Brice murdered?
If she were murdered, who was
guilty of the foul deed?
If she were not done away
with by an assassin, what became
of her?

Whence did she disappear?
These and a few other interest-
ing questions are raised at
once in this very clever tale of
mystery written by a woman
who is not only an adept at
writing fiction of this charac-
ter, but the possessor of a style
that chains the interest by its
clearness and directness and
wins by its rich humor.

CHAPTER I.

WE have just had another flood,
bad enough, but only a foot
or two of water on the first
floor. Yesterday we got the
mud shoveled out of the cellar and
found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Lad-
ley left when he "went away." The
flood, and the fact that it was Mr.
Ladley's dog whose body was found
half buried in the basement fruit
closet, brought back to me the strange
events of the other flood five years
ago, when the water reached more
than half way to the second story,
and brought with it, to some, mystery
and sudden death, and to me the worst
case of "shingles" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narra-
tive. It is not really Pitman, but that
does well enough. I belong to an old
Pittsburgh family. I was born on
Penn avenue, when that was the best
part of town, and I lived, until I was
fifteen, very close to what is now the
Pittsburgh club. It was a dwelling
then; I have forgotten who lived there
at that time.

I was a girl in '77, during the rail-
road riots, and I recall our driving
in the family carriage over to one
of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the
yards burning, and a great noise of
shooting from across the river. It
was the next year that I ran away
from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and
I have not known my family since.
We were never reconciled, although I
came back to Pittsburgh after twenty
years of wandering. Mr. Pitman was
dead; the old city called me, and I
came.

I had a hundred dollars or so, and
I took a house in lower Allegheny,
where, because they are partly inun-
dated every spring, the rents are cheap,
and I kept boarders. My house was
always orderly and clean, and although
the neighborhood had a bad name, a
good many theatrical people stopped
with me. Five minutes across the
bridge and they were in the theater
district. Allegheny at that time, I be-
lieve, was still an independent city.
But since then it has allied itself with

THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Pittsburgh; it is now the north side of
the city.

I was glad to get back. I worked
hard, but I made my rent and my liv-
ing and a little over. Now and then
on summer evenings I went to one of
the parks and, sitting on a bench,
watched the children playing around
and looked at my sister's house, closed
for the summer. It is a very large
house. Her butler once had his wife
boarding with me—a very nice little
woman.

It is curious to recall that at that
time, five years ago, I had never seen
my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to
think that only the day before yester-
day she came in her automobile as far
as she dared and then sat there, wav-
ing to me, while the police patrol
brought across in a skiff a basket of
provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have
thought had she known that the elder-
ly woman in a calico wrapper, with
an old overcoat over it and a pair of
rubber boots, was her full aunt.

The flood and the sight of Lida both
brought back the case of Jennie Brice,
for even then Lida and Mr. Howell
were interested in each other.

This is April. The flood of 1907 was
earlier, in March. It had been a long
hard winter, with ice gorges in all the
upper valley. Then in early March
there came a thaw. The gorges broke
up and began to come down, filling the
rivers with crushing, grinding ice.

There are three rivers at Pittsburgh,
the Allegheny and the Monongahela
uniting there at the point to form the
Ohio. And all three were covered with
broken ice, logs and all sorts of debris
from the upper valleys.

A warning was sent out from the
weather bureau, and I got my carpets
ready to lift that morning. That was
on the 4th of March, a Sunday. Mr.
Ladley and his wife, Jennie Brice, had
the parlor bedroom and the room be-
hind it. Mrs. Ladley, or Miss Brice, as
she preferred to be known, had a small
part at a local theater that kept a per-
manent company. Her husband was
in that business, too, but he had noth-
ing to do. It was the wife who paid
the bills, and a lot of quarrelling they
did about it.

I knocked at the door at 10 o'clock,
and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a
short man, rather stout and getting
bald, and he always had a cigarette.
Even yet the parlor carpet smells of
them.

"What do you want?" he asked
sharply, holding the door open about
an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast,
Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the
swinging shelf in the cellar now. I'd
like to take up the carpet and move the
piano."

"Come back in an hour or so," he
snapped and tried to close the door.
But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the piano moved,
Mr. Ladley," I said. "You'd better put
off what you are doing."

I thought he was probably writing.
He spent most of the day writing.



"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

using the washstand as a desk, and it
kept me busy with oxalic acid taking
ink spots out of the splasher and the
towels. He was writing a play and
talked a lot about the Shuberts having
promised to star him in it when it was
finished.

"H—!" he said, and, turning, spoke
to somebody in the room.

"We can go into the back room," I
heard him say, and he closed the door.
When he opened it again the room was
empty. I called in Terry, the Irish-
man who does odd jobs for me now
and then, and we both got to work at
the tacks in the carpet. Terry working
by the window and I by the door into
the back parlor, which the Ladleys
used as a bedroom.

That was how I happened to hear
what I afterward told the police.

Some one—a man, but not Mr. Lad-
ley—was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke
in: "I won't do it!" she said flatly.
"Why should I help him? He doesn't
help me. He loaf's here all day, smok-
ing and sleeping, and sits up all night,
drinking and keeping me awake."

The voice went on again, as if in re-
ply to this, and I heard a rattle of
glasses, as if they were pouring
drinks. They always had whisky, even
when they were behind with their
board.

"That's all very well," Mrs. Ladley
said. I could always hear her, she
having a theatrical sort of voice—one
that carries. "But what about the
prying she devil that runs the house?"
"Hush, for God's sake!" broke in Mr.
Ladley, and after that they spoke in
whispers. Even with my ear against
the panel I could not catch a word.

The men came just then to move the
piano, and by the time we had taken
it and the furniture upstairs the water
was over the kitchen floor and creep-
ing forward into the hall. I had never
seen the river come up so fast. By
noon the yard was full of floating ice,
and at 3 that afternoon the police
skiff was on the front streets, and I
was wading around in rubber boots,
taking the pictures off the walls.

I was too busy to see who the Lad-
leys' visitor was and he had gone when
I remembered him again. The Ladleys
took the second story front, which
was empty, and Mr. Reynolds, who
was in the silk department in a store
across the river, had the room just
behind.

I put up a coal stove in a back room
next the bathroom and managed to
cook the dinner there. I was washing
up the dishes when Mr. Reynolds
came in. As it was Sunday he was in
his slippers and had the colored sup-
plement of a morning paper in his
hand.

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