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	2 qt.	20c
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Sugar Bowls with cover		15c
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Celery Dish		10c

(On Show In Our Window)

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"	quarts	95c
"	half-gal.	\$1.25

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Parties having any full or partly  
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should bring them in at once,  
as premiums will be re-  
turned next week.

Estacada Furniture Co.

UNDERTAKERS

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

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Modern Conveniences

One of the most delightful Resorts  
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helps remove corns far more  
effectively than by cutting, and  
without pain or danger. Will  
relieve or money back. 25 cents.

## Estacada Pharmacy

THE REXALL STORE

## The Case of Jennie Brice

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued from last issue

"What else did you find in the room?"

"A blood stained towel behind the washstand; also my onyx clock was missing."

"Where was the clock when the Ladleys were moved up into this room?"

"On the mantel. I wound it just before they came upstairs."

"When you saw Mrs. Ladley on Sunday did she say she was going away?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see any preparation for a journey?"

"The black and white dress was laid out on the bed and a small bag. She said she was taking the dress to the theater to lend to Miss Hope."

"Is that all she said?"

"No. She said she'd been wishing her husband would drown; that he was a fiend."

I could see that my testimony had made an impression.

The slipper, the rope, the towel and the knife and blade were produced in court, and I identified them all. They made a noticeable impression on the jury. Then Mr. Llewellyn, the lawyer for the defense, cross examined me.

"Is it not true, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "that many articles, particularly shoes and slippers, are found floating around during a flood?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Now, you say the dog found this slipper floating in the hall and brought it to you. Are you sure this slipper belonged to Jennie Brice?"

"She wore it. I presume it belonged to her."

"Ahem! Now, Mrs. Pitman, after the Ladleys had been moved to the upper



"Are you sure this slipper belonged to Jennie Brice?"

floor, did you search their bedroom and the connecting room downstairs?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Then how do you know that this slipper was not left on the floor or in a closet?"

"It is possible, but not likely. Anyhow, it was not the slipper alone. It was the other things and the slipper. It was."

"Exactly. Now, Mrs. Pitman, this knife. Can you identify it positively?"

"I can."

"But isn't it true that this is a very common sort of knife? One that nearly every housewife has in her possession?"

"Yes, sir. But that knife handle has three notches in it. I put the notches there myself."

"Before this presumed crime?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"My neighbors were constantly borrowing things. It was a means of identification."

"Then this knife is yours?"

"Yes."

"Tell again where you left it the night before it was found floating downstairs."

"On a shelf over the stove."

"Could the dog have reached it there?"

"Not without standing on a hot stove."

"Is it not possible that Mr. Ladley, unable to untie the boat, borrowed your knife to cut the boat's painter?"

"No painter was cut that I heard about. The paper hanger—"

"No, no. The boat's painter—the rope."

"Oh! Well, he might have. He never said."

"Now, then, this towel, Mrs. Pitman. Did not the prisoner on the following day tell you that he had cut his wrist in freeing the boat and ask you for some court plaster?"

"He did not," I said firmly.

"You have not seen a scar on his wrist?"

"No." I glanced at Mr. Ladley. He was smiling as if amused. It made me angry. "And what's more," I flashed, "if he has a cut on his wrist, he put it there himself to account for the towel."

I was sorry the next moment that I had said it, but it was too late. The counsel for the defense moved to exclude the answer, and I received a caution that I deserved. Then:

"You saw Mr. Ladley when he brought your boat back?"

"Yes."

"What time was that?"

"A quarter after 4 Monday morning."

"Did he come in quietly, like a man trying to avoid attention?"

"Not particularly. It would have been of no use. The dog was barking."

"What did he say?"

"That he had been out for medicine. That his wife was sick."

"Do you know a pharmacist named Alexander—Jonathan Alexander?"

"There is such a one, but I don't know him."

I was excused, and Mr. Reynolds was called. He had heard no quarreling that Sunday night, had even heard Mrs. Ladley laughing. This was about 9 o'clock. Yes, they had fought in the afternoon. He had not overheard any words, but their voices were quarrelsome, and once he heard a chair or some article of furniture overturned.

Was awakened about 2 by footsteps on the stairs, followed by the sound of oars in the lower hall. He told his story plainly and simply. Under cross examination admitted that he was fond of detective stories and had tried to write one himself; that he had said at the store that he would like to see that "conceited ass" swing, referring to the prisoner; that he had sent flowers to Jennie Brice at the theater, and had made a few advances to her, without success.

My head was going round. I don't know yet how the police learned it all, but by the time poor Mr. Reynolds left the stand half the people there believed that he had been in love with Jennie Brice, that she had spurned his advances, and that there was more to the story than any of them had suspected.

Miss Hope's story held without any alteration under the cross examination.

She was perfectly at ease, looked handsome and well dressed, and could not be shaken. She told how Jennie Brice had been in fear of her life and had asked her, only the week before she disappeared, to allow her to go home with her—Miss Hope. She told of the attack of hysteria in her dressing room, and that the missing woman had said that her husband would kill her some day. There was much wrangling over her testimony, and I believe at least a part of it was not allowed to go to the jury. But I am not a lawyer, and I repeat what I recall.

"Did she say that he had attacked her?"

"Yes, more than once. She was a large woman, fairly muscular, and had always held her own."

"Did she say that these attacks came when he had been drinking?"

"I believe he was worse then."

"Did she give any reason for her husband's attitude to her?"

"She said he wanted to marry another woman."

There was a small sensation at this. If proved it established a motive.

"Did she know who the other woman was?"

"I believe not. She was away most of the day, and he put in his time as he liked."

"Did Miss Brice ever mention the nature of the threats he made against her?"

"No, I think not."

"Have you examined the body washed ashore at Sewickley?"

"Yes"—in a low voice.

"Is it the body of Jennie Brice?"

"I cannot say."

"Does the remaining hand look like the hand of Jennie Brice?"

"Very much. The nails are filed to points, as she wore hers."

"Did you ever know of Jennie Brice having a scar on her breast?"

"No, but that would be easily concealed."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Many actresses conceal defects. She could have worn flesh colored plaster and covered it with powder. Also, such a scar would not necessarily be seen."

"Explain that."

"Most of Jennie Brice's décolleté gowns were cut to a point. This would conceal such a scar."

Miss Hope was excused, and Jennie Brice's sister from Olean was called. She was a smaller woman than Jennie Brice had been, very ladylike in her manner. She said she was married and living in Olean; she had not seen her sister for several years, but had heard from her often. The witness had discouraged the marriage to the prisoner.

"Why?"

"She had had bad luck before."

"She had been married before?"

"Yes, to a man named John Bellows. They were in vanderbille together on the Keith circuit. They were known as 'The Pair of Pillows.'"

I sat up at this, for John Bellows had boarded at my house.

"Mr. Bellows is dead?"

"I think not. She divorced him."

"Did you know of any scar on your sister's body?"

"I never heard of one."

"Have you seen the body found at Sewickley?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Can you identify it?"

"No, sir."

A flurry was caused during the afternoon by Timothy Seufft. He testified to what I already knew—that between 3 and 4 on Monday morning, during the height of the flood, he had seen from his shanty boat a small skiff caught in the current near the Ninth street bridge. He had shouted encouragingly to the man in the boat, running out a way on the ice to make him hear. He had told him to row with the current and to try to steer in toward shore. He had followed close to the river bank in his own boat. Below Sixth street the other boat was within rope throwing distance. He had pulled it in and had towed it well back out of the current. The man in the boat was the prisoner. Asked if the prisoner

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