Outrageous Fortune by Patricia Wentworth

Chapter 44 AT THE PRIORY

A BOUT ten minutes later Jim sud-denly clutched Caroline and said, "Hush!" The front door of Happicot had opened and someone was coming out. The door shut again.

Jim spoke under his breath.

The light of the street-lamp showed overalls, a leather cap, and

goggles.
"She's sending Tom," said Jim. They saw him go round the house

into the shadow. "Suppose it's a blind," said Caro-

Jim's hand tightened on her wrist. He said: "Look!"

Out of the shadow beside the house came the figure in overalls, pushing Tom's motor-bike.

"It isn't Tom-that's Nesta! Get ready to start as soon as she's making enough noise not to notice us. What can you do?"

"Fifty," said Caroline.

The chug-chugging of the motor-cycle filled the quiet road. A corner of the blind above was lifted. Some-one was watching Nesta start. Jim thought Tom would probably hear all about that later on.

behind. There was very little traf-fic on the road, and it was now prac-tically dark. They ran for five miles. and then the tail-light disappeared. "Where's she gone?" said Jim in

a puzzled voice. "Sandy Lane," said Caroline,
"Is it drivable?"

"They've made a parking-ground in a field about a quarter of a mile along to the left. The road's all right as far as that, but I can get the car
a good bit nearer the ruins. Do you
think she's going there?"

They turned off, and saw the red
They turned off, and saw the red

spark again. Caroline switched off A match head scraped on emery, her lights and crawled forward over a horribly rough surface. The red low. Jim, steeping forward on the

"Caroline—will you do just what transparency of them.
I say? Back down to the parkingI hind the green second transparency of them.
Jim heard Nesta exclaim, then

silt, caught the swinging chain and ther on he came on the wicket gate.

The ruin of St. Leonard's Priory is one of the sights of the county. It cannot be said to be easy of access, but in summer weather it is much in favor with school treats, sketching-parties, and lovers.

Jim followed the path until he

then all at once he cldn't hear, he

HE WAS about a dozen yards kissed her differently, and he had from the tower, which was really only a shell, the hollow side to and soul," And he had said, "If I get wards him. The winding stair, which had once led to the top, had which had once led to the top, had long since fallen, but the slits which had lighted it remained, plereing the only was like locking out from under an angry black cloud into a couler wall at regular intervals. What had lighted it remained, plercing the outer wall at regular intervals. What heavenly sunny place. It was like Jim saw was the lowest of these looking into a dream and finding silts, and he saw it pecuals to be said and the same one had struck a match.

As he approached the silt, he She was not sure how long she

a hand on the rough, damp wall of the tower, stooped to the silt, and red through her eyelids, and she om the other side of it heard Nesta

the present was the feel of his agile twisting body and the sharpness of his teeth. He had not the slightest doubt that it was his burglar to whom Nesta was speaking.

The voice was as familiar to him

tas his own-a rather soft-sounding voice, with no particular mark of age or class—a smooth, low-pitched voice. And it had been sounding in his mind ever since the wreck of the

in the shock of this recognition he lost what was said. Nests spoke again in a sharp undertone. "I want to see them."

"Not much, you won't! Anyway I haven't got them on me—I told you that before—not such a fool."

Nesta did not speak any louder, but her voice had the true scold's rasp in it. "I'm to run your errands, and fetch and carry for you, and be cheated out of what I've earned?

You can think again!"
"Look here," said the man—
"that's enough! Do you hear? The
sooner I'm out of the country the

sooner you'll get your share. Stop talking like a lunatic and hand over the cash!"

"Not till I've seen them!"

They were so close sgainst the wall that Jim could hear every movement and — almost — every breath. He heard the man step sideways, and he heard Nesta take a sharp breath.
"Hand that money over!" said the

Nesta laughed. "Do you think I'm such a fool as to have it on me? Keep your hands to yourself, and keep your distance!"

There was another movement Jim thought the man stepped back.
"Where's the money?" The
smoothness of his voice was broken.

"That's it," said Nesta—'where is it? It's not a dozen yards away. It's where I put it, and there it'll Caroline kept about thirty yards stay until I've seen what I want to

nee."
There was an empty, dangerous pause. It occurred to Jim that it would be bad luck if he were to get mixed up in another murder. Some day Nesta would go too far.

The pause broke, The voice mooth again, "That true?"

"Cross my heart!"
"You'll get it crossed with a knife

spark drew away and then suddenly inner side, saw, tramed by the black went out. went out.

Jim whispered, "Has she turned off?"

"Stopped, I think. We must too. I can't turn here—we shall have to hack."

He opened the door and jumped out.

"Stopped is think which is the stopped of the picture. It were above and behind the green stones, making a stopped of the picture. It were above and behind the green stones, making a stopped of the picture.

"Caroline—will you do just what I say? Back down to the parking-place and turn, then stay there till I come. Got as much out of the way other side there came into view a other side there came into view a profile—straight forehead, other side there came into view a man's profile—straight forehead, made off up the lane. He tried to fix long nose, straight thin lips, long in his mind the exact spot at which the red light had vanished. He must be gotting near it now.

And then all of a sudden there was the motorcycle, jammed up against the hedge. A bare yard far the sudden the silt, caught the swinging chain and

Jim followed the path until he could see the dark mass of the tower loom up between him and a sky which was not quite so dark. At intervals he stopped to listen, And

lights lest by any chance she should be seen. The time went slowly. After a bit she shut her eyes and began to think about Jim. He had kissed her differently, and he had and soul." And he had said, "If I get out of this, we'll get married."

As he approached the silt, he beard the murmur of voices. He laid had been dreaming, when a light opened them, dazzled, to meet the headlights of a car. As she exclaimed, someone shouted. The light "I want to see them."

He listened eagerly for the man's swung aside and a car grew worder. All that he knew of him up to right angles, instantly the doors were flung open and she was halled (Copyright, 1935, J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Caroline and Jim are in danger, tomorrow, from an unexpected source.

TRUCK OWNERS MEET MONDAY AT TALENT

A mass meeting of all truck owners, parties attend, as this will be the last truck gardeners and producers in meting before the legislature meets Jackson county will be field in the November 20.

Talent city hall tomorrow evening November 13 at 8 o'clock. George S. Barton of Medford and Thomas Giffen of Roseburg, chair-

C. Thomas Giffen or Roseburg, chair-man of the seven southern Oregon counties in the Oregon Truck asso-ciation will be the principal speak-ers. Those in charge of the meeting have requested that all interested



Jacksonville

| Backus, Mrs. May Porbes and Mrs. Vivian Beach. Mrs. Ellen Sutotn and daughter, West. Ellen Sutotn and daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sutotn and daughter, Wrs. Ellen Sutotn and daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sutotn and daughter, Wrs. Ellen Sutotn and daughter

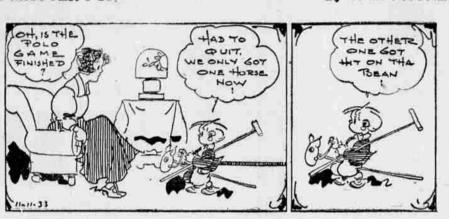
Backus, Mrs. May Porbes and Mrs. Neuber is Mrs. Hanna's sister-in-law. | Ladies' Aid will hold an all-day | Mrs. Vivian Beach had a letter vember 5, the occasion being he

S'MATTER POP—

HY BROWNIE FAILED TO GET IN WITH THE MIDNIGHT

17/6

MAIL -





By C. M. PAYNE THE TELEGRAM

OPENS DOOR AND IS STARTLED TO SEE BOY





WITH TELEGRAM





ALL SORIS OF UNPLEASANT POSSIBILITIES OF BAD NEWS FLASH THROUGH MIND AS SHE SIGNS



CLOSES DOOR STARES AT ENVELOPE, WONDER-



IS AFRAID TO OPEN IT BECAUSE SHE'S SURE SOMETHING HAS HAD-PENED TO GRANDMA



HAS SUDDEN FEELING M'S COUSIN SUE COMING TO VISIT WONDERS WHERE SHE'LL PUT HER WITH GUEST ROOM BEING DONE OVER

NO-1 THINK I'LL JUST CACHE THIS MAIL-AND GET MY



SISTER'S CHILDREN THEY'RE ALWAYS HAVING WITH THEM



STEADIES HERSELF FOR THE WORST AND TEARS ENVELOPE OPEN



GREETINGS FROM AUNT ELLA WHO AS USUAL HAS SOT MIXED UP ON THE DATE

By GLENN CHAFFIN

TAILSPIN TOMMY-One Of Those "Unaccountable" Accidents!

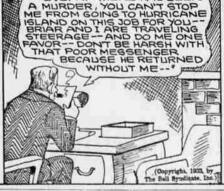




IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. BUT ANYWAY









THE NEBBS-Rich Man-Poor Man

By SOL HESS

By George McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER



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