

THE GIFT WIFE

By RUPERT HUGHES

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—On board the Nord-Express bound for Ostend, Dr. David Jebb is headed for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his temporary ward. On the train they meet Bill Gaines, former classmate of David's. David tells Gaines of his mission, and of his one unconquerable vice—an overwhelming desire for liquor. Jebb feels the urge coming to him again, and wants to safeguard the child, whose father is dead and whose mother awaits her coming in the United States.

CHAPTER II—David receives a minor injury while on the train, and a sympathetic passenger pours brandy down his throat. That is sufficient to kindle the flame of desire for liquor. Jebb takes the child with him, leaves the train, and begins drinking. Bill Gaines, the old schoolmate, remains in Ukub, that her name is Miruma, and that she will take care of him. She had not seen Cynthia, who is missing. Later Miruma tells him she is the wife of a Pasha, but wife in name only. The Pasha has another wife—a true wife whom he loves dearly. Miruma means nothing to the Pasha. Finding Jebb is a surgeon, she tells him of a powerful man in Ukub, Akef Bey, whose son is slowly dying.

CHAPTER III—A strange incantation wakes Jebb from a dull stupor. His brain in a fog, he looks around, seeing a strange woman, dressed in flowing robes and heavily veiled. In broken English she tells him he is in Ukub, that her name is Miruma, and that she will take care of him. She had not seen Cynthia, who is missing. Later Miruma tells him she is the wife of a Pasha, but wife in name only. The Pasha has another wife—a true wife whom he loves dearly. Miruma means nothing to the Pasha. Finding Jebb is a surgeon, she tells him of a powerful man in Ukub, Akef Bey, whose son is slowly dying.

CHAPTER IV—Jebb moves to a hotel, seeking the lost Cynthia. He makes no progress. However, he calls at the home of Akef Bey, operates on his son, and saves the boy's life, thus earning the family's deep gratitude. CHAPTER V—Jebb is surprised by a visit from the Pasha who has heard of his prowess as a surgeon. He wants Jebb to examine the wife he loves, Nahir Hanim, who is ill. David examines her, decides an operation is necessary. The Pasha fears for her life, and Nahir Hanim is also frightened, but David tells him her life will be lost without prompt attention.

CHAPTER VI

Nahir Hanim was too weak to be very curious. The ebbing of her life had brought its own anesthesia to soul and body. Her chief emotion was a dim wonder, like moonlight wavering through a fog. A part of her was detached from the total of her.

The soft-hearted Murison was far more terrified than she. He stood fighting off womanly tenderness and whispering to himself to be a man, lest Jebb despise him.

The doctor selected a scalpel of rhodium size and, holding it like a violin bow, drew it across the skin, which parted and drew back like silk. Then he incised the thin straw-like covering of the fascia of the greater breast muscle, and pressed the blade through its stout fabric.

"Some retractors," he said. Murison felt the room rocking. "The retractors, quick!" Jebb repeated sharply, and he fitted them into the opposite edges of the muscle to hold it back.

"Clamp one end of a severed vein, he picked up the other with the forceps.

"Hold this!" He gave the forceps into Murison's white hand; while he snatched up a catgut thread, looped it over the mouth of an artery, and knotted it with a dexterity a sailor would have envied. And so he did with all the small arteries he was compelled to cut.

"Give me a couple of toothed forceps, quick."

Murison handed him a cartilage knife.

"Hell," growled Jebb as he snatched two forceps himself, and delicately fastened one of them in the wall of the pericardium.

"Hold this, and be careful," and he put the forceps in Murison's grip. "Don't move."

He seized the wall a little lower down in the other forceps, transferred them to his left hand, with his right reached for the scissors and made a slight incision, which he lengthened a trifle with a probe-pointed knife.

The gushing result so delighted Jebb that he called out to the waverer Murison:

"That ought to please you, old man; we're turning the yellow devils out. See 'em scatter!"

At last, with every faculty at work, his task of reconstruction was finished. He had come safely through a thousand dangers, and he breathed deep.

It was a long and busy week before Jebb felt that Nahir Hanim could safely be entrusted to the care of Miruma and Murison, though he had schooled them in all the tasks and problems that were likely to arise. Meanwhile Gani Bey was flourishing in the radiant household of his father and mother. He felt that he had a right to set about his own business.

Jebb called upon the Pasha and after as much delicacy of palaver as his curt soul could manage, he broached the hateful subject of compensation.

"Your servant can never repay you for your service by mere paras and plasters, Jebb Effendi, but may he ask what you would consider a fair recompense?"

His smile turned to a grimace of pain as Jebb answered crisply: "Twelve hundred pounds."

"Mazallah! It is the price of the

wife herself. Having led him into the noose, Jebb tightened it.

"I will throw off one thousand pounds of my bill, Pasha, if you will release Miruma Hanim and restore her nekayah."

"You ask me to—to divorce my wife?"

"Your other wife?"

"But, why-why? Do you want to marry her?"

"If I wanted to marry her, should I be leaving Uskub tomorrow, forever?"

"You leave Uskub forever! What of my poor sick wife—my Bash-Kadin? You will leave her to die?"

"The best thing I can think of to cure your wife, Pasha, would be the news that she no longer had a young and beautiful rival. If you went to her, and said, 'You are my only wife now,' it would be better than any medicine I could prescribe."

The Pasha was breathing deeply and his eye was softening.

"And," Jebb added, "you will save one thousand pounds of my fee."

"You think my wife Nahir is well enough to leave?"

"With the instructions I have given him, Murison Effendi can bring her back to health in two or three months."

"And you truly think it will help her to recover if I inform her that I shall put away the gift wife?"

"It will help more than all my skill."

"Then your servant will obey your instructions in everything."

"Miruma Hanim shall have her talaq and her nekayah?"

"On my honor, and as soon as the court will grant the decree, and once more: 'You are sure you are leaving Uskub forever?'"

"Tomorrow without fail. If you could have my money at my hotel—"

"It will be there, effendi. For your skill, I shall pray Allah also to reward you. For your journey, Allah emanet oloni!"

Jebb had, indeed, resolved to leave Uskub forever, and Miruma forever. The fierce demands of his duties to the lord child cried out against him for his neglect, though he felt absolved to a degree by the necessity of earning funds and saving the lives perishing at his very feet. But now there was no further excuse to give his conscience.

He had come to know Miruma better, through the veil, the actual veil she wore and the impalpable yet impenetrable veil her self-respect, her duty, the danger of their situation drew about her. And he had come to love her and desire her with a passion his heart had never dreamed itself capable of entertaining.

He planned to hurry forth to hunt the lost child. He dreamed that he stumbled upon her without delay. He imagined himself telegraphing Miruma to join him and go with him to America as his wife.

And then his thanks choked in his throat. A chill hand seemed to reach from the fog and throttle him. It was his curse that had brought him to Uskub with infinite disgrace, with a deep shame that he had concealed only by cowardly silences.

His curse forbade him to marry any woman, least of all Miruma. He thought long and fiercely over his farewell to Miruma. He wrote many letters and tore them in pieces. Worn out and nauseated with life, he dashed off and sealed the curtest message of all, with no hint of the love that neither had expressed in a word, and both had understood with all their hearts.

Miruma Hanim—Madame: I leave for Salonica by the next train. I shall hunt for the child until I find her. I will let you know when I do. Fehmi Pasha has promised me on his honor that he will grant you at once a talaq and restore your nekayah in full. I should like to be assured of this. You might send me word, if it is not too much trouble. My permanent address will be the Union Bank, Graben 13, Vienna (Vienna), Austria.

With all good wishes, Yours faithfully, DAVID JEBB.

CHAPTER VII

Salonica, the Hot Springs of Ancient Greece, seemed pretty ancient to the Yankee surgeon who came in an express train and took a cab to the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre.

Hellwald and the British consul had helped him over the important matter of his missing papers, had provided him with a substitute for his lost passport and a teskere, or license to travel; had coached him in the important intricacies of Turkish machinery and given him cordial letters to the representatives of Great Britain and Austria in Salonica.

When he left the train he was compelled to have his teskere viced by a Turkish official, who took it in charge until he should leave the town again.

"Will the effendi look through his papers and see if by chance he is holding another teskere of mine?" he asked.

He did not fail to slip a little baksheesh under the documents on the desk. The recorder ransacked his files graciously.

"Daveet Jebb Effendi could not have passed through Salonica—at least not openly and legally." Jebb dissipated the menace of this suggestion with a further insinuation of baksheesh and hastened to his cab. At the Austrian consulate Jebb was received with the distinction due his recommendations as a friend



"Daveet Jebb Effendi could not have passed through Salonica."

and a physician. He also learned, that every effort to trace the missing child had ended in negation. He visited the American consulate, but the consul had been summoned to Constantinople, and his office could give no help.

At the British consulate they had much proffer of aid but no encouragement. One of the attaches, a younger son of a noble house, but smothered under the simple style and title of Cranford Banbury, Esq., was especially courteous.

He took Jebb to the office of the Polis Qomiseri, introduced him, and translated the commissioner's account of his vain efforts to find the child.

Banbury insisted on Jebb's dining with him.

"I'm in a blue funk, old man, and you oughtn't to be alone."

"I'm always alone," said Jebb grimly.

"Well, I'll do my best to make Salonica an exception. There's not much to occupy an Anglo-Saxon in Salonica unless you're interested in politics. We rather feel we're sitting on dynamite. The Young Turks are in power but they have an Auegan stable to clean up, and the old Sultan isn't dead yet."

"What have they done with the old Sultan?"

"Why, haven't you heard? He's here—here in Salonica. Fact! He is a kind of prisoner de luxe, settled in a wonderful villa built ten years ago by an Italian for the Allatini family. Now the government has turned it into a gilded cage for the ex-Sultan. They didn't quite like to treat him as we did Charles I, but he's a problem, and no mistake. The old tarantula may pop up any day and there are people enough eager to help him back to his web."

"But let's not talk Turkish politics. I hear nothing else all day. Let's go to a cafe chantant."

"Anything to get my mind off my troubles."

The admission was only two piazestres or ten cents apiece. The price seemed small till the musicians began, then it seemed excessive.

Banbury chose a table and the waiter brought them coffee. Banbury rejected it with horror and ordered Scotch and soda, in which Jebb begged to be excused from joining him.

At a table in front of him, Jebb noticed a fat neck and short, bristly poll of distinctly French extraction. Eventually their owner turned his face, glanced at Jebb, stared, turned away, turned back, looked uneasy, angry, pugnacious, puzzled.

Jebb wondered what ailed the man. He was sure he had never seen him before. At length the stranger rose and left the hall, and Jebb gave his soul to the Miserere from "Il Trovatore."

He was absorbed so deeply in the music that he failed to notice at first the arrival of a police officer who spoke deferentially to Banbury. Banbury was melting sympathetically under the influence of Scotch and Verdi, but he was instant with an Englishman's rage at any invasion of his privacy.

Jebb turned in surprise and found the Turkish officer regarding him with a piercing scrutiny, which Jebb answered with the clear-eyed innocence of ignorance. He caught a word here and there and gleaned that the conversation had to do with a French hotelkeeper named Moosoo Carolet, some other person named Pierpont, and an unpaid bill.

Banbury grew more and more furious as he thundered Turkish with a curious British intonation. The officer grew more and more humble and finally withdrew in confusion with much apology and many a salaam.

When he had gone, Banbury said, "This is the most ghastly country in God's world. What do you suppose that jackass of a policeman wanted? It would be no end funny if it weren't so disgustingly impertinent. It seems that some silly ass of a French hotelkeeper here had a guest who lived very royally for a few days then skipped without stopping to pay the shot. This jackass sees you and thinks you are Pierpont. He goes to the police and orders your arrest. The officer came to me with apologies for throwing a friend of mine into a dungeon as a common thief, but I sent him about his business."

"That's mighty nice of you."

"Don't think any more about it."

Have another cigar and a cup of coffee, and let us hope that soprano is really not so unhappy as she sounds."

"By the way, what was the name of the hotel?"

"The Grand Hotel de—something or other. I don't remember. Don't think of it again, I beg you."

But Jebb thought of it without rest. At length Banbury rose impatiently. The Scotch had made him drowsy, but he blamed the Italian music.

"I can't stand any more of this caterwaul, can you? What do you say to our getting out? I'll drop you at your hotel, eh?"

"Thank you, I think I'll see it through."

"Very well, I'll wait if you want to."

"Please don't let me keep you."

It took much delicate management, but Banbury was very, very sleepy and at last permitted Jebb to bid him good-night. As soon as he was out of the building, Jebb rose and searched for the policeman. He was greeted with profound courtesy. Jebb had been mulling the affair over in his head, and he was able to ask in intelligible if inelegant Turkish.

(Continued next week)

COLLINGTON NEWS

Mrs. Lavina Perry, Mrs. Randolph Thomas and Mrs. V. Ward were in Manteo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Meekins and Walter Williams attended court at Manteo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haywood and children, Fred and Clara Fay, were in Manteo Thursday.

Mrs. Gardner, Miss Ruth Whitehurst of Kitty Hawk, and Mrs. B. B. Midgett and children Hazel and B. B., Jr., and Miss Shirley Haywood of Kill Devil Hills, were here Friday.

L. Sigsbee Miller, Ambrose Toler, Jr., and Mrs. Noah Toler attended church here Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Tillet, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Tillet of Nags Head were here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Gaimel of Norfolk were here Sunday, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Manie Haywood and daughters, Nina and Shirley, Mrs. Crean Midgett and little son, Mrs. Zora Tillet and daughter, Jeanette of Kill Devil Hills attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Meekins were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Gilden of Currituck Sunday.

Macon Meekins spent the week end with his brother Ralph Meekins of Wanchese.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Smith, Minnie Lee and Teenie Smith of Currituck Bridge and Miss Ethel Baum of Kitty Hawk were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gard Sunday.

Mrs. Ernest Quiddle of Avon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walter Williams.

SALVO NEWS

L. Y. Gray motored down to the Hatteras hospital Saturday for medical treatment. Farrow Payne accompanied him.

Mrs. Leon O'Neal of Manteo, who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. J. R. Douglas, has returned home.

Miss Maude Midgett and Geneva Midgett and little sister Shirley Ray, of Waves, were here Saturday visiting Geneva's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Y. Cotton.

Rev. M. E. Goyan, pastor of the Kinnakeet charge preached his last sermon here at the two o'clock hour Sunday. He preached a grand old Methodist sermon, and his return is anxiously awaited.

Mrs. Pearly Farrow and children of Buxton have returned home after spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graves Midgett.

Mrs. Walton Midgett and children of Oregon Inlet spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hooper.

Mrs. William E. Whidbee motored to Buxton Saturday on business.

L. C. Gray spent Saturday at the Buxton Club House with his daughter Mrs. Curtis Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Farrow and little daughter Bettie Ann have returned from Manteo where they spent the week end with their brother and sister John Farrow and Mrs. Claude Williams.

SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY THIS WEEK

Four Years Ago F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, and his wife, stopped in Manteo on their way from Hatteras to Denver, Colorado, where the explorer-scientist was to lecture.

John Allen Midgett, Walter G. Etheridge and Charles O. Peel were named Chief Warrant Officers in the Coast Guard.

The new plant of the N. C. Fisheries, Inc., opened in Manteo. There was a move to organize a community chorus here.

Miss Millicent Jennette of Engelhard gave a fashion show at Stumpy Point.

Hatteras ninth graders won a half holiday when they brought more books than any other grade to the school library.

Three Years Ago The Roanoke Island Music Club made plans to sponsor a series of Sunday afternoon concerts.

Bill Duvall and "Moose" Basnight opened a confectionery business in the Fort Raleigh Hotel.

Democrats were returned to office in the County, State, and Nation by the big majorities.

The Sub-Deb Club sponsored a dance at the Hotel.

The Manteo school basketball season opened, with Mildred Austin heading the girls' team and Justin Tune temporarily heading the boys.

Two Years Ago The Board of County Commissioners passed resolutions demanding a free ferry across Oregon Inlet and improvements to the bridges at New Inlet.

Ben Dixon MacNeill reported on the performance of Paul Green's "Johnnie Johnson" given at Chapel Hill. The cast included Tommy Fearing, Sam Hirsch, Bob Nachtmann, Bedford Thurman, and Lubin Leggett.

A number of Rodanthe fishermen who used set nets were hoping to restrict the use of long net fishing.

Capt. Charlie O. Miller was retired from the Coast Guard.

Five CCC boys were lodged in jail for an hour without charge. They were rounded up and jailed toward their homes in Wilmington.

The Warner-Quinlan company company sought in Supreme Court to recover losses of gasoline siphoned from its tanks; and Harry Hamby, Frisco resident for over a year, confessed to piloting tankers which carried away the stolen gasoline.

In conference, Governor Clyde Hoey declared that the State was willing to make Fort Raleigh a State Park. This step was taken when the fear arose that transferring the title to the Federal government would prevent repeating the Lost Colony on the same site.

Last Year With no explanation two armed men stopped and searched a truck carrying six Coast Guardsmen near the Whalebone filling station.

Tommy Fearing joined the Show Boat company.

The Manteo Business College organized a student council.

Fort Landing had a homecoming day.

Willie McCleese was found guilty in Recorder's Court of stealing chickens from R. D. Owens of Mother Vineyard farm.

Billy Walker's pet duck hawk was sent to the State museum to be killed, stuffed, and placed on exhibit.

AVON NEWS

Vera Williams and Brooksie Meekins spent a few days in Norfolk last week visiting relatives.

Mrs. Vance Gray spent the week end in Boykins, Va.

Mrs. Edward Lee Midgett spent the week end at her home in Kitty Hawk.

Robert Chandler, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry Lemond, returned to his home in Durham, Monday.

Rev. Richards, who has been conducting a revival at the Assembly of God at Avon, has returned to his home in Maryland.

Misses Mary Scarborough and Esther Gray spent a few days with friends in Elizabeth City and Edenton.

Misses Edna Hooper and Melba Gray were hostesses at a party given for the Senior Class of 1940, Saturday evening.

Howard Rowland and Miss Lily-Ann Esser of Patchogue, L. I., are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray.

HATTERAS NEWS

Missionary Society The Womens Missionary Society of the Hatteras church met with Mrs. Isabell Balance Wednesday afternoon. The meeting was conducted by Mrs. Thomas Merriman, president. A hymn was sung, followed by the scripture reading and prayer. The topic for study was given from "The Frontier" by Mrs. Horton Austin. Plans were discussed for the observance of the week of prayer, Nov. 5 through 10, after which the hostess served refreshments. There were 10 members present.

Red Cross Meeting Edenton—Over one hundred Red Cross workers from a dozen eastern North Carolina counties gathered here in a regional conference during which addresses were delivered by Clarence F. Rowland, assistant roll call director, and Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina.

HATTERAS-OCRACOKE BUS SCHEDULE NOW IN EFFECT Lv. Ocracoke 6:30 p.m. Ar. Hatteras 8:30 p.m. Lv. Hatteras 5:00 a.m. Ar. Ocracoke 7:00 a.m. Making connections with Engelhard boat and also Manteo bus. Ocracoke-Manteo Trans. Co. Ocracoke, N. C. Van Henry O'Neal, Gen. Mgr.

Manteo-Hatteras BUS SCHEDULE CONNECTING with OCRACOKE FERRY

Manteo, Whalebone Junction, Oregon Inlet, Rodanthe, Avon, Buxton, Hatteras

Northbound Read Down Leave 8:30 a.m. Hatteras Ar. 5:00 p.m. 9:00 a.m. Frisco 4:30 p.m. 9:20 a.m. Buxton 4:15 p.m. 10:00 a.m. Avon 3:45 p.m. 10:40 a.m. Salvo 3:15 p.m. 11:00 a.m. Rodanthe 3:00 p.m. 11:50 a.m. Oregon Inlet 2:00 p.m. 12:35 p.m. Whalebone 1:25 p.m. 12:45 p.m. Manteo 1:15 p.m. Effective April 15, 1939 HAROLD MIDGETT, Mgr. Rodanthe, N. C.

SCHEDULE THE VIRGINIA DARE TRANSPORTATION CO'S BUS

In connection With Coastal Coach Lines Buses from Union Bus Terminal, Norfolk, Va., and Virginia Dare Hotel, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Morning Schedule Lv. Manteo Ar. E. City Ar. Norfolk 7:00 9:30 10:05 8:00 8:35 11:00

Afternoon Schedule Lv. Manteo Ar. E. City Ar. Norfolk 3:00 5:40 6:10 4:10 4:40 7:00

TRUCK SCHEDULE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Lv. Manteo 5:00 a.m. Ar. Norfolk 9:00 a.m.

OREGON INLET FERRY Winter Schedule Effective Sept. 5, 1939

Leave Northside Leave Southside 7:30 a.m. 7:50 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 11:50 a.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:50 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:50 p.m.

20 minutes across inlet. Quickest way to travel to Rodanthe, Salvo, Avon, Buxton, Frisco, Hatteras. J. B. TILLET, Manager

When in Norfolk Stop at the HOTEL FAIRFAX NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Headquarters for all citizens south of the Mason Dixon line when visiting Norfolk and the beaches. Attractive rooms with bath and shower, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50, others with bath privileges, \$2. Coffee Shop, Dining Room, Beverage Room, Garage Service.

HUGH F. GALVIN Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.

Property for the years 1937 and 1938 Town taxes will be sold as required by law, plus the cost of advertising and sale. Real estate will be sold for cash to the highest bidder on November 13, 1939 at 12 M noon, at Court House door.

1937 1938 Robert Ballance, 1 lot \$2.71 Orlando Burrus, 1 lot \$30.70 M. L. Daniels, hse and lot; bal. 44.40 A. H. Daniels, hse, lot 18.00 D. W. Etheridge est 63.00 E. W. Etheridge 16.60 Evans Bros. 1 lot 27.00 Marvin O. Evans, hse and lot 21.70 M. K. Fearing, hse, lot bal. 22.85 W. B. Fearing, hse lot M. K. and W. B. Fearing, hse, 2 lots 63.00 Mrs. N. E. Gould, est. 45.00 J. E. Gray, hse, lot 13.60 Frank H. Gates, 1 lot 4.65 10.23 D. L. Hayman, hse, lot O. J. Jones, hse, lot bal. 29.60 Mrs. O. J. Jones, house and lot 37.00 A. W. Jones, house and lot 18.60 21.60 R. B. Lennon, hse, lot 81.45 Mrs. Louise M. Meekins, hse, lot 18.00 John A. Meekins, 1 lot 1.80 Mrs. Nancy C. Meekins, hse, lot 12.60 18.00 George B. Midgett, hse and lot; bal. 5.10 F. H. Midgett, hse, lot 13.05 Hatton H. Midgett, house and lot 21.00 Mrs. E. D. Midgett, hse, lot 9.00 D. O. Midgett, 1/4 lot. .45 U. S. Midgett, hse, lot 10.00 M. C. Pugh, hse, lot 9.00 M. C. Pugh Fish Co. 14.85 J. C. Willis, hse, lot 7.50 Col. W. Westcott, 1 lot H. C. SMITH, Town Tax Collector.

FERRY SCHEDULE ROANOKE FERRY COMPANY

Fort Landing, East Lake, Roanoke Island, Manns Harbor Ferry

Leaving Manteo 7:00 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 10