

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: The question whether "Honey" Riddell is really Jimmy Randall or Jim Randall has not been settled to Caroline Leigh's satisfaction. Caroline is Jim's cousin; Nests Riddell says the man is her husband. She has told him he has both stolen the Van Berg emerald and shot their owner; he has lost his memory and does not know Caroline has tricked Nests and "Jimmy" to Ladington, and is talking with Nests on the door-step.

Chapter 14

CAROLINE'S PLEA

CAROLINE felt as if there were strong invisible bars between them. She lifted her chin and took a step forward. All the bolts and bars in the world weren't going to keep her from Jim.

"May I come in?" Nests stood where she was, the door half closed.

"I'm Mrs. Riddell—but I don't know who you are."

"I'm Caroline Leigh. I've got a message from the Elston cottage hospital. May I come in?"

Nests Riddell had no intention of talking about the Elston cottage hospital at Min's front door. She stepped back, let Caroline pass her and, shutting the door, showed the way into the parlor. Caroline turned to face her, flushed with success. There, beside the hearth, was the ocalcuttle, as bright as a new penny. She held out the bill.

"I think you dropped this bill. The nurse asked me to give it to you."

Nests glanced at it, frowned, and crushed it in her hand.

"Thank you—you needn't have troubled; it didn't matter."

"Oh, but I was coming to see you anyhow."

"You were coming to see me? What for?"

Caroline stayed silent. Her feeling of success drained away. She felt as if she were on the edge of saying something very important. Once she had said it, she would not be able to take it back. Yet she must say it. Only what it was that she must say she did not really know.

Then she said it. "Where's Jim?"

Nests's hand closed hard upon the crumpled bill. Jim wasn't here, thank goodness. It was no more than ten minutes since he had barged out of the house. Jim! She'd teach other women to come after her husband. She repeated the name in a most offensive voice.

"Jim?" Caroline colored brightly.

"Mrs. Riddell—please—I must see him—because I think he is my cousin, Jim Randall. The nurse said—"

"What does she know about it? He's my husband."

"Are you sure?" Nests laughed angrily.

"What do you suppose?" "The nurse said—"

"And I say, what does she know about it?"

"Please let me speak. The nurse said there was a piece of letter in his pocket with the signature Caroline. I'm Caroline, and I sent him a letter signed just like that, so you see—"

Nests's manner changed. She smoothed away her frown and said in her best companion manner:

"It's a pity you've had so much trouble for nothing. The letter was from a Miss Caroline Russell, who is a cousin of mine."

Dejection flowed in upon Caroline like a fog. It all came out so pat—Miss Caroline Russell—a cousin of mine. . . . She couldn't have invented a name like Caroline Russell all in one flashing instant.

She lifted her head as if to get above the fog and asked:

"Have you got the letter here?"

"No, I haven't. I don't keep old torn bits of paper."

"If I could have seen it—" said Caroline very earnestly. She was pressing her hands together, palm to palm, and finger to finger. Her eyes under her little brown tweed cap, the bright clear brown of peaty water, gazed pleadingly at Nests. Her hair was the same bright color.

Nests did not answer in words. She smiled a little.

"If you would lend me a pencil—"

"I could write my name—you'd know if it was the same."

"Do you think I don't know my own husband?" said Nests.

"What did you say to that—what could one say? Of course she must know her own husband. Caroline's hope was a puffed bubble. She had made a fool of herself to a woman with a rasping voice and eyes like bits of tin.

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It is expected that a large number of interested people will attend the show, which is being put on by those who are taking an active part in the development of the new industry in the Rogue River valley.

RABBIT INDUSTRY IN FILM AT CRATERIAN

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Music Studio Now Open on Sixth St.

Occupying the newly remodeled and redecorated building at 408 West Sixth street, Effie Herbert Yeoman and John R. Knight's new music studio was opened last week.

Mrs. Yeoman now offers class, as well as private lessons in voice and piano and Mr. Knight teaches cello and violin. A special feature this year will be Mr. Knight's string ensemble classes.

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Notice

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Juanita Tolle. LORRAINE TOLLE.

Oct. 8, 1932.

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

POP, WHAT KINDA THING IS A CHIROPODIST? IS IT DANGEROUS?



OH, THAT IS A DOCTOR FOR FEET!



DOCTOR FOR FEET!



10-7-33

POP, LETS YOU AN ME KINDA FIX YER FOOT SO WE KIN SEND FOR ONE. HUH?



I CERTAINLY WOULD LIKE TO SEE ONE DOIN' SOME DOCTORING!



POP, LETS YOU AN ME KINDA FIX YER FOOT SO WE KIN SEND FOR ONE. HUH?



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PICKING UP

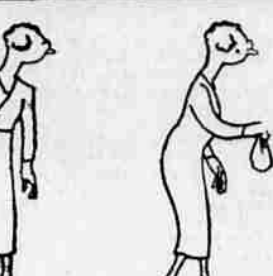
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



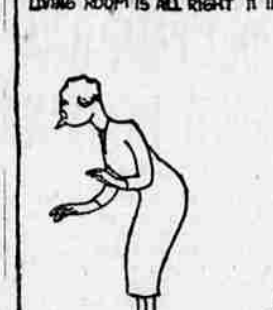
WHILE WAITING FOR GUESTS TO COME TAKES LAST LOOK TO SEE THAT LIVING ROOM IS ALL RIGHT



FINDS HUSBAND LEFT HIS HAT ON COUCH WHEN HE CAME HOME. CARRIES IT INTO HALL



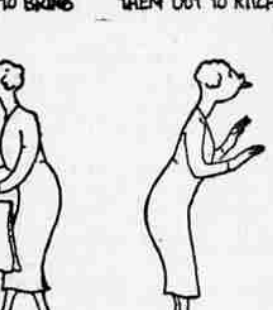
IS HANGING IT UP WHEN HUSBAND CALLS HERE ARE THE LEMONS SHE ASKED HIM TO BRING HOME



RETURNS TO FIND HUSBAND FILLING HIS PIPE ON MIDDLE OF LIVING-ROOM RUG



GETS DUST-PAN AND SWEEPS UP ALL THAT DIDN'T GO INTO PIPE



CARRIES DUST-PAN OUT TO KITCHEN, RETURNING JUST AS HUSBAND HAS SCATTERED EVENING PAPER AROUND ROOM. CARRIES IT OUT

10-7

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Good-Bye To Cuba—But Not To Cupid!



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By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Problems Of Life

By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

