

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Jim Rowdell remains hiding in Hole Place, his hideout home, while Caroline Leigh tries to help him escape the dangerous situation in which he finds himself. He has lost all memory of the past six weeks, and numerous clues point toward his having stolen the Van Berg emerald, and having shot their owner. Caroline is startled by a telephone call from Susie Van Berg asking that she go at once to see Mrs. Van Berg. And to make the situation more puzzling, it just has dawned on Jim and Caroline that they love each other!

Chapter 31
AT PACKHAM HALL

AS Caroline followed a tall young footman up the imposing staircase of Packham Hall, she looked about her with interest. She had not been in the house since she was a little girl.

The footman handed her over to Mrs. Van Berg's maid, Caroline came back to the present with a jerk and took a good look at the "biting 'nasty." She saw a middle-aged person of very discreet appearance with a manner nicely attuned to what might at any moment become a house of mourning.

As they turned into a long corridor, one of Elmer Van Berg's nurses passed them, going in the direction of the stairs, a pretty, rather hard-featured girl with bright blue eyes.



What could Caroline say to such unhappiness?

They turned again. Louise opened a door and announced "Miss Leigh—" Caroline passed into the small sitting-room and heard the door softly closed behind her.

The room was very warm; that was Caroline's first impression. It was like coming into a hot-house. There was a fire on the hearth and a scent of pastilles in the air. Though it was not yet six o'clock, the cold, wet daylight had been shut out. Two lamps with pale blue shades filled the room with a light that was rather like moonlight.

The room was most unmistakably that of a pretty, spoiled woman.

Susie Van Berg herself lay on a couch in front of the fire, banked up with cushions. There was a silver cushion under her head, a pale pink pouffe behind her shoulders, and a three-cornered violet cushion just slipping to the floor as she made a startled movement.

Caroline was startled too. She didn't know what she had expected, but not this. The setting was so elaborate, so artificial. Susie Van Berg herself looked like someone in a play. She wore one of those garments one sees in catalogues—frilled, beflowered, embroidered georgette pyjamas in pale blue shading to green, with a satin coat to match.

But the eyes which she fixed on Caroline as she made that movement to rise were the eyes of a frightened child. A dry, hot hand clung to hers, and the voice that she had heard on the telephone said:

"Caroline Leigh!"

Caroline nodded.

"Won't you sit down? Where will you sit? Come here beside me on the sofa so we needn't talk loud." She slipped her feet off the couch as she spoke, pulling herself into a sitting position.

CAROLINE took off her tweed coat and sat down.

"It was very good of you to come," said Susie Van Berg. She spoke as if she had not quite enough breath for what she wanted to say.

Caroline saw her with compassion. It was obvious that she had wept bitterly during the last few days; her eyes had a drowned and faded

look. Her hands kept plucking at one another, and from time to time a nervous tremor shook her. Yet her nails were carefully reddened, and her lips made up in an artificial curve. She had a lost, tormented look.

Caroline's soft heart was a good deal moved. She put her hand on the twisting, plucking fingers and said:

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Van Berg?"

Susie Van Berg drew her hands away.

"It doesn't matter—nothing matters. Why did you come?"

"You wanted to see me."

"Yes—it was good of you. But it's no use—nothing's any use."

There was a pause while Caroline tried to think of something to say. What could she say to unhappiness like this? She didn't know.

Susie Van Berg flung round with outstretched hands.

"What shall I do if Elmer dies?"

"Perhaps he won't."

"But if he does—"

"Perhaps he does—if he does!"

SHE jumped up with a sudden surprising energy, ran to the door and opened it. For a moment she stood looking out into the corridor. The she came back, her blue wrap

trailing, her hand at her side, and a faint tinge of natural color in her face.

"There's no one there," she said, and sank back into the sofa corner again. After a moment she said, "Louise listens—I think she talks—I suppose they all talk. I am afraid to speak, you know. There are the doctors and the nurses, and the servants, and the police. I'm afraid all the time of saying something—something—"

"Why?" said Caroline. She looked straight into Susie Van Berg's frightened eyes; her voice was steady and deep.

Susie went on speaking in a desperate, fluttered voice.

"It's awful not to have anyone to speak to. That's why I asked you to come."

"Did Jim talk to you about me?"

Susie nodded.

"He talked about you a lot—he thought the world of you—he wanted us to meet. Men are funny like that—if two women are fond of them, they can't see why they won't be fond of each other. Elmer's like that too."

A little animation had come to her as she talked, but with the last word a nervous shudder took her again.

"What is it?" said Caroline gently.

"I felt I'd go mad if I hadn't someone to speak to. I thought you would be safe because, whatever I told you, you wouldn't want to hurt Jim."

"Jim—"

Susie looked at her out of panic-stricken eyes and whispered:

"I've killed Elmer."

Caroline straightened herself. She said, "Nonsense!" and her own voice comforted her and made her feel sure that what Susie had just said could not possibly be true. Susie shook her head.

"You don't know. He was jealous—I made him jealous—of Jim. It was only nonsense. You said nonsense, didn't you? That was all it was. One oughtn't to be punished like this just for a bit of nonsense—it isn't fair. Elmer wouldn't want me to be punished like this."

"What did you do?" said Caroline.

(Copyright, 1933, J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Tomorrow, Caroline hears a story that horrifies her.

FAN DANCERS AND 'GATE' GET BREAK

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—(AP)—Indian summer has brought some relief to the shivering fan dancers at the world's fair and swept the exposition to a new attendance record for the western hemisphere.

Adelbert E. Stocking of De Soto, Mo., gave the turnstile a shove Sunday and was showered with gifts because he was the 21,480,143rd visitor to the fair, breaking the record of 21,480,141 established at the Columbian exposition in 1893. Three Paris expositions have exceeded that figure.

Fourteen days of the 1933 century of progress exposition remain, and, given hazy weather such as that of today, officials anticipate, two million more would attend the big show.

Real estate or insurance—leave to Jones Phone 696.

FLOATING DROMES HELD PRACTICAL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—(AP)—Advocates of a transoceanic flight service with anchored seadromes to be used as airports told the technical board of review of the public works administration today their plan was "wholly feasible and practical."

The seadrome ocean dock corporation of Wilmington, Delaware, has applied to the public works administration for a \$30,000,000 loan to be used in constructing five giant seadromes to be anchored at 400 mile intervals.

E. H. Armstrong, inventor of the seadromes with their 31,000 ton anchors, said they would be "entirely stable."

Phone 542. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

a Photos—low fee days only Peasey Studio, opp. Holly theater.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



ADVENTURE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—What Might Have Been

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Uncle Nat's Story

By EDWIN ALGER



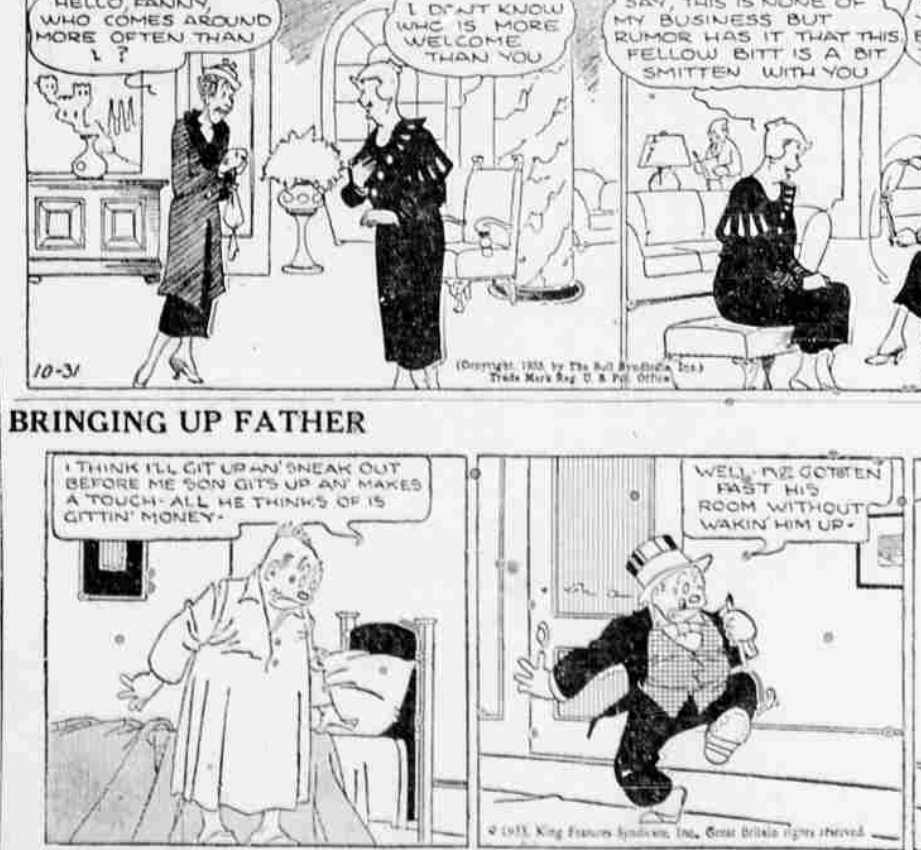
THE NEBBS—Money—Money—Money

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



GIRL SUICIDES AFTER SWEETHEARTS DEATH

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 31.—(AP)—Heart-broken over the recent death of her fiance, pretty Ruth Little, 20, killed herself at her home here last night, firing a blast from a shotgun through her heart.

Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmüll, 413-1662.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

5¢

EVERYWHERE

WE DO OUR PART

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