

## The Case of Jennie Brice

Continued from page 3

"As a suspicious character," he replied grimly. "That does as well as anything for a time." He sat down opposite me and looked at me intently. "Mrs. Pitman," he said, "did you ever hear the story of the horse that wandered out of a village and could not be found?"

I shook my head. "Well, the best wit of the village failed to locate the horse. But one day the village idiot walked into town leading the missing animal by the bridle. When they asked him how he had done it, he said, 'Well, I just thought what I'd do if I was a horse and then I went and did it.'"

"I see," I said, humoring him. "You don't see. Now, what are we trying to do?"

"We're trying to find a body. Do you intend to become a corpse?"

He leaned over and tapped on the table between us. "We are trying to prove a crime. I intend for the time to be a criminal."

He looked so curious, bent forward and glaring at me from under his bushy eyebrows, with his shoes on his knee—for he had taken them off to wade to the stairs—and his trousers rolled to his knees, that I wondered if he was entirely sane. But Mr. Holcombe, eccentric as he might be, was sane enough.

"Not really a criminal!" "As really as lies in me. Listen, Mrs. Pitman. I want to put myself in Ladley's place for a day or two, live as he lived, if I can. I am going to sleep in his room tonight, with your permission."

I could not see any reason for objecting, although I thought it silly and useless. I led the way to the front door, Mr. Holcombe following with his shoes and suit case. I lighted a lamp and he stood looking around him.

"I see you have been here since we left this afternoon," he said. "Twice," I replied. "First with Mr. Graves, and later—"

The words died on my tongue. Some one had been in the room since my last visit there.

"He has been here!" I gasped. "I left the room in tolerable order. Look at it!"

"When were you here last?"

"At 7:30, or thereabouts."

"Where were you between 7:30 and 8:30?"

"In the kitchen with Peter." I told him then about the dog and about finding him shut in the room.

The washstand was pulled out. The sheets of Mr. Ladley's manuscript, usually an orderly pile, were half on the floor. The bed coverings had been jerked off and flung over the back of a chair.

Peter imprisoned might have moved the washstand and upset the manuscript. Peter had never put the bed-clothing over the chair or broken his own leg.

"Humph!" he said. And, getting out his notebook, he made an exact memorandum of what I had told him and of the condition of the room. That done, he turned to me.

"Mrs. Pitman," he said, "I'll thank you to call me Mr. Ladley for the next day or so. I am an actor out of employment, forty-one years of age, short, stout and bald, married to a woman I would like to be quit of, and I am writing myself a play in which the Shuberts intend to star me or in which I intend the Shuberts to star me."

"Very well, Mr. Ladley," I said, trying to enter into the spirit of the thing and, God knows, seeing no humor in it. "Then you'll like your soda from the icebox?"

"Soda? For what?" "For your whisky and soda before you go to bed, sir."

"Oh, certainly, yes. Bring the soda. And—just a moment, Mrs. Pitman. Mr. Holcombe is a total abstainer and has always been so. It is Ladley, not

Holcombe, who takes this abominable stuff."

I said I quite understood, but that Mr. Ladley could skip a night if he so wished. But the little gentleman would not hear to it, and when I brought the soda poured himself a double portion. He stood looking at it, with his face screwed up, as if the very odor revolted him.

"The chances are," he said, "that Ladley—that I—having a nasty piece of work to do during the night, would—will take a larger drink than usual." He raised the glass, only to put it down. "Don't forget," he said, "to put a large knife where you left the one last night. I'm sorry the water has gone down, but I shall imagine it still at the seventh step. Good night, Mrs. Pitman."

"Good night, Mr. Ladley," I said, smiling, "and remember, you are three weeks in arrears with your board."

His eyes twinkled through his spectacles. "I shall imagine it paid," he said.

To be continued.

## Sunday School Entertainment

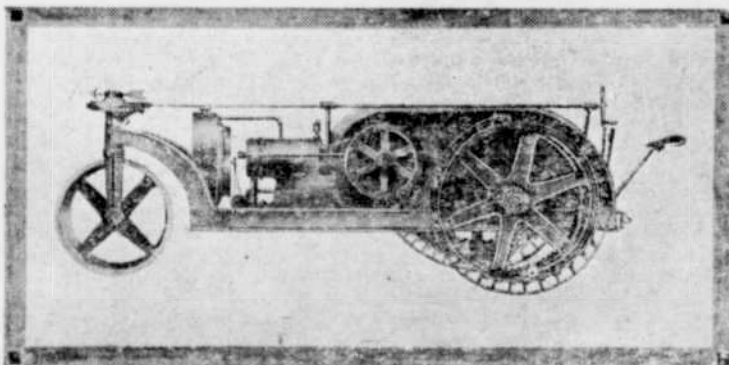
Next Friday night, April 23rd, at 7:30 o'clock, the M. E. Sunday School will give an entertainment and social at the school house. A short program, light refreshments and games in the playshed will complete the evening. Admission 10 cents and everyone is invited.

## T. H. Dodge Cleared

Word was received this morning from the county seat that T. H. Dodge was acquitted of the charge against him.

Leroy D. Walker, F. F. and L. A. Brandes of Portland, visited Estacada last Wednesday to attend the directors' meeting of the Estacada State Bank.

## Samson Sieve-grip Tractor



Does the work of four animals -  
- Costs no more than three.

We will be glad to show it to you

Come out and see it at work

ON THE STATE FARM

W. R. Reid & Sons, Local Distributor.

## Eagle Creek Grange

The regular meeting of Eagle Creek Grange held last Saturday, brought out about 50 members, who greatly enjoyed an instructive talk by Mr. McPherson of the O. A. C. It is hoped that the services of Mr. McPherson can be obtained again to favor the grange with his address on Rural Credits.

The date of the grange picnic has been changed from May 15th to May 22nd. Everyone is invited to come and bring their dinners. The "long table" will be dispensed with this year, but the club will furnish free coffee. State Master Spehce is expected to be present at the picnic and to outline the past, present and future work of the association.

Among the visitors at Saturday's meeting were Master Dallas and wife of the Damascus Grange.

## Tractor Arrives

Among Estacada's interesting sights this week, was the advent of the new Samson Sieve Grip Tractor, which arrived from the factory last Tuesday.

It is the property of W. R. Reid and sons of Garfield and is being used in the general orchard and farm work.

The tractor is a handsome self-contained machine, weighing about a ton and one-half, generating a 4 or 5 h.p. pull. Under the chauffeurship of Harry Reid, it made a quick trip to its Garfield destination.

Parties desiring to witness a demonstration, may do so by calling at the "Bannockburn" ranch.

## Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindnesses shown to us, during the recent illness and death of our husband and father.

Signed - Martha Bidwell Tracy and children.

## College Boys

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Good Dressing and Tailored Suits

Ask your Estacada College Boys

who made their suits?

We know that most of them are wearing

Portland Tailoring Co's. Suits

Men's High Grade Tailoring

322 Morrison St., Near 6th  
PORTLAND HOTEL BLOCK

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Suits to Order

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## Ladies

Long handled Umbrellas

With Wrist-cord

Send



Portland, - Oregon.

We Pay the Postage

## Jewelry Stock In Estacada

If you are in the market for a watch, clock, silverware or any jewelry, call and see

F. E. Beckwith, the Jeweler

At Marchbank's every Wednesday and on every alternate week, Wednesday and Thursday

Give him your order for repairing or jewelry and save time and money.