

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Rosamund Carve and Robert Leonard plan to secure Jarvis Weare's fortune even if murder is necessary. Leonard already has made two attempts upon Jarvis' life, and now Weare, his wife, is distracted because she cannot persuade Jarvis that Leonard means her harm. The Weares are Ferdinand, Francis, old friends of Jarvis to join them in the country. Rosamund and Leonard follow.

Chapter IV A NEW WORLD

NAN saw Weare for the first time under driving rain. They taxied from Croyston with the sky blue behind them and a heavy indigo cloud coming up out of the west. The road ran inland for a couple of miles and then, turning, zigzagged up the side of a bare hill covered with close sheep-cropped grass. As they came up the last rise, the wind met them and the rain—first heavy splashing drops, and then a solid shimmering fall.

Then tall stone pillars, and straining trees lashed by the wind until they brushed the car as it passed. At last a grey house, and a portico under which they came to a standstill. Jarvis jumped out and she followed him. Her new suitcase emerged; her new trunk came down dripping. There was comfort in them, and Nan needed comfort badly. She got none from Jarvis. He hurried her up the steps and through a lobby into the hall with an air of gloomy abstraction.

She started at Jarvis' touch on her arm. "Nan—this is Mrs. Mellish. She has been housekeeper here for—how long is it, Mrs. Mellish? Thirty years?"

Mrs. Mellish, rosy and buxom, with severely parted grey hair and a black dress with a high stiff collar surrounded by white frilling and clasped by a large brooch of moss-agate set in a pale gold rim, interposed in a firm, respectful voice, "Thirty-one years and six months in September, sir."

Just for a moment she looked at Nan, and there was no welcome in her look. Nan was a stranger.

With the cold of it at her heart, she lifted her head and smiled prettily. Monk, the butler, considered that she smiled very prettily indeed. He was a fat man, with small sunken eyes, sparse pale hair, and a voice so soft as to lend his most casual remark the air of a confidence. "A very pleasant young lady," was his comment to Mrs. Mellish in the nousekeeper's room later on. "A very pleasant young lady."

Mrs. Mellish received the remark in a bridling manner. She drew back her double chin till it rested upon the neat white frilling. Not until Monk had repeated his remark for a third time did she make oracular response.

"That is as may be," she observed. When Nan was alone at last in the big room which had been Ambrose Weare's, she stood in the middle of it and looked about her with a mixture of passionate interest, shy pride, and a tremulous something akin to fear.

Mrs. Mellish had conducted her in state. A red-checked girl had appeared and been named, with a faint flavour of disapproval, as Gladys. Now she was alone, and she stood in the middle of the floor and looked about her.

The room was large and light. A big old-fashioned four-post bed with a maroon canopy and hangings stood against the long wall, with the door on the right. To the left beyond the bed was a bull-out window nearly as wide as the room, and opposite the door another window, hung like the bed with dark red curtains.

There was a great deal of dark red about the room—carpet, curtains, bed-furniture, the upholstery of a Victorian couch, and the covering of two deep armchairs set very formally one on either side of the hearth. The furniture dated from the forties—square solid mahogany wardrobe, chests of drawers, and mirror. The dressing-table had a crimson petticoat with transparent muslin over it, and a looking-glass with a great many little drawers. There was a very fat crimson cushion with a frill.

It was, Nan thought with alarmed dismay, very completely a grand-

parent's room, and very certainly not hers. She felt an abashed sense of being an intruder as she skirted the dressing-table to reach the large window.

One's first instinct in a strange room is to see what lies beyond it. Nan looked out and saw a wet green lawn. The lilac bushes that edged it bent in the wind. Overhead the heavy clouds drove across the sky. She could not see the sea, but she thought that she could hear it. The room stood at the corner of the house. Perhaps the other window looked on the sea. But when she reached it, though the sound was louder, the sea was still hidden.

The view from this side of the house showed a paved terrace, then falling ground—at first grass with some flower beds, then shrubs irregularly planted, and finally a steep fall towards what looked like a ravine. To the left a kind of bluff or knoll covered with trees hid the sea. Nan felt sure that it hid the sea. She could hear the sound of waves against the cliff. She felt a great desire to go out into the rain and wind. Instead she washed her hands, looked at herself in the large mirror, and went down to tea.

There was to be tea in the library. She came into the hall and tried three doors before she found the right one—the dining room, full of enormous mahogany furniture; the drawing-room, long unused and breathing faint ghostly camphor, lavender, and the smell of old calendered chintzes; the third room, a small comfortable place with books, shabby old chairs, and a writing-table.

She found the library next to it, a pleasant room looking to the ravine, and Jarvis sitting in the window with the largest dog she had ever seen standing gravely beside him. He had a head like a lion, and he was lion-coloured. He turned deep amber eyes on Nan and came padding to meet her. She put out a hand. He slid his head under it and sniffed her skirt.

"You're not afraid of dogs," said Jarvis.

Nan threw him an indignant look. "No. What's his name?"

"Bran. Tell him to shake hands with you."

Nan looked down into the amber eyes.

"Bran, shake hands," she said, and was aware of Jarvis watching her quizzically. She took her hand from Bran's head as she spoke and held it out. Immediately the huge mouth opened; her hand was taken gently but firmly and shaken from side to side. She felt the pressure of the great teeth, but it was a pressure which would not have broken an egg-shell. Then her hand was dropped and the velvet-soft muzzle moved across it with a caressing touch.

Jarvis came over to them. "You are free of Bran's affections," he said gravely. "He only shakes hands with people he likes very much."

Just for an instant Nan would have given everything she had in the world to know whether Rosamund was one of the people with whom Bran shook hands. The feeling was so irrational and so strong that it brought the blood to her cheeks. She walked to the window, Jarvis beside her.

"Is the sea behind that bluff?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was—I thought I could hear it."

"You might today, but as a rule you'd hear the fall. The stream comes down that cleft and takes a magnificent dive just through there." He pointed as he spoke. "The fall is one of our sights. It will be worth seeing tomorrow after this rain."

The door opened, and Monk entered, bearing pontifically a large silver tray upon which, in ordered state, stood a massive and hideous tea-service. A tall pale youth followed with a cake-stand. In a hushed tone Monk issued orders. The tall youth, looking scared to death, set down the cake-stand with a clatter. It all looked so safe, Nan thought as she poured the tea. But was it? She saw the face of Leonard in the polished tea-pot—she saw it reflected in the rain-washed windowpane.

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Nan sees a sinister silhouette in tomorrow's installment, and loses a night's rest.

and will remain open until 9:00 P. M.

Through the sale the Humane society will be able to aid many families in keeping their children well fed during the coming winter. Proceeds from the sale will be donated families dependent upon cows, goats, chickens and other food producing animals. Feed for the animals, which will in turn feed the families, will be purchased with funds realized from the "candlelight" sale.

Anyone interested in contributing garments or household furnishings to the sale line of goods is asked to call 1516.

HUMANE WORKERS CANDLELIGHT SALE SET FOR SEPT. 17

The annual candlelight sale of the Jackson County Humane society will be held September 17, according to announcement from the society yesterday, and many wonderful bargains are promised southern Oregon shoppers. Quality garments will be offered at depression prices and the sale promises to be bigger and better than ever. Donations include many lovely gowns and other wearing apparel to complete mi-lady's wardrobe, as well as clothing for men and children. The main street shop, formerly occupied by Bradfield's jewelry store, a very convenient location, will be the scene of the sale, which will give local people an opportunity to buy high class merchandise at unbelievably low prices. Household materials as well as clothes will be included in the assortment. The sale will open to the public at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning

ROTTERDAM FRUIT AGENT IS VISITOR

H. Taconis, managing director of the H. Taconis Fruit company of Rotterdam, Holland, spent Thursday afternoon in Medford, and with Horticulturist L. P. Wilcox visited Bear Creek orchards and packing plant, Growers' Exchange and the S. O. B. packing plant. Mr. Taconis, who plans to spend another month in the United States, left Medford for the Yakima fruit districts. The Taconis company is a wholesale fruit brokerage in Rotterdam.

WORLD SERIES TO OPEN SEPT. 28TH

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—(AP)—The world series, under present prospects of a battle between the Yankees and either the Cubs or Pirates, will open in New York Wednesday, September 28, baseball officials decided today

at a meeting with Commissioner Landis. All games will start at 1:30 p. m., standard time.

The first two games, September 28-29, will be played at the Yankee stadium, whether the Cubs or Pirates furnish the National league opposition.

The next three, scheduled in the National league city, would be October 1-2-3 at Chicago, or September 30, October 1 and 2 at Pittsburgh. With the Yankees and Cubs competing, the sixth and seventh games, if necessary, would be played here, October 5-6. If the Pirates get in,

the dates for the last two games would be October 4-5.

CONNECTICUT LEGION FOR BONUS PAYMENT

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 10.—(AP)—The Connecticut department of the American Legion in convention recently voted in favor of payment of the bonus to war veterans "when practicable." The state has eight votes in the convention at Portland, Ore., next week. Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 798.

CARLOADING UP IN NORTHWEST

SPOKANE, Wash., Sept. 10.—(AP)—An increase of 9.8 per cent in carloadings for the fourth quarter of 1932 as compared with the third quarter, was forecast by the Pacific northwest advisory board at its meeting here today.

The forecast, based on a survey conducted by 34 commodity committees, indicated carloadings for the fourth quarter would be 157,738. This is a decrease of 15.1 per cent, however, under the actual loadings for the fourth quarter of 1931. Actual loadings for the same period last year were 185,754 cars.

listed during the past week as the result of industrial accidents. The commission here today announced a total of 379 accidents during that period.

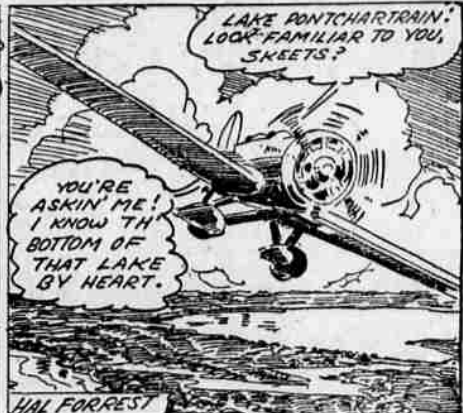
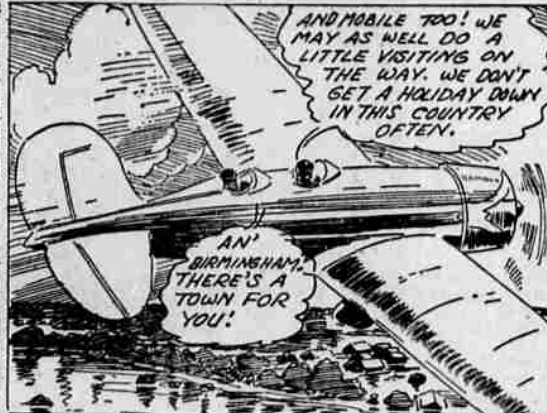
Workman Killed In Farm Blasting

MEMPHISVILLE, Sept. 10.—(AP)—One workman was killed and another injured by a premature explosion of dynamite on a farm near here today. Archie Webster, 26, was killed and John Mikkelson was badly injured and may lose his sight.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—South Along The Mississippi

AFTER FLYING AROUND IN A STORM AREA FOR SEVERAL HOURS TOMMY AND SKEETER AT LAST WORKED THEIR WAY NORTH AND LANDED AT MOIROE. THEY WAITED OUT THE STORM AND TOOK OFF AGAIN, BOUND FOR THE AIR RACES AT MIAMI.



BOUND TO WIN—The Cave!

BUT THE WIRES ARE UNDERGROUND, JONATHAN! HOW CAN WE FOLLOW THEM?

I KNOW, BEN, BUT LET ME DIG A MINUTE HERE AND WE CAN SORT OF GET A BEE-LINE ON WHERE THEY GO—PLEASE, BEN, LET'S DO THIS FIRST!

BECAUSE OF JONATHAN'S AGITATION, BEN AGREED—THEY FOLLOWED THE GENERAL DIRECTION THE WIRES INDICATED AND ARRIVED ON THE SHORES OF DEVILFISH BAY—

WELL, WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SIGNS OF THE WIRES, BUT THERE'S A CAVE OPENING BACK THERE SO LET'S INVESTIGATE THAT—

JONATHAN! COME HERE QUICK! LOOK AT THIS SPEED-BOAT IN HERE!

By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Fifty Percent Off

WUNST A BULL CHASED ME ON MY UNCLE'S FARM, AN YA SHOULD'VE SEEN ME RUN!

I RAN SO FAST I HAD TO TURN AN' GO BACK TWICE TO SEE IF IT WAS FOLLERIN' ME!

HEY! TONE THAT STORY DOWN A LITTLE!

WELL, MAYBE I ONLY TURNED BACK WUNST TO SEE IF IT WAS CHASIN' ME.

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By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—See The Birdie

MY NAME'S NEBB, RUDOLPH NEBB, I'M RUNNING FOR SENATOR AND I WANT SOME PICTURES TAKEN THAT I CAN USE FOR CAMPAIGN POSTERS.

CERTAINLY MR NEBB, I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE ANYTHING OR ANYBODY YOU WANT ME TO—I'VE DONE A LOT OF POLITICAL WORK.

HOW'S THIS POSE, PICTURETAKER?—DOES IT LOOK CONVINCING?

CONVINCING? HOLD IT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY A WORD—WHEN THE VOTERS SEE THAT, THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY'VE ONLY ONE VOTE TO GIVE YOU.

THAT'S A BIG JOB AND I'M GLAD TO GET IT BUT THAT'S A GOOD FACE TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE VOTERS—I CAN RUB OUT SOME OF THE DEFECTS BUT I CAN'T RUB IN ANY INTELLIGENCE.

By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—A Delicious Repast In The Wilds

THIS IS THE CARRIER PIGEON THAT JEFF SENT WITH A MESSAGE TO HIS BROTHER—SO NOW HE'S PLAYING THE FOX BY FOLLOWING IT ON ITS RETURN TRIP TO JEFF. WHEN? THIS PLACE IS AWFUL!

I USED MY NOODLE AND CLIPPED HIS WINGS. THIS IS A MORE SENSIBLE PACE EVEN IF IT WILL TAKE THE PIGEON LONGER TO LEAD ME TO JEFF!

MY STOMACH TELLS ME IT'S TIME TO EAT—AND I KNOW THERE AIN'T A HASH JOINT WITHIN FORTY MILES OF HERE.

NOT ONLY THAT—BUT I'M BROKE. HOWEVER—ROAST SQUAB ALWAYS HAS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITES—I'LL FIND JEFF EASY AS PIE WITHOUT THE BIRD NEXT WEEK.

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By BUD FISHER

BRINGING UP FATHER

OH, STOP WORRYING—I'LL NOT FIRE THAT COOK, BUT TO PLEASE YOU, I HAVE HIRED ANOTHER COOK—I'M GOING TO HAVE HER FOR MY SOCIAL MAID—I'LL NEED HER WHEN YOU'RE ELECTED MAYOR.

WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

JUST SO SHE DON'T COOK FER ME—I HAVE A SUSPICION THAT SHE MIGHT POISON ME—LISTEN! SHE'S PHONIN' BY GOLLY! I THINK I'VE MISJUDGED HER.

YES! I'M GOIN TO BE MAID IN THE NEXT MAYOR'S MANSION—AIN'T THAT GRAND?

YES! I'M QUITTIN' THIS JOB OF WORKIN' FOR MRS. JIGGS—I GOT A POSITION WITH MISS LOTTA VOTES—SHE IS SURE TO BE ELECTED.

By George McManus