

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Nesta Riddell has told Jimmy Riddell that he is her husband, that he has stolen the Van Berg emeralds and shot their cousin. He has had a blow on the head, and can't remember his own name. Carolina Leigh, searching for her missing cousin, Jim Riddell, fears Jimmy Riddell may be he. She has picked up Nesta's trail through a bill for a coal scuttle, and plans to find her in Ledlington and question her. Carolina is talking with Patsy Arbuthnot with whom she lives.

Chapter 13
AT LEDLINGTON

"I THINK you might talk about something," said Patsy in an agitated voice.

Caroline was quite ready to talk about anything except Jim.

"What shall we talk about?"

"You might have brought an evening paper," Patsy was still agitated.

"I wasn't near one. What did you want it for?"

"I wanted to know whether there was anything more about the emeralds and Mr. Van Berg."

"Why should there be?"

Caroline wasn't really listening. She was thinking that she could get to Ledlington by eleven. She was thinking that fourteen hours was a very long time to wait.

"Well," Patsy went on, "he'll either be better or else worse. Won't

him...?" She withdrew herself from this fascinating exercise with a start.

"Oh yes—if you'd be so awfully kind. No, I don't want one for myself."

"We've got some very nice ones, miss."

Caroline looked politely at a black purdonium with a wreath of pink roses. She looked, and looked away, controlling an inward shudder.

"I think Mrs. Riddell bought one here. And this is the bill—she dropped it, and I'd like to give it back to her, but I don't know the address, so I thought perhaps you would be very kind and let me have it."

The young man asked nothing better than to be very kind to Caroline. He made a number of most helpful suggestions, such as, why bother about the bill, as it was a cash payment and no chance of its being sent in again; and "Let us have it, miss, and we'll see it posted to Mrs. Riddell, and no need for you to trouble."

Caroline handed all these suggestions back with gentle tact. She thought the red-haired young man was rather a lamb. She succeeded in making it quite clear that she wanted Mrs. Riddell's address.

WHEN it came to the point, the young man had to go and ask



Caroline wanted Mrs. Riddell's address.

It he dreadful if he dies? Jim having known him seems to bring it home so. You know, of course it must be wonderful to have the finest emeralds in the world—and I simply adore emeralds—don't you?—but just think of the anxiety. Even if they got them back. I shouldn't think that Mrs. Van Berg would ever want to wear them again—anyhow not if he dies. I should think she'd always feel as if there was blood on them."

Caroline winced, not visibly, but deep inside herself. She couldn't talk about a woman who was waiting to know whether her husband was going to die. Jim had written about the Van Bergs from New York—they had been a wfully good to him—Mrs. Van Berg was pretty and kind. The emeralds were like a fairy tale.

Now it was spelt. She couldn't bear to think about kind, pretty Susie Van Berg with everything fallen to bits around her. A shot in the night had broken the fairy tale. She wished that Patsy Ann would stop picking over the pieces.

CAROLINE left her car in the Market Square at Ledlington next day. Then she walked round the corner into Market Street and penetrated into Mr. Smithies' ironmongery. The day was damp and rather muggy, and the shop was full of mingled smells of paraffin, turpentine, varnish, tin-ware, and crockery.

Caroline asked for coalscuttles, and having been led into the corner which they shared with patent wringers, lawn-mowers and wheelbarrows, she produced Mrs. Riddell's bill and smiled trustfully upon a freckled young man whose red hair rose a sheer three inches from a rather pallid brow.

"I do wonder if you can help me," said Caroline, her voice very soft and deep. "It would be so very kind if you would."

The young man blushed. He was a susceptible young man.

"Was it anything in the way of a purdonium?"

Spoken, the word was completely awe-inspiring. Caroline found herself echoing it in a rapt mental recitative: "Cadmium—chromium—sulfonium—harmonium—pardo-

to begin on this city's Easter Shrine on top of Mt. Davidson. The cross will stand about 100 feet high and the arms will reach 30 feet from tip to tip.

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PRIZE FOR TURKEY BREEDER PLANNED

SALEM, Ore. — (UP) — Governor Meier will present a silver cup to the

master turkey breeder exhibiting at the Northwest Turkey show, Oakland, Ore., December 18 to 21.

The cup will be given to the breeder who exhibits the five finest birds, one from each class. All breeds of turkeys are eligible for competition.

Governor Meier offered a similar trophy last year. It was awarded to Henry W. Domes, White Holland breeder of McCoy, Ore. Last year's

show, with 887 entries, was said to be the largest ever held in the United States. It is expected at least as many entries will be exhibited this year.

Notice.

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

COLD NIPS NUDISTS; MODESTO THANKFUL

MODESTO, Cal.—(UP)—Only impending winter today prevented

Knights Ferry residents from worrying about a nudist colony in their midst.

According to word received here, a group of city folks spend their weekends near Knights Ferry and recently started sun bathing. At first the women wore conventional bathing suits. Then they switched to skimpy two-piece affairs, with a void of skin between upper and nether portions.

Next, an irrigation ditch tender came upon three women who were just simply nothing.

However, village residents decided with relief this sort of thing won't go on much longer.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS! The famous "Robin Hood Shoes" mean health for your children. \$1.25 to \$3.45. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE WARRIOR, GRIMLY SETTING FORTH TO DO OR DIE FOR THE HONOR OF THE WALNUT STREET MIDGETS, IS TOLD BY AN AUNT IN FULL HEARING OF THE NEIGHBORS TO HAVE A HAPPY AFTERNOON OF PLAY WITH HIS LITTLE COMPANIONS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Modern Pirate!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—The Best Man

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Come Kitty, Kitty

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



SAN FRANCISCO TO GET WORLD'S HIGHEST CROSS

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—(UP)—San Francisco soon will boast the "highest cross in the world."

Construction work soon is slated

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