

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** Dramatically, Ansel Kellogg, Anne Farnsworth's oldest and best friend, has returned from South America and taken charge of Anne's trial. Anne is accused of murdering her foster uncle, Lee Farnsworth. With the aid of John Neuman, school Anne Jones, Kellogg has found and produced witnesses who materially alter the trend of events. Now he is asking a clinch to tell where he was at the time of the shooting.

## Chapter 41 THE NET TIGHTENS

"My boat, she behind and at right of that girl's," the Indian told Kellogg.

"What happened there at the time?"

"Lady, she climb up on boat like she get to trap. Somebody say, loud, 'Anne.' She turn 'round. Shot he sound. Think if boat not dip on wave, she shot. Die."

Anne sat horrified; then her surmise was correct. By the grace of a wave which had rolled her boat, Lee Farnsworth and not she, was dead. And Crocker, Rob Crocker to whom she once entrusted her future, had bought cartridges for the weapon which had fired the shot.

"White Deer, did you see any of the occupants in other boats close to Miss Farnsworth?"

The Indian's lip set in a stubborn line.

"Come on, Charlie, you wouldn't have this girl hanged because you're afraid to talk?"

"Nitka 'frail,' the man protested. 'Don't know sure. Only know girl not shoot.'"

"Well, tell us what some of the men nearby looked like."

"All dress same. All wear slickers, big hats. One closest to her he wear fancy sweater under coat. Red."

Judge Kellogg reached for a bundle Neuman handed him. He unrolled it, disclosed a turtle neck sweater of scarlet with interwoven lines of purple and blue. After introducing it as an exhibit, he turned to the chinook.

"Could this be it?"

"Yes, Pretty." The black eyes glittered with enjoyment of the gay color.

"Are you sure?"

The bronze brow wrinkled. "No sure," he compromised, "just think. White Deer wish to be right. White Deer American, wrong no man."

"What's a fine idea, Charlie, too bad others haven't the same feeling. You're excused."

"Hale Carson, next, if you please, Mr. Bailiff."

Anne, watching Farley and Rob Crocker, saw them exchange startled glances as the sturdy cannery man entered and was sworn in as a witness.

"Mr. Carson, what are your duties?"

"General caretaker of the Farnsworth canneries."

"Where were you the night of August 3rd?"

"Hanging around the cannery. There was trouble brewing among the fishermen and we figured I'd better keep an eye to the buildings."

"Did you see any of your employees at the time?"

"Sure, that is, the young ones, Mr. Crocker and Mr. Farley. Crocker was there all evening."

Anne sighed with relief. Then the murderer couldn't have been he, and perhaps her trust hadn't been so flagrantly misplaced.

"But Farley took off in a glimmer soon after the fishermen left."

"Do you remember how Farley was dressed at the time?"

"Yes, it was kinda chilly, so I loaned him a sweater of mine. I keep round the cannery, and a slicker and sou'wester."

"Is this the sweater?"

"Sure, that's it. I wondered what he'd done with it—"

"That will be all."

A dead silence settled over the courtroom. Anne looked around. Flanked along the railing were the deputy sheriffs, all on the alert. Bewildered, she wondered what would happen next. She turned back to Judge Kellogg. He was facing the district attorney.

"Are you ready to ask for a dismissal?" Ansel asked.

"There is no motive," the man answered, uneasily.

"Very well," Kellogg turned back to Judge Benson. "If it pleases the court, I will produce a witness who will provide evidence that there is a man present in this court room at this moment who would benefit by the death of Anne Farnsworth. 'Ailing to achieve that, he assisted in having her incarcerated as a felon for the duration of her life."

"May I proceed?"

"Proceed, but first we will have a recess of fifteen minutes, during

which time only the jury will be in the court room. Bailiff, will you be the doors!"

Confusion reigned after the judge had given his instructions to the jury and they had filed out. Farley and Crocker conferred with the district attorney, Farley in heated tones.

Judge Kellogg and Lenholm sat at a table perusing the transcript which Lenholm quickly flipped to pages containing testimony he believed the judge would need.

Anne watched the audience with interest. John was in the first row beside Tecla, talking to her earnestly. Once he looked up, looked at her a long moment, then smiled. Anne felt a flood of happiness rush through her. He hadn't doubted her; he had neglected her only in order to save her. She hugged the thought to her. He had stayed beside her until she was passed the danger line, which might be lost if he waited too long. The time spot by, the jury returned to the bench, the judge returned to his box, and silence lay over the court room without need of the bailiff's gavel.

Judge Kellogg arose—"I will call Thomas J. Farley," he said.

Tom Farley arose. Anne thought his face was unnaturally white as he went to the witness chair.

"Mr. Farley," Kellogg's voice was stern, bitter, "on direct examination you said Miss Farnsworth was angry at having been cut out of Luke Farnsworth's will, and that she sought to cause trouble among the fishermen because she wished to destroy the morale of the fisheries. Is this true?"

"It is," snapped Farley.

"ACCORDING to your testimony, you first noticed her activities on or around July 15th. Is this date correct?"

"It is."

"Mr. Farley, you were present at the drawing up of Luke Farnsworth's final will, were you not?"

"I—I was."

"You knew the conditions of the will, did you not?"

"I, well, I didn't know all of them. I reached Luke's bedside a little later for the first part."

"But you were there early enough to know that Anne Farnsworth would come into contro, of the canneries upon the marriage of Rob Crocker to any person other than Anne Farnsworth, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you, between June 15 and August 3 inform Mr. Farnsworth of her ownership?"

"I didn't know that there was an occasion to do so," snapped Farley.

Judge Kellogg motioned to Letholm, who brought a long, white envelope to him. He opened it and from it took a photostat.

"Mr. Farley, I hold here the photostat of a marriage license, recorded on the books of the city clerk at Hoquiam, Washington."

Farley started. His face flushed crimson, then paled, to a sickly white.

"I believe your signature is here, as witness. The photostat shows that on June 1st, Sharlee Jane Farnsworth was married to Rob Crocker."

John was watching her anxiously. It was to him she gave her smile of confidence, and unconcern over the news.

"Tom Farley, why did you keep Anne Farnsworth from her legal rights? Why have you persecuted her in this trial?"

Farley was silent.

"I'll tell you why, because you hoped to put her out of the way before anyone who knew of her rights could find her. That's why And I hereby charge you with an attempt to murder Anne Farnsworth, and the actual murder of Lee Farnsworth."

Anne, stupefied by what she had heard, looked at Tom Farley. Had he tried to kill her that night in the dark? Could this man, who had known her since babyhood, who had lived on her foster father's bounty actually have fired the shot intended for her?

She watched his face, eyes narrowed in thought. He was a lawyer. Although he had practised but little he knew the evidence brought against him would convict. Suddenly his shoulders straightened, and a smile crossed his face.

"I fired the shot," he admitted, and over the audience a ripple of indignation sounded. "And I am sure when I have introduced my witnesses and the testimony they will give, any jury will agree with me that it was the defendant in this case who was guilty of the death of Lee Farnsworth."

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Anne learns tomorrow, of the miracle which has saved her.

# COLUMBIAS MOUTH HELD 'INVITATION' TO FOREIGN FOE

ASTORIA, Ore., Dec. 7.—(AP)—The defensive condition of the Columbia river, Major General George A. White, division commander of the National Guard, declared, "constitutes a burning invitation to the armed legions of any predatory nation."

Addressing the Astoria Chamber of Commerce last night, General White warned:

"There is not the slightest doubt

# NEW DEAL FAILS AS JOB CREATOR, EDUCATOR HOLDS

ROCHESTER, Minn., Dec. 7.—(AP)—Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford university and former member of the Hoover cabinet said

today the new deal has been found wanting in the best test of its recovery program—re-employment.

Visiting his son, Dr. Dwight L. Wilbur at the Mayo clinic here, the noted educator declared his former chief is devoting himself to "saving the country." He declined to say whether he thought Hoover would be a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination next year.

"That is a question Hoover must answer for himself, but I do believe he is devoting himself to saving the country," said Wilbur.

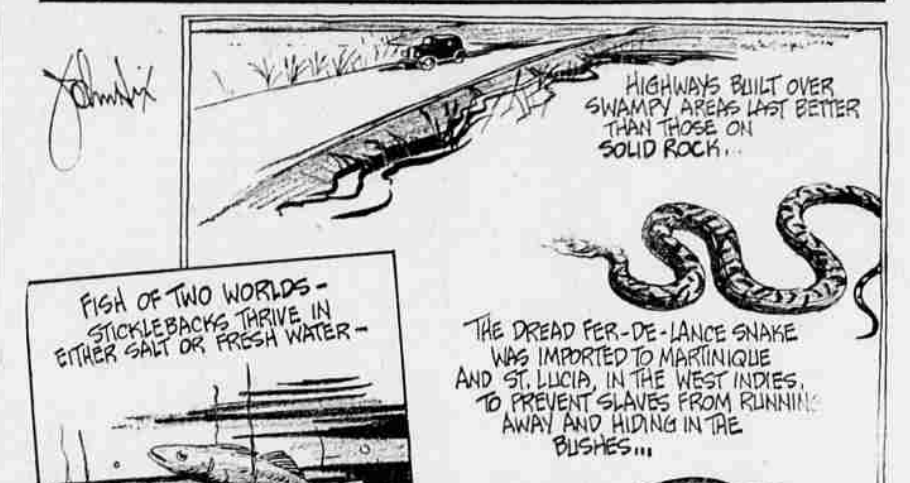
The former secretary of the interior listed what he considers the four outstanding "blunders" of the new deal administration: Devaluation of the dollar, resulting in the "political dollar"; centralization of bureaucratic power in Washington; abrogation of legislative power to the executive and "profligate" spending.

He declared that figures on unemployment—"best test of the recovery program"—still show approximately 11,000,000 idle, only 1,000,000 less than when Hoover went out of office.

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# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Richard Wagner, the great composer, could never express himself in music—he could neither play nor sing well. He never even mastered his own compositions on the piano, and was unable to illustrate passages from his own work. At one time he was forced to try to earn a living by singing in a small boulevard theater, but his voice was a failure.

This lack of the practical side of music caused Wagner to write intricate pieces while intending them to be simple. For example, "Tristan" was intended to be comparatively easy to perform—but when he had finished composing it, musicians pronounced it just the opposite. It was turned down, and in Vienna after more than 50 rehearsals, it was pronounced impossible. Not until four years later was it produced.

The fer-de-lance is the only poisonous snake in the West Indies, outside of Trinidad, and it is found only on the islands of Martinique and St. Lucia. There it was introduced by slave traders as a means of preventing slaves from escaping and hiding in the bushes.

This was only partly successful, and soon the poisonous snakes overran the islands and became an important nuisance. Later monogees were imported to kill off the snakes, but they proved ineffective.

Tomorrow: Sacred Dogs of Death.

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



# SMATTER POP—



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Contact!



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Lonestar Wins!



# By HAL FORREST



# By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—At Last



# By SOL HESS



T. L. TAYLOR.