

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: In the Boston hospital a man lies mumbled in his sleep of something "like a kid's green beads" and of someone named "Jimmy Riddell"—or perhaps it's "Randall." An inquiry has been broadcast, and in response Nesta Riddell comes to the hospital to see whether the man, who is a survivor of a ship broken up in a gale, can be her husband Jimmy. Just as the nurse takes her to the sleeping man, the nurse is called away about an accident. The man awakes, and in a fit of rage accuses her of killing a man and about emeralds. Nesta is frightened.

Chapter Three THE DECISION

NESTA took hold of his arm and dragged it down. The man's face was brown and haggard against the coarse white pillow. A two-days' stubble made him uncouth. His eyes were half open. He seemed between sleeping and waking.

"Jimmy Riddell!" said Nesta harshly.

His eyes opened—dark grey eyes with black lashes. He gave her back the name like an echo:

"Jimmy Riddell."

Nesta shook him.

"Yes—Jimmy Riddell?"

"I don't know... no one knows... nobody knows but me... and they're

away. If it hadn't been for this bus business, I wouldn't have got him. Even so it is, they wouldn't have let him come if they'd known it was the best part of sixty miles, so I've told them we've come from Marley."

"Marley?" said Tom. "Why Marley?"

"Because I remembered the name, and it's only about eight miles from here—and don't start asking questions or I shall scream."

She stepped back from the car, but kept her hand upon it. Tom Williams looked at her curiously. The flush which had covered her face had now drawn together into a brilliant patch high up on either cheek, leaving the rest of the skin white and wet.

"What is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

"That something was the matter was very certain. Nesta didn't look like that for nothing. Not for the first time, he felt as if her affairs were a sort of trap in which he was caught and from which he had no hope of ever getting free.

If it wasn't for Nesta's affairs, he and Min might be as happy as the day was long. Yet for the life of him he couldn't keep out of Nesta's affairs. What had been happening to make her look like that? He felt a

horrid pang of apprehension, and his voice shook.

"Nesta—what's the matter?"

Nesta Riddell's hand tightened on the side of the car. Just for a moment she had felt as if she were going to faint—"And a nice thing that would be!" she said to herself furiously.

"Nesta—"

She straightened up, leaning on the car, and said in a voice that was as low as a whisper but much harder.

"He's talking about the Van Berg affair."

"The Van Berg affair?"

"Yes—Jimmy Riddell?"

"I don't know... no one knows... nobody knows but me... and they're



the finest emeralds in the world... and the Van Berg emeralds... and nobody knows where they are but me."

His eyes began to close again. He pulled his arm away and flung it up across his face. She heard him mutter:

"Green... like a kid's beads... Jimmy Riddell..."

She straightened herself and stood looking down at him—the long legs, the rough brown hair, the sunburn, the arm thrown up to shield his eyes. Her face worked for a minute, then muscles by muscle it hardened. When she turned at the sound of hurrying steps, those short dark brows of hers made one straight line and her lips another.

The day nurse had her question on her lips.

"Well? Is it your husband?"

Nesta nodded. It seemed as if her lips were set too close to speak.

"TOM!"

Tom Williams had been staring idly at that blue handsbreadth of sea and thinking that it was just the day for a dip. He hadn't had a proper swim this year, what with the weather and Nesta's affairs. That bit of blue water was just about right.

"Tom!"

He turned with a start. Nesta had the door of the car open. She was very much flushed, and her eyes were bright and hard.

"We're taking him back with us," she said.

"Then it's Jimmy?"

Nesta frowned and went on speaking in a hurried, jerky voice.

"Of course it's Jimmy. We're taking him back with us, and you'll have to drive right in, because he's pretty dicky. They wouldn't let me take him away, only there's been a bus smash at the cross-roads and the doctor's just rung up to say they've got to take in six whether they've got room for them or not."

"What's the matter with him?"

horrid pang of apprehension, and his voice shook.

"Nesta—what's the matter?"

Nesta Riddell's hand tightened on the side of the car. Just for a moment she had felt as if she were going to faint—"And a nice thing that would be!" she said to herself furiously.

"Nesta—"

She straightened up, leaning on the car, and said in a voice that was as low as a whisper but much harder.

"He's talking about the Van Berg affair."

"The Van Berg affair?"

"Yes—Jimmy Riddell?"

"I don't know... no one knows... nobody knows but me... and they're

away. If it hadn't been for this bus business, I wouldn't have got him. Even so it is, they wouldn't have let him come if they'd known it was the best part of sixty miles, so I've told them we've come from Marley."

"Marley?" said Tom. "Why Marley?"

"Because I remembered the name, and it's only about eight miles from here—and don't start asking questions or I shall scream."

She stepped back from the car, but kept her hand upon it. Tom Williams looked at her curiously. The flush which had covered her face had now drawn together into a brilliant patch high up on either cheek, leaving the rest of the skin white and wet.

"What is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

"That something was the matter was very certain. Nesta didn't look like that for nothing. Not for the first time, he felt as if her affairs were a sort of trap in which he was caught and from which he had no hope of ever getting free.

If it wasn't for Nesta's affairs, he and Min might be as happy as the day was long. Yet for the life of him he couldn't keep out of Nesta's affairs. What had been happening to make her look like that? He felt a

MOSCOW ROGRAMS SOVIET PROGRAMS

FRANKFURT ON THE MAIN, Germany, Sept. 25.—(AP)—A police decree today prescribed incarcerations in concentration camps for persons who listen in on communistic propaganda broadcast from Moscow.

HANOVER, Sept. 25.—(AP)—Germany's steel helmets, organization of war veterans, loudly cheered Chancellor Hitler last night as he addressed their convention after arriving by airplane.

Telling the veterans to remember obedience to lessons learned in the field, he said "it is not important that we destroyed Marxism and closed the quarters. What is important is the fact that we have the entire nation behind us."

VETERAN OFFERS TO DIE FOR LADY

SANTA CRUZ, Calif., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Miss Wilhelmina Weite, nurse charged with the murder of Francis J. Morgan Frace at his summer home here September 9, declared today she was "deeply touched" by the offer which came this week from an Ocala, Ont., war veteran to "go to the gallows for her, if necessary."

The veteran, John J. Noble, wrote that because she had saved his life during the war, he wanted to take her place in jeopardy for the shooting.

Considering the legal impossibility of accepting the offer, Miss Weite said she could make no statement as her attorney, Stanford O. Smith had so requested.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE FAMILY ALBUM—SUNDAY AFTERNOON WALK

By GLUTAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Saves A Trump!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN--Seeing To The Preacher

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS--And Then What?

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

LET'S PULL TOGETHER!

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

Miners Rescued
HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Three miners, entombed by tons of earth dropped in a shaft of a Glen Alden coal company mine at nearby Tescook, tonight were rescued unharmed though standing in water up to their shoulders.

Florence Graves, accredited piano instructor, Studio 220 No. Oakdale, Phone 1042-W.

Slayer Surrenders
BILLINGS, Mont., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Calmly walking into the county attorney's office, Vernon F. Perry, 35, a rancher near Laurel, Mont., surrendered today after officers said he shot and killed his wife, his 18-year-old stepdaughter and a farmhand.

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