

# Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: The man picked up, his memory gone, on the shore after the wreck of the Alice Arden has set Nesta Riddell and Caroline Leth against each other. After hearing him babble in his sleep of the stolen Van Berg emeralds, Nesta has identified him as her husband, Jimmy Riddell. Caroline thinks he may be her cousin, Jim Randall, but Nesta will not permit her to see him. Now, at midnight, Nesta has crept to the man's room, having heard that a sleeping person will answer any question after his hand has been placed in a bowl of cold water. The man awakens and seizes Nesta's throat.

## CHAPTER 16 A CRISIS

Nesta was a brave woman, but she was taken most utterly by surprise. She tried to call out, to push him away, but her voice choked under his grip. The blood sang in her ears, and the darkness was full of fiery sparks. Then quite suddenly she was free. She sat back on her heels, gasping for breath. The sparks died out, and she heard him say in a sharp, bewildered voice.

"Who's there?"

"I have repeated the question again at once."

"Who's there? Speak, can't you? What's happened?"

Nesta stumbled to her feet.

"You've done your best to strangle me."

She heard him say, "I'm drenched," and then, "What are you doing here?" And with that, he was out of bed and switching on the light.

All Nesta's nerve had not kept her from a sharp recoil which took her back to the mantelpiece. He stood against the door and looked first at her and then at the bed. He might well say that he was drenched. When Nesta threw up her hand to try and push him away she had still held the bowl of water. It struck his shoulder, overturned, and sent a cold cascade down his back. The shock of it brought him broad awake. His hands let go their hold. He'd been strangling someone. Who? Good Lord—where was he? What a nightmare? He'd been dreaming. But this wasn't a dream, for there was Nesta with her hand at her throat, and there, tipped up on the bed, was a yellow china bowl. The bed itself showed a large wet patch where the clothes were flung back.

He swung round on Nesta.

"What's the meaning of this?"

She had been frightened, and now she was angry. She could not bridle her tongue.

"You dangerous brute! You might have killed me!" Her voice broke on a sob of pure rage.

"I'm sorry—but what were you doing in my room?"

"I'm your wife!"

"I don't think you were here as my wife."

Nesta flung up her head.

"What do you mean by that? You half kill me one minute and insult me the next!"

"I don't think it's as bad as all that. You can talk all right—He stopped and ducked sharply. There was a rough lump of pink and grey flesh in the middle of the mantelpiece. Nesta had swept it off and pitched it at his head. It missed, crashed against the door, and fell heavily.

Next moment he had her by the wrists.

"Look here, that's enough of that! Pull yourself together. If you don't, I'll empty the water jug over you—and you can explain to your sister-in-law why I did it. Take a few deep breaths, and count a hundred! I'm sorry if I hurt you, but I've been knocking about in some fairly rough places, and if anyone creeps into my room in the dark and puts a hand on me, their look out—Nesta had ceased to struggle. Now she suddenly leaned towards him.

"Where have you been?"

He dropped her wrist, stepped back, and looked at her, frowning.

"I don't know."

"You must know. You said—"

He passed his hand across his brow.

"What did I say?"

She laughed, half angrily.

"You said you'd lived in some pretty rough parts the last few years. I believe you too, the way you tried to strangle me. My lord, Jimmy—you've got a grip!" She broke off suddenly. "Do you mean to say you don't remember what you said?"

He shook his head.

"No—it's gone."

She looked at him curiously.

"You don't know where you lived or what you did before I met you?"

Honest Jimmy.

He shook his head again.

"Well, I'm blessed!" She began to Jimmy—you've got a grip!" She the man without a past! And I can't help you, because you were always most uncommon close and never told me a thing, and as far as I'm concerned you start in where you stopped, out from behind a bush in the drive going up to The Hall at Packham.

"And if I've got to guess, I'm going to guess that getting away with the Van Berg emeralds wasn't your first job by a long chalk. Rough places? Yes, I believe you—places where you shook first and ask questions afterwards. Lucky for me you hadn't got a gun tonight—wasn't it?"

"And I'd have been lucky for you

## New Senator



Carl A. Hatch (above) of Clatsop, N. M., democrat and an attorney, was appointed United States senator by Gov. A. W. Hockenbush to succeed Sam G. Bratton, who resigned to become a federal circuit judge. (Associated Press Photo)

If you hadn't taken one to Packham, couldn't you have got the emeralds without shooting? You know what sort of sentence you'd get if you're found of the highest training a thoroughly efficient Navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far."

Q. What city has a street of silver? D. D. L.

A. The city which has a silver street is Delhi, old capital of the Mogul Empire in India, and the

When she stopped, he put a hand on her arm.

"You haven't told me what you were doing here."

She looked at him coolly.

"You called out in your sleep—I came in to see what was the matter."

"What were you doing with the bowl?"

"I had it in my hand." She laughed. "Lucky for me I had! If it hadn't been for the water waking you, you'd have done me in."

She put the quartz back on the mantelpiece, and yawned.

"Well, I want some sleep. You've had yours. Oh lord—my throat's sore!" She came up to him, tilting her chin. "Like to kiss the place to make it well? You can if you like."

His hand fell on her shoulder.

"There's nothing the matter with your throat. I want to talk business."

(To be Continued)

# ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

This is a special department devoted solely to the handling of queries. This service is free. Failure to make use of it deprives you of benefits to which you are entitled. Your obligation is three cents in coin or stamps enclosed with your inquiry for direct reply. Do not use postcards. Address the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

Q. Where was Grantland Rice, the sports writer, born and where did he receive his education? E. E. S.

A. Grantland Rice was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on November 1, 1890. His preparatory education was at Nashville Military Academy and Wallace University School at Nashville, Tennessee. He received his B. A. from Vanderbilt University in 1901.

Q. When did Theodore Roosevelt first use the expression the "big stick"? G. F.

A. The first association of Roosevelt with this phrase dates from a speech delivered by him at Chicago, April 2, 1902. On that occasion Roosevelt said, "There is a homely old adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick and you will go far.' If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient Navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far."

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Q. How many grains of wheat are there in a pound? M. W.

A. The number of grains of wheat in a pound varies from 7500 to 24,000; from 377 determinations the average was 12,000 grains.

Q. Who invented the printing of music? A. N.

A. Ulrich Hahn of Rome invented the printing of music in 1476.

Q. How much time is consumed in the mechanical production of a book? E. W.

A. It has been calculated that the whole time taken in the production of an ordinary book of about 100,000 words, from the casting of the composition to the machinery and binding, and from the first dispatch of the copy to the printer, to the return of the completed book, is about twelve weeks in all. Even then, the business of actual pub-

lication has not been counted in the estimate.

Q. How many of the soldiers buried at Arlington are unknown? F. B. A.

A. According to latest statistics, there are 34,674 known interments in Arlington National Cemetery, and 4713 unknown interments.

Q. Is Isham Jones, the band leader, a composer? C. B. S.

A. Isham Jones won reputation as a song writer before he became prominent as an orchestra leader. Some of his compositions are: If You Were Only Mine, I Can't Believe It's True, I'll See You in My Dreams, Montana Moon, and You're in the Army Now which he wrote while serving at a training camp during the war.

Q. Who were the Mugwumps? M. A. R.

A. The Mugwumps were a faction of the Republican party who refused to support James G. Blaine, and supported Grover Cleveland. Mugwump is an Algonquian word meaning "chief."

Q. How old is Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the Senate Committee investigating banking organizations? W. W.

A. Mr. Pecora is fifty-one years old.

Q. Was the late Emperor Charles of Austria a linguist? S. D.

A. His Majesty spoke seven languages fluently.

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# Sundown Stories

PLENTY OF NEWS

By Mary Graham Bonner

"I have news," said Top Notch. "If it weren't for me no one would know anything."

"You've all seen that little old house right down the road between Puddle Muddle and the next village? Well, it is being painted pink by a funny old man with a long beard and shaggy hair and he spoke of it as his house, and there's an old lady there, too. She has white hair and she wears a shawl and she called the old man Grandpa Galump and he called her Grandma."

"Are they going to live there?" Willy Nilly asked. "The house is so small."

"Oh, Top Notch, your news isn't so important," barked Rip.

"Just a moment," interrupted Willy Nilly. "I don't know anything about these people of whom Top Notch speaks, but we don't want



them to be our enemies. So I don't want you animals to go around and bother them. We want a little peace for awhile."

"We won't bother them," said Rip. "I have really important news. The animals in the next village have a football team and they want to play the Puddle Muddle team."

"But we have no team," said Top Notch.

"That's just the point," barked Rip.

"You have no sense," returned Top Notch. "We haven't a team now, but we can get one together and practice so that we can beat them."

"That's a fine idea," agreed Willy Nilly. Now the animals would be busy and they would not be curious and get in the way of Grandpa and Grandma Galump. "I'll make your helmets and shin pads," he said.

Monday: Puddle Muddle Football.

ACROSS

- Take on cargo
- Rose perfume
- Soft drink, colloq.
- Operatic solo
- Woman goddess
- Wicked
- Hilarity
- Pausal scarf
- Strike gently
- Chest bones
- Odor
- Genus of the seat
- Begins
- Second highest mountain in North America
- Deep gorge
- Perform
- Accented
- Permits
- Odd piece of work
- Burrowing animal
- Think
- Henwren
- Finch
- Aquatic bird
- Impels
- Thru
- Snake with cold
- Hub out
- Near
- Anglo-Saxon
- Salve
- Death notice
- Footlike part
- Slip away from

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

LOBAR LEA HAM  
ANELE ALI OBI  
DENIM VISCOUS  
ABOVE LAPSE  
DERIVE DENSER  
AVE ELDEST  
MESA LOT SCOW  
TOMTOM REARED  
ALOPES ESTER  
REPRESSER ROSE  
GIE RIP SITAR  
ENS SPY TESTA

- Goddess of peace
- Signs
- Treated maliciously
- Ignoble
- Heated compartment of a stove
- Cripple
- Seat of the University of Maine
- Overly with gold
- Bring into line
- Rounded roof
- Pat
- In no way
- Kind of coffee
- Surface a
- street
- Discharge
- Emitted light
- Illness
- Stir over the surface of
- Point
- Fastening
- Trigonometrical ratios
- British
- Pertaining to grandparent
- Insect
- Sun god
- Long stick
- Great Lake
- Spoken
- Three; prefix
- Vivacity; slang
- About

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
4				15					4			
7			8						7			
20			21						22			
23	26	27		28	29				30	31		
32			33		34				35			
36			37	38					39			
40			41				42	43				
44			45				46	47				
48			49				50					
51	52						53					
54			55				56	57				
58			59				60					
61			62				63					

Count Costo is covering Puff with a gun.

But in his excitement he doesn't see Hum.

The Rabbit's behind him, a match in his paw.

Says Fluff, "I'll make Costo shout loud for his maw!"

MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF YOU DRESSED LIKE A LITTLE BOY GIVES ME AN IDEA! LET'S TAKE IN A FOOTBALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON!

IT'S O.K. BY ME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY HALF PRICE FOR THAT BOY!

BUT HE'S ONLY TEN YEARS OLD!

OH WELL, HALF PRICE FOR YOU IS BETTER THAN PAYIN' FULL, HEY, JEFF?

YEH!

WHEN I WAS 22 YEARS OLD I MADE THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN FOR PRINCETON!

YEH, BUT DON'T FORGET, I COACHED YOU BACK IN THE OLD DAYS!

I STILL CLAIM THAT KALAMAZOO WINS THE GAME!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUT WHO'S PLAYING? MARYLAND OR TEXAS?

TODAY MICHIGAN VS OHIO STATE

EXIT

## Oscar Naue Injured

Stayton-Oscar Naue, 48, received a dislocated hip and possible hip fracture when in opening a gate to allow a large truck and trailer to pass through, and threw him under the trailer which ran over his hip. An ambulance was called from Salem to take the injured man to the Stayton hospital where he is being cared for by Dr. Brewer.

## Moore's Are Honored

Silverton—Fifty members of the Loyal Berean Sunday school class of the First Christian church, met at the home of Mrs. S. A. Gay Tuesday afternoon in honor of a former member Mrs. Laura Moore and her daughter, Maurine of California and another daughter, Mrs. Venita Fry of Portland. The Moores are spending several days with Silverton relatives and friends.

## NAMED ON COMMITTEE

Silverton—Mrs. William MacNeill, past president of the Silverton Parent Teachers' association for a two-year term, a member of the committee for exhibits at the state Parent Teachers' association convention that meets in Salem during next week. Delegates from the local group include Miss Helvie Silver, Mrs. Martin Hannan and Mrs. Earl Adams.



Count Costo is covering Puff with a gun.



REGULAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



TAU SPIN TOMMY



MUTT AND JEFF



ONE WAY TRAFFIC



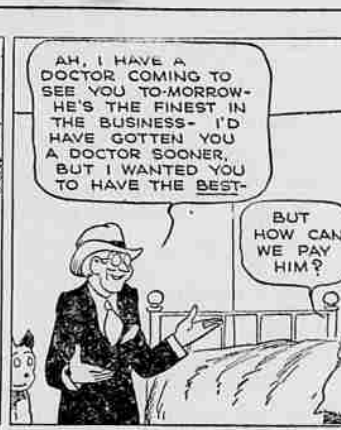
SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN



LEST WE FORGET



WHERE THERE'S NO FEELING THERE'S NO SENSE



WHERE THERE'S NO FEELING THERE'S NO SENSE



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