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THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

(Continued from 2nd page)

over her clothes and seeing what was missing. I hadn't known all she had, of course, but I had seen her all winter in her fur coat and admired it. It was a striped fur, brown and gray, and very unusual. But with the coat missing and a dress and hat gone, it began to look as if I had been making a fool of myself and stirring up a tempest in a teacup. Miss Hope was as puzzled as I was.

"Anyhow if he didn't kill her," she said, "it isn't because he did not want to. Only last week she had hysterics in my dressing room and said he had threatened to poison her. It was all Mr. Bronson, the business manager, and I could do to quiet her."

She looked at her watch and exclaimed that she was late and would have to hurry. I saw her down to her boat. The river had been falling rapidly for the last hour or two, and I heard the boat scrape as it went over the door sill. I did not know whether to be glad that the water was going

"Peter!" I said. "Poor old Peter!"

down, and I could live like a Christian again or to be sorry for fear of what we might find in the mud that was always left.

Peter was lying where I had put him, on a folded blanket laid in a clothes basket. I went back to him and sat down beside the basket.

"Peter!" I said. "Poor old Peter! Who did this to you? Who hurt you?" He looked at me and whined, as if he wanted to tell me if only he could.

"Was it Mr. Ladley?" I asked. And the poor thing cowered close to his bed and shivered. I wondered if it had been he and if it had why he had come back. Perhaps he had remembered the towel. Perhaps he would come again and spend the night there. I was like Peter. I cowered and shivered at the very thought.

At 9 o'clock I heard a boat at the door. It had stuck there, and its occupant was scolding furiously at the boatman. Soon after I heard splashing, and I knew that whoever it was was wading back to the stairs through the foot and a half or so of water still in the hall. I ran back to my room and locked myself in and then stood armed with the stove lid lifter in case it should be Ladley and he should break the door in.

The steps came up the stairs, and Peter barked furiously. It seemed to me that this was to be my end, killed like a rat in a trap and thrown out the window, to float, like my kitchen chair, into Mollie Maguire's kitchen, or to be found lying in the ooze of the yard after the river had gone down.

The steps hesitated at the top of the stairs and turned back along the hall. Peter redoubled his noise. He never barked for Mr. Reynolds or the Ladleys. I stood still, hardly able to breathe. The door was thin and the lock loose. One good blow, and—

The doorknob turned, and I screamed. I recall that the light turned black and that is all I do remember until I came to a half hour later and saw Mr. Holcombe stooping over me. The door, with the lock broken, was standing open. I tried to move, and then I saw that my feet were propped up on the edge of Peter's basket.

"Better leave them up," Mr. Holcome said. "It sends the blood back to the head. Half the —— fool people in the world stick a pillow under a fainting woman's shoulders. How are you now?"

"All right," I said feebly. "I thought you were Mr. Ladley."

He helped me up, and I sat in a chair and tried to keep my lips from shaking. And then I saw that Mr. Holcombe had brought a suit case with him and had set it inside the door.

"Ladley is safe until he gets bail, anyhow," he said. "They picked him up as he was boarding a Pennsylvania train bound east."

"For murder?" I asked.

"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 bedclothing 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.

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 wakened 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 ice 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, gaping. 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?

(To be continued next week)

CURRY COUNTY CULLINGS

(From the Port Orford Tribune)

A couple of autos came down from Bandon yesterday, the first to come into Port Orford for the past six weeks.

Mrs. Mary Strahan, one of the pioneer women of Curry county, died at her home in Wedderburn last Friday night, May 1, 1914 She suffered a stroke of apoplexy in the evening and passed away before morning without gaining consciousness.

Capt. Anderson of the Randolph sadly shook his head when tendered congratulations in Port Orford last week over the reported advent of a son. Two John Anderson's got mixed, and it was the other fellow. The Capt. and his wife have been married over twenty years and are still alone.

We are glad to be able to announce that ex-County Judge E. A. Bailey, who at present is living at Portland, is much improved in health. Mr. Bailey's health has not been good for the past year, and his friends will be pleased to learn that he is now much improved and promises to soon be as well as ever.

There will be many vacancies on the primary ballot in Curry county this year, Sheriff is the only county office that the Democrats have named a candidate for, while there will be but two precinct officers for nomination on that ticket. The Republican party offers but one candidate for sheriff, one for county clerk, one for surveyor, and none for coroner, while but one Republican in the county seeks a precinct office.

John Jensen, who will be engineer at the Loucks' mill on Elk river and who is now fitting up the machinery reaby for use, was in town one day since our last issue. Mr. Jensen says that the mill will start cutting in about two weeks, and that among the first lumber cut will be about 100,000 feet of white cedar.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Robt. R. Watson
Republican Candidate for Nomination
For County Clerk
Primary Nominating Election
Monday, May 15, 1914

Announcement

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Representative on the Democratic ticket for Coos County, to be submitted to the vote of the people at the primary election on May 15, 1914.

If nominated and elected, I will abide by statement Number One; I will favor quarterly payment of taxes. I will favor the abolishment of unnecessary commissions that must be supported by the taxpayers. I am in favor of good roads everywhere. I am opposed to unjust taxation and excessive taxation.

J. TOM HALL.

Announcement

I announce myself a candidat for State Representative from Coos County subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the primaries May 15. Will work for a better system of Road Laws to enable the people to get Oregon out of the mud.

A. T. MORRISON

For Joint Representative

The undersigned announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for joint representative from Coos and Curry counties to the state legislature, and respectfully solicits the support of the Republican voters of the two counties. If nominated and elected he intends to conduct the affairs of his office to the best of his ability in a straightforward business way and on the lines of sound and well-proved principles, representing the best interests of his constituents as faithfully as he has his own, and depending on actual performances for their approval.

F. J. LONEY.

For State Representative

The undersigned solicits the support of the Republican voters at the primaries for the office of State Representative from this county. The planks in his platform include, honesty, efficiency, economy, sane government, easier taxation, better roads and a greater Coos County.

MILES A. SIMPSON

Notice

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Clerk on the Republican ticket of Coos Co., to be submitted to the vote of the people at the primary election May 15th.

F. D. KRUSE.

For Sheriff.

Graduate of the Indiana Law School, admitted to the Bar in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, and have had fifteen years successful business experience, made a success farming in Coos County. If elected Sheriff will enforce to the letter every criminal law now on or that may hereafter be placed on the Statute Books. Will give everybody a square deal. Will guarantee an economical administration of the office.

I solicit your support,

4-28-3t G. W. Starr.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of sheriff on the Democratic ticket at the primary election. If elected I promise to conduct the office in an economical manner, with the assurance that all interests and individuals will be accorded fair treatment.

TAYLOR SIGLIN.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Coos County, subject to the action of the Republican electors at the primaries May 15th. If elected, I hereby pledge myself to a policy of rigid law enforcement, without fear, favor, prejudice or partiality, and shall, during my incumbency, conduct said office in a business like and economical manner.

ALFRED JOHNSON JR.

For County Clerk

Marshfield, Ore., Mar. 17, 1914

As a Republican, I hereby place myself as candidate for nomination at the primaries to be held May 15th for the office of County Clerk. If I am nominated and elected I will during my term of office perform all the requirements and duties promptly, expeditiously, without prejudice, and as economically as is consistent with good service. Believing that I can save money for the tax payer, and make some for myself,

"I want your vote,"

F. E ALLEN.

Announcement

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for county treasurer and if nominated and elected I will, during my term of office, perform my duties in compliance with the laws relating to such office and will conduct it as economically as possible. My policy is economy consistent with good service.

4-14-2t M. H. HERSEY

For Representative

As a Republican, I announce myself as a candidate for representative from Coos county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on May 15th.

My platform is the well known statement of Abraham Lincoln, that "This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people." This famous statement of "Honest Old Abe" covers the whole field and range of our civil government, and holds the same relation to it that the Golden Rule holds to the moral law.

C. R BARROW

Announcement

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff by the Democratic Party at the Primary Election May 15, 1914. If nominated and elected I will conduct the office along the most economical lines possible, consistent with efficiency, and do my best to enforce all criminal laws.

W. W. GAGE

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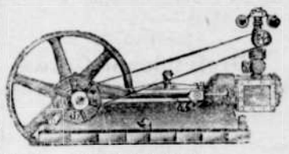
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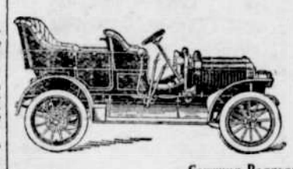
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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

April 16

Sam L. Vance to D. E. Conlogue, war deed ½ interest in lot 12, blk 42, Bennetts add to Marshfield, $10.

Ivari Hohenthal to Mike Hakone, lease lot in Bunker Hill add to Marshfield.

W. W. Dean et ux to Oscar Ells et al, war deed lots 13, 14 15 & 16, blk 12, Eastside, $700.

Lester C. Bargelt to Bennett Trust Co., war deed 2.96 acres in Myrtle Point. Lots 1 & 2 & s½ of ne¼, sec 6, twp 30 s r 11 w w m. $1000.

Wm. B. Herchberger et ux to Maggie M. Ogren, war deed lots 6 & 7, blk 2, Azalea add to Bandon. $10.

A. Barrows et ux to Randolph Lumber Co., deed water right in sec 9, tp 28 s r 14 w w m. Assigned to Alfred Johnson Lumber Company.

J. A Hamblock to Randolph Lumber Co. lease of boom right in sec 9 twp 28 s r 14 w w m. assigned to Alfred Johnson Lumber Co.

Ellen B. Hayslip to W. W. Graves war deed lots 13, 14, 15, 16 & 17 blk 8 Edmonstons First add to Marshfield.$10

U. S. of A to Belle Axtell Kolp patent ne¼ of sw¼ sec 34 twp 29 s r 14 west w w m.

Joseph E. Clark et ux to F. J. Feeney et al assignment of agreement lots 11 & 12 blk 2 Woodland add to Bandon.

April 18

Chas C. Eviand et ux to J. C. Watson et ux war deed lots 3 & 4 & part of lot 10 blk 18 Elliotts add to Coquille. $5

R. S. Knowlton et ux to Walter S. Hodge war deed lots 3 blk A Knowlton Heights $10

Alice Jensen to Adam Pershbaker war deed lots 1 to 7, blk 1 Cartwrights Second add to Bandon. $10

Thos Howe et ux to S. L. Ball war deed e½ of sw¼ & 19 acres in sw¼ of sw¼ sec 16 twp 29 s r 11 w w m. $10

E. E. Oaks et ux to Thos Howe war deed lots 1 & 2 blk 3 Watermans Park in Fishers add to Bandon. $300

Fred A. Mehl et ux to J. L. Kronenberg war deed lot 13 Amended plat of Bandon Heights. $10

Danl Barklow et ux to Florence E. Root war deed 25.05 acres in sec 8 twp 29 s r 12 w w m. $1250

Sarah Costello to J. Ira Sidwell war deed lots 7 & 8 and part of lot 6 blk 2 Commercial add to Bandon. $14500

Wm M. Hite et ux to T. W. McCloskey war deed parcel of land on Spurgeon Hill Coquille. $10

April 20

Coos Bay Townsite Co. to Fred Davis war deed lots 1 & 2 blk 54 City of Coos Bay. $100

C. J. Whealy et ux to Arthur Gale war deep lots 5 & 6 blk 3 Azalea Park add to Bandon. $10

Juries In Germany.

In Germany when the vote of the jury stands six against six the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.