

# THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

The next morning, though he didn't go out very early, Holbrook did leave the apartment about eleven and told Towers that he wasn't coming in for lunch, whereupon Rachel, with Towers' permission, went into the room with a full array of cleaning implements and set to work. She pushed a chair against the door to guard against too sudden interruption and first searched the bed. Under the springs she found the same sort of dust as behind the picture frames, but nothing more. Then she took the night table, but its one drawer held nothing but an extra handkerchief, two Parisian photographs, a flashlight, a lead pencil and a trick box made of an old book and opened by a hidden spring. Rachel had seen such boxes before and knew how to open them. This one revealed a flask of Mr. Cayne's best whisky. "The brass!" thought Rachel, replacing this treasure.

Now she attacked the dresser, dumping out the contents of each drawer, putting everything back in order. Holbrook's underwear, in color and variety, was something to marvel at. He favored lavender and pastel green, everything was silk, custom-made. There was so much it took time to handle. Rachel glanced at the clock. Better get done with the more suspicious jobs, if he came in she didn't mind being found cleaning the closet or the books. So she went at the desk.

This took longer, but not so long as she had feared, for it held little but writing paper, many sorts, to be sure, with various styles of monograms and addresses, and books of sketches and a few harmless old letters and invitations and lists of art exhibitions. Rachel ran these through and stuck them back. There was no account book, but behind a sheaf of florid correspondence cards she found several unpaid bills. She noted the shops, the date and amount of purchases and put these back too.

"Before I begin on those bookshelves I'll go through his suits," thought Rachel and forthwith entered the deep closet. Holbrook's wardrobe was nearly as comprehensive as his mother's. Rachel took the suits and coats in order, feeling in every pocket. Handkerchiefs, cards, loose change, pencils, packets of gum, pocket combs, a gold knife and gold pencil, a sample bottle of brillantane, but nothing that looked like a pawn ticket or anything else clandestine, until in the inner pocket of the fur-lined overcoat which he usually wore, she discovered a small folded piece of paper, just a scrap, on which was lightly pencilled an address on the lower East Side, followed by a list of dates. Rachel glanced at this and was putting it back when she realized that the last date was the day the sapphire bracelet was stolen. She was about to take the scrap of paper to a better light and copy it when she heard someone at the door. Down on her knees she went and when the door was finally opened she was very busy wiping the baseboard of the closet.

It was only Towers. "Come on and eat your lunch," he said; and then: "You certainly are giving it a turning out. I appreciate this, Rachel. I'll do something for you sometime if I can."

"That's all right," said Rachel. "I'll be along to lunch as soon as I set the furniture straight. He might come in unexpectedly."

"He's in now," said Towers. He's got that friend of his named Buckham in the library and he wants me to mix 'em up a cocktail. I told him his pa had the key to the liquor closet. The nerve!"

"I'd better hurry," said Rachel. "they might come in here. But aren't they going to have lunch?"

"Oh no, they just wanted cock-

tails! And he's going to put on his fur-lined coat, he ain't warm enough in the camel's hair! I wish he was mine, I'd warm him with the business end of a hickory rod."

It was too late to put the slip of paper back into the overcoat pocket. Holbrook and Roy were outside in the hall. She slipped through the other door that opened into Mr. Cayne's room as they came in, before they could see her. She was troubled, uneasy. Perhaps Holbrook wouldn't miss the paper, perhaps it meant nothing anyway. But at least she would show it to Terriss. It was the only thing she had found that seemed to have the least connection with the theft.

## CHAPTER XII

Terriss and Rachel sat in the office of Peter Cayne, facing him as he stood. He was like an oak tree, Rachel thought, that had been undermined at the root and she could scarcely endure to look at him. He held himself straight with an effort and repeated again and again: "It's impossible, I tell you. I don't believe it."

Terriss looked at the list he held in his hand at the top of which was clipped the scrap of paper Rachel had found in Holbrook's pocket. "But, Mr. Cayne, the things here in black and white. The address is that of one of the slipperiest fences in the city, I recognized it as soon as I saw the piece of paper Miss



"Those Crooks Are Always Feeling Around for Suckers," Said Terriss.

Vincent brought in. He's operating under the name of Mark Edelweiss, but that's only an alias. Just like his jewelry shop's a blind. Jewelry! His stock wouldn't fill a quart measure. I went in and asked to see him private and told him I wanted to know about these things and guaranteed I'd make him no trouble if he'd give me the information. That was just a bluff, we couldn't make him trouble anyway, for everything your son took there was a legitimate sale. I said legitimate sale or not these articles were stolen and he'd better clear it up, for even if he could prove it was legitimate, headquarters was just aching to get something on him and this might lead to an investigation and then where would he be? So he give me the list. Everything's there—antique gold buckles with rose diamonds, star ruby pendant, gold wrist watch, turquoise and diamond ring, silver cigarette box with silver ashtrays to match, seed pearl and pink topaz earrings, jade and diamond brooch, diamond dinner ring, set of six rose-cut diamond buttons, three

does antique silver spoons and the sapphire bracelet. He had your son's name and address, he described him to me—

"Oh, for God's sake!" cried out Cayne in torture. "shut up. Let me think."

"You don't suppose I enjoy doing this, do you?" asked Terriss. "Don't take it so hard, Mr. Cayne. The boy didn't know how serious it was, he didn't realize in a place like yours with so much fancy goods lying around loose, you shouldn't sell something that wasn't needed and wasn't used when he wanted an extra piece of change. Lots of kids do it. You'd be surprised. They just haven't learned the difference between right and wrong."

"But he had a big allowance, I paid his bills, I gave him extra when he asked for it and I thought he ought to have it. And his mother gave him money sometimes, I shut my eyes to that. But to steal her trinkets and things from his own home and sell them! And how did he get in touch with this man Edelweiss, how did he find him? That's what I'd like to know."

"Those crooks are always feeling around for suckers," said Terriss. "Well, Mr. Cayne, this case is closed as far as I'm concerned. You know where your stuff has gone. You can get the bracelet back if you'll pay Edelweiss \$250, it's not been touched. I saw it."

"That bracelet's worth five thousand!" said Cayne. "He sold it for two hundred and fifty!"

"Edelweiss claims he gave him two hundred and twenty-five. But he'll sell it back to you for the twenty-five extra because he don't want any trouble, see?"

"Can you get it for me?"

"Certainly."

Peter Cayne took out his wallet and gave Terriss two hundred-dollar bills, two twenties and a ten. "Then get it at once. I don't like to think of my gifts to my wife being in that scoundrel's hands."

"To say nothing of the value of it!" exclaimed Terriss, with what he meant for sympathy. "Okay, Mr. Cayne, I'll go right down there. He's holding it till he hears from me."

Terriss rose and went to the door, then turned and looked back. "And Miss Vincent, here, she's washed up too. Will it be all right for her to get her things and leave, or do you want to make some excuse to Mrs. Cayne and the servants about firing her? You don't want them to know why she was there, I guess."

With an effort Peter Cayne came back to them. "I promised you a bonus, didn't I, Miss Vincent, if you found the thief?"

"I won't take it," said Rachel. "I wouldn't think of taking it. I can't tell you how sorry I am, Mr. Cayne."

"You thought he was a good boy, didn't you? You didn't see any signs? I keep trying to find excuses for him, maybe he wanted to help out some of his friends and didn't want to tell me, he knew I didn't like 'em, they seemed a cheap crowd to me—did he ever say anything that made you suspect?"

Terriss interposed before Rachel could answer. "It was his trying to borrow money off Miss Vincent that gave her the hot tip. And he's borrowed off your servants till they won't lend him any more."

"Mr. Terriss—you shouldn't—"

"Oh God!" groaned Peter Cayne. "He tried to borrow from you, Miss Vincent? Did you lend him anything?"

"No—and I wouldn't have told you—"

"Better I should know it. I don't want to be shielded by outsiders from what's going on in my own family. This'll kill his mother if she finds it out, she's so wrapped up in him."

"Mr. Cayne," said Rachel, "I'll go up and get my clothes and tell Mrs. Cayne that I've found another job, or that I've been called away by sickness in my family, I'll make some excuse and I'll leave at once, if you don't mind. And please forget about the bonus. I couldn't take it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## CUMBERLAND

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Roach, Miss Marion Sawyer, Dorothy, Bill and Allen Roach visited Mr. and Mrs. Brady Hare, near Edenton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roach, Mrs. Claudia Twine, Mrs. B. M. Jones and C. L. Godwin attended the funeral of Mrs. Martin Sprull Sunday afternoon.

Misses Mary Louise and Julia Miller Chappell, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. C. B. White. Those calling in the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Winslow, of Belvidere; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nixon and son, Hilary, of Winfall; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Miller and Mrs. Effie Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Miller and children, Doris and Ralph, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Carson Howell, near Beech Spring.

Mrs. Earl Jackson and daughter, Nelle Baxter, of Elizabeth City, spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Eva Stallings.

Howard and Harold Hurdle visited their brother, James Babie, near Elizabeth City, Sunday afternoon.

## SURPRISE BIRTHDAY DINNER

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Sawyer delightfully entertained Mrs. Sawyer's mother, Mrs. D. M. Cartwright, at dinner on Sunday at their home in Edenton, the occasion being the birthday of the honoree. Those enjoying Mr. and Mrs.

Sawyer's hospitality were: Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cartwright, Miss Lucille Cartwright, Mrs. Vernon Winslow, Misses Maude and Blanche Cartwright, and Willie Henry Cartwright, all of Snow Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eure, Miss Eleanor Eure, George Curtis Eure and Mrs. J. H. Harrell, all of White Hat; Mr. and Mrs. Odell Cartwright, of Hertford Highway.

## BAGLEY SWAMP

Mrs. T. R. Winslow, Mrs. Claude Winslow and Mrs. Oliver Winslow called on Mrs. F. C. White and Mrs. D. P. Layden Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vick Stallings had as guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winslow, of Whiteston; Mr. and Mrs. Crowder Howell; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stallings and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Roache and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith have recently moved in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Vick Stallings, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Winslow visited Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stallings on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Oliver Winslow and Mrs. Claude Winslow visited Mrs. Wheeler Williams on Thursday.

Mrs. Vick Stallings and Mrs. T. R. Winslow visited Mrs. Joe Nowell Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Winslow visited Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Winslow on Sunday evening.

## SNOW HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benton and daughter, Lois Faye, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Pierce, at Nixonton, on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell and daughter, Carolyn Dean, were in Elizabeth City Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell visited Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Barcliff, at Nixonton, Sunday.

Jesse and Ralph Harrell were in Hertford Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. John Harrell and Miss Catherine Harrell have been quite sick with measles, but are now improving.

Mrs. Moody Harrell and Carolyn Dean Harrell, accompanied by Mrs. G. W. Gregory, visited Mrs. Willie Williams, in Elizabeth City.

Mrs. Ernest Cartwright and Miss Laura Belle Cartwright visited Mrs. John Harrell Thursday.

Miss Lucille Cartwright visited Mrs. Mason Sawyer, at Old Neck, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wood visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boston, at Old Neck, Sunday afternoon.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS

Mrs. S. W. Long graciously entertained the Woman's Missionary Society of Bethel Baptist Church at her home near Bethel Wednesday afternoon.

Following the opening hymn, the devotional was conducted by the president, Mrs. M. T. Griffin, with Mrs. J. M. Fleetwood offering prayer.

Miss Gertie Chappell, program leader for the day, assisted by several members, gave the program for the month.

At the conclusion of the meeting delicious fruit salad and cakes were served. Attractive Valentine favors were given.

Those present were: Mesdames R. D. Creevy, W. D. Perry, Mary Hayman, A. F. Proctor, J. M. Fleetwood, M. T. Griffin, C. T. Phillips, J. C. Hobbs, A. D. Thach, S. M. Long, R. S. Chappell, L. A. Proctor and S. W. Long, and Miss Gertie Chappell. Two visitors, Mrs. Robert Goodwin and Mrs. Lena Flanagan, were also present.

## WINFALL CLUB MEETS

The Winfall Home Demonstration Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. J. Layden. Readings were given by Mrs. C. J. Layden, Mrs. Joel Hollowell and Miss Mary Elizabeth White. Mrs. George Roach was elected song leader for the year. Miss Gladys Hamrick, home agent, used "Selections" as her demonstration.

During the social hour a game was played, after which home-made candy, peanuts, pop-corn and apples were served.

Those present included Mesdames E. N. Miller, D. L. Barber, Kenneth Miller, W. D. Rogerson, C. J. Layden, Alvin Winslow, Jim Lowe, D. R. Trueblood, Joel Hollowell, and Effie Miller; Misses Mary Elizabeth White, Frances Rogerson, Gladys Hamrick, and Celesta Godwin.

Mrs. Jim Lowe will be hostess to the club in March.

## RYLAND

Mr. and Mrs. John Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Bright and son, John Robert, of Suffolk, Va., were guests of Mrs. Harriet Parks Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Boyce and Mrs. Alma Boyce spent Friday with Mrs. G. A. Boyce.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Ward, William and Lella Faye Ward visited Mr. and Mrs. N. Q. Ward, near Belvidere, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Ward and children were in Edenton Saturday evening.

Miss Rebecca Colwell and Mrs. X. E. Copeland, of Edenton, stopped in to see Mrs. H. N. Ward Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Lee Davis, of Edenton, was the guest of Mrs. Harriet Parks last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Boyce and two children were in Edenton Saturday evening.

Herbert Lane and his sister, Mrs.

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Saturday, February 19—

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Monday and Tuesday, February 21-22—A Show of Shows—

W. C. Fields, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour

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Wednesday, February 23—

Warner Oland in

"THE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO"

SPORT — COMEDY  
BANK NIGHT

Friday, February 25—  
Dorothy Lamour in "Hurricane"