

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane



Doris was scarlet. For a moment she thought that Rocky meant they had had a wedding day. It was too confusing. If only he would stop teasing. It was baffling enough not to know what had happened to her.

"After breakfast we'll drive into the village," said Rocky. "I want to call upon Doris without Mother finding it out."

"Go alone."

"You don't crave my company." "Frankly I don't."

He looked at her. She saw that his captious mood was gone. He was hurt inexplicably and angry.

"Well, I'm not so d-d keen about you either. It's to save Mother's feelings that I'm going to take you." His face looked grieved, childishly so. "She thinks that we can't bear to be out of one another's sight."

Doris didn't know what to say. His making fun of love infuriated her. She looked at him in stumped helplessness.

Who was she? What was she doing here? Where was the real Doris? Why wasn't she here instead?

Mrs. Du Val rapped at the door and came in. "Ah my children—like quiet little love-birds you sit!" She glanced at Doris's plate. "But you do not eat." She shook a finger. "You are too excited. Rocky has talked to you too much."

Doris smiled. "Yes—he hasn't given me time to dress, even!" She gave Rocky a sly glance.

He came out of his gloom with a humorous leer. "But you're so beautiful—dressed or undressed. Why should I?"

Doris drove to the village with him. She sat quietly except for an occasional answer to his sarcastic references to her "sustained innocence"—her touching consideration for his parents! When she could stand it no longer she cried:

"Oh, keep still. You haven't the faintest idea of what you're talking about."

"Maybe not." Rocky stopped the car and got out. "But I'll know soon. You wait here while I telephone."

He came out a few minutes later, looking glum. "A fine bunch of women I pick for myself," he growled. "I came home to a strange bride, and my real wife is nowhere to be found."

"Couldn't you get her?"

"Couldn't I get her?" shouted Rocky. "And you let me go through all this nonsense of telephoning her! How much longer do you intend making a jackass out of me." He eyed her accusingly. "You knew all this time she wasn't there."

She felt as if her last nerve was about to snap. "Stop speaking to me in that tone," she cried. "And if you happen to have been born a jackass, is that my fault? Stop the car. I prefer to walk."

Rocky stepped on the gas. Stop it! Like h—! From now on, this fight gets serious! There are plenty of unpleasant places for clever girl crooks in New York! He stamped violently on the starter. Where do you suppose that woman is at this hour? Not home from last night's party. I expect."

"You—you're unspeakable." She drew herself to the farther side of the car. She was seething. Rocky seemed engaged in a bitter brooding. They said nothing more until he opened the door of the car for her to alight.

Doris retreated from his extended hand. "I can get out of this car quite well without assistance."

He seized her arm and pulled her roughly. "Stop acting like a fool." They stood eye to eye. Doris on the step above him, outraged, panting with fury. At that moment nothing but physical violence could have satisfied Doris. This man had her so completely at his mercy. She was so helpless. She had no place to go—no one to turn to. And he insulted her, humiliated her. She could not think of words to express her fury. Everything else had gone from her mind.

He too was filled with hate. His mouth was drawn into ugly line. His eyes looked at her mercilessly.

"You—" he began.

The cheery voice of Oscar Du Val boomed at them. "Ah, my children, home again! Good. I thought you might be late for lunch."

Rocky reached out his hand toward her, smiling hypocritically. It was the last straw. She raised her fists in the air and struck out desperately. In her madness she hit the umbrella stand. It knocked over, hitting Rocky violently.

Taken by surprise, he uttered a loud "Ouch."

"I hope it hurts!"

Rocky whispered, venomously. "This is the limit. This ends everything." He rubbed his wounds tenderly.

"And not too soon for me, either!" said Doris.

They went in to lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Du Val noticed nothing amiss.

The meal seemed long and unendurable. Rocky was silent and brooding. Doris felt depressed. Where did she belong? Where should she go?

She considered taking Mrs. Du Val into her confidence. Rocky's mother had been so kind—had seemed such a refuge. Yet had that not been partly because she was Rocky's wife, because she was supposed to have the Du Val

seed flourishing within her?

Doris felt more unhappy than ever. She had known, at least all along that she was not going to have a baby. Mrs. Du Val would be very angry when she found out how Doris had taken advantage of her sympathy and love.

What should she do?

Rocky had said that the limit had been reached. Yet why did he not expose her to his parents?

But the kindly Du Vals were perceiving at last that something had gone wrong with the newlyweds. Doris did not eat. Rocky glowered.

Oscar Du Val pushed back his chair. "Rocky you go off somewhere with Doris for a few days where you can be alone together."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Du Val eagerly. "It is not good for young people to be always with us old ones—"

"We love it," Doris spoke impulsively.

Rocky glared at her.

"As a matter of fact, Doris and I are leaving for New York this afternoon, if you don't mind," he said.

Doris's heart leaped with fear. So she was to leave this place—leave Mrs. Du Val her only friend in the world. And where should she go in New York?

She rose. "I'll go and pack," she said. "What time does the train leave?"

"I'll drive you in my car," said Rocky.

Doris walked swiftly out of the room so that they would not see her tears. Rocky's bitter taunt recurred to her—he seemed to think she was some kind of an evil woman. His eyes were so unfriendly and cruel. If he knew the truth he would turn her over to the police. Perhaps he would anyway. The least he would do would be to put her away in an asylum.

She packed quickly. What the future held in store for her she could not guess. This adventure had turned out to be farcical. "To anyone else it would be farcical although it doesn't seem funny to me," she thought.

Doris accused herself unmercifully. She ought to have known that Mrs. Du Val was not acquainted with her. One does not run into friends so easily when one is lost in New York.

How now, would she find her friends, her parents, her—(her mind shielded away)—her husband? Then she thought again with terror of the man in the cab. If she did find her friends, it meant finding that man again.

Of course, he was her husband.

She looked at herself earnestly in the mirror. She was dressed in the tweed that she had worn on the day of her meeting with Mrs. Du Val. The face, young and anxious, looked back at her. She was absolutely alone in the world. And now she was going out in it—without friends, without money.

Rocky knocked peremptorily on the door.

"Are you ready?" he asked curtly.

"Certainly," she said promptly.

She gathered up her gloves. She took one look around the pretty faultless room. Her heaven. "Good-by," she thought silently. "Good-by."

Bending her head so that Rocky might not see her face she left the room.

She took her leave in a daze. Mrs. Du Val full of adorations, smiles and tears—Oscar Du Val neglecting his precious work to bid her farewell—the kisses, the smiling servants—Rocky at the wheel grim, saying little—then, the grinding gears—and the last look over the shoulder—

Then she was riding over the road beside Rocky.

He spoke once on the long journey: "I'll take you as far as New York," he said unpleasantly. "But then I'm afraid we'll have to part company."

Frightened, horrified, forlorn, Doris still felt that she had rather die than let him know how completely helpless she was.

"You can drop me at the Biltmore," she said.

"O. K."

Doris's throat was dry, her cheeks hot from the sun. She hoped that she would not cry. It would be awful if she broke down in front of Rocky.

The drive was never going to end. Doris decided that she could sleep in the park that night. She could pawn her baggage and look for a job.

Rocky smoked cigarette after cigarette, his eyes squinting, his mouth sardonic and unhappy. The hills gave way to the Bronx River parkway. Cars crowded and jostled them. And Central park at last, where Doris had decided to spend the night. She was beginning to be frightened again. Rocky would set her down at the Biltmore without a word. Then where would she go?

Then Rocky turned off Fifth avenue into a side street and brought the car to a standstill. He got out, walked around the car and opened the door.

"Well?"

"Get out!"

"But why—here?"

"I've decided you're coming with me to have a showdown with Doris."

"Is this—is this where you live?"

"As if you didn't know it."

Doris sighed. It was so hot. She opened her bag and drew out her powder case. "Come on," Rocky command-

ed impatiently.

"Oh—all right. She had small hope that Rocky's wife would be able to unravel the mystery, but the cool iron grill before Rocky's door looked so inviting.

He smiled at her. "I'm sorry for all my rudeness," he said.

"Oh, it's all right. I'm about ready to be handed over to the police anyway." She felt weary and reckless.

"There's something about you that drives me wild. I've seldom met a girl who could get my goat as successfully as you can."

"I must be wonderful that way," Doris agreed.

They entered the elevator, and Rocky pushed the button. The tiny elevator was painted dull blue and decorated with three large mirrors.

Looking at herself Doris saw that she was flushed and bright-eyed from the heat. She thought that she had never looked better in her life. nor felt worse.

The elevator stopped. Rocky opened the door.

"Doris, Doris!"

Rocky's voice boomed empty through the apartment.

Rocky's wife was not there. As they went in they saw that the place had not been occupied for a long time. Dust lay on everything, and there was evidence that an untidy job of packing had been done there, but not recently.

"H—!" said Rocky. "My devoted wife seems to have left me bag and baggage. She didn't even leave me a note as far as I can discover." He bent over Doris and seized her suddenly by the shoulders. "And now, my dear young lady, it's up to you to explain. Just exactly what is the game?"

Doris stared back at him. "Take your hands off my shoulders."

"When you answer my question."

But the glare in her eyes had had its effect. She saw that he was pre-

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knew himself beaten. His grip on her shoulders became more friendly. "So you think Doris is stupid?"

The girl flushed. She did think so, rather she had conceived a dislike for Rocky's wife for some reason not clear to herself. Yet she did not want Rocky to think so. "I think it's stupid to hear so much about her," she said faintly. "I don't know whether she's actually stupid or not."

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. HAYWOOD COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, BEFORE THE CLERK.

Sarah Russell, Charles L. Russell, Johnny Russell, by her next friend, Alvin T. Ward and John M. Queen

vs.

Turner Russell and wife, Lena Russell, C. B. Russell and wife, Myra Russell, Robert Russell and wife, Orpha Russell, Flossie Frazier and husband, Wilson Frazier, Marjie Paxton and husband, J. T. Paxton, and Mary Russell.

The defendants, Robert Russell and wife, Orpha Russell, Flossie Frazier and husband, Wilson Frazier, above named, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, for the partitioning of the M. S. Russell lands in which the defendants are proper parties; and the said defendants, Robert Russell and wife, Orpha Russell, Flossie Frazier and husband, Wilson Frazier, will further take notice that they, and each of them, are required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, at his office in the Court House on or before within 10 days after Oct. 4, 1933, and answer

or demur to the complaint, and in said action or the plaintiff's petitioners will apply for the relief demanded in the petition.

W. G. WALKER,
Clerk Superior Court, Haywood County, N. C.
Filed the 2nd day of Sept. 1933.
No. 97—Sept. 7-14-21-22

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES SALE

On Monday, October 2, 1933, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the house door in the town of Waynesville, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash the following lands, and premises, lying and being in Wayne County, Township, Haywood County, N. C., North Carolina, and more particularly bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake on the Northwest side line of the Camp road and the Southeast corner of Mrs. Ross' lot, and runs N. 13° W. 732 feet to a stake on the Southeast side of the public road; thence N. 57° E. 249 feet with the side line of said road to a stake; thence S. 14° 30' E. 744 feet with the Stringfield line to a stake on the Northwest line of the county road; thence S. 57° W. 250 8-10 feet with sideline of said road to the BEGINNING, containing 3 55-100 acres, more or less, and being the same lands conveyed by Thomas Stringfield and wife, to W. C. Phillips and wife Myrtle Phillips by deed dated November 20, 1926, and recorded in Book 74, page — Record of Deeds of Haywood County.

Sale made pursuant to power of sale conferred upon me by deed of trust executed by W. C. Phillips and wife, Myrtle Phillips, dated December 29, 1926, and recorded in Book 11, page 233. Record of Deeds of Haywood County.

This the 8th day of September, 1933.

GEO. H. WARD,
Trustee.

No. 100—Sept. 14-21-28-Oct. 5

Final Notice To TAXPAYERS

All Property on Which 1932 Taxes Have Not Been Paid Will Be Advertised for Sale Thursday, October 5th, And Will Be Sold on The First Monday in November. In Order to Prevent Property from Being Sold And To Avoid Additional Cost, we Urge All Who Have Not Paid 1932 Taxes To Pay At Once

You Can Save Money By Giving This Matter Attention Board Of Commissioners Of Haywood County