

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Nan Weaver's husband's disappearance, Mrs. Mellish's disappearance, Mrs. Mellish's disappearance, Mrs. Mellish's disappearance...

Chapter 43
WAS JERVIS TWO-FACED?
The black curtain that had fallen between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning was to be lifted; Nan was about to get a glimpse of what lay behind it, from the hostile housekeeper.

"I shut the door," said Mrs. Mellish, "and came away up to my room and made my cup of tea." Nan straightened herself again. She had leaned forward involuntarily to catch the first glimpse of what was behind that curtain.

There was no glimpse. She choked down her sick disappointment and forced her voice. "You didn't see Mr. Jervis?" "No, ma'am."

Nan caught the tone of relief. Now why should Mrs. Mellish be relieved? She hadn't seen Jervis. Why should she be relieved about that? The next question was across her lips before she knew that she was going to ask it.

"Whom did you see?" Mrs. Mellish was so much startled that her hand closed on the linen handkerchief and crumpled its neat folds. "I went up to my room, and I made my cup of tea," she said; but her voice had lost its balance; it hurried over one word, and dragged on another.

Nan gave her no time. "You saw someone. Whom did you see?" "I blew my candle out, and I shut the door." "You blew out your candle. Mr. Jervis's door was open. Did you see a light? Was there a light in Mr. Jervis's room?"

Mrs. Mellish looked up, and down again. "There might have been." A tingling triumph came up in Nan. So keen was her sense that more lay behind Mrs. Mellish's laconic reply that she scarcely heard the clamorous telephone bell for which she had listened so long and so carefully.

Nan, the stream of her thought at last cut into by the shrill bell, motioned her to remain seated. She ran to the telephone, lifted the receiver. Was it Jervis? "No Alfred, I'll take the call. Get off the wire."

Nan strained for the timbre of the voice at the other end. At first she could hear nothing, as if the caller had become confused. "Don't hang up. What is it?" Nan begged.

"This is Smithers' grocery," a voice began. "Your order was delayed." Nan replaced the receiver wearily, caught up again her give and take with Mrs. Mellish. She must take hold of herself.

"There was a light—you saw it! What else did you see?" "I couldn't hardly say. The words were almost inaudible. "You must say," said Nan. "I'd rather you didn't ask me, ma'am."

accepted the penalty, paying the fine.
'Ma' Ferguson Is Demo Candidate
AUSTIN, Tex., Oct. 9.—(AP)—Mrs. Miriam A. (Ma) Ferguson was certified officially today as the Democratic nominee for governor of Texas under a supreme court decision ordering her name placed on the November general election ballot.

The court ruled against Governor B. S. Sterling, who contested Mrs. Ferguson's nomination.
Phoenix Grange Meets Tuesday
PHOENIX, Oct. 10.—(Special)—Phoenix grange will meet Tuesday night. Program for the lecture hour will be presented by Eagle Point grangers.

A good attendance of the Phoenix grangers is hoped for, as a good program is assured. About thirty visitors are expected from the Eagle grange.
Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Carver, Mrs. L. O. Caster, Archie Ferns, Mrs. Sam Young, Dave Walker and Jerry Bishop.
Portland, Oct. 10.—(P) A woman identified as Myrtle Hansell, about 30, plunged to her death in the Willamette river here last night.

WOMAN SUICIDES FROM LOG BOOM
PORTLAND, Oct. 10.—(P) A woman identified as Myrtle Hansell, about 30, plunged to her death in the Willamette river here last night. She stepped on a log boom, took off her hat and coat and leaped into the stream. Her body caught on a submerged cable and was reached quickly, but efforts to revive her were unsuccessful. She was identified through a locket she wore.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Sounds Simple—In Conversati on!

TOMMY AND SKEETER, NONE THE WISER FOR THE MISTAKE WHICH FORCED THEM TO SPEND A NIGHT IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, ARE HAVING A GREAT TIME AT THE AIR RACES IN MIAMI, WHERE THEY ARE NOW GUESTS OF ADOR THIS BEING THEIR SECOND VISIT TO THE FLORIDA METROPOLIS. 1932



BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan Hears Something

I'LL WAIT UNTIL THIS EXPEDITION STARTS DIGGING AND THEN I'LL DO SOMETHING I RATHER IMAGINE THEY'LL LEAVE THE ISLAND SHORTLY THEREAFTER.

GOSH, BILL, I'M CONVINCED NOW YOU AIN'T A WITCH-DEVIL, BUT YOU SURE CAN PLAY THE SAME KIND OF TRICKS!

DO YOU MIND, BILL, IF I LISTEN IN ON THEM BIRDS FOR A WHILE?

NO, INDEED, JONATHAN—GO RIGHT AHEAD. THE EARPHONES ARE CONNECTED UP FOR THE DAGGER COVE MICROPHONE.

HOW LONG DID IT TAKE YOU TO FIX ALL THIS UP, BILL?

ABOUT TWO MONTHS—YOU GEE, I BROUGHT SOME COMPETENT ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS DOWN HERE WITH ME—EVERYTHING WAS EASY AFTER WE FOUND THAT WATERFALL AND I WAS ASSURED OF A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF POWER.

I'VE HAD A BULLY TIME DOWN HERE! I'VE BEEN ABLE TO CATCH UP ON MY READING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE—THE CLIMATE AGREES WITH ME AND WITH ALPHEUS DANA, MY PARROT; AND ALPHEUS ALWAYS LETS ME KNOW HOW WELL OFF I AM AND—HOLD ON, JONATHAN'S HEARING SOMETHING!

S'MATTER POP—An Argument Which Promises To Go On Indefinitely

THEY'RE FUSIN' AN' FUSIN' OVERT TO MY HOUSE, ON ACCOUNT OF MY COUSIN PHILANDER.

HE WANTS TO BE AN AVIATOR; HIS MAW WANTS HIM TO BE A MOVIE STAR; HIS POP WANTS HIM TO BE A MAYOR AND HIS UNCLE WANTS HIM TO BE A CROONER.

HOW OLD IS YOUR COUSIN?

FOUR YEARS OLD!

OOMP!

I COULDN'T STAND THAT ARGUMENT, SO I CAME OVER TO YOUR HOUSE.

THE NEBBS—His Organization

IT'S NO USE OF GOING AROUND THE STATE DENYING YOU'RE BOSS HEIT'S CANDIDATE. EVERYBODY KNOWS IT—HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO BE ELECTED WITHOUT OUR MACHINE BACKING YOU UP?

WELL, IF I CAN'T BE ELECTED WITHOUT YOU AND I CAN'T BE ELECTED WITH YOU, IT LOOKS LIKE A SLEIGHRIDE FOR NOODLE.

WELL, LOOK AT THIS PLACE! THAT'S A FINE LOT OF HIGH-GRADE GENTLEMEN YOU'VE HAD HERE—IT LOOKS LIKE THEY THOUGHT MY RUG WAS AN ASH RECEIVER—YOU COULDN'T RENT THIS ROOM TO A PIG UNLESS YOU AGREED TO DO A LOT OF CLEANING—YOU KEEP THOSE BUMS OUT OF MY PLACE!

LISTEN, SWEETHEART, IT WILL BE DIFFERENT AFTER I'M ELECTED—IN THE MEAN TIME I'VE GOT TO MEET AND CONFER WITH MY ORGANIZATION.

ORGANIZATION?—AN ORGANIZATION OF BUMS. BRING THEM HERE AND KEEP THEM UNTIL AFTER ELECTION. BECAUSE THAT BUNCH IS THE BEST AD YOU COULD GET FOR SENATOR NOODLE!

MUTT AND JEFF—The Rushing Season Opens Up For Jeff!

THIS IS CLASS, I DON'T BELONG TO THIS FRAT—BUT ANYBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, TEE HEE.

HE DOESN'T BELONG TO OUR FRAT.

YOU BEAT IT, IF ANY FRESHMEAT SAW YOU—THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO JOIN OUR FRAT.

THIS FRAT IS JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM THAT OTHER ONE, I'LL JUST PARK HERE, O'BOY.

LISTEN—FRESHIES—DON'T YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR FRAT?

HE'S A FAKIR! THROW HIM OUT!

I GUESS I'D BETTER STICK TO THE LION TAMERS' CLUB—THEY'RE NOT SO FUSSY—

SAMS VALLEY GRANGE HAS GUEST SPEAKERS AT REGULAR SESSION

SAMS VALLEY, Oct. 10.—(Sp.)—Among visitors at Sams Valley Grange Saturday night were Ray H. Wise, candidate for secretary of state; Oscar Hoover, Boy Scout leader of Medford; and C. C. Hoover, the bluegrass man of Jacksonville. The lecturer's request for an impromptu program was responded to by the members and included the following: Music by the orchestra; reading, Miss Naomi Magruder; song, Prof. McKnight, Wesley McDougough, Bill Straus and Bill Buerston; reading, Mrs. R. H. Seemiller; song, five young ladies; guessing contests, the audience; talk on Boy Scout organization, Mr. Hoover; and an introductory short speech by Ray Wiscarver.

FINE ARCHBISHOP DIAZ OF MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, Oct. 8.—(AP)—Archbishop Pascual Diaz was fined 800 pesos today for violation of the religious law requiring the registration of priests. This became known tonight when it was announced the archbishop was taken before the Sixth District court just after midnight, after central department and police officials had invited him to go to police headquarters last night. The archbishop was told proof existed that he had performed priestly functions without being registered. The archbishop declared he had violated the law unknowingly, and

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, NOW THAT I'M THROUGH WRITING THIS ELECTION SPEECH, I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK.

MOVIES
I'M IN LUCK, SOMETHING DIFFERENT—I'LL GO IN HERE AND TAKE ME MIND OFF THE ELECTION.

WE KNOW THAT—

O-KAY!

?

DON'T BE A SAP AND VOTE FOR JIGGS! VOTE FOR LOTTA VOTES!

By George McManus