

# Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

**SYNOPSIS:** By the worst chance Caroline Leigh has found Jim Riddell, the cousin she had thought drowned in the wreck of the Alice Arden. His memory had been lost, and she recognized her and Hale Place, the house in which he had been reared. He tries to tell her he fears he stole the Van Berg emerald and shot Elmer Van Berg. It was Nasta Riddell who told him that; finally Jim confesses to Caroline that Nasta declares he is her husband. Caroline is terribly shocked.

## Chapter 22 TRAGIC TALE

"CAROLINE—don't look like that!" Caroline got her breath with a gasp. "Why did you say it? You oughtn't—you mustn't! Jim darling!" He caught her wrists and held them in a hard, heavy grip. "Pull yourself together! Do you hear? Oh yes, you can if you like. You're just making it more difficult for us both."

She had been straining away from him, her voice broken and her whole body shaking, but at his last words she went quiet and limp. He let go of her, and she drooped forward. It was just as if some spring had failed. She said in a little lifeless voice, "Tell me."

A vapor had passed across the

address—you said to write to your bank."

"And you wrote?"

"I wrote, and Aunt Grace wrote. I was staying with her at Craig-sellachle. She asked you to come up, and you didn't answer for three whole days—and then you didn't write to me, only to Aunt Grace."

"What did I say?"

"You said you might be able to come later on. And then you didn't write again till two weeks ago, and you said you might be able to get off on the seventh if Aunt Grace could have you, and you would take a steamer up the coast. And then—and then—you never came."

"That was the last you heard?"

"Yes. Don't you remember anything about it?"

"No."

"You said you remembered—bits." He shook his head impatiently. "I don't remember writing to you at all. The things I remember—He broke off. Vividly before his mind there appeared the things that he remembered—a decanter and two glasses; a syphon with the light striking through it; Elmer Van Berg lifting his glass; the bubbles rising in it—tiny bubbles racing upwards to the brim. That was one sharply colored piece.



"I didn't know who I was," Jim said.

moon. The air was dark between them; he could not see her face. She waited. Her silence made her seem a long way off.

He began to speak in a strained, level voice.

"I'm going to tell you—bes it isn't easy, because I don't know where I am. You see, the last thing I remember is landing at Liverpool on the first of July. I remember getting into the train for London, and after that there's a gap until I woke up in Ledington."

"What?" said Caroline. All the droop went out of her. She sat bolt upright and stared at him through the dusk.

"I was told I'd been rescued from the cliffs after she broke up, and taken to the Elston cottage hospital. I was told that my wife had fetched me away."

"Who told you?"

"She did."

"That Riddell woman?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"She showed me a marriage certificate."

"Yours?"

"She said so."

"And you believed her?"

The sweat came out on his forehead. He said, quick and uneven, "I remember drinking with Elmer Van Berg."

THE vapor passed from before the moon, and he saw Caroline like her own ghost, looking at him with wide, startled eyes. She could not have told why the words startled her so—"I remember drinking with Elmer Van Berg." Why shouldn't he remember it? What was there to startle her in that?

He went on speaking.

"There wasn't anything about that in the papers—I read them all this morning. But the tray and the glasses must have been there when they found Elmer."

"The papers?" she said.

He nodded.

"I read them all. The tray and the glasses must have been there when they found Elmer."

"Jim! What are you saying?"

He said, "I wonder if they've got my fingerprints."

Caroline flung herself towards him and caught his hand.

"Jim—I'm frightened. What are you saying?"

"I'm telling you what you wanted to know. That's one of the bits I remember—drinking with Elmer Van Berg the night he was shot. Do you want to hear any more?"

Caroline's hand clung to his.

"Yes," she said.

He laughed.

"You won't like it. You'd better go home."

"Tell me."

She felt his hand twitch. His voice changed.

"It's not like remembering really—it's like seeing a lot of little pictures—broken. There's one of a fog. And I can hear someone talking—I don't know whether it's me or someone else. It's beastly. The voice keeps saying, 'Like a kid's green beads—no one knows but me—no one knows where they are—a kid's green beads—' He stopped. She felt the muscles rise as he clenched his hand.

"I suppose I did—yes, of course I did. I didn't know who I was or how I'd got there—I didn't know anything except what she told me. She said my name was Jim Riddell, and that hers was Nasta Riddell. Her brother and sister-in-law said the same thing. She said we'd been married at the Grove Road registry office. She showed me the certificate. Of course I believed her."

"But it isn't true!" said Caroline in a warm, indignant voice.

He was silent.

"Jim—it isn't true!"

He said, "I can't remember anything after the first of July."

"Not anything?"

She saw him wince. He said, "Bit of things broken up. It's worse than not remembering at all—much worse."

"You wrote me on the seventh of July," said Caroline quickly.

"Where from?"

"London. But you didn't give any

# KIWANIS HEARS CHEERFUL WORD

M. O. Newlands, director of the United States chamber of commerce,

addressed the Kiwanis club yesterday at luncheon at the Hotel Medford, discussing the general affairs of the country. The Bonneville dam construction, he stated, will bring to Oregon and Washington the greatest industrial development the world has ever known.

The federal government, the speaker described as the only body spending money today. Cities and towns,

he stated, are dependent upon the federal government for the purchase of capital goods, those things which enter into construction. The consumer market, however, he added is improving each day, and if the National Recovery act is not successful in the promotion, use and purchase of capital goods by private individuals, then it has failed in its purpose.

There are 1322 chambers of com-

merce throughout the country, who are members of the national chamber and bring the total membership to 492,131 individual members.

Leonard Reed, manager of the western division of the United States chamber of commerce, was also a guest at the luncheon today from San Francisco. He described the work of the Medford chamber of commerce as one of the bright spots in the

seven western states, of which his territory is composed. His subject for today's program he entitled "What We Don't Know Does Hurt Us," and advised all business men to become better informed regarding general conditions. He also asked that Medford be well represented at the chamber of commerce convention to be held in Sacramento December 4 and 5.

Federal Judge James A. Fee and

John Holmer of Prospect were guests of the Kiwanians today.

Theater Bobbed.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 17.—(AP) Mr. and Mrs. George Godfrey theater operators at Myrtle Creek, were robbed last night by two masked men, who escaped with from \$30 to \$40 in cash and the Godfrey car.

# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



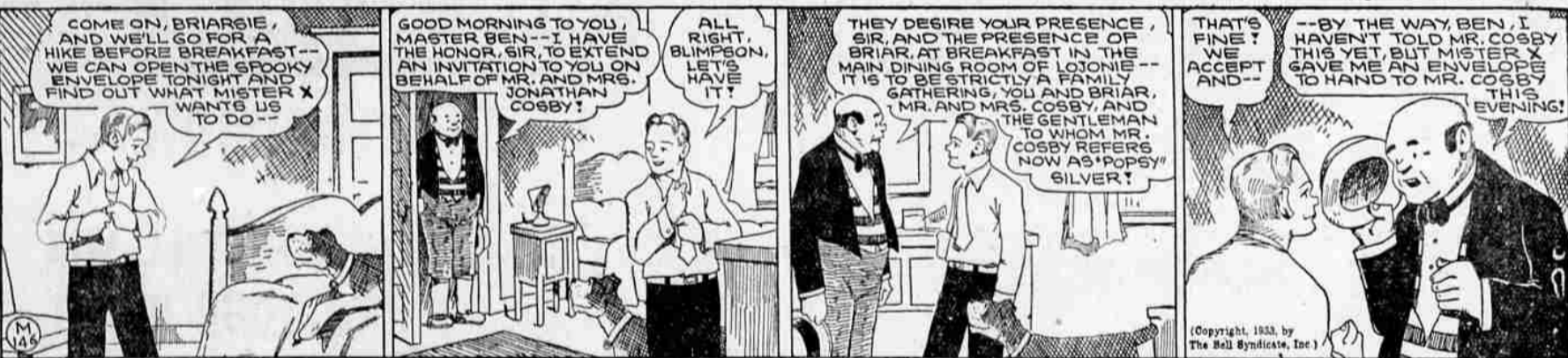
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Chute" Jumping Appeals To Betty!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



# BOUND TO WIN—An Invitation

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—Recommendation

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



**Berry Plans Damaged**  
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 17.—(AP)—Wallace Berry, film star, "hitch-hiker" to Los Angeles today with Paul Mantz of Hollywood. Berry will return here later in the week for his plane, damaged in a landing at Santa Fe Sunday. The ship is being repaired here.

There were 748 steam, motor, sail, unrigged and yachting vessels aggregating 193,315 tons built in American shipyards during the year ending June 30, 1933.

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