Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: The s... ...un found on the shore ... the wreck of the Alice Arden is still more of a problem. Nesta Riddell has gone to the hospital, heard him babbling of emeralds a... murder, and takes him home as her husband, Jimmy Riddell. Caroline Leigh thinks he may be Jim Randel, her distant cousin, until she hears of Nesta. Then she learns a scrap of a letter was found in the man's pocket, signed Caroline, and suddenly her hopes rise again. She cannot understand why Nesta Riddell would claim the wrong husband, but dashes off in pursuit nevertheless. The nurse at the hospital where the man had been gives Caroline a paper to hand Nesta, one Nesta had dropped in leaving.

Chapter Six

THE AWAKENING

TIDES rising and falling—waves rocking—and a long dream that rocked with them—rocking—rocking. He was swinging like a pendulum between the dream and some vague waking state—swing, swing—out and back again—out and back again.

When he swung out, there was a sense of light and women's voices; but when he swung back, there was the rise and fall of water, and black fog, and only one voice, that never stopped.

There was sunlight in the room, ...—an older woman with dark hair and a high color. She came across the room, sat down on the edge of his bed, and smiled a ready-made smile.

"Well, Jimmy—so you're awake?" she said.

He felt an immediate prickle of irritation. Her eyes were too close together. Who was she? And what was she doing calling him Jimmy? He loathed being called Jimmy.

"Well?" said Nesta Riddell in her hard bright voice. "You look pounds better. You've slept round the clock, you know. Are you hungry? You ought to be. Min's getting you something."

He said, speaking slowly and with a sort of frowning intensity,

"Why did you call me Jimmy?"

Nesta Riddell stared.

"Isn't it your name?"

"Why did you call me Jimmy?"

THE frown became a sheer straining effort to find an answer to that. And it beat him. He didn't know—he didn't know what his name was. He knew that he hated being called Jimmy. That stuck out like a corner in his mind, but he couldn't get round it.

"Look here," said Nesta Riddell, "You wait till you've had something to eat. Here's another pillow for you. And if I were you I shouldn't go slanting across the bed in which he lay. As he moved, someone else moved too. There was a soft hurry of footsteps. A blind came down with a click and the sun was shut out. His arm dropped.

He rose on his elbow, and saw a girl turning back from the window, a very pretty girl with silver flaxen hair and big pale blue eyes. She wore a blue smock, and she was looking at him rather as a small child looks at a tiger in a cage.

She said "Oh!" in a soft, breathless way and edged towards the door.

He sat up, closed his eyes for a moment, and then opened them again. The girl had almost reached the door.

"I say—don't go," he said in an alarmed voice.

The girl stood where she was.

"I'll tell Nesta," she said.

He repeated the name.

"Who's Nesta?"

SHE looked really terrified when he said that.

"Oh please—" she began.

"I say, don't look so frightened—I only want to know where I am."

This was apparently something that could be answered. A little modest pride displaced her timidity.

"You're at our place—Tom's and mine. I'm Min."

"Oh—" He was expected to know who Tom was. . . . Tom and Min. He certainly didn't, but it was obvious that he ought to.

The girl said again, "I'll tell Nesta," and got as far as turning the handle of the door, when he stopped her.

"No—do wait a moment. Can't you tell me what's happened? I don't know—I—" His voice stopped dead. He didn't know. What didn't he know?

He shut his eyes and tried to pierce the fog that filled his mind. He had had a dream about fog, and a dream about a voice. He had left the voice behind in the dream, but the fog had come with him. It filled his brain. He groped in it and found nothing.

At the sound of the closing door he opened his eyes again. Min was gone, and where she had been standing there was now someone bothering my head about things at present."

The pillow was comfortable. He relaxed against it, conscious of a swimming head. Then Min came in with a tray, and he found that he was faint with hunger.

Nesta watched him eat and drink. When he had finished, she took away the tray and came back to her seat on the bed.

"Well?" she said, "feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Want to talk?"

"Yes."

"All right—go ahead—"

That was easier said than done. Where were you to begin when you had no landmarks? He went back to the question he had asked before.

"Do you mind telling me where I am?"

"You're at Tom's place—in Ledlington.

He opened his eyes upon her very directly.

"And who is Tom?"

"My brother," said Nesta Riddell. Then she laughed a little. "Come, Jimmy—you're not going to say you've forgotten Tom?"

He put his hand up to his head.

"I can't remember. Have I had a crack on the head?"

She nodded, watching him.

"Do you mind telling me how I got here?"

"You really don't remember? Well, I'll go back to a week ago. You know what had happened. You said you'd got to get off the map for a bit. I was to come here, and you were going to work up the coast to Glasgow. I don't know what name you went under, but you were on the Alice Arden when she got driven ashore on the Elston sands. There was a gale first, and then an awful fog, and she broke up against the cliffs. Very few people were saved. They took you into the Elston cottage hospital, and Tom and I fetched you away yesterday. Can't you really remember anything about it?"

His hand went up to his eyes and pressed on them. He said,

"Tom—" His voice choked on the word. Then, in a dull whisper, "I remember—the fog."

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"Jimmy" struggles, Monday, to remember his past.

LINDY KIDNAP HOAX INTERMEDIARY DIES

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—(AP)—The Rev. Francis J. Hurney, 47, who had been identified for years with the Catholic actors guild of America and who acted as intermediary between Mrs. Edward B. McLean and Gaston B. Means in the Lindbergh kidnapink hoax, died today. He was pastor of Immaculate Conception church.

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MANY ACCIDENTS IN FARMER'S LIFE

SALEM, Ore. (UP)—Quiet, peace and safety back on the old farm have been praised in song and story. But songs and stories do not have to be scientifically and statistically accurate.

State agricultural officials report about 3,000 accidental deaths occur each year among those employed on farms in this country. That's about 20 per cent of all the so-called occupational accidents, much greater than is the farmer's share in proportion to the numbers engaged.

"As a matter of fact, what with operating farm machinery, handling fractious horses, and other onery livestock, the farmer's life involves a good deal of daily risk", said the officials. "More farmers are killed by farm animals than by automobiles."

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FEWER TOURISTS LEAVE MORE COIN

SALEM, Ore. (UP)—Tourists visiting Oregon this year are fewer than in 1932 or 1931, but they are probably leaving more money than on either of the former years, according to the Oregon Motor association.

Tourists this year are of higher economic order than those coming before, said A. E. Shearer of the association directorate. Shearer said few tourists are carrying their own camping outfits this year, most of them stopping at camp ground cabins instead. Average length of visits in the state is longer than before.

Didn't Miss G. A. R. Reunion

NEENAH, Wis.—(UP)—The last survivor of the civil war living here, Thad Sheerin, although suffering from a broken shoulder received in a fall, attended the national convention of the Grand Army of the Republic at Minneapolis.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN GIVING HIS ORDER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Friend And Enemy To The Rescue!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

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By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—All Fixed Up?

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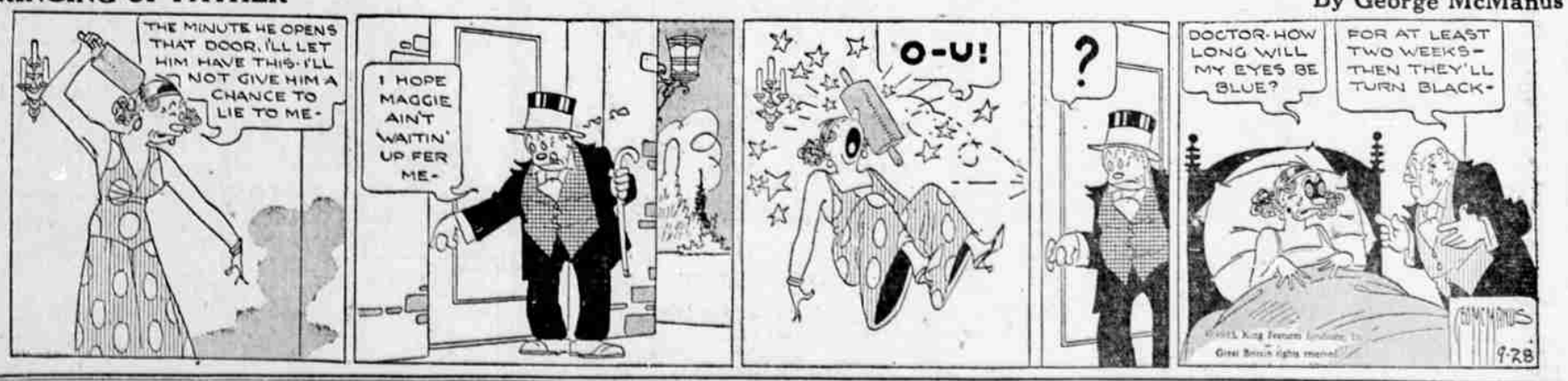
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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