

# Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

**SYNOPSIS:** Now has taken fearful refuge in her room from her husband's cruel doubt that she is the daughter of the famous explorer. Night brought, and from his suspicion that she accuses Robert Leonard of murderous designs upon Jervis from mercenary motives. He is brought to his senses by a packet of letters from Nan's father, and goes to her room with apologies.

Chapter 15  
**F. F. SCENTS A THRILL**  
FERDINAND FRANCIS came down next day, arriving in time for dinner with an extraordinary assortment of luggage, including the yellow Gladstone bag, a canvas satchel, a uniform-case scraped and sattered down to the bare tin, a typically British wash-basin with a leather top, and some assorted parcels. All except the parcels were plastered over with labels of every shape and color.

"I'm not competing, Nan will top on some imagination for you."  
Nan's cheeks burned with a sudden scarlet. Everything in her was reacting violently from the moment when she had stood with the door between herself and Jervis and had not had a word to say.  
That was last night; but it might have happened in another world. She had felt drained and dumb, a sort of ghost in the dark. She did not feel in the least like that now. She wanted to convince Ferdinand, to get him on her side. She felt warm, and alive, and sure. She leaned towards him with her elbow on the arm of the chair.  
"I'll tell you what happened."  
"That's better," said F. F.  
Jervis got up and strolled away. "When the thrills are over you can wander down to the ravine and view the remains," he said. He went down the steps and on down the grassy slope.  
"Now, Mrs. Jervis," said Ferdinand.  
"Jervis doesn't believe anything."  
"Well no—he wouldn't. Suppose you try me—I'm good at believing."  
"There's so little to tell. There's nothing that I can prove—there's only the feeling, the frightfully strong feeling."  
"No more accidents!"



Ferdinand Francis came down the next day.  
There was a little dragging silence before Jervis said in a casual tone.  
"Only the old bridge above the fall."  
Ferdinand jerked round in his wicker chair.  
"Not really? And it fell?"  
"What a dramatic mind you've got, F.F. The timbers were rotten with the spray."  
"Rotten were they—and with the spray?"  
Jervis nodded.  
"The bridge fell. And was there anyone on it when it fell?"  
Jervis got up and stood half turned away, looking down towards the ravine.  
"Nan had a narrow escape," he said. "She'll tell you about it if you want to know."  
Ferdinand certainly wanted to know. He looked at Nan, and found her changing color.  
"There's nothing to tell, Mr. Francis."  
"Oh, I imagine there's something."  
"No, there isn't." Then, as Jervis looked over his shoulder with a sardonic gleam in his eye, she colored and said stammeringly, "I ran on to the bridge. It cracked, and then it fell. Jervis pulled me up."  
"My eye!" said Ferdinand. "Can't someone do better than that? Haven't you got a few extra syllables about you, Mrs. Jervis? I feel as if I could do with them if you have."  
"Bran wouldn't cross it," said Nan only just above her breath. "I know there was something wrong when Bran wouldn't cross it."  
"I'm an inquisitive man," said Ferdinand, "and I'm feeling the strain of this conversation pretty badly. If someone doesn't tell me what happened soon, I'm going to be a first-aid case."  
Jervis had been listening to a careless attitude, one knee on the balustrade. His sudden smile came and went again. It gave his face an extraordinary charm. He looked at Ferdinand with affection.  
"Very nicely put, F. F. I'm afraid I only deal in dry facts—that's why

## CRATER HIGHWAY WANTED OPEN TO WINTER TRAFFIC

Under the direction of the roads and highway committee of the Chamber of Commerce, petitions are being circulated here by business men and business firms, asking that the Crater Lake highway between Prospect and the park boundary, be kept open during the coming winter. The petitions will be presented to the state highway commission as soon as the necessary number of names is obtained.  
The national park service has announced plans to keep the road within the park open to Government camp or Anna Springs if the state will keep open the stretch from Prospect to the boundary.  
Such a project, it was pointed out today, will be very beneficial to the park service as well as the public.

## Traffic Lanes Open For Medford Autos

Traffic lanes, to test brakes and lights on Medford autos, was opened this morning between Ninth and Ivy streets, in charge of Fred L. Brown and L. C. Garlock, in cooperation with Chief of Police Clatous McCredie. All city cars and trucks were taken through the lanes this morning, as well as numerous other cars. The tests will continue Tuesday and Wednesday.  
Dee's Place, formerly Mac's Barberie, between Central Point and Medford—Specializing in Spanish Dishes and Sandwiches. Esther Downing, Tel 498-M.

## REIMER, HARTMAN MAKE PEAR TESTS

Results of the pear tests made during the past few weeks by Professor F. C. Reimer of the Talent experiment station, and Henry Hartman of Oregon State college, will be apparent at various periods throughout the winter, Professor Reimer reported today.  
Professor Hartman returned to Corvallis, after assisting with various tests of collecting, harvesting, wrapping, packing and storing of pears and the conditions of shipping. Mr. Hartman is now in the Hood River district, but will return to Medford about the middle of October.  
Professor Reimer said today that Professor Hartman will make two trips east this winter to study the conditions of the pears, and will spend a portion of the season in New York City.

## Mrs. Williamson's Kindergarten To Open Wednesday

Mrs. Lloyd Williamson, who returned with Mr. Williamson from Salem yesterday, announced this morning that she would open her kindergarten at 109 South Orange Wednesday.  
Mrs. Williamson was detained in Salem by illness of Mr. Williamson's sister. Mothers wishing additional information regarding the school, where much instruction is accomplished through the medium of music, are asked to call Mrs. Williamson at 1326.  
The school was well attended last year and a similar enrollment is anticipated for the coming season.

## My Beauty Hint



**TOSHIA MORI**  
Sleep and many soap and water baths keep me feeling fresh and fit. I place a bar of soap in the bathtub, turn on the hot water and let the soap suds rise.  
Next I cool the water to a pleasant warmth and step in for 10 or 15 minutes of the finest relaxation I know.  
Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works

## BRUTE ELUDES POLICE CLUTCH

State police and county authorities continued today their search for the bearded brute who a week ago committed a fiendish assault upon a young Phoenix girl. A thorough watch is being kept throughout the state and northern California. The degenerate is described as about 45 years old, roughly dressed and heavily bearded.  
Decisions in the case of Ralph Slover, Central Point youth of undetermined age, waits upon the condition of his four-year-old victim. Some action is expected by the end of the week. Slover's case is before the juvenile court, and he is held in the county jail. State police allege that Slover made a complete statement.  
Relatives of Slover ask that he be placed on a farm. County authorities said today that Slover would be given a medical examination this week.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speaking Of Signals!



## BOUND TO WIN—To Insure Privacy!



## By EDWIN ALGER

## 'MATTER POP—A More Refined Term



## THE NEBBS



## By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Talked Like He Was Full Of Hoppe



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## By George McManus

## ANGRY FARMERS TIRED OF HOOEY BROOKHART TOLD

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20. — (AP) — Senator Brookhart, (R. Iowa), today made public correspondence with the farmers' meeting executive committee at Sioux City, Iowa, showing that he will be present at Moline, Iowa, Wednesday afternoon at a meeting of farmers.  
Ed A. Ellison, chairman of the committee, wired Brookhart as follows: "We have been key-noted, sounoted, radio-booked and Hooverized to a point where our families are under privileged, our schools menaced, and we are mere caretakers of the farms we live on, at the mercy of a political financial system which wants

us to stop the hogs only for the benefit of eastern bankers and railroads.  
"We are sick and tired of hokum and hooey. Every time an alleged farm relief measure is passed its operation and manipulation is put in the hands of the same old banker-political group. We are meeting thousands of us, Wednesday afternoon in a cornfield at Moline, to devise ways and means to reach Washington militantly through you. You are our senator. You alone can start our battle and organize senators from other agricultural states."  
"Have you the guts to get out here by airplane, spend the day and night among us? We may seem aroused and angry. We are. You get here Wednesday for this farm mass meeting and help us through coming sessions of congress. Answer immediately."  
To this Brookhart answered: "Your telegram sounds like real business to me. I am ready for the fight and will get to Omaha by plane."  
Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones, Phone 795.

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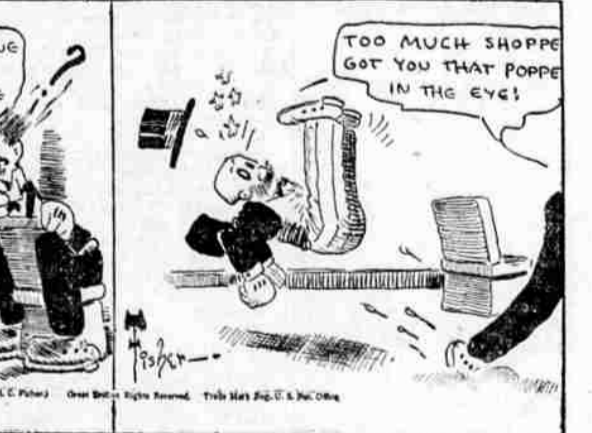
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