

# Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

**SYNOPSIS:** *Jervis Weare, left to drown in a tidal race by Robert Leonard, gains a respite from death by swimming to a ledge above high water. Leonard demands \$100 to release Jervis. Rosamund, Jervis' former fiancée, is in league with Leonard, but when Leonard tells her Jervis probably has drowned she rushes into the cave to old him.*

### Chapter 41

**GHASTLY TEA PARTY**

ROSAMUND'S footsteps woke Jervis, who lay asleep in his soaked clothes on the high ledge.

He shot out a hand and caught her by the wrist as she leaned forward and called his name. He felt her stiffen and fall back. His grip tightened. She began to try to wrench herself free. He got her other wrist with his left hand and pulled her down on her knees. She kept her hold of the torch.

After a moment Rosamund laughed.

"You needn't hold me so fiercely!" Jervis' grasp relaxed. He drew his hands back through the bars and was humiliated to find that they were shaking. Rosamund flashed the light on his face and exclaimed, "Are you all right?"

"That—comes well—from you," said Jervis.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm thirsty."

"Damn!" said Rosamund.

The torch swung round in an erratic circle as she jumped up. Next moment she was round the bend. He could hear her running. The dusk went black.

Robert Leonard heard sounds in the kitchen and went in, to find Rosamund coming out of the pantry with eggs in one hand and a jug of milk in the other. She had set a kettle boiling on the oil stove. She turned on him in a cold fury.

"I didn't say you were to starve him!"

"Dead men don't eat."

"Don't push me too far!" said Rosamund. "I got him out of the house for you, and you went back on me by hitting him over the head. I could have brought him here, and you could have drugged him—but, no, you must behave like a savage and risk killing him! I won't have it! I swear to you most solemnly that if you do him any harm I'll give you away!"

"Have it your own way," said Leonard.

He shrugged his shoulders and went back to the front of the house. Jervis remained staring into the blackness. And then the black turned grey, and Rosamund came round the bend of the passage. She had a blanket over her arm, and she was carrying a tray a little in front of her, and on the tray there was a candle in a guttered candlestick, a teapot, milk and sugar, half a brown loaf, a rough chunk of butter and a couple of eggs with one chipped egg-cup between them.

Rosamund set down the tray close to the bars and stuck the candle on a ledge about three feet above the floor.

"I've been as quick as I could," she said in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice. Then she pushed a cup through the bars. Jervis' hands closed on it hard, but a third of the tea jerked from the cup before he got it to his lips and drank.

"Better have an egg next," said Rosamund. "They're very soft-boiled—I know you'd hate them raw." She was cutting and buttering a piece of brown bread. Jervis eyed the knife. It looked sharp, but he couldn't reach it.

"Why doesn't Leonard come himself?" he said.

"Conscientious objections to feeding prisoners."

"Are you really married to the widge?"

"I am. So you see I had to hit you. Stupid affair—wasn't it?"

"What was the point of getting engaged to me?"

"I don't mind telling you the whole truth." She paused and blew out a pale cloud of smoke. "I've been married to Robert for ages—one of the fool things one does. It was just before I came to Weare. The great idea was that I should do the angel idea as Uncle Ambrose, confess all, and get him to provide handsomely for us." She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, of course I was a fool. Robert came to stay, and Uncle Ambrose simply loathed him—you remember, it was just before you had that accident on Croyston rocks."

## Junior High Staff Named To Publish School Newspaper

The Junior high newspaper staff organized last Monday. To enter the staff the applicant must write a story, news item and joke. These are judged by members of the original staff; new members are then chosen. The editor is elected by the student

council. The remaining officers are chosen by the entire staff. The staff now consists of:

Editor, Ted Taylor; Assistant editor, Paul Lowry; boys' league, Ronnell Harwood; girls' league, Carolyn Hill; boys' athletics, Lawrence Bragg; girls' athletics, Patricia Short; school news, Mignon Phipps; club news, Amy Elliott; jokes, Ed Carter; music and art, Caroline Cook; literary editor, Anne Dean; reporters, John Koppen, James MacCallister, Catherine Ford, Jean Adams, Lucille Wymore, Mildred Buckles, Dorothy Buchter; class advisor, Mrs. O. H. Bengston.

There are only six old members this year: Ted Taylor, John Koppen, Ronnell Harwood, Anne Dean, Ed Carter and Bobbie Ivanhoe.

—By Bobbie Ivanhoe, City Editor.

**Theosophy Study Class Will Open**

During the winter the Medford Theosophical lodge on the third Monday of each month is to conduct a class for the study of theosophy to which all interested in the subject are cordially invited. A course of study outlined by the theosophical correspondence school is being used. Monday evening, at 7:30, the second

of the class sessions meet at the home of Ida Wood, 220 North Oakdale avenue.

**Applegate School Fair Plan Oct. 28**

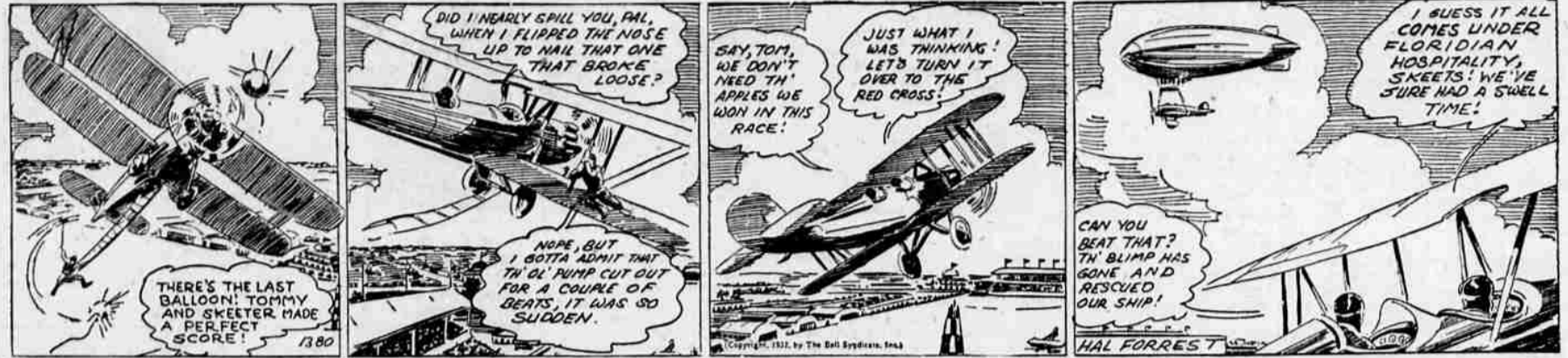
APPLEGATE, Oct. 15.—(Special)—Because of no county school fair at Medford this year Miss Ethel Houston, teacher of the Little Applegate school, is helping her pupils plan a school fair for October 28. If any

of the children have pets, they may be exhibited. There are two burros here and their little masters have planned that they should visit school that day. A booth will be built by the older boys where candy, pop, lemonade and balloons will be sold. There will be races for boys, girls, little folks and old folks.

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 105.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The End Of A Perfect Day!

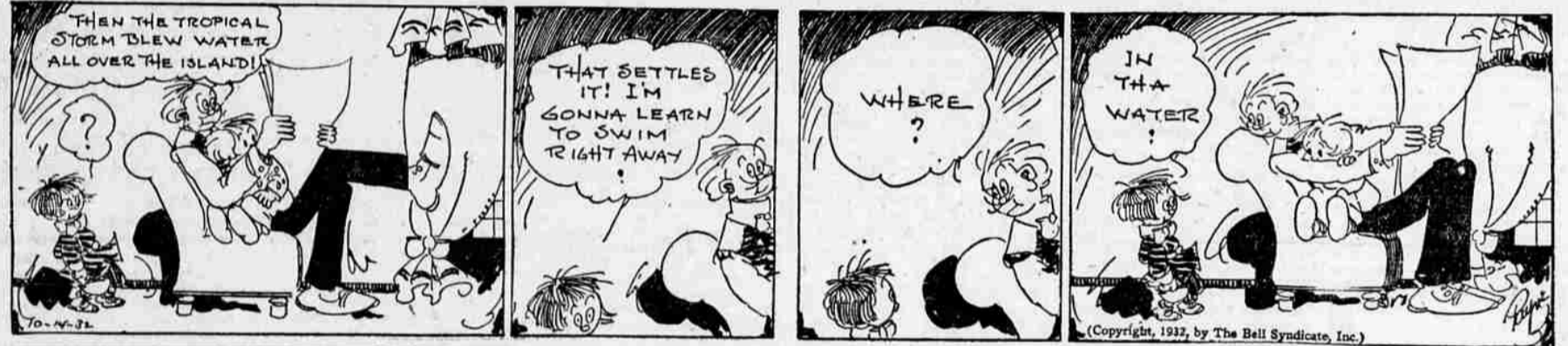


## BOUND TO WIN—A Council Of War



By EDWIN ALGER

## S'MATTER POP—Mr. Umpus Would Fit In Perfectly



By C. M. PAYNE

## THE NEBBS—Opportunity



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Uncovers A Secret



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## CHECKING STATION FOUND IRRITATING FOR AUTO TRAVEL

As the result of opposition voiced by Oregon people traveling through northern California, authorities in that state have considered abandoning the checking station located one mile this side of Dunsmuir by the California state highway patrol, according to word received here by state police officers.

State authorities here explained yesterday that many of the complaints are made by the Oregonians, as they do not understand why the station is being conducted, and they become irritated at being questioned by the officers there.

All cars traveling over the highway there are stopped and checked, and by this means the largest share of stolen cars from Oregon taken south, are recovered through cooperation of the California station.

Not only the autos but persons wanted for law violations or questionings are often detained by the Cali-

## FARLEY PREDICTS ELECTION SWEEP

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley, in a statement issued in his behalf at national headquarters today, predicted on the basis of the Literary Digest poll and check-up by his own staff "a clean sweep for Franklin D. Roosevelt and John N. Garner" at the polls Nov. 8.

The statement said that a re-check of poll statistics by Farley's staff indicated that New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire "are definitely in the Roosevelt column," and that Maine and Vermont "are so close that they can by no means be considered safe for the Republican ticket."