

# Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

**SYNOPSIS:** Distracted because of dancing late for his young wife Nan, disturbed by her terrible dream that he is dead, Jervis wears is awakened in the dead of night by a noise in his room. A pebble is tossed in his window. He stands Rosamund's care, the girl who tilted him in an unsuccessful attempt to secure his great fortune, and asks Jervis to come down.

## Chapter 35

**JERVIS TO THE RESCUE**  
"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" Jervis demanded of Rosamund, who stood below his window looking up at him, the moonlight grey upon her face.

"I'll tell you if you come down. Don't wake anyone."  
He hesitated, frowning furiously. What was this all about? He turned his wrist and looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It was two o'clock. What on earth was Rosamund playing at?

"Jervis, I'm in a perfectly damnable hole."  
He said, "All right—wait a minute," and turned back into the room. He got into some clothes—a tennis shirt, flannel trousers, blazer, socks, and shoes. Then he went down to the study, opened the window, and got out.

"What's the matter?" he said. "My car broke down."  
"Where?"  
"About three miles away, on the main road."

"Well, I'll wake up Mrs. Mellish. She'll have a room got ready for you."  
"No—no—I don't want to do that. She came quite close and put a hand on my arm. 'I want to get back. Janet Tetterley doesn't know I'm out.'"

"What have you been up to?" said Jervis.  
"That's not your business."  
"What do you want me to do?" said Jervis angrily.

"Make less noise to start with, and then lend a hand with the car. 'What's the trouble?'"

"I've ditched her. We could get her out together, but I can't budge her alone, and there isn't likely to be anyone passing for the next four hours or so."

Jervis did not know what prompted him to say, "You're alone?"  
"Well, would I come and dig you out in the middle of the night if I wasn't I don't walk three miles in evening shoes for fun."

"All right I'll get the car out and run you back."  
Rosamund's hand closed on his arm—a strong hand for all its whiteness.

"No, you can't do that—it'll give the whole show away."  
"What is there to give away?" said Jervis.

"Well, to be quite frank," said Rosamund, "I can't afford another scandal on the top of turning you down. It isn't all jam as it is Janet's under Basher's thumb, though you wouldn't think it. Basher's a prude of the first water when it comes to his own womenfolk. If he knew I'd been out all night, he'd never have me in the house again."

"And it's not my business where you've been?"  
"Well—is it?"  
"How can you get back without someone finding out?"

"It's as easy as mud. The second chauffeur sleeps over the garage. You couldn't wake him if you drove a truck through the room. I've got a key, and I can take her in the same way I took her out, without anyone being the wiser."

So she couldn't have gone out much before midnight. Queer business this.  
"Well, we'd better be getting along," he said.

Rosamund moved, let go of his arm, and stepped out of the shadow. The moonlight touched her uncovered head and took all the gold out of her hair. It looked grey with threads of silver in it. Her face, her hands, and the column of her throat were like ivory seen through water. She was wrapped in a black Chinese shawl whose embroidered flowers were like faint ghosts whose color and sweetness have died and been forgotten.

She moved beside him, walking quickly and in silence. She could keep pace with him without effort. She produced, as always, an effect of graceful ease which was in sharp

contrast to the habitual bluntness of her speech. She did not speak now until they were past the gates. Then she said in a mocking voice, "Don't you want to know where I've been?"

"Not particularly."  
"No wonder I jilted you! You don't care whom I've been meeting?"

"Why should I?"  
"Do you?"  
"No, I don't."  
"No healthy curiosity?"  
"I'd like to know what you're driving at."

"I'd like to know myself," said Rosamund, her voice harsh on the words.

They walked on without speaking for a couple of hundred yards. Jervis couldn't help a feeling of extreme nervousness—perhaps it was the fact that his rest had been disturbed in so curious a manner.

Nan had dreamed that he was dead. It wasn't an omen, of course, because he was an intelligent citizen of the twentieth century who had let the faintest bell in omens and tabus. Yet he could not put it out of his mind.

Nor were his nerves due to his strange errand. Nan would never have demanded such a thing at such an hour. Nan would not have gone out on a shady venture; if she had been caught with a ditched car at 3 o'clock in the morning, she would not have made unreasonable requests of the neighbors. Not even of her husband.

Yes, the more he thought the less strange this early morning visit was. Rosamund was a demanding person. She was never a considerate person. Probably it had seemed quite the proper thing to do, this business of fingering pebbles into someone's window to save her own skin. He felt better.

Then he asked, "Are you going to marry Leonard?"  
"Should you mind if I did?"  
"Not in the least. But I should think twice before I did it if I were you."

"Why?" said Rosamund.  
"This man's an outsider."  
"Thank you—he's my cousin!"  
"Everyone's got some dud relations. Are you going to marry him?"

"No," said Rosamund.  
"Well, that's damned sensible of you."  
Rosamund moved a little farther away from him.

"You've made such a sensible marriage yourself—haven't you?" Jervis said nothing. Quite suddenly, when she said that, he saw Nan as he had seen her settling back against her tossed pillows; her ruffled hair, soft and brown; her little tremulous smile; her eyes clear shining after rain.

Sensible? That wasn't the word for the marriage that had brought Nan into his life. Who wanted to make a sensible marriage? He had taken a leap in the dark, and it had landed him in a place of extraordinary enchantment. You weren't sensible in an enchanted place.

He threw back his head and laughed. What a jest fate had played on him! What a gorgeous, rollicking, enchanting jest! Gusts of laughter shook him. He wanted someone to share it with him. But he couldn't very well share it with Rosamund. It was just like fate to thrust Rosamund upon him at this juncture.

She had crossed to the other side of the road. They had reached a bend where half a dozen wind-driven thorn trees stood above the hedge on one side and a row of elms cast a dense shadow across the road from the other.

"Here's the car," said Rosamund. "We haven't come three miles."  
"It felt like four in these shoes."  
The road dipped into the shadow. The car stood in at an angle towards the hedge. The place was as black as an overhanging boughs could make it.

"You ought to have left your lights on," said Jervis.  
Rosamund didn't answer. He heard her move, but he couldn't see her.

He opened the door of the car and leaned forward to switch on the lights.

"Nan asks Rosamund some questions, tomorrow, without conspicuous success."

## Walker Hinted In Re-Election Plan

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—(AP)—On the heels of a court decision calling for a majority election in November, the name of former Mayor James J. Walker was mentioned in political circles today as a possible candidate for re-election.

## Has Farm Aid Plan

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 1.—(AP)—The agricultural program of the Socialist party was outlined and attacks were made on Gov. F. D. Roosevelt and President Hoover in a series of addresses in Minneapolis and St. Paul by Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president.

## 200 Quake Dead; Count Increasing

ATHENS, Oct. 1.—(AP)—The count of victims of the week's earthquakes at Chalcidice, set Saturday at more than 200 dead, continued to rise today as many dead and wounded were being found under crumbled ruins in the city. Meanwhile, the shocks continued at Salonika and most of the frightened people spent the night in the open air.

## Pope Bares Stand On Mexican Laws

ROME, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Pope Pius XI met what he called the new "legal persecution" of the church and Catholics in Mexico today with an encyclical announcing a policy of "formal co-operation" without renouncing principles in the slightest degree or withdrawing past denunciations.

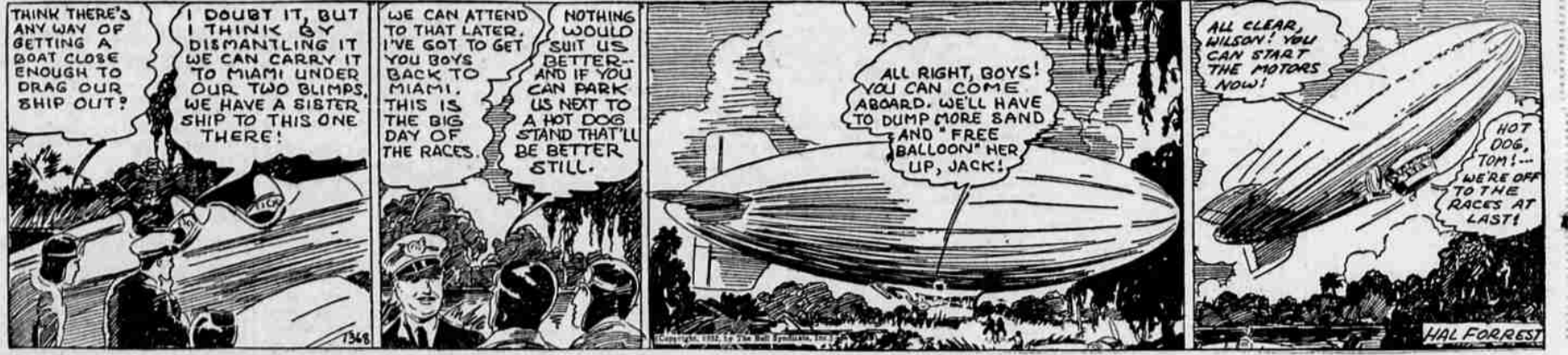
## Shipping Magnate Tells Optimism

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—(AP)—After a brief conference at the White House today, Stanley Dollar, president of the Dollar Steamship Line, said he had told President Hoover that he found "the travel business picking up in all parts of the world." Dollar said he had talked but little business, and that his visit was merely to pay his respects to the chief executive.

## Call Bomb Squad For Whiskey Flask

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Four automobiles filled with city detectives raced at breakneck speed to a house on a report a man was seen placing a bomb beneath a porch today.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Escape From The Everglades!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## BOUND TO WIN—Another Expedition!



By EDWIN ALGER

## S'MATTER POP—A Real Problem



By C. M. PAYNE

## THE NEBBS—Looks Like A New Boss



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—When Leather And Concrete Met



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICES IN MOVE

Offices of the Medford school district were moved yesterday from the Medford Center building to the city hall on North Central, where they will be open to the public Monday.

## 'FRISCO DEMOCRATS FLOCK TO REGISTER

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Democratic registration here for the November election, as announced by the registrar of voters today showed it to be almost four times as large as the registration in 1930 and more than 60 per cent greater than in 1928, while the Republican totals decreased.

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