

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Exhaustion over takes Nan Weare after she forces Mrs. Mellish, her housekeeper, to reveal that she saw Rosamund Carew leave Jervis' room at 3 o'clock the morning Jervis disappeared. Rosamund, Nan feels sure, is leagued with Robert Leonard against her husband, although once engaged to him. Perhaps Jervis is still in love with Rosamund. Has he gone with her?

Chapter 43

HORRIBLE AWAKENING

JERVIS WEARE opened his eyes. He might as well have kept them shut, because he could see nothing. An even blackness with no shading in it confronted him. He dropped his lids and slipped back into a vague half consciousness. Presently he moved, threw out an arm, and groaned. The sound of this groan was the first to reach his ears since he had heard Rosamund move beside him in the dark just before he leaned forward to put on the lights of her car. He heard his own groan, and opened his eyes again. He was still in the dark. But where was Rosamund, and where was the car? He sat up and felt his head. There was a lump on the back of it like a tennis-ball. His right leg felt numb. He put down one hand gropingly, and touched stone. The damp cold of it roused him. He

was one match left. He struck it quickly, and it caught, the soft damp wood sizzling as the yellow flame took hold. He saw wet black rock—a drop to what he thought was water—and bars. The match burnt his fingers, and he dropped it on the wet stone. Jervis came with a tremendous mental shock to the realization of where he was. There was only one place with a barred exit to the sea, and that was Old Foxy Fixon's Cellar! How in the world had he got into Old Foxy Fixon's Cellar? Why, there weren't half a dozen people who knew of its existence—Basher—possibly Janet Tetterley. Who else? Himself, of course—and Rosamund. The dark cave filled with pictures. Rosamund on a visit at fourteen—and the very low tide which had sent them exploring along the foot of the cliffs. That was when they had found Old Foxy's Cellar. At first it looked like any other little cave; but it went on, got larger, and ended, for them, in a sort of iron portcullis with a gate in the middle of it, a gate that could not be opened. They had been very nearly drowned by the tide, but Basher had come to their rescue and made them promise to hold their tongues about



He saw wet rocks, water—and bars.

moved his leg. It was not injured; it was only numb. He scrambled up, and the darkness filled with rockets and pin wheels. He had to sit down again. His mind cleared, momentarily. Only a moment ago he had heard Rosamund move beside him in the darkness. He had leaned forward, and someone had knocked him out. Who? That was the question. And why? He felt about him again. . . . Stone. . . . He got over on to his hands and knees and felt farther afield. One groping hand passed rounded ridges and came down into a slimy hollow; the other, feeling ahead, went over a rounded edge and found nothing beyond it. For a moment Jervis stayed like that, his left hand slipping, and his right over the edge of an unknown drop. Then a sharp splinter of rock cut his knee, and half involuntarily he drew himself back into a sitting position. What place was this? A dark place, and damp with the passage of water. With his mind awakened to this, his ears caught a sound which had not meant anything until now, when he became aware that it had been present all the time. It was the sound of water, of the sea. Everything stood still in his mind for a moment. Then the sound of the sea again. His hand went down and touched the damp stone. He put a finger to his mouth, and found it salt. The sound of the sea—and rock with a salt dampness upon it. . . . The sea had been over this stone, and not so long ago. He began to feel in his pocket for matches. There was a box in his blazer pocket. He opened it gingerly and found two matches. Perhaps his hand shook; perhaps the first match was rotten. It left a luminous streak upon the roughened side of the box, and went out. There

the cave. He showed them the landward entrance and explained that Foxy had used the place to store his smuggled goods; had put up the bars to keep out prying Customs men. Jervis sat with his palms cold on the wet stone and recalled Basher taking them into Foxy's kitchen and down brick steps to a cellar that was surprisingly dry and warm—Basher moving a barrel and raising up a tremendous trap door by the iron ring in it—himself and Rosamund peering into the black uncertainties below. Well, he was in Old Foxy's Cellar—and what about it? It became blindingly obvious that it was Robert Leonard who had put him there, and that Rosamund had shown him the way. The question was, what did they want? And the answer came pat in Ferdinand's words—Nan's words. "Who gets Weare and the money if anything happens to you?" Rosamund got it. And Rosamund knew about the cellar. That cold anger gripped him hard. It turned in on himself. He'd had warnings enough, and he had refused to take them. The taxi accident that hadn't been an accident. The conveniently rotten bridge over the ravine. The wheel that had come off his car on the very hill that was over his car now. Even that old business of ten years ago on Croyston rocks. He believed now that on each of these occasions Leonard had tried to murder him. He bent his head and listened intently. That sound of the sea, which had been faint when first he heard it, was faint no longer. He could hear it quite plainly. With ton upon ton of weight behind it, the tide was coming in. (Copyright, 1932, Lippincott)

Can Jervis hold out against the odds that threaten his life?

WARLIKE MOROS KILL CONSTABLES

JOLO, P. I., Oct. 11. — (AP) — A strong punitive expedition was organized here today as a result of two engagements between the Philippine constabulary and the warlike native moros in which twelve militiamen were officially reported killed, three missing and many wounded. Only two moros were known to have

been killed, but constabulary officers said probably more fell in the severest fighting in recent years in this troublesome southern Philippine district. Among the slain constabularymen was Lieut. Vincente Alagar, who led the first expedition in an effort to settle difficulties between two opposing Moro factions.

Insurance Agent Snuffs Own Life

OREGON CITY, Oct. 11. — (AP) — Adolf Zeelig, an insurance salesman of Portland, died in a hospital here today from a bullet wound inflicted Friday. Officers said he shot him-

FRISCO TO HEAR BOMBING VERSION

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 11.—(AP)—Paul M. Callicotte left Portland by automobile Sunday for San Francisco, where he said he plans to piece before the grand jury his story that he believes he played an unwitting part in the San Francisco preparedness day parade bombing of 1918.

Accompanying him was Irvin Goodman, Portland attorney representing the Mooney Moulders' defense committee, who was present at all open inquiries of the Portland mountain-

er's story conducted by Captain Charles Goff and Inspector Maher, sent up here from San Francisco police headquarters. Captain Goff said at the end of nearly a week's investigation that he was convinced Callicotte "was fooling" and that he was a "publicity hound." Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

JIMMIE WALKER WELCOMED HOME

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—(AP)—Citizen James J. Walker, welcomed home

with roses and the strains of "Love, Come Back to Me," studied the job situation today. Reports recurred that some time in the near future he would take employment with his friend, A. C. Blumenthal, theatrical producer, who once was said to have offered him \$100,000 a year salary. The former mayor, who resigned during ouster proceedings and an-

nounced he would look to the people for vindication, got a welcome yesterday which recalled those he used to give to visiting potatoes and channel swimmers. PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 11.—(AP)—Valdemar Lidell, 89, vice-consul for Sweden in the Oregon district, died at his home here Sunday from a heart attack.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Gets A Big Idea!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Agitation



By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Money Talks



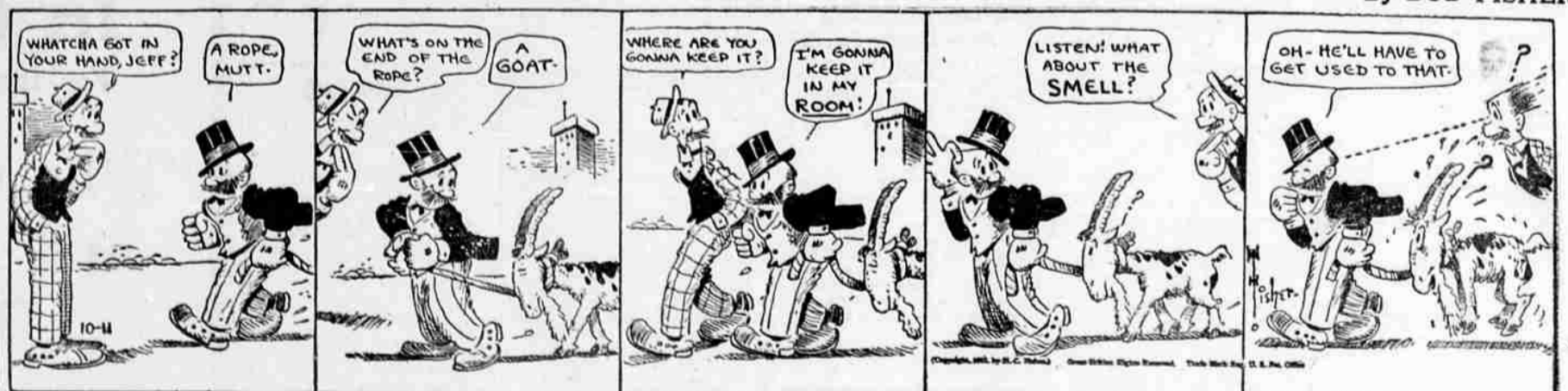
By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—The Sky Pilot



By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—Ouch!!!



By BUD FISHER

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE