

# I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

CHAPTER 48  
SIR WILLIAM

"That's the case," I said. "I can forgive everyone. I've no grievance against the police anyhow. If they hadn't arrested me I should never have met Molly."

"All the same," interposed Mr. Cresswell. "I presume you will have no objection to a proposal which was made to us this morning by the Treasury. They have expressed their willingness to discharge the entire expenses of your trial. I have, in fact, already taken the responsibility of accepting their offer."

"I looked at him with approval. 'You did quite right,' I said. 'Nothing could give me so much pleasure as to think of Seymour being taxed in order to pay my debts.'"

"What are they going to do about Mrs. Gowland?" asked Molly.

"Nothing," Mr. Cresswell smiled. "She was undoubtedly an accessory after the crime, the occasion is one on which the Crown is disposed to exercise its prerogative of mercy. The case against her will be dropped."

"We've done pretty well, taking it all around," observed Jerry contentedly. "The only thing left now is the formula. I wish to goodness we could hear from Avon! It would just put the finishing touch to everything."

The old lawyer consulted his watch. "If you can restrain your impatience for about two minutes, Sir Jerrold, I think it highly probable that your wish will be gratified."

"What do you mean?" We all thrust shot out the inquiry simultaneously. "I haven't mentioned it before."

—Mr. Cresswell was evidently enjoying himself—but as a matter of fact I had a conversation on the telephone with Sir William before joining you at the Home Office. He expressed a wish to see all four of us this morning, and since we had arranged to return to the flat after our interview, I suggested that it might be convenient to him to meet us here.

"There was a sudden general trill at the front door bell. "Like a conjuring trick, isn't it?" remarked Jerry admiringly. "Show away that glass, Nick, and for goodness' sake try to look pale and heroic! I think you ought to be holding Mr. Dawson's hand."

We heard Dawson cross the hall and the next moment the door opened. "Sir William Avon," he announced.

Massive and erect, his famous lock of white hair drooping forward across his forehead, the great man stepped past him into the room. A single glance from his keen blue eyes seemed to take in the whole lot of us, individually and collectively, and then with a friendly smile that completely changed his expression he stepped forward to where Molly was standing.

"GOOD MORNING, Miss O'Brien. I am charmed to meet you again, and I am especially pleased that you were able to be here today." He shook hands with her and the two others, and then turned to me. "And how is the patient?" he inquired.

"Practically cured," I said. "I've had so much good news this morning that I feel like getting up and dancing."

"So the interview was a success?" He took a chair at the foot of the sofa and threw a questioning glance in the direction of Mr. Cresswell.

"I can't say that I am altogether satisfied," replied the lawyer, "but considering the reluctance of the official mind to admit any possibility of error, I suppose that, on the whole, we may consider ourselves fortunate."

"He means that they've offered to pay my expenses," I explained. "Not only that," broke in Molly, "but they're giving Nick the commission for the new memorial. It will be a lovely slap in the eye for all the people who have been abusing him."

"It will be indeed," Sir William leaned back and surveyed us quite

casually from under his grizzled eyebrows. "May I offer my congratulations, and may I add that from what I have seen of your work I am convinced that the Committee have come to a most wise and excellent decision?"

"And now"—he made a momentary pause—"I am just wondering, in view of all this previous excitement, whether it would be advisable to administer any further stimulants. What do you think, Sir Jerrold?"

"He's pretty tough," said the nerves of a prizefighter. "and as for Molly, she's got the nerves of a prizefighter."

"Well, then, in that case I think we might perhaps take the risk. I have come here to tell you that every claim which Osborne put forward for your father's invention, Miss O'Brien, was entirely justified. You are the owner of one of the most valuable discoveries ever made in the field of metallurgical research."

Molly flushed happily. "I'm so glad," she said. "There was only one thing I really wanted all through—that was that father should have the full credit for what he'd done."

"You may be sure he will," Sir William beamed on her paternally. "With your approval I propose to christen the new metal 'Brienite.' I can assure you that in a few months it will be one of the most widely discussed words in the English language."

"Are you going to make this simple child into a bloated capitalist?" demanded Jerry.

"I don't think all the money in the world could affect Miss O'Brien's charm," returned Sir William gallantly, "but there is no doubt that she is in some danger of being extremely well off. I have drawn up certain tentative suggestions, which I propose to discuss with Mr. Cresswell."

"Briefly speaking, they amount to this. I am prepared to put up a capital of two hundred thousand which I think will be sufficient to install the necessary plant. In return for the sole rights of manufacture I will pay Miss O'Brien twenty thousand pounds in cash, and she will also be registered as the holder of fifty thousand one-pound shares. If these shares have not troubled in value within the next few years"—he shrugged his shoulders—"well, I shall regard myself as an extremely indifferent prophet."

"Thank you," said Molly simply. "It sounds splendid." She slipped her hand into mine and squeezed it gently. "You won't mind, Nick? I'll do my best not to get bloated."

I laughed. "I'm not frightened," I said. "but it will take a lot of living up to. I shall certainly have to buy those striped trousers."

"There's one other point," continued our guest, addressing himself to Molly. "Speaking as a representative of the shareholders, Miss O'Brien, I feel that we owe a considerable debt of gratitude both to Mr. Trench and to Sir Jerrold Mordaunt. Again, with your approval, I would suggest that we should ask each of them to accept five thousand shares."

"There won't be any trouble about that," said Molly firmly. "They always do as I tell them."

She sat up with a sudden exclamation. "Oh, but we're forgetting the most important person of all. Why, if it wasn't for Jimmy..."

"I haven't overlooked the fact," Sir William divined into his breast pocket and produced an envelope. "I was much impressed with what you told me about this boy's intelligence and pluck. I propose to hand him a check for two hundred and fifty pounds, and if he likes to come to me I will find him a job in my own works. We can always make room for a lad of that type."

Jerry leaned across and pressed the bell. "We'll have him up and let him speak for himself. Where's Jimmy?" he added, as Dawson appeared in the doorway.

"At the present moment, sir, he is brushing George."

"Well, tell him to stop it and come here," he turned to me. "What do you say Nick? I suppose we ought to accept this handsome offer. One isn't often paid for enjoying oneself."

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## MILLION DOLLAR FLOWER EXHIBIT

OMAHA, Neb.—(UP)—Total value of exhibits at the annual national flower show to be held here March 30 to April 7, is expected to be in excess of \$1,000,000 and plant exhibits alone probably will be valued at more than \$100,000.

Fred L. Latson, Council Bluffs, Ia., chairman of the florist growers' committee, already has received applications from 22 exhibitors in all parts of the country.

His is assured, he said, applications already received constitute only a small part of those that will be received.

"We are anxious to get a large percentage of exhibitors who will enter at the last minute, because whether or not they enter depends upon the condition of their plants at the time the show opens," Latson said.

In an address to heads of local committees working on the show, Dr. B. W. Murphy, St. Joseph, Mo., member of the executive committee, said the show was expected to compare favorably with the 1934 exhibit held at the Century of Progress.

## BOND INSURANCE GIVEN COMMITTEE'S APPROVAL

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—(UP)—The treasury bill to permit the issuance of nine billion dollars of new long term bonds and so-called "baby bonds" was approved unanimously today by the house ways and means committee.

The action was taken quickly after Secretary Morgenthau testified nearly an hour that the treasury needed more leeway in the flotation of securities.

## QUENTIN BREAK LEADER RECEIVED LONG TERM

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22.—(UP)—Clyde Stevens, confessed engineer of the San Quentin prison break, today pleaded guilty to three counts of bank robbery and was sentenced to Folsom prison for a term of 21 years to life.

## Washington Colored Mammy Dead

WASHINGTON.—(UP)—Mrs. Mary Hill, 103-year-old colored mammy born in slavery 30 years before the Civil War, no longer will ramble through the tobacco fields of Madison county, Virginia. The aged woman died recently at the home of her son here. Until 30 days before her death she had spent her entire life in the tobacco fields. Mrs. Hill delighted in relating tales of the days before the war.

## POSTAL WILL AID PARALYSIS FIGHT

Mayor Geo. Porter of this city recently received the following telegram from General Geo. S. Gibbs of the Postal Telegraph-Cable company, showing the cooperation of the large companies over the country in the Presidential ball movement:

"For many reasons last year millions of people who wanted to help the President, could not go to the ball. The Postal Telegraph company has made an arrangement with the national committee of the birthday ball for the President, whereby any person anywhere in the United States can for 25 cents have their name added to a huge birthday greeting to be delivered to the President on his birthday. Thirty per cent of the money will be presented through the President to the research fund and your community will receive 70 per cent. Credit for all of your signatures. Carl Byoir, general director of the national committee of the birthday ball for the President, is sending you full details today, so that the plan can be carried out in such a way as to help you make a success of your local ball. Please get in touch with our manager, who will give you full cooperation in this work. On behalf of the Postal Telegraph company, I wish you every success."

"General Geo. S. Gibbs, President of Postal Telegraph Cable Co."

Black cottonwood is used for cheese and butter boxes because once thoroughly seasoned, it does not impart odors or tastes to food products in contact with it.

## Elk Gets Revenge On Hunter After Five Long Years

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 22.—(UP) For the antlered elk, too, the mills of the gods grind slowly but with the customary definite purpose.

Five years ago, A. H. Rothrock, Pendleton rancher, ended the career of a big bull elk in the forests of Idaho. Proud of the kill, he had the giant head mounted and placed to fine advantage on the wall.

Last night as Rothrock was engrossed in his newspaper, the big head slipped from its moorings and crashed upon him. One of the antlers slashed a four-inch gash in his head.

The trophy had been replaced on the wall today, but Rothrock's favorite chair no longer stood within striking distance of the head.

Face powder may catch a man, but it takes powder to hold him.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT 1935 1934 '33 '32 '31

## CCC WORKERS PLANT 20 MILES OF VINES

WASHINGTON.—(UP)—Civilian Conservation Corps workers in the Acadia National Park, Maine, area have planted over 4000 vines along the 20 miles of the Ellsworth-Bar Harbor highway in a joint landscaping and soil preservation program.

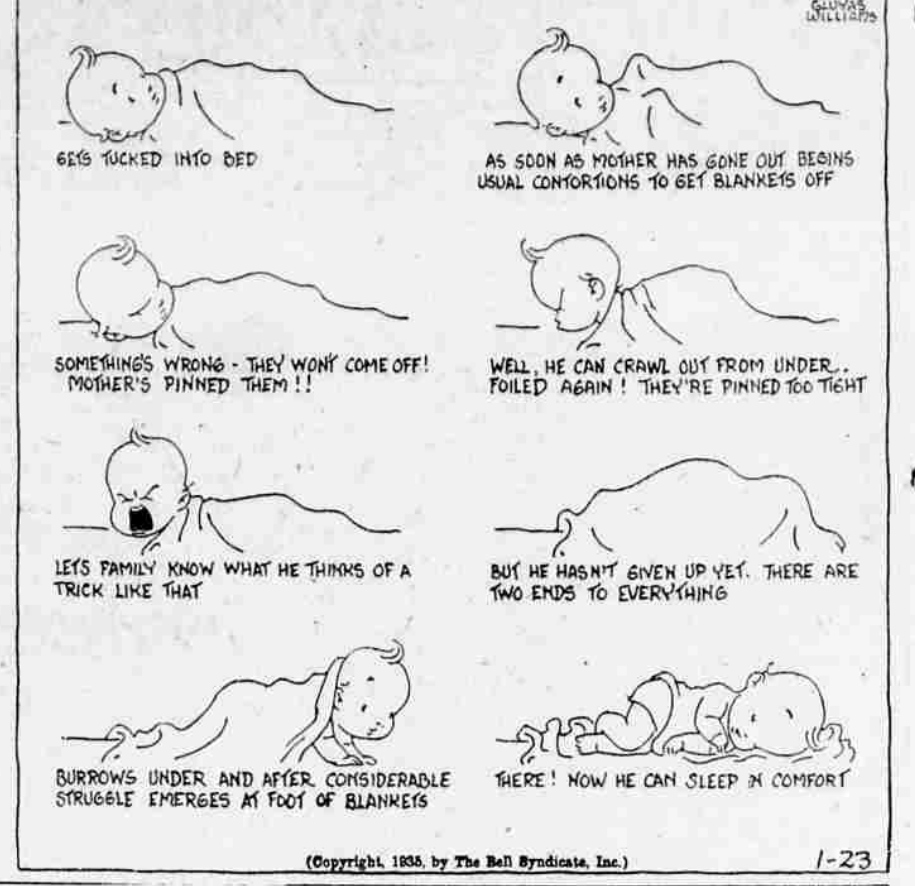
The vines are being planted not only to add to the highway's landscape beauty but also to prevent erosion. Many have been placed on banks too steep for ordinary planting.

Vines planted include Virginia creeper, bitter sweet and wild grape, which are regarded as particularly valuable in covering rock-fill slopes. One vine will cover a 10-foot circle in a few years.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

## TWO WAYS OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



6E'S TUCKED INTO BED

AS SOON AS MOTHER HAS GONE OUT BEGINS USUAL CONTORTIONS TO GET BLANKETS OFF

SOMETHING'S WRONG - THEY WON'T COME OFF! MOTHER'S PINNED THEM!!

WELL, HE CAN CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER... FOILED AGAIN! THEY'RE PINNED TOO TIGHT

LET'S FAMILY KNOW WHAT HE THINKS OF A TRICK LIKE THAT

BUT HE HASN'T GIVEN UP YET. THERE ARE TWO ENDS TO EVERYTHING

BURROWS UNDER AND AFTER CONSIDERABLE STRUGGLE EMERGES AT FOOT OF BLANKETS

THERE! NOW HE CAN SLEEP IN COMFORT

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## S MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



WILLIAM, RUN DOWN AND BUY THE CAT'S LIVER!

AW-W, IT DON'T NEED ANY POP

WHY?

IT CAUGHT A MOUSE TODAY

BUT HOW FILLING IS A MOUSE... THAT'S THE QUESTION?

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Good News for El Liberator!

By Hal Forrest



EET EES GOOD NEWS I GREEN BACK TO EL LIBERATOR, SENOR TOMAS

FOR DIO'S NO! THERE MUS' BE MOORE MORE HARD FIGHTING STILL!

THEN WHAT?

AN, BUT OUR GLORIOUS TROOPS WVE CAPTURED RID SOLDIERS-- BUENO! THAT EES THE NEWS I GREENS TO MI COMANDANTE

WELL, I HOPE HELL BE PLEASED ENOUGH TO LET ME AND MY PAL GO ON OUR WAY

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Willie's Fate

By EDWIN ALGER



WHEN BEN SAW THAT CODFISH CHARLEY WAS ARMED, HE JUMPED INTO THE CABIN, SLAMMED AND BOLTED THE DOOR!

PULL DOWN THOSE WINDOW SHADES! LOCK THE FORWARD DOOR! THAT'LL GIVE US A MINUTE OR TWO--THEY'RE NOT ON BOARD YET--

OH, I HEARD EM! I WASH T I WAS DROWNED AN' DEAD!

CUT OUT THE WEEPING, WILLIE! THAT WONT GET US ANYWHERE - NOW LISTEN! THEY'RE AFTER YOU--

SNIFF! SNIFF! I KNOW IT!

--AND THE ONLY REASON THEY'RE AFTER YOU IS BECAUSE YOU'RE THE WILD BOY OF BORNEO--WELL, I'VE GOT A PAIR OF CLIPPERS HERE THAT I USE ON BRIAR--

--AND, I'M GOING TO USE THEM ON YOU TO MAKE YOU TAME, WILLIE--THEN WE'LL SEE IF THEY WANT YOU SO BADLY! HOLD STILL, NOW!

## THE NEBBS—Just for Money

By Sol Hess



HELLO, ROMEO, HOW'S YOUR LOVE AFFAIR COMING OUT? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING A WEDDING PARTY FOR THE HOTEL

SHE WRT ME THAT SHE GOT TWO RAISES FROM THAT YOUNG SLIDER AND SHE'S DOING FINE - HOW DO YOU EXPECT A WOMAN TO GET MARRIED IF SHE DONT NEED NO MONEY AND NO HOME - I GOT YOU TO THANK FOR THAT.

THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'D MARRY A WOMAN EVEN IF YOU KNEW SHE WAS MARRYING YOU FOR YOUR MONEY? SOMETIME WHEN YOUVE GOT A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE, TAKE A GOOD PECK AT YOURSELF AND SEE IF ANYTHING BUT YOUR DOUGH COULD COAX A WOMAN INTO MATRIMONY

WELL, I ASKED HER TO STAY FER LUNCH AN' I GAVE HER A BIG DISH OF CORNED BEEF AN' CABBAGE.

GREAT HEAVENS! HOW COULD YOU?

SHELL DROP ME FROM HER SOCIAL CALENDAR AND TELL EVERYONE ABOUT MY UNCULTURED SISTER--

MISS TERCHANCE JUST CALLED UP AND WANT'S KATHERINE TO COME OVER AND TEACH HER HOW TO COOK CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE.

HUH?

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



YES! A FRIEND OF YOURS CALLED A MISS TERCHANCE I TOLD HER I WAS YOUR SISTER AN' WE HAD A NICE VISIT.

SHE'S A SOCIAL LIGHT. MY DEAR.

GREAT HEAVENS! HOW COULD YOU?

SHELL DROP ME FROM HER SOCIAL CALENDAR AND TELL EVERYONE ABOUT MY UNCULTURED SISTER--

MISS TERCHANCE JUST CALLED UP AND WANT'S KATHERINE TO COME OVER AND TEACH HER HOW TO COOK CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE.

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