

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: The man picked up, after the wreck of the Alice Arden, has set Nesta Hiddell and Caroline Leigh against each other. After hearing him babble in his coma of the stolen Van Berg emeralds, Nesta has identified him as her husband, Jimmy Hiddell. Caroline thinks he may be her cousin, Jim Randall, but Nesta will not permit her to see him. Now, at midnight, Nesta has crept to the man's room, having heard that a sleeping person will answer any question after his hand has been placed in a bowl of cold water. The man wakens and seizes Nesta's throat.

Chapter 16 A CRISIS

NESTA was a brave woman, but she was taken most utterly by surprise. She tried to call out, to push him away, but her voice choked under his grip. The blood sang in her ears, and the darkness was full of fiery sparks. Then quite suddenly she was free. She sat back on her heels, gasping for breath. The sparks died out, and she heard him say in a sharp, bewildered voice, "Who's there?"

"I'll empty the water jug over you—and you can explain to your sister-in-law why I did it. Take a few deep breaths and count a hundred! I'm sorry if I hurt you, but I've been knocking about in some fairly rough places, and if anyone creeps into my room in the dark and puts a hand on me, it's their look-out—I don't stop to think—I shouldn't be here now if I did."

Nesta had ceased to struggle. Now she suddenly leaped towards him. "Where have you been?" He dropped her wrist, stepped back, and looked at her, frowning. "I—don't—know."



ed"; and then, "What are you doing here?" And with that, he was out of bed and switching on the light. All Nesta's nerve had not kept her from a sharp recoil which took her back to the mantelpiece. He stood against the door and looked first at her and then at the bed. He might well say that he was drenched. When Nesta threw up her hand to try and push him away she had still held the bowl of water. It struck his shoulder, overturned, and sent a cold cascade down his back. The shock of it brought him broad awake. His hands let go their hold. He'd been strangling someone. Who? Good Lord—where was he? What a nightmare! He'd been dreaming. But this wasn't a dream, for there was Nesta with her hand at her throat; and there, tipped up on the bed, was a yellow china bowl. The bed itself showed a large wet patch where the clothes were flung back. He swung round on Nesta. "What's the meaning of this?" She had been frightened, and now she was angry. She could not bridle her tongue. "You dangerous brute! You might have killed me!" Her voice broke on a sob of pure rage. "I'm sorry—but what were you doing in my room?" "I'm your wife!" "I don't think you were here as my wife."

Nesta flung up her head. "What do you mean by that? You half kill me one minute and insult me the next!" "I don't think it's as bad as all that. You can talk all right—" He stopped and ducked sharply. There was a rough lump of pink and grey quartz in the middle of the mantelpiece. Nesta had swept it off and pitched it at his head. It missed, crashed against the door, and fell heavily.

NEXT moment he had her by the wrists. "Look here, that's enough of that! Pull yourself together. If you don't,"

He shook his head again. "Well, I'm blessed!" She began to laugh. "It's a rum start, isn't it! The man without a past! And I can't help you, because you were always most uncommon close and never told me a thing, and as far as I'm concerned you start in where you stepped out from behind a bush in the drive going up to The Hall at Packham. "And if I've got to guess, I'm going to guess that getting away with the Van Berg emeralds wasn't your first job by a long chalk. Rough places? Yes, I believe you—places where you shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Lucky for me you hadn't got a gun tonight—wasn't it? "And it'd have been lucky for you if you hadn't taken one to Packham. Couldn't you have got the emeralds without shooting? You know what sort of sentence you'll get if you're caught. I tell you you'd better get out of the country as quick as you can. But you must tell me where the emeralds are before you go." She came up close and slipped an arm about his shoulder. "Come, boy—it's nothing but common sense, and you owe me something."

EX-MEDFORD MAN 'IN BAD' AGAIN

Chief of Police Clatus McCredie received from officers in Pittsburgh,

Pa., finger prints and pictures of Arthur Parker, 28, negro, formerly of Medford, requesting his criminal record while here. Parker, known as "Black Friday," was sentenced to the Oregon penitentiary from Medford. Parker, according to Chief McCredie, was sentenced to the penitentiary for a two-year term on October 28, 1930, on charges of forgery, and was paroled to the district at-

torney. On June 11, 1931, his parole was revoked, and he was sent to the penitentiary, where he completed his sentence. Parker was arrested near Pittsburgh last Sunday, the report shows. ATTENTION, MOTHERS! The famous "Robin Hood Shoes" mean health for your children. \$1.25 to \$3.45. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX.

MILK PRODUCERS LOSE BY DELAY

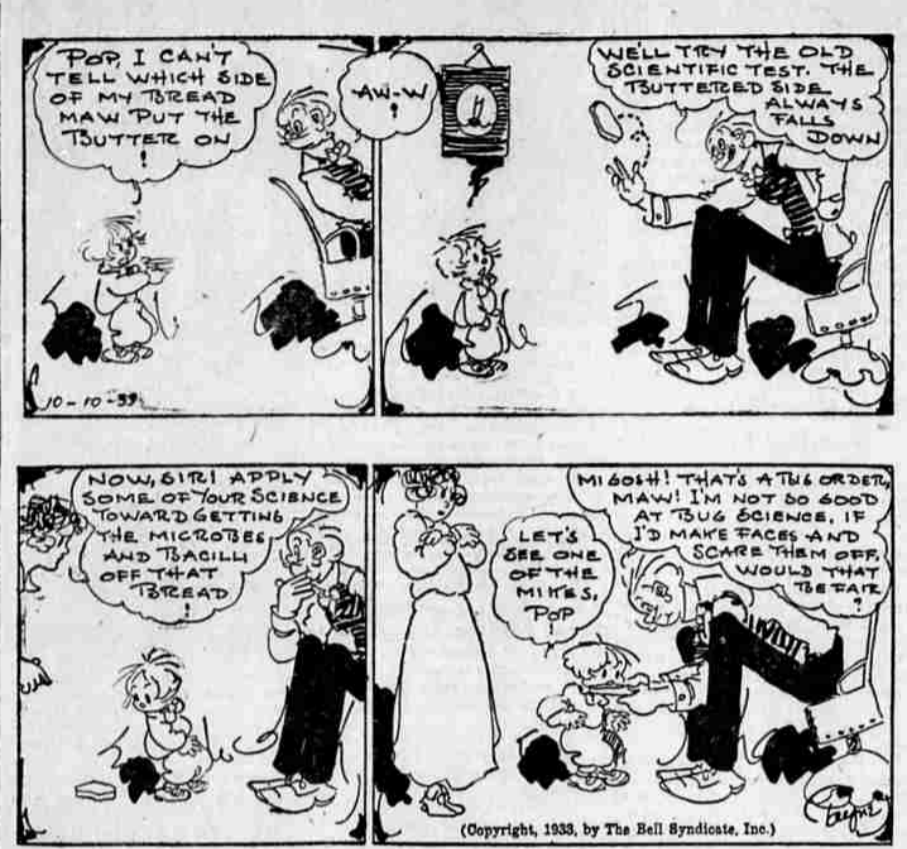
CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Charges that milk producers have lost mil-

lions of dollars recently through delay of the agricultural adjustment administration to reach an accord on prices and marketing were made today by Charles W. Holman in a report to the National Cooperative Milk Producers Federation. "The government's movements have been very slow and its attitude by no means firm," said Holman, "must have action, and quickly."

Holman said the delays in putting through the milk agreements had caused a condition that might make enforcement of the codes difficult after they had been signed. He said producers generally had become disgruntled over the situation. Only seven fluid milk agreements have been signed, he said, although 125 have been submitted in Washington, some of them 3 months ago.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Aerial Transportation DeLuxe!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Slight Error

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Kid's Right

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Son Of Oregon Pioneers Passes
SPOKANE, Wash., Oct. 10.—(AP)—Ernest De Lashmitt, 62, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Van B. De Lashmitt, well known Oregon pioneers, died here Saturday night at a hospital after a brief illness of influenza.

Born at Portland, Oregon, in 1870, he was graduated from the Bishop Scott Academy, studied in Europe and received degrees from the University of Leipzig and at the Sorbonne.

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