

The Case of Jennie Brice

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"He'd be a fool to try to run away, unless—Graves, you'd better get hold of the fellow, and keep him until either the woman is found or the body. The river is falling. In a couple of days we will know if she is around the premises anywhere."

Before I left I described Jennie Brice for them carefully. Asked what she probably wore, if she had gone away as her husband said. I had no idea; she had a lot of clothes, and dressed a good bit. But I recalled that I had seen lying on the bed the black and white dress with the red collar, and they took that down, as well as the brown valise.

The chief rose and opened the door for me himself. "If she actually left town at the time you mention," he said, "she ought not to be hard to find. There are not many trains before 7 in the morning, and most of them are locals."

"And—and if she did not, if he—do you think she is in the house—or—the cellar?"

"Not unless Ladley is more of a fool than I think he is," he said, smiling. "Personally I believe she has gone away, as he says she did. But if she hasn't— He probably took the body with him when he said he was getting medicine and dropped it in the current somewhere. But we must go slow with all this. There's no use shouting 'wolf yet.'"

"But—the towel?"

"He may have cut himself shaving. It has been done."

"And the knife?"

He shrugged his shoulders good naturedly.

"I've seen a perfectly good knife spoiled opening a bottle of pickles."

"But the slipper? And the clock?"

"My good woman, enough shoes and slippers are forgotten in the bottoms of cupboards year after year in food time and are found floating around the streets to make all the old clothes men in town happy. I have seen almost everything floating about during one of these annual floods."

"I dare say you never saw an onyx clock floating around," I replied a little sharply. I had no sense of humor that day. He stopped smiling at once and stood tugging at his mustache.

"No," he admitted. "An onyx clock sinks, that's true. That's a very nice little point, that onyx clock. He may be trying to sell it or perhaps— He did not finish."

I went back immediately, only stopping at the market to get meat for Mr. Reynolds' supper. It was after half past 5, and dusk was coming on. I got a boat and was rowed directly home. Peter was not at the foot of the steps. I paid the boatman and let him go and turned to go up the stairs. Some one was speaking in the hall above.

I have read somewhere that no two voices are exactly alike, just as no two violins ever produce the same sound. I think it is what they call the timbre that is different. I have, for instance, never heard a voice like Mr. Pitman's, although Mr. Harry Lauder's in a phonograph resembles it. And voices have always done for me what odors do for some people, revived forgotten scenes and old memories. But the memory that the voice at the head of the stairs brought back was not very old, although I had forgotten it. I seemed to hear again all at once the lapping of the water Sunday morning as it began to come in over the doorsill; the sound of Terry ripping up the parlor carpet and Mrs. Ladley calling me a she devil in the next room, in reply to this very voice.

But when I got to the top of the stairs it was only Mr. Howell, who had brought his visitor to the flood district, and on getting her splashed with the muddy water had taken her to my house for a towel and a cake of soap.

I lighted the lamp in the hall and

Mr. Howell introduced the girl. She was a pretty girl, slim and young, and she had taken her wetting good naturedly.

"I know we are intruders, Mrs. Pitman," she said, holding out her hand. "Especially now, when you are in trouble."

"I have told Miss Harvey a little," Mr. Howell said, "and I promised to show her Peter, but he is not here."

I think I had known it was my sister's child from the moment I lighted the lamp. There was something of Alma in her, not Alma's hardness or haughtiness, but Alma's dark blue eyes with black lashes, and Alma's nose. Alma was always the beauty of the family. What with the day's excitement and seeing Alma's child like this in my house, I felt things going round and clutched at the stair rail. Mr. Howell caught me.

"Why, Mrs. Pitman?" he said. "What's the matter?"

I got myself in hand in a moment and smiled at the girl.

"Nothing at all," I said. "Indigestion, most likely. Too much tea the last day or two and not enough solid food. I've been too anxious to eat."

Lida—for she was that to me at once, although I had never seen her before—Lida was all sympathy and sweetness. She actually asked me to go with her to a restaurant and have a real dinner. I could imagine Alma, had she known! But I excused myself.

"I have to cook something for Mr. Reynolds," I said, "and I'm better now, anyhow, thank you. Mr. Howell, may I speak to you for a moment?"

He followed me along the back hall, which was dark.

"I have remembered something that I had forgotten, Mr. Howell," I said. "On Sunday morning the Ladleys had a visitor."

"Yes?"

"They had very few visitors."

"I see."

"I did not see him, but I heard his voice." Mr. Howell did not move, but I fancied he drew his breath in quickly. "It sounded—it was not by any chance you?"

"I? A newspaper man, who goes to bed at 3 a. m. on Sunday morning, up and about at 10?"

"I didn't say what time it was," I said sharply.

To be continued.

New Councilman

P. M. Wagner of Estacada has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the city council, caused by the resignation of R. G. Marchbank.

ESTACADA A CLEAN CITY EVERYONE WORKED AND ATE

The 1915 Clean Up Day, held Wednesday was the best affair of its kind ever held.

Beginning at an early hour, almost every man in the city began the work of thoroughly cleaning the streets, alleys and private property.

Much of the success of this Clean Up Day was due to the extra fine weather that prevailed, with just enough breeze to make working comfortable and moist enough to lay the dust.

At least two carloads of tin cans and unburnable rubbish were removed and dumped into the gully on Wade St. which will be covered with earth. Fully as large an amount of boards, planks, poles, outbuildings and old walks were burned.

At noon, a bountiful chicken dinner was served by the C. I. C. and seventy hungry workers assisted in making that repast look like a famine sufferer's pantry. The thanks of the men of Estacada are herewith expressed to the ladies for this treat.

The streets were scraped, raked and brushed, with new planks replacing old ones. A cigarette butt carelessly thrown on a pavement now, would stand out like a light-house on a dark night. Woe unto the person who dares drop any refuse on Estacada's streets.

Such a united undertaking is a credit to the city and a temporary monument to the civic pride.

Ames Traps Wolf

A. G. Ames, while on a recent trip along the upper Clackamas with B. S. Patton, trapped a seven foot black wolf. While the animal was not as large as some that have been seen in that vicinity, it was a formidable beast. Owing to the wolf having dragged the trap into the river, it was drowned and the hide was somewhat damaged by water. Besides the \$25. bounty, the hide will net Ames \$10. or \$15. more.

Pick Out

The four best dressed men in Estacada. It is a safe bet, that at least two of them are wearing tailored suits, made by the

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