

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: The dazed man picked up after the wreck of the Alaska was removed from the hospital by Nesto Riddell, who says he is her husband, Jimmy. They have gone to Nesto's brother's house in Ledlington. The man talked in his sleep, of sorrows and sobbing. A few moments after his removal, Caroline Leigh arrives at the hospital, hoping the man may be her cousin Jim Randal. As she is leaving, disappointed, the nurse mentions a scrap of a letter, bearing the signature "Caroline," found in the man's pocket. Caroline determines to continue her search. Meanwhile the man has awakened, and been told by Nesto he has shot Mr. Van Berg and stolen the famous Van Berg emerald. He remembers nothing. Caroline, because of a false address given by Nesto at the hospital, is sure something is wrong.

Chapter 11 A NEW LEAD

CAROLINE was quite certain that Mrs. Riddell was not only a snatcher, but a lying snatcher, and that for some irrelevant reason of her own she had disappeared with Jim Randal. If it wasn't Jim, how did he happen to have a bit of a letter in his pocket? she asked herself.

She could see the twirl with which she had written Caroline—quite an extra one because she was so thrilled about Jim. Why should anyone but Jim Randal have the torn-off end of a letter with Caroline on it?

She ought to have asked the day nurse whether it was Caroline with a twirl, because that would have settled it—not that it needed settling, because she felt quite, quite sure.

On the strength of which she drank another cup of tea, and was glad that her name was Caroline, and not a name that just anyone might have. She had, of course, never heard of old Caroline Bussell who was housekeeper at Packham Hall.

And then she remembered the folded paper which the day nurse had given her to take to Mrs. Riddell. "The ward maid picked it up. We think it must have dropped out of her bag."

That was what the day nurse had said. And Caroline had just let it go right through her head and out the other side. She opened her bag in a hurry, found the paper, and spread it out.

It was a bill—one of the flimsy black-lined sort that a girl scribbles on in a carbon-papered book and then gets the paper-walker to sign.

Caroline tingled all over with excitement as she looked at it. It was in her vocabulary, "absolutely stuffed with meat." To start with, there was the name of the shop—Smithies, Ironmongers. And then there was the address—39 Market Street, Ledlington. Lastly there was the bill itself, for one purlonum.

"For the love of Mike—what's a purlonum?" said Caroline solemnly, and then all at once remembered Mrs. Pookington's sale. Coalcuttles became purlonums when they got into an auction. They evidently started life in ironmongers' shops under the same classic alias.

Anyhow Mrs. Riddell had bought a purlonum at a shop in Ledlington, and if you bought a coalcuttle in Ledlington, the chances were that you lived somewhere near by and that you made them send it home. Of course you might take it away in a car—but coalcuttles do have the most revolting corners, and what would be the sense of scratching your car when Smithies might just as well deliver the thing?

She paid for her tea, went down six moss-grown steps to the car, and pored over a map. Ledlington was a good fifty miles. She looked at her watch... getting on for six. It was a clear impossibility to reach Mr. Smithies before his shutters went up.

THE village of Hazelbury West is like a good many other English villages. There is a pond, and a green, a big house with stone pillars crowned by pineapples and a long neglected drive, a church, a parsonage, two or three houses of the better sort, a butcher, a baker, a general shop which is also the post-office, and a straggle of cottages.

Miss Arbutnot, who was Caroline Leigh's first cousin once removed, lived in the last cottage on the left. Caroline lived there with her. Sometimes she wondered whether she was just going to go on living in Hazelbury West with Patsy Ann for ever and ever.

Miss Arbutnot had been christened Ann, but preferred to be called Patsy. She sketched a little, and gardened a little, and painted a

little on china. She also wrote minor verse and belonged to a society under the rules of which all the members read one another's compositions. Caroline called it The Vicious Circle.

It was half past seven when Caroline ran her car into the shed which did duty as a garage and went up the flagged path with the red standard rose-trees on either side of it.

The cottage was really two cottages thrown together. The front door opened directly into a sitting-room, out of the corner of which a steep curly stair went up to the bedrooms.

Caroline stood on the door-step said, "Golly!"

All the furniture had been pushed back, and there was laid out upon the floor a short length of brightly flowered chintz, a longer piece of sage-green serge, and a remnant of navy-blue crepe de china with a pattern of green and yellow daisies. Some strangely shaped pieces of newspaper were disposed like islands and peninsulas upon the serge, while, kneeling with her back to the door and holding a pair of cutting-out scissors in a hesitating, hovering manner, was Miss Patsy Arbutnot.

"Patsy Ann—what are you doing?" said Caroline.

Miss Arbutnot sat back upon her heels and slewed around. She had very pretty dark hair, and it was obvious that she had been running her fingers through it. She was about ten years older than Caroline, and she had just misused being as pretty as her own romantic picture of herself.

She had melting dark eyes and enormously long lashes; she had arched eyebrows, a straight nose, and a fine if rather colorless skin; she also had a tiny mouth, rabbit teeth, and a lip. She wore a rather tired crimson smock stuck dangerously full of pins, and a yard-measure trailing round her neck like a scarf.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said.

"Did you think I'd been abducted?"

"This won't come out."

Caroline came nearer and surveyed the mess.

"What are you trying to do?"

"It's those three remnants that I got. There isn't enough of any of them, but I thought if I could cut out the chintz flowers and applique them on to the serge—"

Caroline gurgled.

"I'd look exactly like boiled greens served up with asters."

"Do you think it would? And even then there wouldn't be enough, with these long skirts. And I don't see how I can work in the crepe de china whatever I do."

"YOU can't," said Caroline with great firmness. "And, darling, if we don't have some food soon, I shall probably swoon. I've got a feeling that I shall see those asters going round and round in about half a minute. What are we having?"

"Scrambled eggs."

"Go and scramble them. I'll put the mess away. You can make a knitting-bag out of the chintz, and a tablecloth for Mrs. Vickers out of the serge—if you keep it here, I'll leave home. I dare say I'll have an idea about the crepe de china some other time. Now go and cook. I simply must wash."

When Caroline came down again she had taken off her hat. She laid the table, and presently Miss Arbutnot came in with a flushed face and a smoking dish of eggs. As she put it down, she shot a questioning glance at Caroline.

"It wasn't Jim?"

"I don't know!"

"You don't know?"

"He's gone to Ledlington. I'm going there tomorrow. He's lost his memory. I don't awfully want to talk about it, Patsy Ann."

Patsy looked a little offended. She loved Caroline dearly, but she thought her odd. It was odd of Caroline to be so reserved about Jim Randal. Patsy could have talked about him all day. It was so hard to have to live one's emotional life without anyone to confide in. If Uncle James had died six months earlier, it might have made all the difference. Jim wouldn't have quarreled with his uncle and gone abroad. As it was, every time she went through the village there were the stone pillars at the entrance to Hale Palace a little more covered with green mould, and the drive a little more neglected. And Caroline wouldn't talk about any of it.

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Monday, Caroline goes to Led-

VETERAN SUICIDES AS RELIEF NEARS

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 5.—(AP)—Had Albers Wurtenberger, 35, waited

one day he would have found all his fears of the future had dissipated. A world war veteran, he had fallen victim to paralysis. His compensation from the government had been cut off because his disability could not be technically connected with his service.

Yesterday, while his wife slept after constant attendance upon him, Wurtenberger laboriously but silent-

ly guided his wheelchair to the kitchen. He turned on the gas jets. Death overtook him.

Yesterday the special board of review appointed by President Roosevelt for Oregon considered Wurtenberger's case. The unanimous verdict was that the veteran be allowed \$100 a month. A few hours after this action was taken members of the board learned of the death.

MUSSELS REQUIRE CAREFUL COOKING

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Oct. 5.—(AP)—The shellfish of Southern Oregon is

still a delectable food and entirely safe if reasonable care is used in its preparation, said Dr. John Simpkin, city health officer, today, after an exhaustive survey. Reports of fatalities among the Coos Bay chicken and cat population has caused a widespread scare.

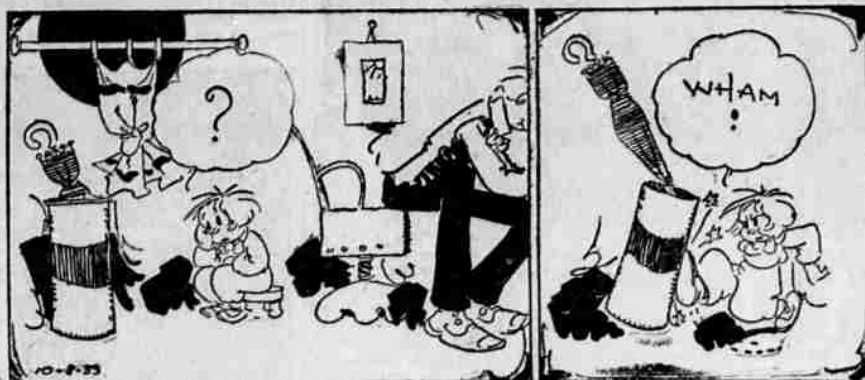
The death of Lelo Gardner of Bandon ten days ago after eating mussels first gave rise to the belief

that shell fish may be contaminated, but Dr. Simpkin said latest information indicates that care in gathering and preparing the food precludes the possibility of poisoning.

Notice.
Protect the birds. Get your "No Hunting, No Trespassing" signs at the Job Department of the Mail Tribune 28-30 N. Grape.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



COMES INTO ROOM, EYES IMMEDIATELY LIGHTING ON BOX OF CANDY



ASKS WHERE DID IT COME FROM, WHOSE IS IT, AND CAN HE HAVE SOME?



REMARKS WELL IT WON'T HURT JUST TO LOOK AT IT



POKES AROUND TO SEE HOW MANY LAYERS THERE ARE, SQUEEZING A FEW PIECES TO SEE WHICH ARE SOFT FILLINGS



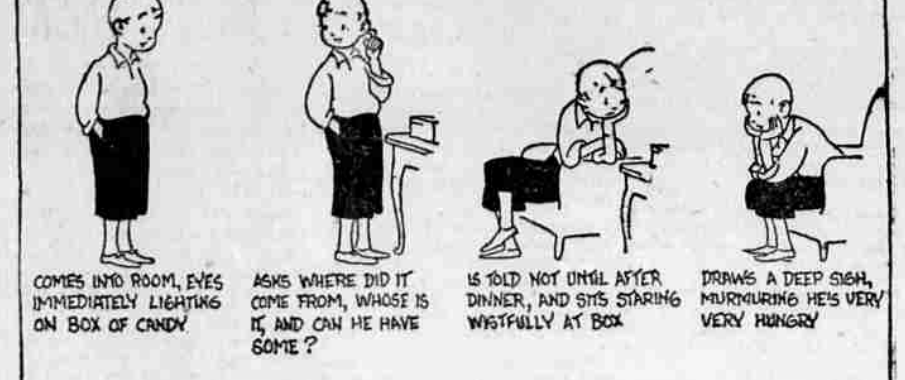
SAYS IF HE ATE A LITTLE ONE, A TINY ONE LIKE THIS, IT WOULD NOT SPOIL HIS DINNER, WOULD IT?



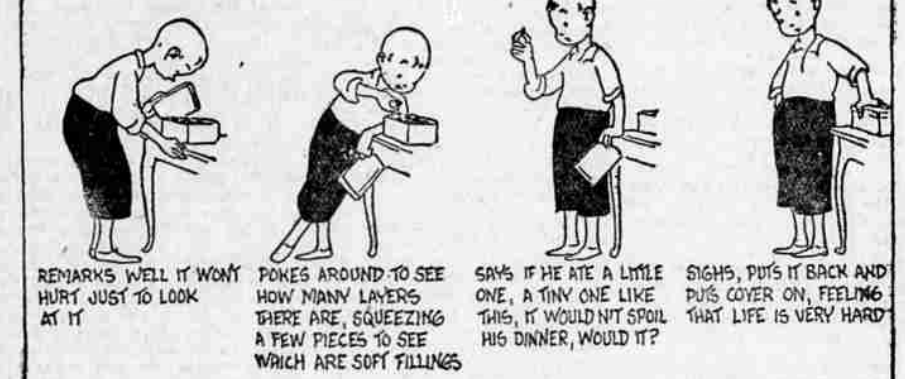
SIGHS, PUTS IT BACK AND PUTS COVER ON, FEELING THAT LIFE IS VERY HARD

SNAPSHOTS OF A SMALL BOY AND A BOX OF CANDY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Important Money!"

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



THANKS, SENOR CORVALDO, BUT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PLANE WAS OURS—WE'LL STAND FOR THE REPAIR BILL—



LOOK AT THE EXPRESSION ON TOMMY'S FACE—HE SEEMS TO HAVE GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!



HE DOESN'T LOOK SO VERY UNHAPPY ABOUT IT—SO MAYBE IT'S GOOD NEWS—LET'S FIND OUT!



BUT WHY THIS CHECK IS FOR MANY TIMES THE AMOUNT OF THAT REPAIR JOB—IT'S YOU COULD BUY THE WHOLE SHIP FOR THIS—



THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I INTENDED TO DO—IT IS FOR SALE, IS IT NOT?



YOU COULD KNOCK ME OVER WITH AN OSTRICH FEATHER!!



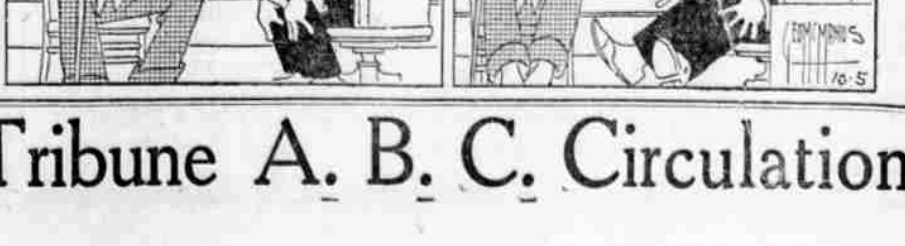
SOME CALL IT SALESMANSHIP—OTHERS CALL IT PERSONALITY—LET'S CELEBRATE WITH A BIG PARTY!



CLAYTON



CLAYTON



CLAYTON

BOUND TO WIN—The Uninvited Guest

By EDWIN ALGER



AIN'T INVITIN' ME TO MY OWN DAUGHTER'S WEDDING CEREMONY, BUT RECKON I'LL SHOW 'EM! EM UP AT THE HOLLOW BY KIDNAPPIN' THE PREACHER AN' THE JUSTICE, THE FIGGER THEY'LL OUTFIX ME NOW, EN? WELL, I'M A LONE AN' CURLY WOLF AN—



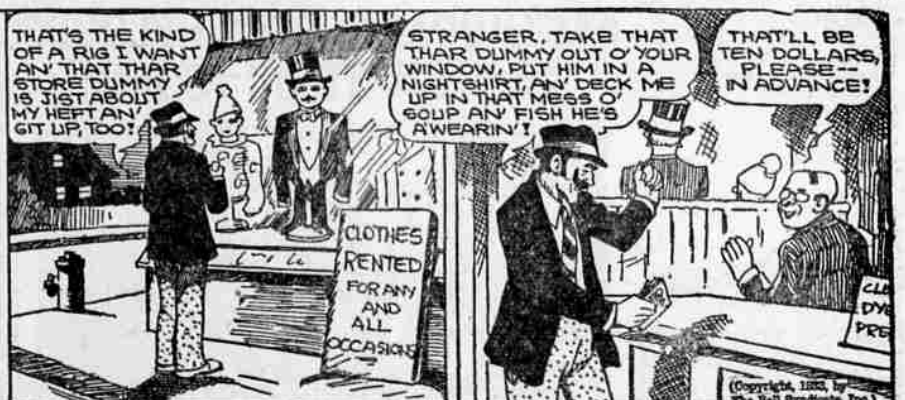
—TONIGHT'S MY NIGHT TO SHOW 'EM! AFORE I GIT THROUGH THEY'LL KNOW THEY BEEN VISITED BY SOMEBODY!



THAT'S THE KIND OF A RIG I WANT AN' THAT THAR STORE DUMMY IS JUST ABOUT MY HEFT AN' GIT UP, TOOT!



STRANGER, TAKE THAT THAR DUMMY OUT O'YOUR WINDOW, PUT HIM IN A NIGHTSHIRT, AN' DECK ME UP IN THAT MESS O' GOUP AN' FISH HE'S WEARIN'!



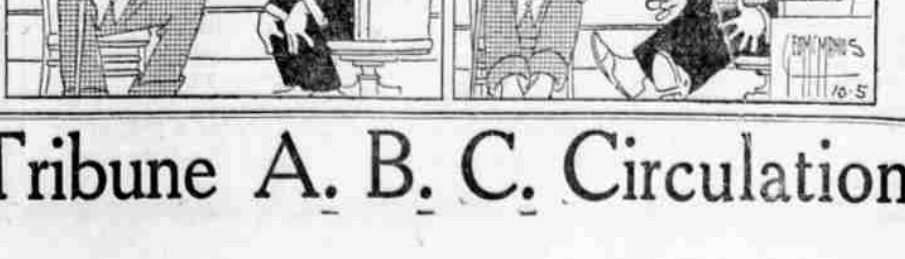
THAT'LL BE TEN DOLLARS, PLEASE IN ADVANCE!



CLAYTON



CLAYTON



CLAYTON

THE NEBBS—Oh It's Different Now

By SOL HESS



OH, AMBY! JUST A MINUTE, AMBY



WHAT'S A MATTER?



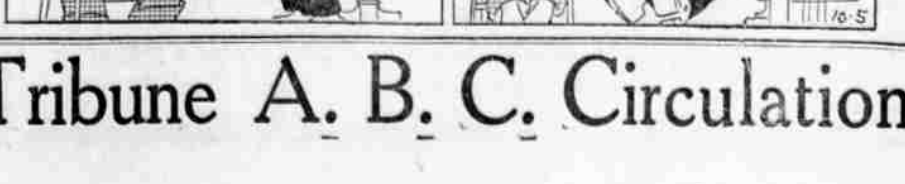
HOW DID YOU LIKE THE COOKIES I SENT YOU? I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D CALL UP AND ACKNOWLEDGE 'EM!



I SUPPOSE I OUGHTA MAKE A FUSS OVER GETTIN' 'EM I COULDN'T GET NOthin' MADE SPECIAL WHEN I LIVED HOME



I GUESS I WAS A BIT FLIGHTY AND MAYBE DIDN'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME IN THE KITCHEN BUT YOU EXPECTED TOO MUCH OF A BRIDE!



I DIDN'T EXPECT NOthin' THAT YOUR OLD MAN DIDN'T GET YOU WASN'T A BIT FLIGHTY TO HIM—YOU NEVER THREW NO FIVE MINUTES SUPPER IN HIS FACE!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



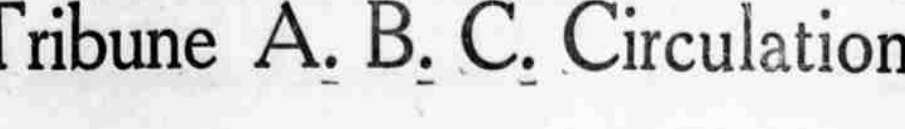
WOW—THIS HEADACHE IS TERRIBLE—I HAVE A THUMPIN' IN ME, HEAD THAT SOUNDS LIKE MAGGIE'S PIANO PLAYING



LORD TINKLEWATER TO SEE YOU—



OH—SEND HIM IN—MAYBE HE WILL MAKE ME FORGET I HAVE A HEAD-ACHE!



MR. JIGGS—AS YOU KNOW—I HAVE BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY BUT A SHORT TIME AND I WOULD LIKE TO GET YOUR ADVICE—

I HAVE A SPLITTING HEADACHE AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TELL ME WHAT IS BEST TO TAKE FOR IT IN THIS COUNTRY?—

VICTIMS OF FRENZIED SLAYER ARE BURIED

JEROME, Idaho, Oct. 5.—(AP)—With the victims of the insane madman buried, police here today had closed their files on the case of Glenn Koger, 45, a farmer, who last Saturday shot his wife and step-daughter to death and then took his own life. Another step-daughter, 8 years old, was shot through the hand. Investigators believe Koger was wrought to frenzy by a contemplated divorce suit against him.

WE'RE CARRYING OUR END!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

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