

Groceries

A full line of seasonable goods
always on hand

Monopole Peanut Butter in bulk

Nice and fresh at 15c per pound

Highest Cash price paid for fresh Eggs

Dry Goods

See our new line of Dry Goods,
Shoes and Notions

A new shipment this week of ladies
and misses Low Shoes and
Mary Jane Slippers

If we haven't what you want
let us order it for you

We need your trade, you need our goods

"The Quality Grocers"

Waterbury & Chapman

Estacada, Oregon

Wall Papers

Ceiling papers per roll, 10c and up

Bedroom papers " 20c "

Living room papers " 20c "

Kitchen papers " 20c "

Specials Enameled Kitchen or
Bath room papers 50c per roll

Few Remnants and Odd rolls 5c "

Oatmeal papers, all colors
30 inch rolls 75c "

All Kinds of Rugs and Matting

Estacada Furniture Co.

UNDERTAKERS

\$2. a day. \$10. a week

Hotel Estacada

Modern Conveniences

One of the most delightful Resorts
on the Coast

Local and Tourist Trade Solicited

This Week

Colgates Talcum Powder

and

Japanese Cup and Saucer

For only 25c

Estacada Pharmacy

The Case of Jennie Brice

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

Continued from last issue

I went out, and I heard him close the door behind me. Then, through the door, I heard a great sputtering and coughing, and I knew he had got the whisky down somehow. I put the knife out, as he had asked me to, and went to bed. I was ready to drop. Not even the knowledge that an imaginary Mr. Ladley was about to commit an imaginary crime in the house that night could keep me awake.

Mr. Reynolds came in at 11 o'clock. I was roused when he banged his door. That was all I knew until morning. The sun on my face awakened me. Peter, in his basket, lifted his head as I moved and thumped his tail against his pillow in greeting. I put on a wrapper and called Mr. Reynolds by knocking at his door. Then I went on to the front room. The door was closed, and some one beyond was groaning. My heart stood still, and then raced on. I opened the door and looked in.

Mr. Holcombe was on the bed, fully dressed. He had a wet towel tied around his head, and his face looked swollen and puffy. He opened one eye and looked at me.

"What a night!" he groaned.

"What happened? What did you find?"

He groaned again. "Find?" he said. "Nothing, except that there was something wrong with that whisky. It poisoned me. I haven't been out of the house."

So for that day at least Mr. Ladley became Mr. Holcombe again, and as such accepted me in quantities, a mustard plaster over his stomach and considerable nursing. By evening he was better, but although he clearly intended to stay on, he said nothing about changing his identity again, and I was glad enough. The very name of Ladley was horrible to me.

The river went down almost entirely that day, although there was considerable water in the cellars. It takes time to get rid of that. The lower floors showed nothing suspicious. The papers were ruined, of course, the doors warped and sprung and the floors coated with mud and debris. Terry came in the afternoon, and together we hung the dining room rug out to dry in the sun.

As I was coming in I looked over at the Maguire yard. Molly Maguire was there and all her children around her, gazing. Molly was hanging out to dry a sodden fur coat that had once been striped brown and gray.

I went over after breakfast and claimed the coat as belonging to Mrs. Ladley. But she refused to give it up. There is a sort of unwritten law regarding the salvage of flood articles, and I had to leave the coat, as I had my kitchen chair. But it was Mrs. Ladley's beyond a doubt.

I shuddered when I thought how it had probably got into the water. And yet it was curious, too, for if she had had it on, how did it get loose to go floating around Molly Maguire's yard? And if she had not worn it, how did it get in the water?

CHAPTER VI.

THE newspapers were full of the Ladley case, with its curious solution and many surprises. It was considered

unique in many ways. Mr. Pitman had always read all the murder trials and used to talk about the corpus delicti and writs of habeas corpus, corpus being the legal way, I believe, of spelling corpse. But I came out of the Ladley trial—for it came to trial ultimately—with only one point of law that I was sure of. That was that it is mighty hard to prove a man a murderer unless you can show what he killed.

And that was the weakness in the Ladley case. There was a body, but it could not be identified.

The police held Mr. Ladley for a day or two, and then, nothing appearing, they let him go. Mr. Holcombe, who was still occupying the second floor front, almost wept with rage and despair when he read the news in the papers. He was still working on the case in his curious way, wandering along the wharfs at night and writing letters all over the country to learn about Philip Ladley's previous life and his wife's. But he did not seem to get anywhere.

The newspapers had been full of the Jennie Brice disappearance, for disappearance it proved to be. So far as could be learned she had not left the city that night or since, and as she was a striking looking woman, very blond as I have said, with a full voice and a languid manner, she could hardly have taken refuge anywhere without being discovered. The morning after her disappearance a young woman, tall, like Jennie Brice, and fair had been seen in the Union station. But as she was accompanied by a young man, who bought her magazines and papers and bade her an excited farewell, sending his love to various members of a family and promising to feed the canary, this was not seriously considered. A sort of general alarm went over the country. When she was younger she had been pretty well known at the Broadway theaters in New York. One way or another, the Liberty theater got a lot of free advertising from the case, and, I believe, Miss Hope's salary was raised.

The police communicated with Jennie Brice's people—she had a sister in Olean, N. Y., but she had not heard from her. The sister wrote—I heard later—that Jennie had been unhappy with Philip Ladley, and afraid he would kill her. And Miss Hope told the same story. But—there was no corpus, as the lawyers say, and finally the police had to free Mr. Ladley.

Beyond making an attempt to get ball, and failing, he had done nothing. Asked about his wife, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said she had left him and would turn up all right. He was unconcerned, smoked cigarettes all day, ate and slept well and looked better since he had had nothing to drink. And two or three days after the arrest he sent for the manuscript of his play.

Mr. Howell came for it on the Thursday of that week.

I was on my knees scrubbing the parlor floor when he rang the bell. I let him in, and it seemed to me that he looked tired and pale.

"Well, Mrs. Pitman," he said, smiling, "what did you find in the cellar when the water went down?"

"I'm glad to say that I didn't find what I feared, Mr. Howell."

"Not even the onyx clock?"

"Not even the clock," I replied. "And I feel as if I'd lost a friend. A clock is a lot of company."

"Do you know what I think?" he said, looking at me closely. "I think you put that clock away yourself in the excitement and have forgotten all about it."

"Nonsense."

"Think hard." He was very much in earnest. "You knew the water was rising and the Ladleys would have to be moved up to the second floor front, where the clock stood. You went in there and looked around to see if the room was ready, and you saw the clock. And knowing that the Ladleys quarreled now and then and were apt to throw things—"

"Nothing but a soap dish, and that only once."

"—you took the clock to the attic and put it, say, in an old trunk."

"I did nothing of the sort. I went in, as you say, and I put up an old



"Look anything like this?" he asked.

splasher, because of the way he throws ink about. Then I wound the clock, put the key under it and went out."

"And the key is gone, too?" he said thoughtfully. "I wish I could find that clock, Mrs. Pitman."

"So do I."

"Ladley went out Sunday afternoon about 3, didn't he—and got back at 5?"

I turned and looked at him. "Yes, Mr. Howell," I said. "Perhaps you know something about that."

"I?" He changed color. Twenty years of dunning boarders has made me pretty sharp at reading faces, and he looked as uncomfortable as if he owed me money. "I?" I knew then that I had been right about the voice. It had been him.

"You?" I retorted. "You were here Sunday morning and spent some time with the Ladleys. I am the old she devil; I notice you didn't tell your friend, Mr. Holcombe, about having been here on Sunday."

He was quick to recover. "I'll tell you all about it, Mrs. Pitman," he said smilingly. "You see, all my life, I have wished for an onyx clock. It has been my ambition, my great desire. Leaving the house that Sunday morning and hearing the ticking of the clock upstairs I recognized it was an onyx clock, chambered from my boat through an upper window and so reached it. The clock showed flight, but after stunning it with a chair—"

"Exactly?" I said. "Then the thing Mrs. Ladley said she would not do was probably to wind the clock?"

He dropped his bantering manner at once. "Mrs. Pitman," he said, "I don't know what you heard or did not hear. But I want you to give me a little time before you tell anybody that I was here that Sunday morning. And in return I'll find your clock."

I hesitated, but however put out he was he didn't look like a criminal. Besides, he was a friend of my niece's, and blood is thicker than flood water.

"There was nothing wrong about my being here," he went on, "but I don't want it known. Don't spoil a good story, Mrs. Pitman."

I did not quite understand that, although those who followed the trial carefully may do so. Poor Mr. Howell! I am sure he believed that it was only a good story. He got the description of my onyx clock and wrote it down, and I gave him the manuscript for Mr. Ladley. That was the last I saw of him for some time.

Continued on page 4