

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Nan is convinced the man she saw lurking near the Weems country home during the storm was Robert Leonard and that his presence means danger for her husband. She knows Jervis would ridicule the idea. As Nan and Jervis approach the deep tidal gully next morning Bran, Jervis' dog, becomes agitated and refuses to enter the gully. Nan tries to force the dog across but Jervis, sensing something is wrong, jumps on the bridge to block her husband. Then there is a terrifying crash.

Chapter 20 A SERIOUS QUARREL

NAN did not hear the crack of breaking timber, because it was lost in the roar of the fall, but she felt the shuddering jar of it. The bridge seemed to be wrenched beneath her.

She did hear Jervis shout, she felt his grasp like an iron clamp upon her shoulder. She thought she screamed, and the spray and the foam and the cold came up upon her face, and her hands, and her breast. She swung giddily above the torrent, and there was nothing between her and the pool below—a long, long way below.

The bridge was gone—everything was gone. She swung giddily, a frightful noise in her ears, and the water waiting for her. She had no thought for why she did not fall. She swung to and fro. It was all a confusion, like the broken bits of a dream.

And then suddenly she came shuddering out of the dream, to hear Jervis' voice above her:

"Can you lift your arm?"

The sound of the words had reached her before, but not their sense. She made a slow, weak effort to raise her right arm, but something clamped it down.

Then Jervis' voice again:

"Your—left—arm."

She tried, reached up, and felt him grasp her wrist. Then she was being drawn up, slowly, dreadfully slowly, while the noise of the falling, churning water seemed to be right inside her head. She didn't seem able to think. The moment went on interminably.

Then she felt a scraping sensation across her shoulders and back, and the feel of something solid beneath her. Something went round and round in her head. She gasped and struggled to sit up. She felt as if she had been wrenched in two. She got up on her knees panting.

The middle of the bridge was gone. A yard away the broken timbers stuck out over empty space. On her left Jervis was getting to his feet. Bran pressed against her and licked her cheek. She caught him about the neck and struggled up.

"Are you—all right?"

She nodded, holding Bran tight. And added in a fluttering voice that was much less audible than she meant it to be:

"What happened?"

Jervis said harshly, "The bridge broke."

She said, "I went—down."

He threw her a curious look. It was almost as if he accused her—an angry look.

"You might have been killed."

"You saved me."

"I grabbed your shoulder. We came down together."

Nan's heart contracted. She might have pulled him over—she might so easily have pulled him over. The words said themselves aloud:

"I might have pulled you over!"

Jervis stood there frowning.

"You very nearly did. If I hadn't come down full length before the bridge actually fell, we should both have gone with it. As it was, I managed to hang on, and old Bran took hold of my coat and pulled for all he was worth. I got a good handful of your dress, and thank goodness the stuff was strong!"

"Was it a long time? It felt very long."

"No. I couldn't have held you for more than a moment. I said 'Put up your arm,' and I got hold of it; but if it hadn't been for Bran, I don't think I could have got you up."

At the sound of his name Bran thrust his head under his master's hand, jerking it up. Nan felt an envy of him. He had saved them both, and he could say how glad he was. She couldn't. It came over her how strangely they were standing here, speaking cold conventional sentences on the ragged edges of death.

She turned from the broken bridge and began to move stiffly down the path. Her knees shook a little, and before she had taken half a dozen steps Jervis' hand was on her arm.

Talent

TALENT, Ore., Sept. 14.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Ditworth of Prospect were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Jones on Sunday.

Miss Esther Holdridge was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle at Table Rock several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrell of Eugene and Mrs. Chase Hodges of South Bend, Ind., were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Earl

William Leadder this week. Mr. Ira Coughman and son, Leslie, were dinner guests of Jack Morris Friday.

The ladies of the M. E. church gave a shower at the home of Mrs. Frank Holdridge on Tuesday honoring Mrs. Wayne Holdridge, who received many beautiful gifts.

Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Johnson of Corvallis, with whom their grandson, Lyndal Newbury, has been spending the past month, brought him as far as Roseburg the first of the week, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl

T. Newbury, met them and brought their son home.

A. E. Walker fell off of a ladder while picking pears for Newbury and was quite severely hurt.

Dorothea Borg was an overnight guest of Dorothy Mathes on Tuesday. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Edmunson entertained at dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Carl Arthur and daughter of Klamath Falls and Mr. Bill Murray of Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keling and children of Klamath Falls spent the day Sunday with Mrs. Sue Clayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sorrel of Kerby, Ore., have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skeeters, have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Altmick, who have been spending the summer on their ranch on Anderson creek have returned to their home in Talent for the children to enter school.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Adams and Mr. Adams' mother of Los Angeles, were week-end guests of their cousin, Mrs. Rudy Connor and Mr. Connor en route to Portland on a motor trip.

Mr. Charles Campbell came in from Yreka to visit his family over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Adamson and grandson, Charles Badger of Medford, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crawford on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Roscoe Conklin, nee Marie Miller, left on Saturday for Mrs. Conklin's home at Ontario, Ore., by motor.

Mrs. Chase Gardner and Mrs. Fred Morse attended the recreational school at Central Point.

The Talent teachers will be found at the following addresses this year:

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Southwick will occupy the Lacy house on Wagner ave.; Miss Dorothy Baughman, Miss Esther Spangenberg and Miss Opal McLagan at Jay Terrell's, and Miss Helen Shipley, Miss Edna Wisely and Miss Floy Young will have an apartment at J. R. Webster's.

HUBBARD—New pump for city water works installed.

ONTARIO—New stage service started between here and Bend over John Day highway.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Owning Landing In The Everglades!

1. GUESS WE DON'T GET WET ON THIS 'BIT DOWN' SKID! OUR PAID'S FADING OUT INTO SWAMP.

2. TAKE YOUR BOGGLES OFF AND FOLD UP! WE MAY STOP AWFUL SUDDEN.

3. I'D CALL IT AN ALL-PIPER! FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS MUCK.

4. PAL, IT'S A THREE-PIPER!

5. AND A VISITOR ALREADY! I HOPE HE'S NOT MAD!

By EDWIN ALGER

BOUND TO WIN—The Meeting

1. MR. HASSETT! MR. HASSETT!

2. GOSH, WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE I LANDED IN?

3. WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHO'S ASKED YOU UP HERE?

4. WHY, NOBODY DID, MR. HASSETT, AND I AM STRANDED ON THIS ISLAND AND—

5. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, SO DON'T WASTE MY TIME WITH AN EXPLANATION. YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES—YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, JONATHAN CORBY!

6. MY FRIEND'S NAME ISN'T JONATHAN CORBY, MR. HASSETT—IT'S JONATHAN COBBY.

7. YOUR FRIEND'S NAME IS WHAT? COBBY? GOOD HEAVENS, BOY, SPEAK THAT NAME!

By C. M. PAYNE

S'MATTER POP—Well, There's Plenty Of Volume

1. FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! LISTEN TO THAT WOMAN!

2. DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH NOISE? SHE'S LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE UP THE NEXT COUNTY.

3. AND THE WORST OF IT IS, SHE HAS NO VOICE!

4. HM-M!

5. EE-EE!

6. EE-EE!

By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Old Two Face

1. WERE THE COMMITTEE FROM THE NATIONAL LIBERAL SOCIETY TO GET NEBB'S STAND ON THE WET AND DRY QUESTION—THIS GUY NEBB IS AN OILY BIRD.

2. HELLO MR NEBB, WE REPRESENT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL SOCIETY.

3. THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE, GENTLEMAN, STEP INTO MY OFFICE.

4. WE'RE GETTING READY TO PUBLISH THE LIST OF CANDIDATES WE ARE GOING TO INDOORSE AND WE CAME TO FIND OUT HOW YOU STAND ON THE WET AND DRY QUESTION.

5. JUST A MINUTE. I CAN BEST ILLUSTRATE MY POSITION.

6. I CAN'T SAY MUCH IN PRAISE OF THE MAN WHO INDULGES TOO FREELY. NEITHER CAN I CONDEMN THE ONE WHO TAKES IT IN MODERATION. BUT WHEN YOU HAVE A LAW FOR WHICH THE PEOPLE HAVE NO RESPECT, GET RID OF IT! HERE'S HOW! AND REMEMBER TO INDOORSE RUDOLPH NEBB—A VOTE FOR NEBB IS A VOTE FOR THE PEOPLE.

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—The Deacon Evidently Said A Mouthful!

1. WELL, THE OLD LADY AND I HAVE SPLIT UP AT LAST. I'M GOING TO MARRY MISS SCHULTZ AS SOON AS I GET MEASURED FOR A DIVORCE!

2. JUDGE, HAVE YOU GOT A DIVORCE SIZE ABOUT SIX AND THREE EIGHTS FOR ME?

3. TOM, LOOK IN THE ODD LOTS FOR A DIVORCE FOR THIS GUY!

4. JEFF! MY LITTLE PAL—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

5. I GLOPED AND JUST GOT A DIVORCE!

6. I'M IN LOVE. I WANT A DIVORCE TO MARRY MISS SCHULTZ!

7. REMEMBER WHAT DEACON AVESWORTH SAYS, 'THE GUY WHO GETS MARRIED A SECOND TIME DOESN'T DESERVE TO GET RID OF THE FIRST ONE!'

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

1. A FINE BUNCH OF CAMPAIGNERS I'VE GOT! FIRST BLANCY SWIPES THE CAMPAIGN FUNDS. THEN CAFFEY STEALS THE FUNDS FROM BLANCY. NOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN WHEN THEY FIND CAFFEY?

2. WELL, WHAT'S THE NEWS ABOUT CAFFEY?

3. 'BRICK-TOP' MMINNETTY CAUGHT CAFFEY AN' 'BRICK-TOP' RAN AWAY WITH THE FUNDS.

4. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT CAMPAIGN FUND IS DOIN' A LOT OF TRAVELIN'.

5. DON'T WORRY—'BRICK-TOP' MMINNETTY IS IN JAIL NOW.

6. FER PASSIN' COUNTERFEIT MONEY—ALL THAT MONEY YOU RECEIVED FROM YOUR FRIENDS IS BOGUS—

7. O-U!

RUSSIAN SLAYER OF FRENCH CHIEF DIES BENEATH AXE

PARIS, France, Sept. 14.—(AP)—France exacted the supreme penalty today for the slaying of her venerable president, Paul Doumer, by executing on the guillotine Dr. Paul Gorguloff, Russian physician, who shot him May 6.

Gorguloff was executed at 5:52 a. m., as he muttered almost incomprehensible references to his "idea."

He was accompanied to the scaffold by Father Gillet, a priest of the Greek church. The priest blessed him just before the guillotine fastened him on the block under the knife.

Dawn was just breaking. The procedure moved swiftly. Only 40 seconds after Gorguloff stepped down from the prison van his head rolled into the basket. Only a small crowd saw the execution.

When he was awakened in his cell, Gorguloff muttered prayers in Russian and then began to talk about his "idea."

"I am neither a royalist nor a communist," he said. "I die for my idea. I hope my child (which is still unborn) will be a boy and I hope he won't be a communist. I asked pardon of everybody."

During the mass of the Greek church which preceded his execution, Gorguloff continued praying and began again to talk of his "idea."

"I die for Russia," he said. "I die for my idea. I pardon everybody."

KLAMATH FALLS—Work of excavation on \$1,800,000-gallon reservoir at Moore Park, started.

REEDSPORT—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connelly sold Umquap Hotel to Mrs. C. L. Wilhelm of Cottage Grove.

SALEM—Bids opened recently for boiler for Oregon State penitentiary.

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