

Outrageous Fortune

By Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Jim Riddell finds in a secret cache at Hala Place, his supposed home, the Van Berg emeralds. Evidence points to the fact that he has stolen them, yet he has no memory either of theft, or of anything else that happened in the months from his hand; he grasps with the intruder, chases him to the station, and loses him. Now he has gone to Ledington to try to pick up the trail. He meets Min, sister-in-law of Nesta Riddell. Nesta not only says she stole the emeralds, but that he is her husband. Min tells Jim she has not known him long.

Chapter 40
IMPORTANT NEWS
"WERE not old friends?"
"Oh, no," said Min again.
"Min—when did you meet me first?"
He got a round blue stare.
"Oh, you know."
"I'm afraid I don't. Shall we turn and walk back again? I don't suppose anyone knows us, but you never can tell. And now—when did you meet me first?"
"Oh, but you do know that—you can't have forgotten so soon!"
"So soon?"
"It's not a week," said Min. "You can't have forgotten!"
Jim felt a rising excitement.
"Not a week? Do you mean you

"You are!"
She nodded again solemnly.
"All right, we'd better take another turn, and you shall tell me all about it. Who's the man?"
"I don't know if I ought."
"Jim didn't know either. He only knew that he was bound to get it out of her if he could. He said gravely:
"You've got to tell me."
She twisted the handles of her basket.
"I've never been a mischief-maker."
"You won't be making mischief." She gave him a frightened glance curiously mingled with virtuous pride.
"Throwing stones up at her window, and long past midnight!" she said.
"A man threw stones up at Nesta's window last night!"
Min gulped and nodded again.
"I heard the pebbles against the glass, and I saw him under the other window—Nesta's. And he said her name—just Nesta, not Mrs. Riddell at all. And then he said, 'Come down!'"

"I SEE. Then Nesta went out!"
Min nodded.
"I hoped it was you, and that you were making it up."



"Nesta must have known her own husband!"
"No, never." She looked up at him with an air of childlike candor.
"Then it was Nesta who told you I was Jim Riddell?"
"But she couldn't have made a mistake. She must have known—her own husband—"
Jim asked abruptly,
"Haden't Tom met me either?"
"Oh no."
So that was that. Jim felt as if a heavy paving-stone had been lifted off his back. It was only Nesta who identified him as Jim Riddell. He was prepared to lay very long odds that he wasn't Jim Riddell.
They reached the end of the colonnade once more.
"I mustn't keep you," he said.
Min blushed again.
"Oh, won't you please come back with me and just see her? You don't know what may't come of it if you go on staying away. Won't you please come back?"
That very delicate extra sense which sometimes warns, and sometimes discards things of which we have no evidence, became suddenly active in Jim. Instead of saying good-bye he turned and began to walk slowly back along the colonnade.
"When did you find out that it wasn't me?"
"When she came back. She opened the door and came in. It was beginning to get light, and I could see enough to know that it wasn't you."
"What happened?" said Jim.
"She went to the gate again, and gave him something."
"She gave him something? You're sure it wasn't the other way about?"
"I think it was money," said Min.
He was wondering whether it was the Van Berg emeralds that had changed hands over the gate of Haplocot at three o'clock in the morning. For this was what he thought his hunch had done for him—he thought it had brought him hot on the track of his burglar.
The train he had missed and last night's burglar had caught, would have reached Ledington in very nice time to allow of Nesta being serenaded with a handful of pebbles.
But in that case the man who had taken the emeralds must have known exactly what it was that he had snatched in the Eme Room. And he hadn't come there blind. He had come there to get the emeralds.
"You heard something?"
Min nodded.
"Nesta said, 'It's all I've got'—and something about keeping money in the house."
"Is that all you heard?"
She shook her head.
"No—he said—at least he said a lot more than what I'm telling you—but all mumbly like as if he'd got something in his mouth."
Jim restrained himself.
"What did he say?"
"He said, 'Don't be late,'" said Min with a gasp.
"Don't be late. . . . And he spoke as if he had something in his mouth. Perhaps it was a gap in his upper jaw—perhaps it wasn't. Jim's head whirled with possibilities.
"Anything more?" he asked.
"He went off, and she came in."
He got no more out of her than that.
At the lower end of the colonnade they parted.
He crossed the square and went into the library.
(Copyright, 1933, J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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TRANSFER PUPILS IF TERMS SHORTENED
SALEM, Nov. 7.—(AP)—In cases where school terms are shortened for lack of funds, the pupils will be transferred to other districts, Charles A. Howard, state superintendent of public instruction, declared yesterday.
Howard said parents were concerned over reports that many schools would be forced to shorten their terms.
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CHILD'S SKELETON HELD IDENTIFIED

PENDLETON, Ore., Nov. 7.—(AP)—Corpor J. A. Folsom of Umatilla

county announced today it appears to be quite well established that the skeleton of a child uncovered Saturday near Milton, was that of Cecil Brittain, who was four years old when he dropped from eight feet in the air.
The child was the son of R. L. Brittain of Walla Walla, a photographer. The boy was the object of one of this region's greatest searches, and at one time more than 200 men assisted by bloodhounds, sought trace of him. The best detectives in the northwest were unable to solve the mystery of the disappearance.
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U. S. PROTESTS INSULL VERDICT

ATHENS, Nov. 7.—(AP)—Denouncing the extradition treaty as worthless,

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

less, in view of the verdict in the case of Samuel Insull, Sr., a strong United States protest was handed by Lincoln MacVeagh, the American minister, to the director of the foreign ministry today.
The protest expressed astonishment at the appeal court's verdict in refusing to allow Insull to be extradited to face charges in connection with the collapse of his utilities interests.
It protested that the court was trying the case by going into the substance of the accusations.
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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Turning Back The Clock!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—The Skipper Of The "Betsy Dugan"

By EDWIN ALGER



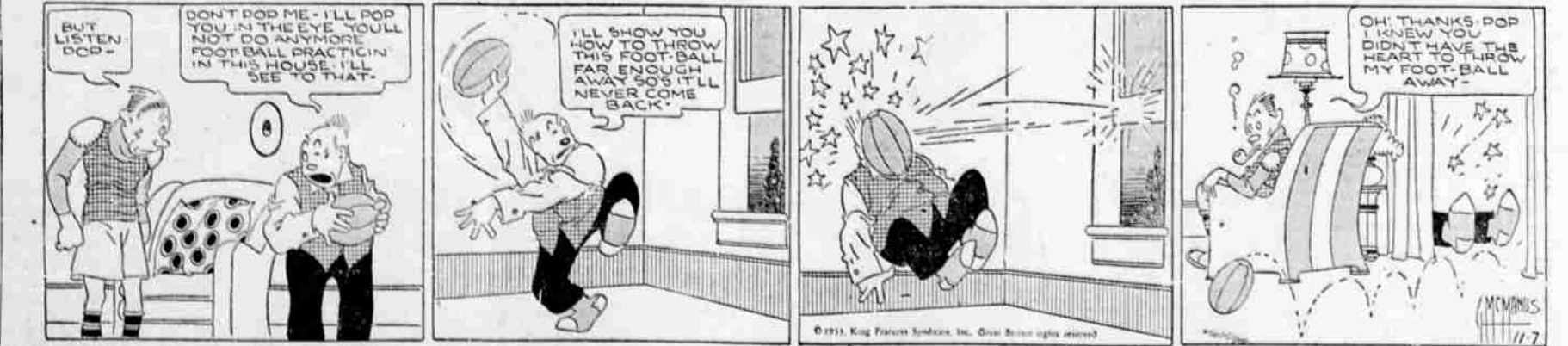
THE NEBBS—A Friend In Need?

By SYL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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