

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Out of a whirl of madcap attempts on his life, of conflicting suits of his emotions, Jervis wears a crown with but one clear impression. His wife Nan, whom he had thought married him solely to advance her position. And some deeper reason. Was it love? He is awakened in the middle of the night to find her terrified by a grisly dream that he is dead.

Chapter 34 A VOICE FROM THE DARK

JERVIS wished he had not asked Nan whether she would mind if he were dead. When he had been wishing it with all his heart for a quite long time, she drew a sobbing breath.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not used to anyone—minding about me."

She looked round at him then with something in her eyes which blotted out everything that he had thought or believed about her before this night. It was something quite impossible to mistake. There were tears in her eyes, and behind the tears a shining.

He got up in confusion, went over to the bed table, poured out a glass of water, and came back with it in his hand. Nan took it gratefully, but her hand shook. He found himself guiding it. She drank about half the water and gave him the

yet it was less astonishing and less moving than the look which she had given him just now.

When he thought about that look of Nan's, a sort of piercing sweetness and warmth penetrated to the very depths of his consciousness. He was quite unable to think about it, or, indeed, to think about it at all. The whole experience was as yet a matter of feeling; it had not been transmuted into thought.

He sat quite still for a long time, watching the line of light beneath the door. When at last it went out, he got up, stretched himself, and got into bed. He lay on his right side and watched the moonlight. The moon was not full, and the light was pale, not bright. The window framed it, and one black bough of the tall cypress at the corner of the house, the bough crossed the window like an outstretched arm.

He lay looking at it, and all the time that warm sweetness pierced deeper and deeper. He began to slip away from the moonlight into a more enchanted place. There was a dream waiting for him—a warm, sweet dream, full of color and light. But when he had almost reached it, something pulled him back.

He woke with one of those violent starts which come on the edge of sleep. In a moment he was out



glass again. When she spoke, it was in her natural voice.

"Thank you, Jervis." Then, after the slightest pause, "I'm all right now—it's gone." She threw out her hand with a childish gesture. "Oh, isn't it lovely when bad dreams go like that?"

"It's quite gone?"

"Yes."

"Can you go to sleep again?"

She said, "I'll read."

"Have you got a book?"

"Yes."

He stood there, not knowing quite what to do. He felt as if he had never seen her before, and yet as if he had known her all his life.

He said, "Nan," in a tone which she had not heard from him before.

She pushed back her hair and smiled at him.

"I'm really all right now. I'm dreadfully sorry I woke you."

"Would you like me to leave the door open?"

"Oh, no—I've got Bran."

A perfectly absurd anger flared up in him. She had Bran, had she? Well, let her have Bran! He certainly hadn't the slightest desire to force himself upon her. He frowned, said good-night in a stiffly polite voice, and strode to the door. As he shut it, he caught a glimpse of her settling herself against her pillows.

His room seemed very dark. He went over to the bed and sat on the edge of it, watching the line of light under the door through which he had just come. His spirit of anger died. He was moved and puzzled.

He could not remember anyone having cried for him before. It moved him a good deal that Nan should have cried for him this afternoon. She had sat on the dusty grass and cried because she thought he was dead. It was an astonishing thing to have happened; and

of bed and at the door between his room and Nan's. It opened on a dark room peaceful with sleep. He said her name under his breath, but there was no answer except the faint thudding of Bran's tail upon the floor. He frowned in the dark and shut the door.

As he turned and stood for a moment facing the window, something came through it and hit the floor with a sharp rap. It sounded like a pebble.

He went to the window and looked out. It faced towards the drive. The curving belt of trees took the moon. The sky was luminous over them, the moon itself unseen. The shadow of the cypress was black upon the house. The blackness made a pool beneath him as he leaned out.

Out of the blackness someone said:

"Jervis—"

Jervis stared into the black pool of shadow under the window. Instead of waking up he must have walked straight into the maddest dream. He said:

"Who's there?"

"Jervis?" said Rosamund Casraw.

It was Rosamund—of course it was Rosamund. But it could only be Rosamund in one of those dreams which hurry you from one absurdity to another.

"Rosamund!" he said.

"For the Lord's sake don't go shouting out my name like that!"

"I wasn't shouting."

He could just see her now—or rather, not her, but a shadow that moved, amongst other shadows that were still.

"Jervis—I'm in a hole. Can you come down?"

(Copyright, 1932, Lippincott)

What will be the result of this mysterious call from Rosamund?

PHOENIX GRANGE OPENS DOORS TO PUBLIC TONIGHT

PHOENIX, Sept. 30.—(Special.)—Phoenix Grange met Tuesday with good attendance. The program consisted of a song by Patricia Purry, a talk on the oleo referendum by Harry Ward of the Eagle Point Grange, and articles written by members of the two "newspaper staffs" appointed at the former meeting of the Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Conger, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hoover of Jacksonville Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ward of Eagle Point Grange and Mr. and Mrs. Morse of Talent Grange were welcomed as visitors.

A special invitation is extended by the Phoenix Grange to every person in the community and all others interested in Grange work to attend the booster program to be given at the Phoenix Grange hall tonight. No charge for admission will be made. The program of the evening and the

entertainment will all be free to each one attending. Plans for the program have been made by the substitute lecturer, Elva Caster, and by the music chairman, Marie Purry.

Committees of various natures have appointed to take care of every detail of the evening's program, and from interest being manifested by members of the Grange and committees, it is believed that this will be a program well worth the attendance of all in the community and all others interested in Grange work.

The program will commence at 8 o'clock.

Bandit Mistaken; Holds Up Officer

ST. LOUIS—(AP)—A bandit operating in Forest park after nightfall picked a parked car occupied by the wrong couple. The man was a member of the St. Louis metropolitan police, off duty.

Seizing his service revolver, which officers are required to carry at all times, he gave chase to the fleeing robber, who was captured after a pistol duel along a main thoroughfare.

If you are interested in flying, see Mack Diffin at Peoples Electric store.

Nandie's Club Breakfast—the best in town—10c to 50c.

PORTLAND BRANCH BANK OPENS SOON

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 30.—(AP)—Within three weeks the Portland branch of the regional agricultural credit corporation will be in operation and able to make direct loans

to farmers and livestock growers, W. Ernie Williams, manager, believes. Williams returned to Portland Wednesday after a conference at Washington with Ford E. Hovey, chief of the agricultural credit division of the reconstruction finance corporation.

Williams said he expected the corporation to be able to make "very liberal" loans to producers of livestock, wheat, wool and other commodities.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 798.

DEMOS PLANTING HECKLERS, CLAIM

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 30.—(AP)—Secretary of War Hurley charged in an interview here today that Democrats are planting "stool pigeons" at Republican campaign meetings to heckle speakers.

He referred specifically to a meeting at Johnson City, Tenn., last night where he was booed several times.

"There was just a handful of them sprinkled through the audience," he said, "the crowd was with me."

"After the speaking, a man by the name of Wuthering came up to me and said he had been paid \$2 to ask me a list of questions. He said 'I took the money because I needed it but I like you, Colonel, and that's why I wouldn't ask you the questions.' I said to him, 'that's all right,

Buddy. Take all the money you can get from them.'"

Death Toll Mounts.

CHERBOURG, France, Sept. 30.—(AP)—Another member of the crew of the French submarine Persee died in a hospital today of burns inflicted last Monday when there was an explosion in the engine compartment of the vessel. His death brought the total of fatalities to four.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

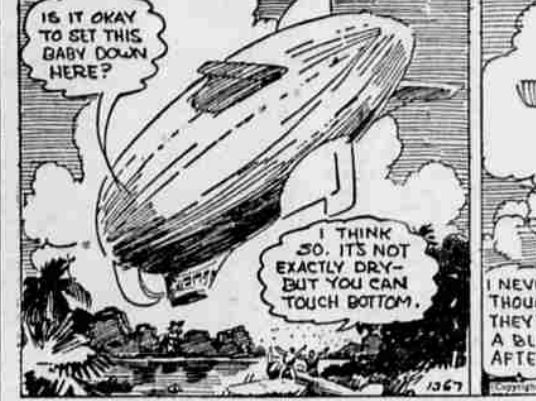
Speedy Liner Late On Maiden Voyage

GIBRALTAR, Sept. 30.—(AP)—The new Italian liner, Rex, built to make the Southern Atlantic crossing in six and a half days, arrived here on her maiden voyage at 3:30 a. m. today, three hours late, and had not left at 1 p. m.

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 108.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—How Dry I Am!



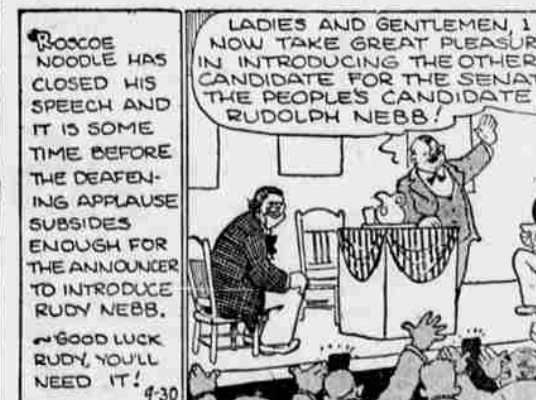
BOUND TO WIN—No Friend Of Jonathan's!



S'MATTER POP—Some Sigh



THE NEBBS—Second Round



MUTT AND JEFF—Imagine McCarthy Pitching Jeff!



BRINGING UP FATHER



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