

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: A man has picked up on the sea shore the wreck of the Alice Arden. At Eton hospital he mumbles something about "Jim Riddell" and "his child's green beads" and about emeralds. Nesta Riddell goes in response to a broadcast inquiry, and accuses him of talking. She declares he is her husband, and removes him to her brother's house in Lexington. Caroline Leigh rescues the hospital after the man has been taken away; she hoped he might be her cousin, Jim Riddell. She cannot imagine why Nesta would identify the wrong husband, but determines to trace the matter down when the nurse tells her a scrap of paper with "Caroline" on it was in the man's pocket. The man wakes, and talks with Nesta.

Chapter Seven "MY WIFE—NO!"

FOR a moment it was the fog which was pressing against his eyes—the fog; not his own hand. And behind the fog things moved—vague, horrible things. He jerked himself out of the fog and fung out his hand.

"No—I can't remember."
"What—nothing?"
"No—no—"
"Not your own name?"
"I don't—know—"
"Your name's Jim Riddell," said Nesta sharply.



mind. It was as if someone had spoken it from behind that deadening fog. She said, "Your name is Jim Riddell," and something in his own mind answered her.

He said the name aloud: "Jim—Jim." Then with more confidence, "Yes—Jim."

"Jim Riddell," said Nesta firmly.

He preferred Jim to Jimmy any day of the week. Jim Riddell . . . He left the name and began to go over what she had said. He took the easiest part first.

"You brought me here yesterday? I can't remember anything about it."

"You needn't worry about that. They gave you some kind of a sleeping-draught to take you over the move, and when we got here you had a good drink of hot milk and off you went again like a baby."

"Why did you bring me here?" His voice was quiet and direct.

Nesta's dark eyebrows rose.

"That's a funny thing to ask. Where else should I take you? We'd agreed to give London a miss, hadn't we?"

He groped for memories of London.

"London?"

"You're not going to say you've forgotten London?"

"I've forgotten everything. I— His hand closed upon the edge of the bed. He shut his eyes for a moment, giddy with the sense of empty space all round him. There were no landmarks, nothing to steer by, no horizon line, no faintest, farthest star.

THE woman who sat on the end of the bed looking at him was also actual, but somehow not so reassuring. He didn't like her very much. He didn't like the way she was dressed, or the way she did her hair, or those near-set eyes of hers. He supposed she was handsome, but he didn't like her. She had a black dress with little magenta and yellow squiggles on it. The pattern hurt his eyes.

Her voice cut sharply across his thought—a bright voice with an edge to it.

"You're not going to tell me you've forgotten me, Jimmy!"

looked at her with something grim in his expression.

"Will you kindly tell me who you are?"

The color rose in her cheeks. She looked away from him. "I'm Nesta."

"Nesta Riddell." She risked a sideways glance. That three days' board gave him a savage look. . . . It wasn't only the beard. . . . She stayed where she was, but it needed an effort not to jump up and get nearer the door.

"And still that tells me nothing," he said in a carefully controlled voice.

Nesta sprang to her feet and fung out her hands.

"I'm your wife, Jimmy—you can't have forgotten me!"

HE had known what she was going to say; before she said it he had braced himself to take the shock. When it came, it actually steadied him. He felt as cold as ice and as quiet as if he were dead. He said just above his breath, "My wife—no—"

She burst into angry tears. Take it whatever way you like, it was a slap in the face. Nesta did not take kindly to being slapped. She felt no impulse to turn the other cheek.

"Yes—your wife! What else did

"I'm your wife, Jimmy!"

you think? How dare you think anything else—and in my own brother's house!"

"I beg your pardon—you misanderstand me. I simply have no recollection of you at all. He should have left it at that, but he went on, his calm broken a little. "I can't—I can't—believe—"

"You can't believe—and you can't remember? Well, how much can you remember? How did you come here, if you're not my husband? Why, Tom and I went to the hospital and fetched you away!"

She dashed the angry tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. It was the gesture of a furious child. The tears were real, and so was the choke in her voice as she fung open the door and called, "Min! Min! Come here!"

She stood aside as the girl in the blue smock ran in. Min came to a standstill about a yard inside the door, looking timidly from Nesta to the bed.

"Perhaps you'll believe Min, if you won't believe me," Nesta wasn't crying now, but her color was high and her eyes bright.

"What is it?" said Min in a bewildered voice.

"Tell him who he is!" said Nesta sharply.

"Jimmy? Why, Jimmy Riddell."

"Tell him who I am."

Min began to look frightened.

"Why, Nesta."

"Nesta what?"

"Nesta Riddell." She took a step towards the bed. "What's the matter? Don't you remember?" She spoke sweetly and pitifully.

He shook his head, watching them both, holding himself in.

"Oh dear! Don't you know Nesta! Oh dear!"

He spoke then, quite quietly.

"I've lost my memory. I don't know either of you. You say I'm Jim Riddell?"

"Oh yes."

"And that is Nesta Riddell?"

"Oh dear, yes."

"What is she to me?"

"Oh, she's your wife," said Min and burst out crying.

Jim struggles, tomorrow, for a clue from the past.

ROBBERS SNATCH REGISTERED MAIL

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—(AP)—Three robbers snatched three pouches of registered mail containing valuables worth \$5000 from a moving jitney truck at the South Station Thursday, but left behind other mail sacks containing approximately \$100,000.

A check of postal officials disclosed the robbers had obtained a sack destined for a Newport, R. I., savings bank containing three negotiable bonds worth \$2000 and other items worth \$500 more. A second sack contained 37 pieces of mail for Cape Cod points, valued at \$97, and a third, containing \$50 in pennies for a Tauton, Mass., bank, and other mail.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—(AP)—It was authoritatively indicated by the public works administration today that approval will be given the Bonneville, Ore., dam project.

GOLD HOARDING CHARGE DENIED

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—(AP)—A plea of not guilty was entered today

by Frederick B. Campbell, New York attorney and clubman, to an indictment charging him with violation of the president's order of August 28 against the hoarding of gold.

Bail was fixed at \$1000 and Campbell given until next Thursday to file a demurrer or necessary motion on the indictment.

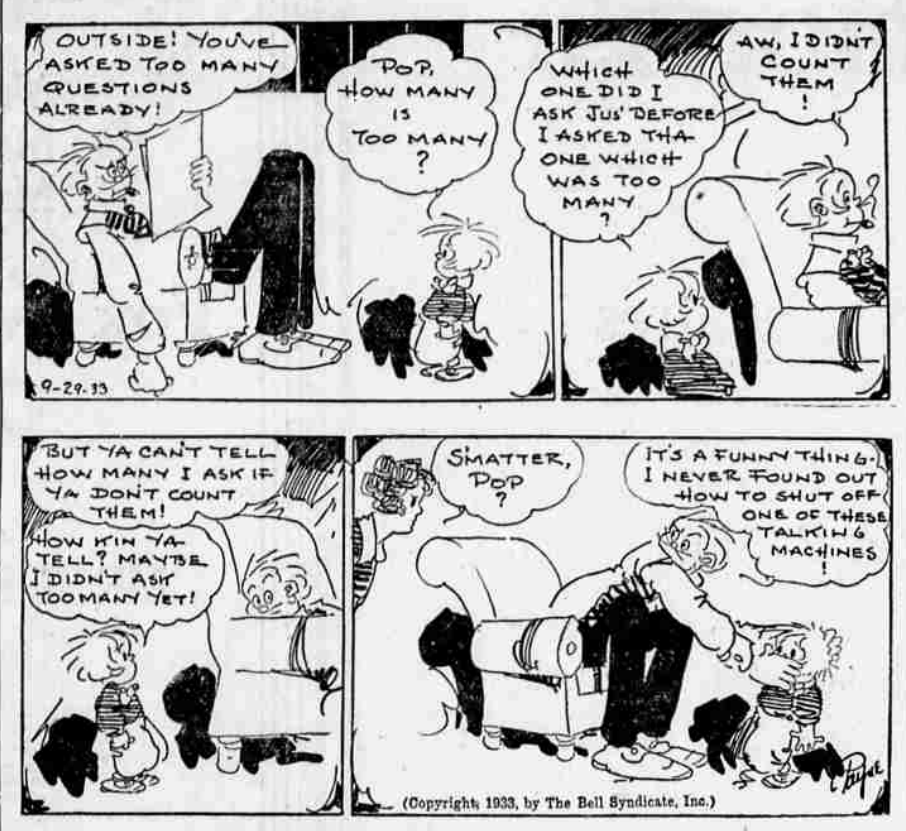
Campbell is the first person prosecuted under the executive order. In

view of this said United States Attorney George Z. Medala, it was to the interest of the government to permit early disposition of the case.

ORANGE, Texas, Sept. 29.—(UP)—The noise of his grandchildren was blamed tonight for the death of Jas. Cruse, 72. Cruse stamped out of his son's house saying he was going home "and blow my brains out."

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Recognition!



THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BOUND TO WIN—A Real Mystery

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Who's Who In Northville

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



GARBO BUYS ESTATE IN NATIVE SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Sept. 29.—(AP)—Greta Garbo has purchased a large estate near Stockholm and has given instructions to a building contractor to build a chateau on it.

GRANTS PASS, Ore., Sept. 29.—(AP) A black bear's insatiable desire for honey proved his undoing. The bruin raided the J. F. Cox farm, the swarming bees attracted neighbors, who discovered the raider, chased him into a tall tree and shot him down.

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