

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Westworth

...from the woman who had to
...she is his wife—Nesta Blidin.
...his memory of events preceding
...his cuckooing in a hospital his
...gone. Nesta has said he stole the fa-
...Van Berg emerald, and shot
...Van Berg, which he cannot believe.
...But he has a streak of memory that
...concern drinking with Elmer Van
...Berg, and seeing the emerald in
...his hand! Caroline Leigh grieves
...because she believes her cousin,
...Jim Randall, was lost on a sinking
...coastal steamer—she had thought
...the man in the hospital might be
...he, but Nesta says no, and has kept
...them apart. Caroline, late at night,
...leans from her bedroom window,
...and hears steps in the village street!

Chapter 30
RAILING A HOPE

CAROLINE drew back a little. She didn't want anyone from the village to see her leaning out of her window at midnight. The steps were coming towards the village, not from it. She wondered who it could be that was coming home so late.

She leaned forward again with a shiver running over her. There was someone standing at the gate. She could see no more than that. A horseman hedge divided the garden from the road. It was cut into an archway over the gate, and under this arch someone was standing. Caroline could see nothing but a dark shape standing there quite still.

The little breath of air had died away. None of the shadows in the garden moved. And then all at once the shadow by the gate did move. She heard the click of the latch, the gate swung, creaking a little, and a man came a few slow steps along the path. He stopped between the second and third rose-trees and looked up.

In that moment Caroline thought that her heart had stopped. Everything seemed to stop, because, in the dusk that was neither light nor darkness, she thought it was Jim Randall standing there. He had looked like that a hundred times, looking up at the old schoolroom window when he wanted her—calling "Caroline!"

He didn't call now. It wasn't Jim—it couldn't be Jim. Oh, Jim was drowned. How could it—now could it be Jim? Did anyone ever come back like that in the dead of the night? She felt as if she were drowning too, because she couldn't take her breath!

And then quite suddenly he turned and went down the path and out at the gate. The gate clicked, and everything went on again.

Caroline found herself taking deep choking breaths. Her heart raced furiously. The next thing she knew she was on the stairs, running down; and then the door was open and she was on the brick step, listening. There was no sound behind her in the house. There was no sound in the garden, not the rustle of a leaf or the stirring of a bird; but from the road there came the faint sound of footsteps that were going away.

She ran down the path and out of the gate and followed them. It was cool in the road, and dark because of the elm-trees. The dark was somewhere behind the trees. Caroline ran a little way, and then she stopped to listen again. The footsteps were just ahead, and presently she could see a something that was darker than the shadow of the elm, moving before her at a steady pace.

It passed the church. The church came to the open, with the road catching the moonlight like a long line. There were trees still along the edge of the road, trees with spaces of moonlight in between.

When he crossed the moonlight patches Caroline was afraid. She could see no more than a tall man walking as if he were tired. It was when he was only a shadow that she felt most sure that he was Jim.

They passed a little row of silent, empty shops. They passed Mrs. Granger's cottage. It had one pale lighted window. Mrs. Granger slept badly, and was inordinately proud of the fact that she often read until past midnight. It was past midnight now.

Caroline looked back over her shoulder and saw the window very small and far away. The village world, other people, firelight, lamp-light—the whole of every-day life—they were all small and far away and left behind.

pillars of grey stone with a
stone pineapple on top of each.
The moon shone on the posts and on
the pinnacles, and on the man who
passed between them into the black
shadow which lay beyond.
She mustn't lose sight of him. She
had lost the last light of the village.
Whatever happened, she mustn't
lose Jim.
Jim was drowned.
She stood for a moment on the
edge of the moonlight. The elms
stopped here, and the light shone
clear across the green. Something
clattered in Caroline's ear: "Jim's
drowned—it can't be Jim." And
then she was running through the
moonlight and into the shadow.

The trees that bordered the drive
had been growing together for thirty
years. Old Mr. Randall wouldn't
have anything cut. It was as dark
as the darkest tunnel. It was dark
even when the sun was shining. Now
it was like a tunnel hung with black
velvet.

The gravel was so overgrown with
moss that it was like running on a
soft carpet. Caroline's feet made no
noise at all, nor when she checked
and listened, could she hear the
sound of any other foot. She went
on again, not running now, and with
her hands fending out before her. The
tunnel under the trees had an
empty feeling. It went right on to
the corner of the house and there
ceased.

Caroline stood still and listened
again. She couldn't hear anything
at all. It wasn't dark any longer,
but all the light came barred and
chequered through the branches of
the great cedar which stood up
against the moon.

The house seemed vague and un-
substantial, its tangled creepers dap-
pled with silver. It wasn't a place
where people lived any more. There
was no fire on its hearth, no light
in its chambers. It was a house of
dreams.

Until she stood in the black mouth
of the drive and looked at the house.
Caroline had been afraid. Part of
her had been very much afraid, but
she had gone on because she had to
go on. Now the part that was afraid
stopped being afraid any more. The
empty house drew her into its own
cupola and she stepped being afraid.

She went to run across the area of
moonlight and shadow, and as she
ran she called.
"Jim! Jim! Wait for me!"

CAROLINE came to the corner,
and saw the whole front of the
house and the gravel sweep before
it unshadowed in a faint moon-
light. In the middle of the sweep
stood the man whom she had followed
stood looking up at the house.

Caroline had done with hesitating
and being afraid. Those were things
which she had left behind, outside
the dream. She came to him, run-
ning lightly, and as he turned at
the sound of her running feet, she
saw him by the arm.

"Jim!" It was her rare warmest,
softest, dearest voice.
He stood there and looked at her.
He had come here because his feet
had brought him. At every step
at each cross-road and bend he had
known his way, yet he could not at
any time have said where he was
going—he could only have said that
he was going. Yet all the time he
knew that his feet were following
the path to the dark this
strange man. When with the sure
sure of a humming wheel, and it
brought him here.

As he stood staring at the house,
the strange sense of forgotten
things came to him from the shape
of the three pointed gables, the half
seen chimney stacks, the blank win-
dows, the ivy, and the falling cur-
tains of Virginia creeper.

And then feet running lightly
over the gravel, and a girl holding
him by the arm and saying, "Jim!"
She said it again, softly, with caught
breath. She was bare-headed.
The moonlight had stolen all her
color. Her hair was shadowy and
dark, her face just a half seen pale-
ness, her eyes dark but catching the
light as water does, her hands hold-
ing his arm, small and yet strong,
her breath coming quickly, her
parted lips dark where daylight
would have shown them red.
"Jim!"
He went on looking at her. The
hands on his arm began to shake.
"Jim—why don't you speak? Jim

AVOR FLOGGING CURE FOR CRIME

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—(AP)—Flogging for persons convicted of the more

serious crimes was recommended to the national anti-crime conference today by 154 committee on punishments, paroles and pardons.
The gangster, kidnaper and extortionist were termed a challenge to organized government by Senator Copeland (D. N. Y.), chairman of the senate committee investigating racketeering.
In an address before the confer-

ence under the auspices of the United States Flag association, Copeland asserted:
"We must choose between bowing the knee to the predatory criminal and finding some effective means of dealing with the rats of the underworld."
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S'MATTER POP—

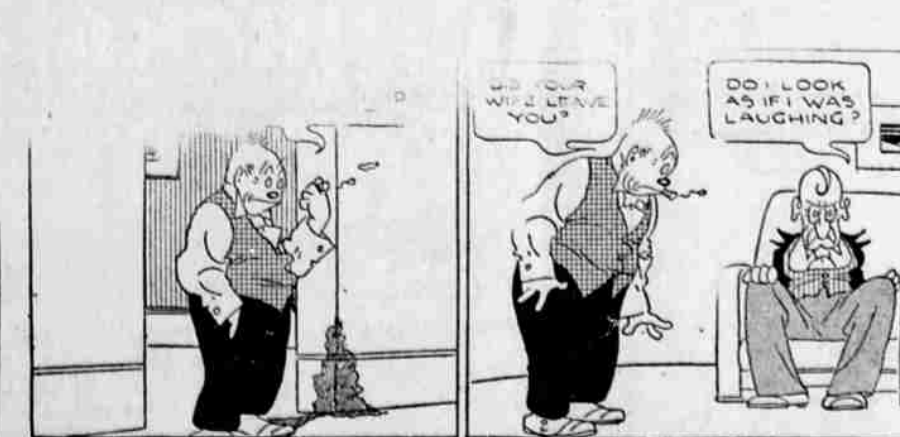
By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Two Romecs—Each With His Own Juliet!



BOUND TO WIN—On With The Dance!



WOLF CHASES TURKEYS AT HOLCOMB SPRINGS

HOLCOMB SPRINGS, Oct. 14.—(Sp)—Mr. Koger reports seeing a large timber wolf for two mornings in his barnyard, chasing his turkeys. He is laying for him with his rifle but so far has not succeeded in getting him. Wolves and coyotes

DAUGHTER WELCOMED BY KENNETH OLDINGS

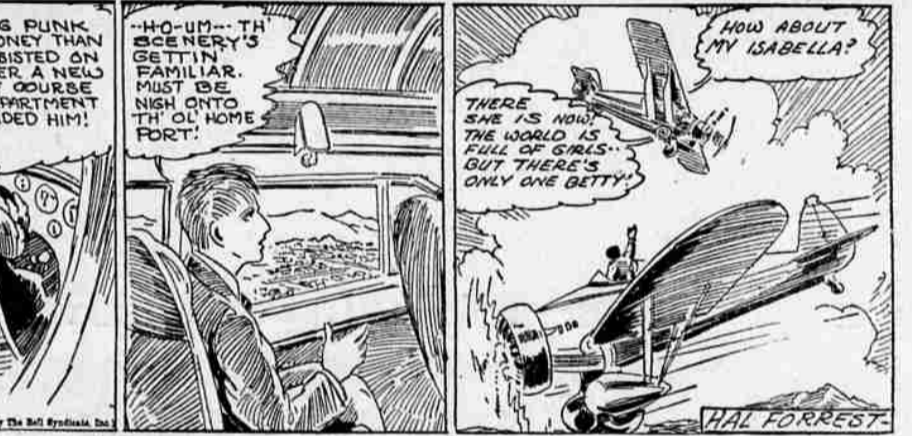
Announcement has been received in Medford of the birth of a daughter on October 6 to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth O. Golding of Santa Ana, Calif. The little girl has been named Patricia Ruth. Mrs. Golding will be remembered here as Dorothy Jane Walters, daughter of Mrs. Kate Walters.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN BUYING A NECKTIE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



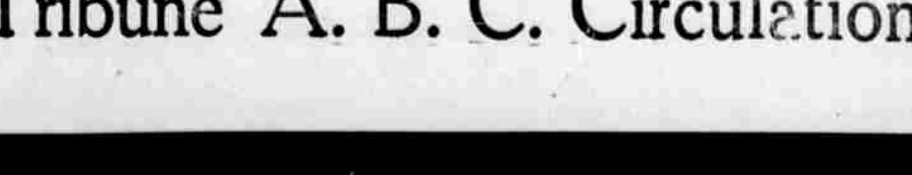
By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



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