

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

SYNOPSIS: Nicholas Trench just has been accused of the murder of his old schoolfellow Osborne. Somewhat shaken, he returns to a law room near the prison to read a letter from his cousin, Sir Seymour; he does not feel that the letter compensates for his cousin's silence throughout the trial. A man and woman enter the room, and begin discussing the Trench trial, which the man has attended.

Chapter Four
NICHOLAS' PROTEST
FOR a moment the conversation was interrupted by the return of the waitress. I sat in grim silence while plates clinked and teacups rattled; then, with the sound of retreating footsteps came my male neighbor's Cockney accent.
"Looked a simple enough business to start with. There wasn't a doubt that the night of the murder Trench had been round at the house. Osborne must have let him in himself, because the servant was out."
"What happened no one rightly knows, but the next morning Osborne was found lying on the carpet with his head hammered to a pulp. The safe in which he kept his papers was open and empty. He'd drawn five hundred pounds in notes from the bank the day before, and that was gone along with the rest."
"What's he like?" inquired the



girl. "Trench—I mean, an artist, isn't he—or something of the sort?"
"He's a sculptor—did that funny lookin' statue outside Victoria Station. Great big hefty chap—make two of me. Gosh, he's a lucky devil if ever there was one."
"Why did they let him off?"
"Ask me another! I'd have taken my oath he hadn't an earthly. Why, when they arrested him there he was with the notes in his pocket. Bunked off down to some little place in Essex and trying to get hold of a yacht so as he could slip across to the Continent."
"How did he explain that?"
"Said he was acting as Osborne's agent. Pretty thin sort of a yarn, wasn't it?"
"Well, the jury must have believed him, anyhow."
"The jury! I tell you they were hypnotized by that fellow Barrett. He didn't half make a fine speech—fairly knocked 'em off their perch. If it wasn't for him, Mr. blooming Trench would be swinging in a rope, and between ourselves, that's just about where the blighter ought to be."

A SUDDEN unreasoning anger swept through me. Who was this dirty little skunk, and what right had he got to call me a murderer? I jumped to my feet, upsetting my tea-cup in the process, and almost before I realized what I was doing I had thrust aside the screen.
Two people spun round and two startled faces stared up into mine. One belonged to a weedy looking youth in a blue suit, the other to an anemic dame with bare arms and heavily rouged lips.
I took a step nearer.
"You know a lot about my private affairs, don't you?" I said.
The young man shrank back. His jaw had fallen and he gaped at me in a kind of petrified terror.
"It's him!" he whispered.
With a squeal like a frightened rabbit, the girl flung up her arm.
"Keep him off, Perce," she gasped.
"Don't let him come near me."
I laughed—a short, vicious laugh that broke from me almost unconsciously—then turning round and

collecting my belongings, I retraced my way to the desk.
It was obvious that the honey-haired cashier must have overheard everything, for she took my bill with a shaking hand, and pushed across the change as though I were suffering from the plague. By this time, however, I had more or less recovered my sanity. I picked up the odd coppers without even a second glance at her, and walking quietly to the door began to descend the staircase.
To tell the truth I was already disgusted at my own foolishness. If there was one thing I wished to avoid it was any further public notoriety, and yet here I was, like a complete idiot, thrusting myself into it at the first possible opportunity.
Why on earth had I paid any attention to that garrulous little worm? Why couldn't I have sat tight and finished my tea, instead of making a ridiculous scene, which would doubtless be discussed and exaggerated all over London?
THE more I reflected upon it the more fatuous my conduct appeared: indeed I was so annoyed with myself that it was not until I reached the pavement that the most

CHAPLAIN SCHEDULE FOR CCC ANNOUNCED IN MEDFORD REGION

The following schedule for the CCC chaplains in the Medford district, has been issued by Chaplain George Woodall. The arrangement follows:
Chaplain Harley G. Preston, (Grants Pass zone), Kerby, Dec. 1 to 3; Medford headquarters, 4 and 5; Rand 6 to 8; Carberry, 9 and 10; Evans Creek, 11 and 12; Elk Creek, 13 to 15; Medford headquarters, 16 and 17; Devils Flat, 18 to 20; Applegate, 21 to 23; Medford headquarters, 24 and 25; Wimer, 26 and 27; Oregon Caves, 28 and 29; and Gesquet, 30 and 31.
Chaplain John T. Killovyns (Yreka zone), Oak Knoll, Dec. 1 to 3; Silet, 4 to 6; Indian Creek, 7 to 9; Clear Creek, 10 to 12; Hill, 13 to 15; Medford headquarters, 16; South Fork, 17 to 19; Medford headquarters, 20; Spring Flat, 21 to 23; Yreka (city), 24 to 27; and Yreka camp, 28 to 31.
Chaplain C. O. McDonnell, (Coquille zone), Steamboat, Dec. 1 to 3; Wolf Creek, 4 to 5; Medford, 6 to 7; Coos Head, 8 to 10; Humboldt Mountain, 11 to 14; Sebastian, 14 to 17; Sitkum, 18 to 21; McKinley, 21 to 24; Coos Head, 24 to 26; Bradford, 28 to 31.

RESTRICT SENDING OF OREGON GRAPE

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Persons desiring to ship plants of the Oregon grape (*Barbatia aquifolium*) in Christmas packages or otherwise into the north central states, must first obtain a permit from the bureau of entomology and plant quarantine, United States department of agriculture, Washington D. C., the state department of agriculture announced today.
The states included are Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Wyoming.
The reason restrictions were placed on the shipment of Oregon grape into these states is that the shrub is a root stock of the black stem rust of grain. It is stated that spores from a single infected plant will spread the disease to a large area of grain.

FOOTBALL IS SPUR TO PREP STUDENTS

CLEVELAND (UP)—Football appears to be an incentive to scholastic achievement at University school, a private secondary institution here. Dr. Harry A. Peters, headmaster, told the school's board of trustees at a recent meeting.
Of the 22 on the two football squads, eight are honor students and five have raised their scholastic records from five to 10 points above those of last June, Dr. Peters said.
Perfect Bridge
NORTH BAY, Ont.—(UP)—Mrs. A. Brown and three friends sat down for a game of bridge a few nights ago. Suddenly they gasped in unison, peered at their cards and then put them on the table. Each held 13-card suits. Mrs. Mrs. Brown had 13 spades; Mrs. T. LaFrance, 13 hearts; Miss Kaiman, 13 diamonds, and Mrs. E. Cavanaugh, 13 clubs.

Oregon Weather
Rain today and tonight, storm over mountains. Saturday fair except rain on the coast and snow over mountains. Moderate temperature northwest and west gates diminishing on the coast.
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THE FAMILY ALBUM—THE GO-BETWEEN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—

TAILSPIN TOMMY—New Adventure Beckons!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Codfish Charley

THE NEBBS—Yes, Indeed

BRINGING UP FATHER

EIGHT NAVY RECRUITS NEXT MONTH'S QUOTA

A quota of eight men has been notified by Officer C. E. Youngie of the Medford naval recruiting office, for the month of December. Youngie stated the recruits for this quota will leave Dec. 18 for their preliminary examinations at Portland, before going to San Diego for training. There are still vacancies awaiting applications.
The eight men who left in the November quota for preliminary exams at Portland all passed their tests. Youngie said, and are now stationed at the southern California training headquarters.
Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

CROWN WILLAMETTE PAPER PROFIT RISES

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 30.—(AP)—The Crown Willamette Paper company today announced a net profit of \$924,874 for the six-month period ending Oct. 31. This represented a clear gain of \$447,407 in earnings for this year over the same period in 1933, the company reported. Earnings at this rate represent \$4.62 a share on the 200,000 shares of first preferred cumulative stock, compared with \$2.38 a share earned in the same fiscal period in 1933.
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