

# Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

## Chapter 48 THE SOLUTION

CAROLINE caught him by the arm with both hands.

"Yes—yes! You must remember! Nanna used to call her a tall-candle piece and a prying good-for-nothing. She didn't like her—none of us did. And oh, Jim, one day when I'd been playing in the Blue Room I wanted something for a game I was playing, and I opened the door quickly, and there was Emily in the passage, and the door wasn't quite shut either."

"Nanna always said she pried and listened at doors, so she might have found out about the hiding-place and told her brother. She did have a brother, because I remember Nanna saying he was a bad lot."

They were intent upon one another.

Then Major Anderson coughed. Caroline's hands dropped from Jim's sleeve.

"That's how he knew!" she said triumphantly, "Emily must have told him."

She looked at Major Anderson, but he avoided her eyes. She turned back to the inspector, and met a chilly stare. During a cold, dragging pause it came home to her that they didn't believe her.

During that dragging pause the impossible became possible.

Major Anderson broke the silence. "Well, Inspector?"

The inspector laid down his pen. "I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the station, Mr. Randall."

Caroline's breath stopped for a moment. All her color died. Her eyes were very wide open. She turned to Jim and slipped her arms through his.

The inspector stood up, and just as he did that, the telephone bell began to ring. Major Anderson came to the table and took up the receiver. He said,

"Yes—yes—speaking," and then beckoned to the inspector.

"Station for you," he said, and went back to the hearth.

Caroline leaned against Jim and wished that he would put his arm around her. She loved him with all her heart and soul. That was what he had said to her—"I love you with all my heart and soul." But he wouldn't put his arm around her. She heard the inspector say,

"You're sure?" And then, "Who knows him?... Lockwood?... All right—I'm coming along."

He hung up the receiver and addressed the Chief Constable.

"They've got Jimmy the Eel at the station."

"How?"

"This treasure hunt, sir. Mr. Blake went after a clue to St. Leonard's Tower. He says a man attacked him in the dark. He thought he was a lunatic because he kept on saying 'Give them back!' and using language. Mr. Blake shouted, and the two Mr. Leans came up. They managed to secure him and brought him in to the station. Lockwood says he's Jimmy the Eel."

Jim took a step forward.

"You didn't believe me just now, but that part of my story is corroborated—you'll admit that. And for the rest, I would like the inspector to make a note of the fact that I made a statement of what took place between myself and Elmer Van Berg, after being warned by Major Anderson that he was likely to recover consciousness at any moment."

THE telephone bell rang again. Caroline had the strangest feeling that it was ringing in her head. She closed her eyes and heard Major Anderson say,

"Hello!"

There was a pause. She knew that the bell had stopped, but for all that, she could hear it still. Major Anderson's voice became a little far away sound—little and far away, but quite distinct. He said,

"Yes!" and, "You have?" and then, "He's doing well!"... "Good—good! I'm very glad to hear it. Look here, Lefroy, I want the statement as soon as possible... Yes, I've got a special reason. Can you give me the substance over the phone?... You're sure of that?... And he's quite sensible?... All right. The inspector's here—I'll keep him."

He put the receiver back on its hook.

That was Dr. Lefroy, Gray—speaking from Packham Hall. Mr. Van Berg has recovered consciousness.

ness, I'd like a word with you in the dining-room. It's all right, man—Randall isn't going to run away."

The words came to Caroline's ears as small and sharp as pin-pricks. And then Jim's arms round her, and he was kissing her blind eyes, and her wet cheeks, and her soft trembling mouth. A warm, golden happiness flowed over her. The tears ran down her cheeks. It didn't make you unhappy to cry when there was someone to kiss the tears away.

"Caroline—my darling! Don't cry! It's all right—it's all over—there's nothing to cry for."

"I thought he was going to take you away to prison."

"So did I. But he won't now, so there isn't anything to cry about."

"That's just why I'm crying."

"Because you've got nothing to cry about!"

She nodded vehemently against his shoulder.

"If you'd gone to prison, I wouldn't have cried. I'd have told everyone we were engaged, and I wouldn't have cried a single tear. Oh, Jim!"

"Oh, Caroline!"

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Yes, it Elmer's recovered consciousness. I'm clear. If he'd died—well, we don't need to think about that, darling."

Major Anderson rattled the handle before he came back into the room. Having opened the door, he allowed Dr. Lefroy to precede him. The inspector followed.

MAJOR ANDERSON went up to Jim with his hand out.

"My dear Randall, I can't say how pleased I am!" He shook hands with him heartily. "Van Berg's statement corroborates yours in every detail. Now what we want is your statement in writing."

Dr. Lefroy was shaking hands too. "Does Van Berg say what happened after I went out?" said Jim.

Kitty Lefroy's father was a big hearty man with a well-preserved brogue.

"Say? He says everything. And you may be thankful he does, my boy, by all accounts. He says you let yourself out, and all of a sudden he heard the window creak and he thought you'd come back. And it's lucky for you he turned round and saw that it wasn't you at all."

"He saw a man with a cap pulled down over his eyes and a revolver in his hand. The man said, 'Put 'em up!' and Van Berg says he was hanged if he was going to let the emeralds go like that, so he charged him. That's all he knows. The fellow must have shot him down as he came on. Fortunately, he can describe him."

"The description tallies with yours," said the inspector. "Now if you'll kindly let us have that statement—"

Half an hour later they drove back to Hazelbury West in Jock Anderson's car. Jim drove. It is to be feared that he had one arm around Caroline. The roads were dark and empty. It would be midnight before they reached the cottage.

"And I expect, Patsy Ann will have been ringing up the police," said Caroline.

"Let her!" said Jim. "They're our bosom friends—we love them, and they love us. And only a few hours ago we skulked in lanes and hid behind hedges! I somehow don't think I'll go in for being a crook. It's a dog's life. Besides, you wouldn't marry me if I was a crook."

"M—" said Caroline.

"Does that mean yes or no?" Caroline laughed.

"It doesn't mean either."

"What does it mean?"

She snuggled up to him.

"If you were a crook, it wouldn't be you—but I'd marry you whatever you were."

They drove into the little garage, locked in the borrowed car, and passed through the dark garden, where the bushes looked like black hummocks.

"Patsy Ann will be wild," said Caroline.

She slipped in her key and opened the door.

Patsy Arbuthnot was sitting at the table, which was littered with sheets of stiff blue writing paper. They were all covered with Robert's upright, formal writing. As the door opened, Patsy picked up the first sheet again. It began: "My dearest Patsy." It was wonderful to be Robert's dearest. She gazed absently over the top of the sheet at Caroline.

"It's frightfully late," said Caroline. "but—"

"Is it late?" said Patsy Ann.

The End

# ARMY RECRUITER HERE NEXT WEEK

Jennings D. Lowman, sub-station commander of the Klamath Falls re-

cruiting office, will be in Medford each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday for recruiting purposes, according to word received by the Mail Tribune today.

A limited number of men may now be accepted for enlistment in the regular army, in the different branches of the service, in the states of Washington, Montana, Utah and California. Sergeant Lowman stated that Colonel Covington, in command of the San Francisco recruiting district, U. S. army, was much pleased with the city of Medford on his recent visit here, and ordered the local office opened. Sergeant Lowman will be here November 20, 21 and 22.

One and a half million acres of cleared land are idle in North Carolina, it is estimated.

# JONES NAMED AS ARMY ENGINEER

PORTLAND, Nov. 17. — (P) — A special dispatch to the Journal today

from Washington, D. C., said Miller B. Hayden of Salem has been appointed captain, Judge Advocate division of the army reserve corps, and John P. Jones of Medford has been named second lieutenant of engineers.

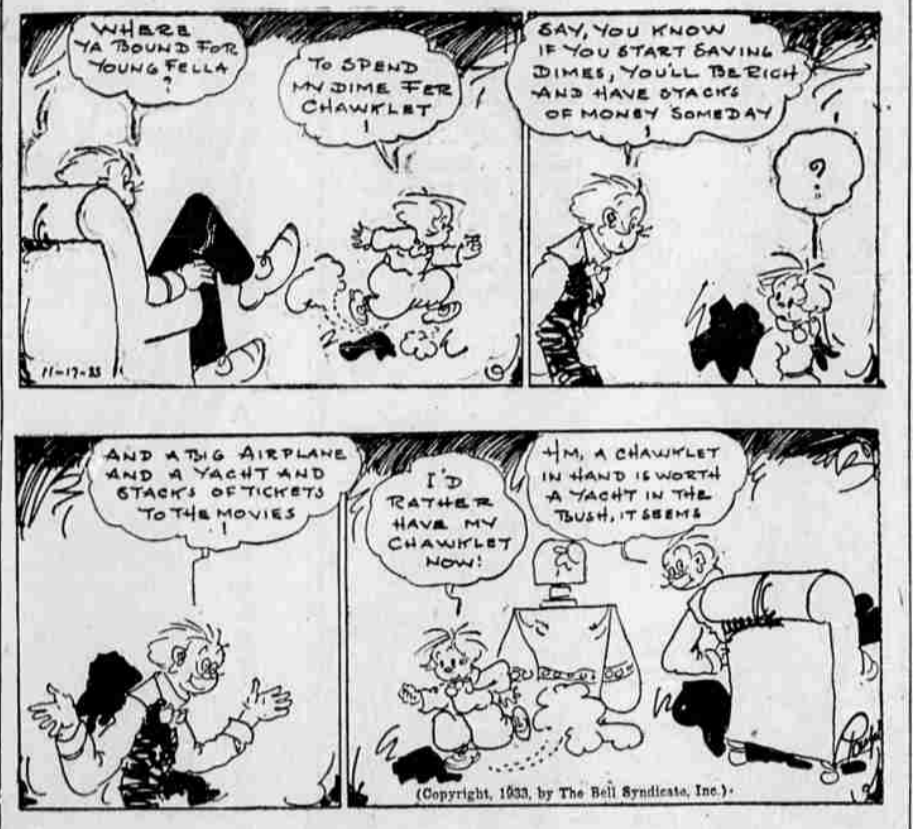
Mr. Jones, who is with the Southern Oregon Sales, Inc., came to Medford about six months ago from Cor-

vallis. Three years ago he resigned his position as second lieutenant to go into the marine air service, but due to the lack of a federal appropriation, he was unable to take up the work, he explained today.

He then resigned from the marine service, and has been named with the 321st company of engineers, stationed at Fort Lewis, Wash.

# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Arouses Suspicion!



# BOUND TO WIN—Luke Is Suspicious

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—A Comedy Of Errors

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



# CHISHOLM DEATH FACTS TO JURY

Circumstances connected with the death yesterday of Sam Chisholm, 70, who sustained injuries in an auto crash October 30 while walking on the Pacific highway near Gold Hill, will be presented to the next session of the grand jury, District Attorney George A. Coddling said today.

Chisholm was struck by an auto driven by Veltie Pruitt of Eugene. The accident occurred about 10 o'clock in the morning.

State police reports of the tragedy indicate that it was "unavoidable." The district attorney said no inquest would be held.

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