Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: At the last moment Rosamund Carew fills Jervis Weare to cheat him of a fortune and secure it for herself. The will of Ambrose Weare, Jervis' grandfather, provides that unless Jervis marries within three months and a day of the older man's death his fiancée, Rosamund, shall replace his grandson as heir. Nan Forsyth is secretly in love with Jervis. She is distressed by Rosamund's threat to his future, and by the plight of her sister Cynthia, bitter because poverty prevents her marriage. Jervis is in a desperate situation.

Chapter 4.

NAN HAS A MAD IDEA

NAN heard Jervis strike the table.

"My position—oh yes, she knows it, and I know it, and you know it. If I'm not married by the fifteenth—that's what Rosamund's reckoning on. I told you I'd let you know why I'd come in a minute. I've come to find out how I can do her in. She thinks she's got me, but there's nothing in my grandfather's will about marrying her. I've got to get married by the fifteenth—but I've not got to marry Rosamund Carew. Find me any girl who'll marry me at twenty-four hours' notice!"

"Mr. Jervis—Mr. Jervis! A moment, please. You have three days—your grandfather's will specifies three months and a day as the period. We have always spoken of the period as three months, and possibly Miss Carew—" He broke off with a cough. "No, no, one shouldn't impute such motives—not without absolute proof."

Jervis Weare had stopped pacing the room.

"I've three clear days? Good! You have only to find me a wife."

Mr. Page had got his professional voice back.

"Mr. Jervis, you must give me time for consideration. There are other courses open to you. In the circumstances I have no doubt that the courts would extend the time. There is also breach of promise."

"And make myself the laughing-stock of the whole country? I'd rather let her get away with it—and I'll see her in Tibet before I do that." His fist struck the table again.

"Mr Jervis!"

"She's made a fool of me, and I'll make a fool of her. Who'll be the fool when she picks up *The Times* on the seventeenth, and sees that I'm married—'On the 16th instant, at St. Bartholomew's, Park avenue, Mr. Jervis Weare to Miss Blank Dash.' And that, you see, is where you come in. You've got to fill in the blank and the dash."

At this point Nan became aware of the slow, heavy beating of her heart. It seemed to be knocking against her side. There came a drumming in her ears, so that she could not listen—and she must, must listen. She heard Mr. Page protest. And then, so loud that it came through the loud beating of her heart, Jervis Weare's voice:

"If you won't help me, I'll help myself, if I have to pick her up off the streets!"

With those words in her ears, moving almost as if hypnotized by the idea that was forming within her sadly disturbed mind, Nan took up her hat and left the office without a word to anyone. She closed the street door behind her and crossed the street. She was not tired any more. She felt as if she were being carried by a strong current. And her heart had stopped thumping against her side, which was a great relief.

She walked a little way, and then back. As she turned again, Jervis Weare was striding down the street, and, still without any sense of effort, she quickened her pace so as not to be left too far behind. She had no thought that it would be difficult to come to speech with him. She hoped that he was going home to the cool-looking house in East Seventieth street, which was one of the things that would pass from him to Rosamund Carew if he did not marry within the time set by his grandfather's will.

Nan lifted her head. Neither the house nor anything else that was his should pass to Rosamund Carew. The current that was carrying her along was a current of protective love. Ten years ago she had saved him from drowning, and he had never known it. Now she was going to save him again. Rosamund shouldn't rob him; neither should he rob himself.

She dreamed sometimes, even after ten years, of the rocky pool with the salt, cold water coming in on a flood tide. She felt his weight on her straining childish shoulders, and the sea flinging her against jagged rock. Then she would wake and touch the white scar on her arm and go over the whole adventure in her mind. Sometimes she wondered whether she would ever come across the little man who had come to their rescue—Ferdinand Francis. Such an extraordinary fellow.

Jervis Weare walked straight on, giving her enough to do to keep up with him. Nan became more and more certain that he was going home. She came up with him just as he was crossing into Seventieth street.

The sun struck hot on the dark rusty green of a little tree. The street was empty. She spoke his name as her foot touched the curb:

"Mr. Weare—"

He flung round, and she saw his face cut with deep lines of pain and rage, his black brows meeting over hot dark eyes.

"What is it?"

The hot dark eyes held not the slightest recognition.

She said, "Mr Weare—I'm from Mr Page's office." That was quite an easy thing to say. But could she, dare she go on?

He jerked round, and she saw his face cut with pain.

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Jervis hears an astounding proposal, tomorrow.

JACKSONVILLE GRANGE TO STAGE SCHOOLDAY SCENE FOR GROWNUPS

Jacksonville Grangers will harken back to their school days Friday evening, as they meet with a host of friends in a school day party and program. Preparation is being concluded for a celebration second only to the recent Gold Rush Jubilee. A long list of entertainment features and recreation of the early school days has been prepared for the enjoyment and pleasure of guests present. Special delegations from the other Granges of Jackson county are expected, a cash prize being offered the Grange having the largest representation present. A home-made cake will be offered as second prize. All attending the program are asked to be prepared to give a school day reminiscence or child's bright saying in answer to roll call. A real pioneer school ma'am will preside, members of the official board be present and familiar school room scenes enacted. Each lady is asked to bring in a lunch bucket lunch for two, which will be sold to the men for 25 cents. The owners' name should be concealed inside the pail as a means of identification for the one who buys the lunch. The program, sponsored by the ways and means committee, will open at 8:30 o'clock and all late comers beware.

Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

PROGRAM IS ENJOYED BY PHOENIX GRANGERS AT REGULAR MEETING

PHOENIX, Aug. 25.—(Spl.)—Phoenix Grange met Tuesday and attendance was smaller than usual due to many being employed in the packing houses. The program included a harmonica solo by George Drake, reading by Minnie Putman, experiences of all members and visitors as to what they had done to meet the present times; short talks on glimpses of other Granges were given by Mesdames Mildred Ward, Lillian Coleman, Donna Graffis, and Messrs. Earl Loffer and Lee Denzer.

Group singing was led by Mrs. Ted Sime of Jacksonville, with Mrs. Mildred Ward accompanying, and "It's a Good Thing to Be a Granger, led by Mrs. Lucille Wilcox, with Mrs. Ted Sims accompanying.

Grangers welcomed were Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sims and daughter, Carl Niedermeyer and Chester Wendt, all of Jacksonville. Announcement of the "School Kid Program" to be held at the Jacksonville Grange hall Friday night met with enthusiastic applause from all present, and a number of the members of Phoenix Grange is planning on going.

Next meeting of Phoenix Grange will be September 9.

Free Picture of your baby made by Shangle if you purchase a $1 Baby Dress, etc., from Wurts Gifts. Prizes for the mothers.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed And Skeeter Meet An Enemy!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—With The Booty

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—A New Letter In The Alphabet

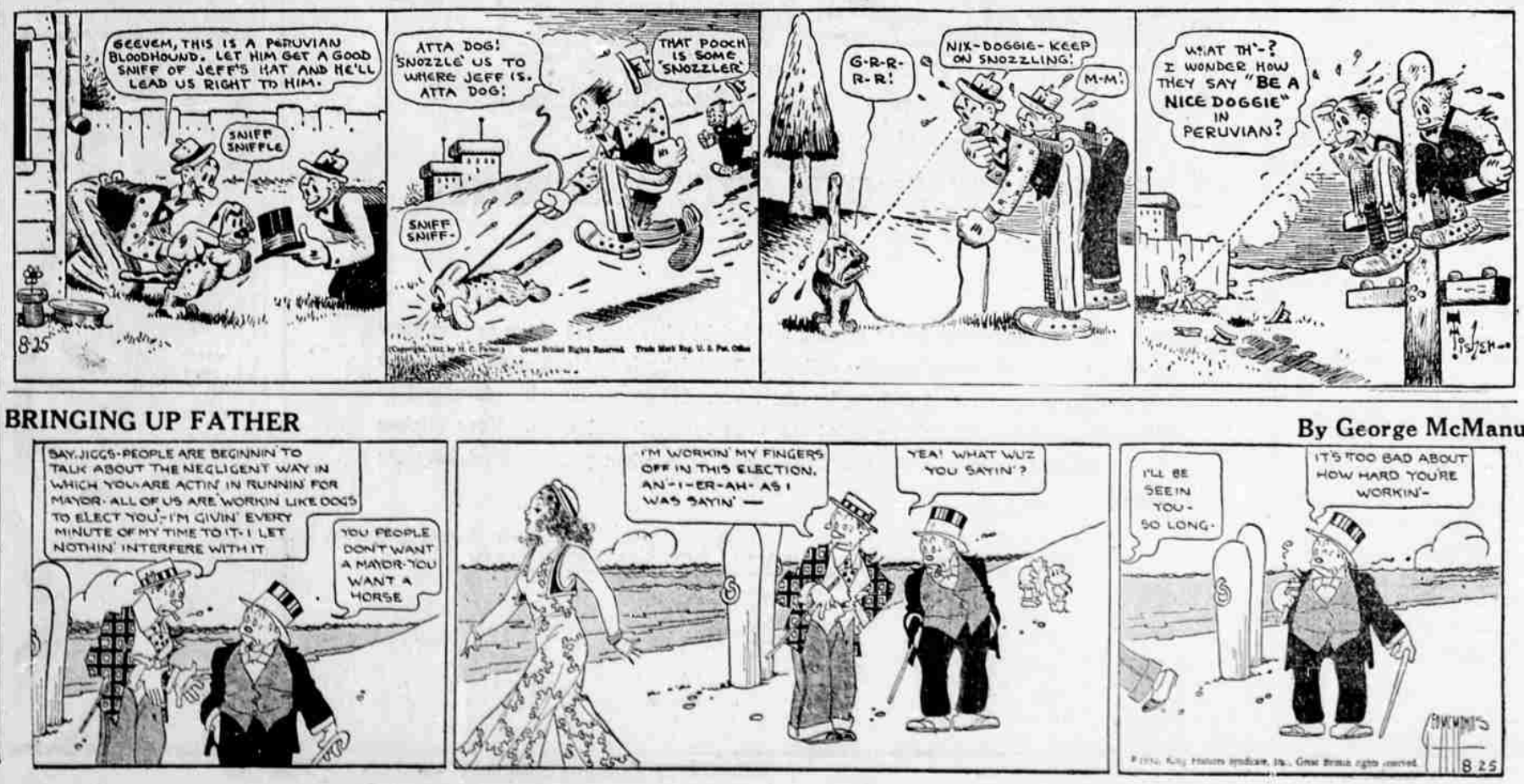
By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—The Advice

By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—The Hunt For Jeff Is On

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

ARGUMENT ENDS IN PISTOL SHOT

PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Emil Storr, 63, rooming house proprietor, was in a serious condition in a hospital here today, and a tenant, Mrs. Mary E. Abramson, 60, was in jail accused of the shooting which occurred last night when the two quarreled.

An argument which started over politics, gave way to a charge by Storr that Mrs. Abramson had used "swear words" over the telephone, resulted in the woman slapping the landlord and ended, witnesses said, when Mrs. Abramson went to her room, returned with a revolver and shot the man, after he had ordered her to pay due rent and get out.

Phoenix to Hear Rev. Peterson

PHOENIX, Aug. 25.—(Spl.)—Sunday morning Rev. Peterson of Washington will preach at the Presbyterian church. It is hoped that Rev. Peterson will also be present for the evening service, but this is not definite.

Three tier body fir, $5.25. Quality and measure guaranteed. Med. Fuel Co., Tel. 631.

TEACHER'S DEATH HOLDS MYSTERY

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 25.—(AP)—A second autopsy on the body of Miss Lavinia Moran, school teacher found dead Friday in the rectory of St. Louis' Catholic church, has failed to disclose the exact cause of death, investigating officials reported today.

The condition of the body, which had been lying in a bedroom for two days before it was discovered, prevented a thorough examination, it was learned.

Medical Examiner M. M. Scharbrough is expected to submit to the coroner tomorrow his report of the autopsies on Miss Moran's body and on that of the Rev. Joseph P. Cournoyer, pastor of St. Louis' church, who died of carbon monoxide poisoning in his closed garage.

COURTAULD'S RESCUER DROWNS IN ICY SEA

ANGMAGSALIK, Greenland, Aug. 25.—(AP)—H. G. Watkins, the man who rescued Augustine Courtauld from the Greenland ice cap in May last year, was killed today when his canoe upset in the sea. He was leading a British expedition investigating possible sites for an air base to serve an Arctic route between England and Canada.