



TANGLED WIVES

(Continued from page 1)
...yes young, well-dressed and in good looking.
...need something to drink.
...I'm all right.
...going to get you a bromide.
...set his jaw. There was a drug store in the next block.
...thought: I must get away from him. She thought it so strongly there was no room for her to wonder even about the loss of memory.
...was rapping on the glass window of the cab. "You'll feel better as soon as you've swallowed something."
...Please don't bother.
...The driver turned a roughly shaved face toward them.
...Stop at that drug store ahead."
...She shook her head. "I won't take anything."
...The cab was slowing down.
...Yes you will." His smile was wan and anxious. "I'll get them to mix something to make you feel better. It's the best of a jam. No wonder you faint."
...She did not ask what the jam was for. She was filled with dread. But her eyes were determined. She would do nothing from him. The cab was stopped. The driver leaned toward them.
...Can't get right up in front of the place.
...This will do." The young man's hand already on the latch. "Come on. But no, you better wait here. I'll bring it out to you." He was forcing a smile. He was suffering. She saw that. But she did not pity him. He was down the street, turned into the drug store. As she saw the last of him through the swinging doors, she was flooded with relief. She sat paralyzed. He was gone. She leaned forward, studying herself against the glass behind the driver. "Drive on," she said. "Drive on."
...The man turned his head slowly, looked at her stupidly.
...Drive on," she repeated. "Go on."
...His heavy jaw dropped. "You want me to drive on?"
...Yes. Go on."
...He bent to his gears. "Where to?"
...Straight ahead."
...She relaxed, trembling. With a screeching of gears, the car crawled in a traffic. She watched the door of the drug store with terror. They passed it safely. He might come out at any moment. He might run after the cab, waving and shouting.
...Turn at the next corner. Turn left."
...No left turn, Miss."
...Then turn right. Only turn. And then go on and I'll tell you when to stop."
...Her fear was receding. She was weak with relief and a curious sense of triumph. The cab had turned. She drew a long breath. The air was soft and springlike. The avenue

to be returning. But what she would do after she got to the hotel she could not say. It dawned on her then that the young man she had left in the drug store was her single link with her past.
...She drew her fox neckpiece closely about her chin. Where had she got the fur? Her clothes were very new. She racked her brains in order to think where she had put them on. She could not remember where she had dressed that morning. "I wonder what my face is like," she thought suddenly. "perhaps I'm an old woman!"
...With anxious fingers she opened her bag and found a little mirror. Her eyes, young and frightened, looked back at her. There was not a wrinkle in her face. She was full of bright painted new cars. She was feeling better. A clock in the street told her that it was half-past four. Her own watch verified the hour.
...Through the park, Miss?"
...Yes."
...Where was she going? Where was her home? Perhaps in a few minutes it would all come back to her. She composed herself, sat tensely in the cab, trying to calm, trying to be rational, trying to remember. Who was her mother? Who was her father? "Look here," she whispered. "you must know somebody, even if you're an orphan. Just think of some one person that you know. Somebody at all will do. Picture somebody's face!"

Thus commanded, across her vision floated the picture of the taxi driver. Then the face of the man she had left in the drug store emerged clearly in her mind's eye. And that was all.
...She began straining her eyes at every one in the street. Surely some one of something would give her a clue as to who she was, where she ought to go. She seemed to know New York. She thought with a feeling of gratitude. She could go to a hotel at least.
...Around the park again?" The cabman questioned.
...No. Take me to the Biltmore."
...She spoke with decision. She did not know why she said the Biltmore. But she was glad that her wits seemed to be seen in the soft contours of her white face. She was glad she was still young. She hadn't felt old.
...She could not tell much about her face though she spent some time inspecting it. Then she turned her attention to her hand bag. She drew out a handkerchief. It was a sheer white linen with the initial D embroidered in one corner. "D," she thought, "stands for Dorothy or Daisy. I wonder if one of those names could be mine?" Or Della? Or Drusilla?"
...It was bewildering to be able to think of so many names. It was exasperating. She did not believe that any of those names belonged to her. She returned to the exploration of her bag, and drew out a black en-

velope that would lead her back to herself or the person she had been. A bellboy popped out of the quietly pretentious doorway, and seized them eagerly. She tipped the doorman generously, and followed the bellboy.
...As she mounted the stairs she felt sure that she would remember everything in a moment. Her name was D. V. Miss Drusilla Vance, or—Miss Dorothy Vance say—or—Miss Deborah Valentine.
...It was absurd and annoying that just the right name didn't come. She drew on her glove, half nervously, and her finger struck against her wedding ring. Instantly all her bravery fled. Miss Drusilla Vance! Miss Dorothy Vance! Why, she was married! She was Mrs. Somebody. Mrs. D. V. And then her imagination traveled straight back to the man she had left in the drug store.
...Sweet, he had called her, and Darling!
...So that was her husband.
...Her husband was a man she feared and hated.
...She shivered. "No wonder I lost my mind," she said to herself half cheerfully. "Perhaps he's saved the mortgage on my dear, old home, and I've had to marry him out of gratitude; and on account of my conscience I've been living with him; so now some kind fate has made me lose my memory, so I won't have any conscience about leaving him."
...Then, "Perhaps, after all he isn't my husband."
...The slow minor strains of the string orchestra came from the tea room. Something gripped her heart. Perhaps she was going to remember. She knew the song. The words said themselves to her in a long, sinister drawl.
...Oh give me something to remember you by!
...When you are far away from me.
...She was walking slowly in rhythm to its tedious beat as she repeated the words. But they brought no further recollections. Strange that a song should remain when nothing else did.
...She moved along obscurely, but with an inner defiance. She was not a phantom and the silly dream would have to end. Hadn't she showed that she was no phantom by leaving her husband? Some girls wouldn't have been as daring. She hoped she wouldn't meet him.
...Register?" asked the clerk. The bellboy carrying her luggage had led her to the desk.
...She flinched. What should she put down? Mrs. Drusilla Vance.
...But she couldn't. She hesitated. "Not—not yet," she turned to the bellboy—"Take care of my bags for a few moments," she said, handing him a dollar. "I'll be right back."
...She had thought of the long mirror in the ladies' room. Surely one good look at her face and figure would bring back something important. She walked rapidly now, feeling more hopelessly. Wasn't there something unconsciously directing her? Even if she had no positive recollections, was it she coming here at the bidding of some hidden memory? She fervently hoped so.
...Then the face of the only man she now knew flashed before her. The man in the taxi. Her reverie ended abruptly. She turned into the ladies' room, saying fervently. "But oh—perhaps—perhaps—after all that man wasn't my husband!"
...Then she saw herself in the mirror (To be Continued.)



If Only She Could Get Away From This Horrible Man.

velope compact. This seemed to have her monogram on it in raised gold letters, but so elaborate was the design that she could not puzzle out what the letters were. The D was clear enough but whether the other two letters were N and M, or V and W she could not decide.
...There was a card; nothing else but a bill-fold and a coin purse. She saw with relief that she had plenty of money with her. "At least," she thought, "I won't starve until I find out who I am and where I'm supposed to go."
...On her hands were some chamois skin gloves. Now she stripped them off and looked down at her slim fingers.
...On the third finger of her left hand was a platinum band set with tiny diamonds. "I'm married." This was unreal. It was unexpected as a blow between the eyes. She stared at the ring wonderingly and whispered to herself unbelievingly. "I'm married!"
...The cab stopped with a jerk. She looked up. She was at the Vanderbilt entrance to the Biltmore. The uniformed hotel doorman was opening the door.
...She took hold of her purse firmly and prepared to get out.
...How much?"
...Dollar-sixty. Don't forget your bags."
...Her bags! She was startled. The driver indicated the seat beside himself. It was loaded down with very smart-looking luggage.
...She watched the doorman pull down two swaggy-looking bags of snake-skin, and an enormous hatbox of the same extravagant material.
...Wouldn't do to go off and leave these," commented the doorman good-naturedly.
...Of course not." She was confused by the sense of many people, the sounds of cabs honking. The cabman waiting for his money, and the helpful attendant both bothered her, because she wanted to look at her bags, take them somewhere and examine them carefully. Surely when she read her own initials they would remind her of her name, and her past.
...She pulled out two bills, and handed them to the driver. As he let his car move into the traffic she turned and looked at the bags piled on the sidewalk before the hotel.
...The bore two large, prominent letters: D. V.
...At last she had some definite clue

MUST REPLANT GARDENS NOW FOR BEST CROPS

Early summer gardens have been a disappointment due to the prolonged drouth occurring over most of North Carolina for the past two months. However, there is still the opportunity to plant a number of vegetables for use in late summer and early fall.
...H. R. Niswonger extension horticulturist at State College advises growers to sow the seed of cabbage, cauliflower, collard, broccoli and celery for fall crops of these vegetables. The Jersey Wakefield is a good early cabbage of which seed may be planted now.
...To be successful in getting seed to germinate, Niswonger suggests keeping the seed partially shaded during the heat of the day. Burlap or old sacks put over the seed bed will prevent the soil from drying out so rapidly.

Improve Wheat Crop Suggests Expert

Inspection of wheat fields for certification of seed under the regulations of the North Carolina Crop Improvement Association has revealed the fact that seed wheat in this State is badly mixed.
...We need some careful standardization done by communities, counties and even districts," says Dr. Gordon K. Middleton, seed specialist at State College. "It is entirely possible for the growers of a community to test the adapted varieties of wheat, secure the one best suited to their community and to adopt this variety as the one for all to grow. This will prevent mixing to a great extent and assure the community of having wheat which will yield ready favor among the millers. It is only by growing pure varieties of wheat with good milling qualities that the best grades of flour can be made."
...Dr. Middleton selects 50 fields of wheat at random in the important wheat growing counties of the State this past spring and inspected them for various varietal mixtures. Out of the 50 there were 12 fields having over 20 per cent of mixtures and the count in one showed 50 per cent of bearded wheat and 44 per cent of smooth headed wheat. Only two fields could be classed as pure and of the total 75 per cent contained sufficient mixture to make the wheat objectionable for seed purposes.
...In contrast to this, Dr. Middleton inspected 19 other fields where the owners were seeking to have their wheat certified. Out of these, only one field was turned down because of mixtures.
...This proves, Middleton says, that wheat seed can be kept practically pure. Most of the mixing occurs because of threshing machinery and cleaning machinery are not properly cleaned.

Western Champion



Jane Bede of Olympia field, Chicago, who won the western women's golf championship, defeating Jane Weiler, the title holder.

It is considered unjustified. Jones had allocated at the opening of a shower how. In the morning paper he read a follow-up: "As Mr. Jones mounted the stage all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of brilliance."
...The bluff, heavy optimism of the late Senator Frye," said a friend, "could not break a winner. Once at a dinner a winner seated opposite Senator Frye said abruptly: 'I have only one friend on earth—my dog.' 'Why don't you get another dog?' said Senator Frye."
...ably on the surface and will hasten germination.
...Sweet corn and snap beans planted in early July will add to the fall supply of vegetables.
...For the second crop of Irish potatoes, seed from the spring crop of Golden Wonder, early Rose and Bliss Triumph may be used if the sprouts are showing. A better plan, however, is to secure seed of last year's crop which has been kept in storage. In the mountains, the storage crop of Lookout Mountain variety is usually planted as a late crop.
...Sprouting of seed from the spring crop can be hastened by spreading the potatoes on the ground under a shed or tree. Some farmers spread them in the shade and cover them with hay or straw which is kept moist until sprouting occurs. In no case should seed which have not sprouted be planted, Niswonger says.

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"
...Fresh: "I did, Professor. I shook my head."
...Professor: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle away up here, do you?"

Two little boys were talking. One said to the other: "Aren't ants funny little things? They work and work, and never play."
...Oh I don't know about that," replied the other. "Every time I go to a picnic they are there."

Four sheep growers of Cumberland County pooled 2041 pounds of wool and sold it for \$511.50 cash.

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Number Of Cylinders Has Nothing To Do With Economy Of Operation!

Authority for this statement is Mr. H. M. Crane, Technical Engineer for General Motors Corporation, who said in an article in the January issue of the Society of Automobile Engineers Journal: "Both theory and actual tests indicate that the four, six and eight of equally good construction should give the same all-over economy performance."

The ability of the FORD MOTOR COMPANY to build quality cars has never been questioned. The FORD V-8 represents the latest type of modern precision engines. A few reasons for FORD economy are: Aluminum Cylinder Heads; Aluminum Pistons; High Compression; Efficient Cooling, Carburetion and Lubrication; and the V-8 type motor.

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