

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

CHAPTER 44
A VISITOR APPEARS
JERVIS did not know how long he had been listening to the tide. There had been a moment of horrid panic when he knew that the tide was coming in.

It had been high tide last night—Tuesday night—at nine o'clock. It would be high tide, and spring tide, at ten minutes past eight on Wednesday morning. That meant low tide just after two. It must have been somewhere about three o'clock when he was knocked out. Say that was an hour ago. . . . It was very difficult to gauge time, and he had no watch. He regretted his watch, with its luminous dial.

Well, if it was four o'clock or thereabouts, the tide had turned two hours before, and had another three hours to go. The question was—how far up was it going to come? He was on the landward side of the bars in the inner cave. Where did Foxy store his kegs? He didn't just leave them hanging about in the tide-water.

A little careful exploration showed him that he was on a raised ledge about six feet by eight. On one side it was bounded by a slippery tilted boulder of unknown height, and on the other three sides by an equally unknown drop. He couldn't climb the boulder; it was water-worn and as slippery as glass. Water-worn—and that tide was coming in. He could hear it moving stealthily.

There must be some ledge to which he could climb. . . . The thought of the passage came into his mind. Leonard must have brought him here by the passage. Then there must be a way down into the cave—and not too hard a way, because Leonard couldn't have carried him down much of a slope. He wondered if there were steps cut in the wall.

He must wait until there was enough water to float him, and then swim round the cave feeling for a foot-hold. His head was better now, but he felt terribly thirsty. The lapping of the water suggested a long cool drink. His thirst became intense. Thirst, and the lapping of the tide. . . .

"I should hate that death banded my eyes, and forehead and crept past."

Where did that come from? He didn't know. He must have read it. And there was something farther on about the "black minute." Black minute—black eternity—the lapping, rising water. If he could only see. . . .

With the word in his mind, he saw. A harsh dragging, grating sound made a confusion among the echoes of the cave, and cutting through the black darkness and the confusion, came a white and brilliant shaft of light.

Jervis looked up at it, tingling with a sense of shock. Light—a level ray of it overhead. It sprang out of the darkness into which he was staring, and he saw black scarred rock all wet and shining, with fissures that ran moisture. Someone had come down the passage from Old Foxy's house and was standing in the mouth of it with a powerful electric torch in his hand. Then suddenly the beam swung down and hit him in the face. He threw up his arm involuntarily, as if to ward a blow; and from the black mouth of the passage Robert Leonard laughed.

"So you've come to, have you?" "Take that damned light off me!" said Jervis furiously.

He felt it go, and then flick back and catch him blinking. Robert Leonard laughed again. "Not looking quite your best—are you? Like a wash and brush up? Oh, I see you've had the wash. What about a drink? You've got a bit of a head, haven't you?" As he spoke he swung the light to and fro. Jervis steadied himself against the intermittent dazzle, and got what he could from it. Only a four-

day he believed "there is a distinct possibility that there will be some form of modification of the Volstead Act to bring about the return of beer before March 4."

"My guess," he said, "is that there will be some legislation for modification of the Volstead Act when congress meets for the short session in December."

"I believe this will happen because of the demands of the democratic platform and the statements by democratic congressmen, many of whom are now up for re-election."

DRESS SALE—200 new dresses just arrived. A regular \$5 value—special at \$2.95. Other dresses up to \$12.50. Coats \$8.95 and up. Shoes \$1.49 to \$4.95. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX. "The store that saves you money."

Rummage Sale, Wednesday and Thursday, next door to West Side Pharmacy, auspices Lady Lions.

BEER BY MARCH 4 GARNER'S VISION

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—(AP)—Speaker John N. Garner, democratic vice presidential candidate, said to-

day he believed "there is a distinct possibility that there will be some form of modification of the Volstead Act to bring about the return of beer before March 4."

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FARMERS HINDER STOCK DELIVERY

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—(AP)—Thirteen livestock trucks were escorted into Minneapolis by officers to-

day after being pursued and delayed three hours by farmer-pickets. The trucks, en route to South St. Paul, were forced back near Anoka, 18 miles from here. The drivers finally entered over another road, not patrolled.

Sheriff John Wall sent seven deputies from here, but the pickets had fled back into Anoka county.
SAMS VALLEY HIT BY FIRST FROST OF FALL
SAMS VALLEY, Oct. 12.—(Sp.)—First local frost reported for the season came Saturday night, doing small damage to gardens.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Plan A Surprise Act!



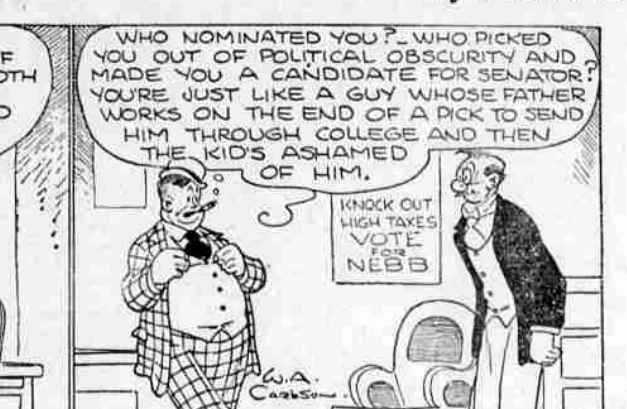
BOUND TO WIN—Hassett's Invitation



'SMATTER POP—No further Research Necessary



THE NEBBS—The Ingrate



MUTT AND JEFF—Is Kid Sneez Tough? Oy Yoi!!



BRINGING UP FATHER



BROWNSVILLE HAS SECOND BIG FIRE

ALBANY, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Fire that destroyed three warehouses last night at Brownsville threatened for a time to spread to two large oil tanks on either side of the burning buildings. An explosion was prevented when firemen saved two other nearby warehouses. The loss was estimated at \$4,000.

The three buildings were owned by the defunct Brownsville bank. A transient was held for questioning today by state police as an incendiary suspect but today had not been implicated in the case. Brownsville suffered another serious fire two weeks ago.

Adrienne's has just received a fourth shipment of popular Suede and Korod-bide, washable leather jackets. Smart new styles in dark brown, sauedust, mandarin green and rhum brown.

LOOK! A BIG HAT SALE all this week! 300 new hats at 95c and \$1.25. The greatest values we have ever offered. The Band Box & Shoe Box.