

# Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

**SYNOPSIS:** Nan, trying to save Jervis from an unseen danger which she senses, jumps ahead of her husband to prevent the bridge from falling over the deep tidal gully. Just as she does, the bridge timbers give way with a terrific crash. Nan miraculously is saved from death on the rocks below by Jervis and the dog Bran. She insists this is another attempt by Robert Leonard on Jervis' life but her husband ridicules the charges. Nan is certain the treacherous Rosamund Carew, Jervis' former fiancée, is allied with Leonard in the plot.

### Chapter 21

#### DANGEROUS TEA PARTY

At lunch Jervis made the sort of polite conversation he would have to a guest, and immediately after lunch he went out. The day had turned to heat; the last of the haze was gone, and fierce sun beat down upon the damp ground; far away on the horizon heavy piled up clouds suggested thunder.

Nan took a book to a seat on the shady side of the lawn, but she did not read. The book lay on her lap, while her thoughts moved restlessly about the broken bridge. She had a shock, and it had left her shaken. Jervis had been as near death as he could ever be until death took him. She did not think of how near she had been herself. She thought of Jervis taking that long step forward on to the bridge, of the bridge cracking, of the violence of its fall, and of the roar of the falling water.

She opened her book at random and began to read. The words passed over her mind like water passing over stones; they left no mark. She shut the book, and saw Jervis crossing the lawn toward her with Bran at his heels.

"Well—" he said, "I've had the men down at the bridge."

Nan turned to face him. Bran came over to her and put his head in her lap.

"The wood was rotten. The spray from the fall had rotted it. As a matter of fact Benham—that's the carpenter—reminded me that I had spoken to him about having it overhauled, but of course I didn't think there was any particular urgency."

Nan looked down at Bran and stroked his head. She did not speak. She had a picture in her mind of a lightning flash, and of Robert Leonard against a black background of trees.

"Benham made a thorough examination of the broken timbers. I think you suggested that they had been tampered with by Leonard."

"Yes—I did."

"Then I think you ought to withdraw that suggestion. If the timbers had been partly sawn through the marks of the saw would show. There aren't any marks."

Nan did not speak. She gave him a steady look, and then went back to stroking Bran.

A little dark color showed in Jervis' face.

"You made what amounted to an accusation."

"Yes," said Nan.

He struck the back of the seat with his hand.

"Are you going to withdraw it?"

"No."

"After Benham's report?"

Nan flung up her head.

"He tried to kill you!"

"That's nonsense. The bridge fell because it was rotten and I'd put off having it seen to. As a matter of fact it was Leonard who directed my attention to it not a week ago—Benham reminded me. I don't like Leonard—he's not a man I've ever cared about, but he's a family connection, and I think you ought to take back what you said."

Nan got up. She took a step towards him and stood still.

"This is the third time he's tried to kill you," she said.

She saw his face darken and then change. He was looking past her, and she turned involuntarily. Janet Tetterley and Rosamund Carew were coming across the lawn.

Nan braced herself. She felt taken unawares and defenceless, but she called on her courage, and it rose.

Alfred brought chairs, and presently Monk entered upon the imposing ritual of tea.

Janet Tetterley, a ginger-haired woman with pale eyes and magenta lips painted on crooked, shook hands without looking at Nan, and began at once to talk to Jervis about people Nan did not even know by name. Pogo was broke and was going to have a try for the Winkledon girl.

but it wasn't likely she'd look at him, because Snorter was in the running too, and naturally he'd have a pull over Pogo.

Jervis preferring Pogo's chances, they became involved in argument, until Janet Tetterley produced a red herring in the shape of an extraordinary rumor about somebody named Honzo and his latest conquest.

Nan poured out tea. If it had not been for Jervis, she would not have minded.

It would have amused her to watch Janet Tetterley, who was so thin that each of her restless movements threatened to break something. Having achieved a miraculous slenderness by the complete sacrifice of health, color and bloom, she was inordinately pleased with the result. At intervals of ten minutes or so she opened a vanity case, and applied powder to her bony features, and another touch of magenta to her thin lips. She talked without ceasing, and had something faintly unpleasant to say about everyone she mentioned. She appeared to amuse Jervis.

Rosamund sat, for the most part, lighting one cigarette from another and talking little. Once when Nan looked up she found herself meeting Rosamund's eyes. Behind their wonderful dark blue a definitely hostile something met and then instantly evaded her. Nan felt a little shaken; she did not expect Rosamund to be the best that could be hoped for between them.

The two did not make a long visit. As they got up to go, Tetterley made a restless movement toward Nan.

"Oh, by the way, Basher told me to be sure to ask you about your people."

Nan gazed at her. She did not repeat the word Basher, but she contrived to produce the impression of having done so.

Tetterley jerked her emaciated shoulders.

"Basher's my husband. He's got it into his head that you may be related to some Forsyths he used to know. I told him it was most improbable, but he said to ask. I believe he was in love with one of them. They used to live at a place in Connecticut, and one of the sons went off digging up Old Testament places in Chaldea. Basher says he was quite well known in his own line."

"Nigel Forsyth," said Jervis. Tetterley nodded.

"That's it. He wrote books about it. I don't read them myself, but Basher glomps over them, and he particularly said I was to find out if you were related to these Connecticut Forsyths."

Nan's color rose.

"Not really!" Her tone made this an impertinence.

"Nigel Forsyth was my father."

Tetterley knocked the ash off her cigarette and said, "Basher will be thrilled."

After which she turned with one of her abrupt movements and declared that they ought to have gone ten minutes ago.

Neither she nor Rosamund took any leave of Nan, who was left uncertain of whether to cross the lawn with them or to remain where she was. She made a tentative movement to follow them, but they were already some distance away; she would have had to run to catch them up. No one of the three looked round. She hesitated, stood looking after them for a moment, and then returned to the tea-table with growing certainty that she had done the wrong thing. A few minutes later, she got up and walked to the house, her cheeks burning and her courage very low.

She met Jervis in the hall, and he looked at her with a cold anger.

"Why didn't you come to see them off?"

"You went without me."

"You should have come too."

She said, with a simplicity that checked him, "I am sorry. You went off so quickly at the end, and I thought it would look foolish if I ran after you."

He passed on without another word, and she did not see him till dinner.

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Humiliation is brought upon Nan, tomorrow, by one whom she loves dearly.

Mack the sealing machine, and those who washed the tomatoes the labor, leaving every fifth can filled to be put away for emergencies this winter and dividing the rest of the pack among themselves.

### Man Held at Eugene On Board Bill Claim

F. A. Kirschoff, who allegedly left this city at an early hour this morning with bag and baggage, falling to pay his rent at Mrs. M. A. Anderson's boarding house at 244 South Central, is held under arrest in Eugene with bail fixed at \$50, according to word received by the sheriff's office this afternoon.

The complaint was filed by Mrs. Anderson, who traced the man to the bus line. He was stopped in Eugene, where he has presented the claim that he had a settlement with the local woman regarding the board bill.

**Hold-Up Wounded**  
WOODBURN, Ore., Sept. 15.—(AP) One man was shot but not seriously wounded and another escaped here last night when they attempted to hold up Henry Layman, confectioner.

Layman fired when the younger of the two men pulled a gun. The wounded man was taken to a Salem hospital.

## KENTUCKY LADY HEADS AUXILIARY

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 15.—(AP) Mrs. S. A. Blackburn, of Versailles, Ky., was nominated for the presidency of the American Legion Auxiliary at the annual convention here today. The nomination is tantamount to election.

Nominees for the vice-presidency of the five divisions, all without opposition include: Western division, Mrs. Otto W. Heider, Eberhard, Ore. Mrs. Pat Allen, of Portland, general chairman of the national convention, was nominated for American vice-president of Pledge Auxiliary.

**GOLD BEACH**—New smoke house completed by Fred Borber and Ted Krick.

for their home in Long Beach. Lola Worthington and Andy McFarland were married in Medford Sept. 3. They will make their home in Medford.

Mrs. B. A. Clark and Mrs. J. H. Mallette left Sept. 13 for Portland to visit friends.

Mrs. G. Shaw and granddaughter Beverly arrived Sept. 9 from Portland to visit Mrs. Shaw's mother, Mrs. Sarah E. Howlett.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Goff of Weott, Calif., spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Worthington.

## Eagle Point

EAGLE POINT, Sept. 15.—(Sp.)—Civic Improvement club will resume meetings Sept. 15 with Mrs. Will Brown, Mrs. Royal Brown and Miss Lella Gallien as hostesses, announcement was made by the president, Mrs. Ari Stoner.

Mrs. J. T. Worthington and son Everett who have been visiting at the J. L. Worthington home left Sept. 7

Broadcast Dutch Book  
ROTTERDAM, Sept. 15.—(AP)—The government station here recently broadcast a complete book to the Dutch East Indies. The 36,000 words kept four transmitters busy seven hours.

Bridal Couple Shun Altar  
ADELAIDE, Australia, Sept. 15.—(AP)—Hard times are cutting down the number of church weddings in Australia. Economical couples prefer the simple civil rite and registry office business is picking up.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Clements have returned from Portland where they spent several days.

PRAIRIE CITY—Joe Dixon received contract for construction of bridge across river at this place.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Swampland Visitors!



WE STARED THAT ONE DOWN, TOM! GUESS WE DON'T LOOK LIKE GOOD EATIN'!

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE ANYTHING TO FEAR AS LONG AS WE STAY ON THE SHIP.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED MILES OVER CHARTED AIRWAYS THIS MOTOR PURRS LIKE A CAT AND PICKS THIS SPOT TO QUIT. WHAT LUCK!

MOTORS IS THAT WAY! NO SENSE A-TALL!

WONDER WHAT MADE 'EM THINK GIVE UP 'TH' HOSTS?—WE STILL GOT PLENTY OF GAS.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? YOU COULDN'T PULL THIS PLANE OUT OF HERE WITH THREE MOTORS!

BEE YOUR EYE! THEY'RE MOSQUITOES—MILLIONS OF 'EM! WE'RE IN FOR A SLAP BANG TIME IF WE CAN'T FIGURE A WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE PRETTY SOON.

YOW!!! I BEEN BIT BY A BEE!

By EDWIN ALGER

### BOUND TO WIN—No Time For Explanations



C-O-S-B-Y? IS THAT CORRECT? GOOD HEAVENS, HAVE I MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. HASSETT?

TELL ME THIS, SON—YOU EVER HEARD YOUR FRIEND MENTION A MAN NAMED COBBY?

SURE I HAVE—EBENEZER WAS JONATHAN'S BROTHER—JUST BEFORE HE DIED HE SENT JONATHAN A MESSAGE AND IT WAS THAT MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT US TO THIS ISLAND—

OH, I'VE BEEN A FOOL! BEN, LISTEN TO ME—WAIT HERE UNTIL I COME BACK—MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME—THE PLACE IS YOURS!

ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK FOR JONATHAN?

MR. HASSETT! THE BANK—

BETTER LET ME GO WITH YOU, MR. HASSETT! MY DOGS WITH JONATHAN AND HE WON'T KNOW YOU!

NO, BEN, YOU WAIT! I'LL BE BACK WITH JONATHAN AND THE DOG—HE WON'T HURT ME!

By C. M. PAYNE

### S'MATTER POP—Ma Gets An Invitation



MAW!

I AIN'T HAD NUTHIN' TO EAT FOR ABOUT A YEAR!

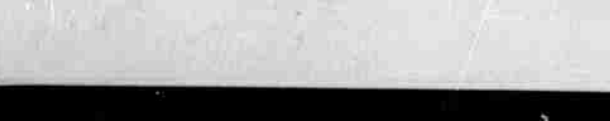
DARLING!

I HAVE HAD NOTHING TO EAT!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S THA TWO OF US GO AN' HAVE SUMTHIN' TO EAT TOGETHER!

By SOL HESS

### THE NEBBS—Do My Ears Burn!



...THE FACILITIES OF THIS STATION FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY ROSCOE NOODLE, CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR, ETC...

HEY SENATOR! COME HERE—SOME THING IS COMING OVER THE AIR THAT SHOULD BE INTERESTING TO YOU!

...AND NOW FOR THE OTHER CANDIDATE, RUDOLPH NEBB, CAESAR HEIT'S MANIKIN; WHO ONLY MOVES WHEN THE BOSS PULLS THE STRINGS—THE ONLY WAY TO ANALYZE A CLAM IS TO BREAK HIM OPEN AND THAT'S WHAT I PROPOSE TO DO—

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I'LL DO WHEN I'M ELECTED IS TO PASS A BILL PROHIBITING THE USE OF FREE AIR TO PROPAGATE SCANDAL, ABUSE OR POLITICAL PROPAGANDA.

GET YOURSELF ELECTED FIRST—YOU CAN'T DO IT BY KEEPING YOUR MOUTH SHUT—YOUR MOUTH IS ALWAYS OPEN UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME AND THEN YOU'RE SEALED UP LIKE A CAN OF SARINES (THANK GOODNESS)

By BUD FISHER

### MUTT AND JEFF—The Boys Get An Earful



JUDGE, MY WIFE AIN'T ON THE LEVEL!

HAS SHE BEEN FLIRTING?

NO, SHE HAS MAY FEVER IN THE OFF SEASON AND GETS HE ALL MIXED UP!

DIVORCE GRANTED! NEXT!

JUDGE, MY HUSBAND WEARS A BEARD AND I CAN'T KISS HIM!

DIVORCE DENIED! KISS HIM THROUGH A STRAW!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO BUY A RAZOR!

By George McManus

### BRINGING UP FATHER



IS THAT SO? WELL, I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME—I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHO YOU ARE TO PLACE IN OFFICE WHEN YOU ARE MAYOR.

BUT LISTEN! I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF SOME OF ME FRIENDS—

OH, GOOD MORNING—MR. ED—U—CATE.

AH, MR. JIGGS! ARE YOU GOING TO BE AT THE POLITICAL DEBATE TO-DAY?

I JUST CAME FROM ONE—

THERE'S NO DOUBT YOU'LL BE ELECTED AND BE POLITICALLY ACTIVE—IT WILL ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—

WHY SHOULD I WANT TO ADD TEN YEARS TO MY LIFE? YOU FORGET—I'M MARRIED—

By George McManus

## Talent

TALENT, Sept. 15.—(Sp.)—Talent school opened on Monday with the same staff of teachers as last year: Charles Bowman, superintendent, High school, Miss Esther Spanenberg and Miss Helen Shipley.

Grades 7 and 8, Ralph Southwick; 6, Miss Edna Wisely; 4 and 5, Miss Floy Young; 2 and 3, Miss Opal McLarnan; 1st, Miss Dorothy Baughman.

TALENT, Sept. 15.—(Sp.)—Community club meet for the first session of the club year on Wednesday at the club rooms. Officers for the year are: President, Mrs. Wm. Higgins; first vice president, Mrs. Leaning; second vice president, Mrs. Ormie Goddard; secretary, Miss Emma Jean Crawford; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Charles Long; treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Robinson; directors, Mrs. Charles Holdridge and Mrs. Ormie Manning.

County Demonstration Agent Mrs. Mabel Mack was present and plans were made for relief work.

The work was begun on Monday when the club kitchen was opened to all who wished to can tomatoes and did not have the facilities at home. The club furnished the tin cans, the local growers the tomatoes and Mrs.