

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

CHAPTER TWO
THE MEETING

THE day nurse wasn't going to be hurried. North country people take their own way and their own time.

"Well, he was found on a ledge on that cliff just to the left of the gap over there. That's where the Alice Arden broke up. She was driven in with the gale, and there the current got her and she smashed on the rocks. You must have read about it. It's a very bad bit of coast because of the quicksands."

"The lifeboat people picked up a few of the passengers, but this man wasn't found for getting on thirty-six hours. The gale went down very suddenly, and then there was a fog, one of the worst fogs I've ever seen. You couldn't see your hand before your face on the cliffs, and it wasn't till it lifted that they found him. He

gave way before the pressure of Nesta's will.

"Oh, it was nothing really—just the form-of-end of a letter with the signature."

"Caroline?"

The day nurse nodded.

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"Anything the other side?"

"No. It was really only the small set scrap."

Nesta slipped the paper she was holding into her red bag and snapped down the catch.

"I'd like to see him," she said.

As she walked beside the nurse along the left-hand passage, she was wondering about that marked linen. What would Jimmy be doing with his initials on his shirt and pants? Why, the last thing on earth he'd want when he was out on a job would be anything like that—and this had been the biggest job yet.

If his things were marked, it wasn't any of her markings; and that was certain. All her muscles tightened up a little as they came into a light airy room with a row of windows down one side and a wide verandah at the far end.

The ward was rather empty. Half a dozen beds were out on the verandah, and the sound of cheerful conversation came back into the empty space and echoed there. Between



Nesta touched the arm that hid his face.

must have crawled up on the ledge and then lost consciousness.

"Dr. Sutherland thinks he's had a knock on the head. When he came round he didn't seem to know who he was or where he came from."

"Then I don't see—"

The day nurse just went on as if there had not been any interruption.

"But when he is asleep he keeps muttering, and one of the things he keeps saying is that name. The Jimmy is plain enough. That is to say, Matron says it is Jim—and she made out the message that was broadcast—but when it came to the surname, Dr. Sutherland said it was Randall, and I thought Riddell—but Matron said Riddell, so she put in all the three. Anyway his linen's marked J. R."

THERE was a man in the bed, and he was lying on his side with one arm thrown up across his face. She could see the line of his legs, the hump of his shoulder, and the crook of the arm. Her heart began to beat very fast.

"Is it your husband?"

Nesta Riddell turned slowly round. The nurse was behind her, with a hand on the screen.

And then all at once the rosy girl who had opened the door was there, full of hurry and importance.

"Oh, nurse—Dr. Sutherland wants you on the phone. There's been an accident."

The day nurse was gone before the girl stopped speaking.

Nesta Riddell put up her hand and closed the screen. They made a sort of red twilight about the bed. She went past the foot and stood above the sleeping man. His head was not bandaged. She could see rumpled brown hair, and a bit of brown forehead, and a bit of brown unshaven chin. Her heart went on beating very fast.

She bent down and touched the arm that was hiding the man's face, and at once he said, quite clearly and distinctly,

"The finest emeralds in the world."

Nesta drew back her hand with a jerk. A look of terror passed over her face. To lie here in an open ward and talk about the emeralds! The man's voice lost its distinctness and fell to a mutter, but she could hear what he was saying well enough:

"Like a lot of green glass... like a kid's green beads... funny to think you'd kill a man for a thing like that... kid's beads... green... Jimmy Riddell..."

Nesta gasped to a sudden decision, tomorrow.

IRRIGATIONISTS TALK REFINANCE

BAKER, Sept. 22.—(AP)—Discussion of a program of refinancing of

irrigation and drainage districts thru loans from the federal government centered about the problem of delinquent state and county taxes on land in reclamation districts at this morning's session of the Oregon reclamation congress which is holding its 23rd annual convention in Baker.

The proposal most favored calls for the deferral of the capital payment on the land for a period of three

years in order to give settlers an opportunity to pay their delinquent taxes. Under the proposal settlers would borrow from the R. F. C. and repay the money over a period of 40 years.

Heath's Drug Store is open for business in its new location, 29 N. Central Ave. Their phone number remains the same, 884.

SCHERER ELECTED ADVISORY LEADER

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 23.—(AP)—For the first time in four years,

general optimism prevailed in reports on business conditions in the Pacific northwest submitted yesterday by special commodity committees to the Pacific northwest advisory board.

Paul A. Scherer, Medford fruit grower, was elected president of the advisory board, succeeding J. A. Swallow of Seattle, who advised the meeting he could not undertake the duties next year. Scherer will be succeeded

as vice-president by Frank M. Smith of Spokane. Ernest Dolge of Tacoma, executive secretary, and R. E. Clark of Seattle, secretary, were re-elected.

Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmidt 418-1692.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jolla Puts On An Act!

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BOUND TO WIN—Braving The Lion

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—You Can Never Tell

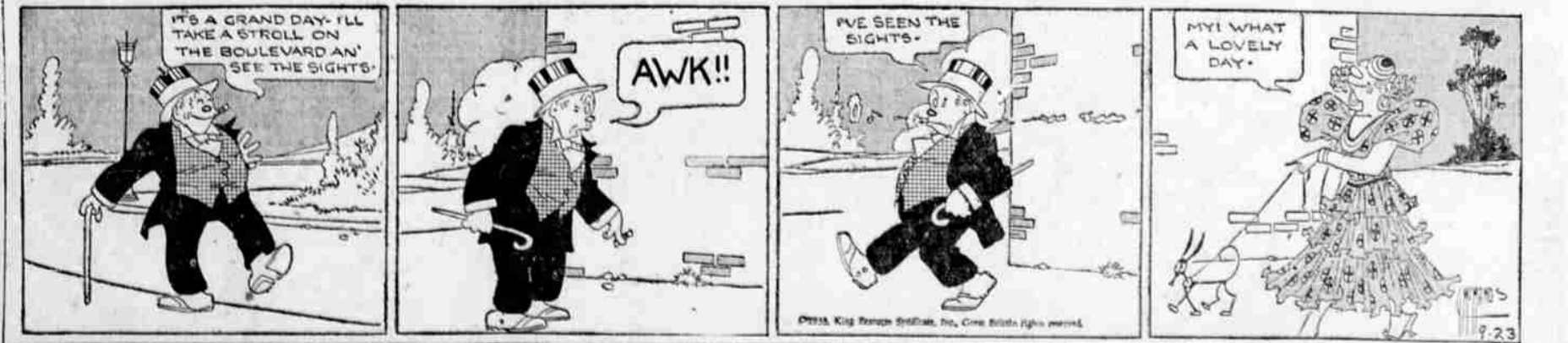
By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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GIRL OF SEVEN GIVES BIRTH TO 4-LB. BABY

LONDON, Sept. 23.—(AP)—The case of an Indian girl giving birth to a baby before being seven years

of age was reported by a Delhi doctor today in the "British Medical Journal" of London.

The baby weighed four pounds, three ounces at birth, the doctor reported. Beyond suffering from frights for three days, he added, the mother recovered perfectly and was able to nurse the infant for nine months, when it weighed 11 pounds, 2 ounces.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation