

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: While at dinner in the Hotel Luce, Jervis Weare had for the first time a considerable amount of conversation for his wife. Nan, who has loved him since she was a girl, saved his life; he married her as a means of saving his fortune from Rosamund Carey, Rosamund and Robert Leonard, whom Nan suspects of two attempts on Jervis' life, also are in the restaurant.

"Oh, quite sure. I've been quite sure since twenty minutes past four this afternoon."

Nan caught her eyes away from his. They were twinkling, but under the twinkle he was dead serious. She looked down into her lap, and then of her own free will she tilted her head and looked back at him.

Chapter 14
ROSAMUND'S DEMAND
ROSAMUND CAREW settled herself into the corner of a gold sofa and lit a cigarette. The smoke hung about her like a bluish mist. Jervis had not spoken a single word. His lips were smiling, his eyes aloof and dark. For a minute or two Rosamund smoked in silence. Then she said lazily:

"Hadn't we better talk?"

"Oh, certainly. What shall we talk about—the weather? They say it will be hotter tomorrow."

"I want to talk to you about my money," she said.

Jervis continued to smile.

"Your money?"

"Yes."

"What money?"

"You know as well as I do that Uncle Ambrose would have left me wealthy if he had not thought we were going to be married. He had his own ideas about the man having the purse-strings."

"Yes—very sensible ideas." Rosamund's lashes came down upon her cheek. She conveyed without further effort a complete indifference to Jervis' approval.

"Hadn't we better keep to the facts," she said. "He left me twenty-five hundred dollars. That's nothing—I can't live on nothing—and you have married someone else. Those I think are the facts."

Jervis' eyes hardened.

"I'm afraid we're talking at cross purposes. My grandfather didn't leave you anything at all except a sum down for your trousseau."

She lifted her cigarette again. The ash broke and fell, powdering the gold of her dress. She was silent for a moment, inhaling the smoke. In the silence thoughts moved between them—violent, resentful, dominant, resisting. With half closed eyes Rosamund continued to smoke. Whatever happened, he should speak next. If it was a battle between them she knew where her advantage lay. She sat entrenched in silence. In the end it was he who broke it.

"I don't think there's anything to be gained by this discussion. You played me the dirtiest trick I've ever heard of—and now you want your legacy."

"And a bit over," said Miss Carew, her blue eyes veiled.

"I'm afraid you won't get it. You can have fifteen hundred a year, but I won't discuss the matter with you. You must see Page."

She held the cigarette a little away and opened her eyes upon him.

"My dear Jervis, what do you expect me to do?"

"One might work," he suggested. Rosamund's riposte was swift.

"I believe Mr. Page has a vacancy for a typist. Shall I apply for it?" She smiled her exquisite smile, then leaned towards him. "I'm not clever enough, I'm afraid. What's the good of quarrelling? Make it twenty-five hundred, and let's be friends. Family quarrels are so exhausting, and there's a heat-wave coming." She paused for an answer, and got none. "Come—twenty-five hundred—and I'll own my dress-maker the rest."

Jervis rose to his feet and offered her his arm.

"Nothing doing, I'm afraid. Shall we dance?"

Ferdinand Francis had taken Nan by way of a long corridor into one of those immense rooms with gilt mirrors and brocaded furniture which are, mercifully, only to be met with in hotels of the more expensive sort. They sat down in a window-seat framed with rose-coloured satin curtains looped with gold. Their feet rested upon a carpet an inch thick, also rose-coloured.

"Well," said Mr. Francis, "if we aren't grand! Now last time I had the pleasure of a conversation with you—"

Nan coloured a little, but her dimple showed.

"Is that my cue? What do I say?"

"You say, 'last time!'"

Nan caught the corner of her lip between her teeth.

"Have we met before, Mr. Francis?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Weare."

"Have we? Are you sure?"

FIRESTONE BELIEVES HOOVER TO WIN AGAIN

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—(AP)—Harvey S. Firestone, rubber magnate, returned yesterday from a visit to England, France and Spain.

Mr. Firestone expressed the view that the two big problems before America today are: "First, Henry Ford's program to co-ordinate agriculture and manufacturing, and, second, the bankers' program to adjust our foreign exchange."

He said he believed President Hoover would be re-elected.

Smart Fall Coats—Suits—Dresses—Hats arriving daily. All at prices you can afford. Cinderella Shop, 44 S. Central.

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

Graves' Jewelry Shop, now located 41 So. Front.

Fratricide Faces First Degree Trial

SALEM, Sept. 7.—(AP)—Melvin Sorell, 31, waived preliminary hearing and was bound over to the grand jury when he appeared in justice court here today to answer a charge of first degree murder in connection with his father Leon D. Sorell, September 3rd.

Kaiser on Visit
ZANDVOORT, Holland, Sept. 7.—(AP)—Former Kaiser Wilhelm and Princess Hermine and her two daughters arrived here today to stay a week. A report that the former Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm would visit his father here could not be confirmed.

Boise Would Rid Schools Of Frats

BOISE, Idaho, Sept. 7.—(AP)—The Boise city board of education sought today to suppress high school clubs and fraternities and their "baneful influence."

Every student registering for high school courses was required to sign a pledge not to belong to such an organization.

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 105.

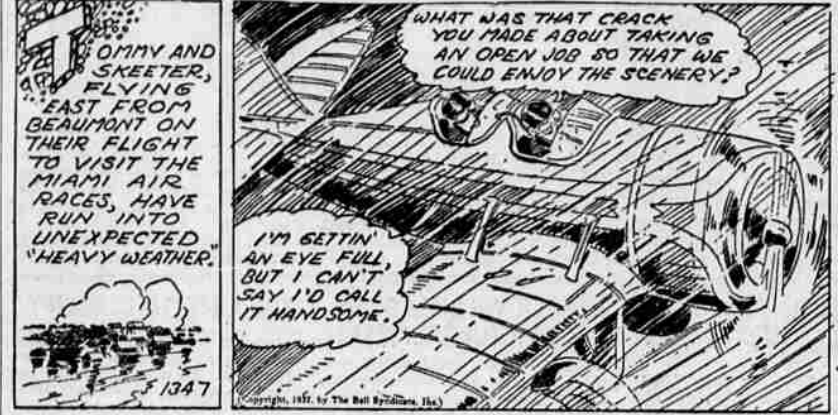
Cloudburst Hits Nation's Capital

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—(AP)—The capital was drenched today from a cloudburst that last night flooded some sections of the city to a depth of eight feet. Damage to homes from the torrents of rain was reported in the thousands, while more than 40 automobiles practically were ruined by water.

Three tier body fir, \$5.25. Quality and measure guaranteed. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 6311.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy "Loses" Skeeter In The Rain!



"Well," she said. Her lips just parted on the word, and then closed in a firm, sweet curve that was not quite a smile.

"If you'll go back in your mind," said Ferdinand, "maybe you'll remember that after I'd picked Jervis out of that pool on Croyston rocks, I came back for the plucky child who'd saved his life by holding him up in the water. She grabbed me with both hands and said, 'Is he dead?' And I said 'Not within eighty years of it, thanks to you.' Come—you remember that?"

"I?" said Nan.

"Yes, you. I said, 'I'd like to know your name,' and she said, 'Nan.' And when you said 'I'm Nan,' this afternoon at twenty past four in the ferry house, — well, I knew you at once—so what's the good of all this in and out fighting? I'm an inquisitive man, and I'd like to know what's behind all this, and why Jervis doesn't know you saved his life."

"Well, I think you saved it," said Nan.

Ferdinand shook his head.

"He'd have been gone long before I got him out of the water if it hadn't been for you." The bright darting eyes went through her armour. "You were clever at dinner, but I saw the scar before you moved your arm—just where I knew it was bound to be. Well, now I'm being impertinent—but why doesn't Jervis know?"

"I don't want him to know." Then, as if putting all that on one side, "Mr. Francis, I want to talk to you. I—must talk to someone, and—perhaps Jervis will listen to you."

"What is it, Mrs. Weare?"

Nan clasped her hands in her lap. "I'm very frightened about Jervis," she said. "He's in danger, but he won't believe it."

"Danger?" said Ferdinand. "That has a very intriguing sound."

"You're laughing at me," said Nan in a despairing voice.

"How can I, when I don't know the first thing about the situation? What's the matter with it anyway?"

"You don't believe me," said Nan. "But it's true. He tried to kill Jervis ten years ago, and he tried to kill him again today."

"My eye!" said Ferdinand, and then, "Who did?"

"Robert Leonard did."

"Is that so?" he said. "The chap with the bulging brain-box and the jaw-bone of an ass?"

"Yes, he did," said Nan.

"The Devil," said Mr. Francis, with simple fervour. "He did, did he? Why?"

"Rosamund would get all the money," said Nan.

"Mrs. Weare, you're not telling me that that beautiful lady is gunning for Jervis?"

"I don't think she knows," she threw out her hands in a passionate gesture. "Oh, she can't know!"

They were alone in the huge formal room. Nan's little voice quivered in it, and was smothered by the silence and the emptiness. To say the word murder in this gilded, rose-coloured room, with its soft carpet, its glittering chandeliers, its painted ceiling, was like firing a revolver shot in a puppet show. Mr. Francis looked at her.

"I'm an inquisitive man," he said, "and if you'd begin at the beginning and give me an idea of what this is all about, I'd appreciate it very much."

Nan leaned back too.

"It's all so tangled up—but I'm frightened—I'll tell it as well as I can—it goes a long way back."

"Take your own time," said Ferdinand. "Nobody's thought of taxing that yet, so you can have as much as you like."

The colour stood high in Nan's cheeks. She didn't care whether he was listening or not. She wasn't going to tell Ferdinand Francis that ten years ago she had had a child's adoration for Jervis which had made her follow him like an unseen shadow. She began without any proper beginning at all.

"I saw Jervis come across the rocks. . . ."

(Copyright, 1932, Lippincott)

What was the true story of that fateful day by the seashore? Nan tells tomorrow.

BOUND TO WIN—McFang Takes His Time



SMATTER POP—Another Day Ruined For Ambrose



By EDWIN ALGER

"I had a fall last night, and I wuz unconscious all night!"

"Oh! Where did you fall?"

"I fell asleep!"

"Aw, fallin' asleep ain't fallin'!"

"How kinda be so thick!"

"Mister Wimpus!"

THE NEBBS—The Coward?



MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Traps Jeff's Brother



By C. M. PAYNE

Farmers Reducing Acreage In Wheat

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—(AP)—The Department of Agriculture announced today that reports from farmers indicated that they intended to plant about 99,805,000 acres of winter wheat this fall.

An area of 840,172,000 acres was planted last fall. This year's planting will be below the 43,526,000 acres sown in 1930 and 48,847,000 acres in 1927.

Two Trapped In Blazing House

COLVILLE, Wash., Sept. 7.—(AP)—Trapped in their blazing farm house early today, Ernest Johnson, 25, was burned to death and D. Dee Fryer, 35, was badly seared he may die.

Fryer, brought to a hospital here, said he was awakened by the flames, and he broke a window through which to crawl to safety. He attempted to rescue Johnson, who was overcome by smoke, but the heat became so intense he was forced to retreat. He said.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By SOL HESS

Hoodlums Beat Portland Youth

PORTLAND, Sept. 7.—(AP)—An attack by a gang of five hoodlums sent Stanley Klyce, 21, to a hospital last night, shortly after he had returned home from the emergency hospital, where he was treated for a severe laceration of an arm suffered in an automobile crash Monday. The five men beat him severely, inflicting a skull fracture. He was unconscious at the hospital today.

Canadian Dollar Climbs In Value

NEW ORK, Sept. 7.—(AP)—Recent strength of the Canadian dollar is attracting the attention of foreign currency dealers. In the past few weeks the dollar has been climbing steadily. Today it was quoted at 90.8 1/2 cents, almost a cent above its closing figure last Saturday. Its low for the year was 83.7 cents, recorded January 2.

By BUD FISHER



By GEORGE MCMANUS

