



"You sweet," said Rocky unexpectedly and kissed her. It seemed forever that his lips stayed on hers but it was actually only a moment before she was pushing him away. "I don't think I care at all about having you kiss me," she said confusedly. "I don't believe—"

Rocky had let her go as suddenly as he had seized her. "I don't think I care at all about kissing you," he retorted.

Still tingling from the contact of his lips, she started for the door. "Before I go I want you to know that I've never known a more rude, more boorish, more impossible person than you. From the very first you've been awful! As soon as you came home you burst into my room without even the courtesy of knocking and without a word of apology! You assume that I'm perfectly crazy to have you for a husband." She seized the back of a chair. Her face was white. "In the first place you're the most conceited young man I've ever met! And after that you're just plain ordinary, contemptible, rude! I don't know you Doris! I don't believe you even have a wife named Doris!"

Rocky stood with an amused smile. "What do you say we have dinner, now?"

"Dinner!"

"Yes—dinner. What do you say we come out of the hysterics and have a little food instead? I apologize for everything. I'm sorry. You're right. I am in a terrible mess, and you're sweet to help me out by not telling my father and mother about it." He hesitated. "Will you forgive me?"

Rocky knew how to get around her defenses. Feeling this Doris' anger turned on herself. "You had no right to kiss me like that," she said sulkily. "You're married!"

He sighed. "God help me."

"Why?"

"I was just thinking that when my family does meet the real Doris they won't be nearly so pleased. I owe you something for being so nice to my parents. You certainly did the job Doris hired you for well."

"You still think Doris hired me?"

His lips twisted in amusement. "To be quite frank it seems the alternative to your being a member of the criminal classes, which seems very unlikely." He pulled a heap of cardboard boxes out of an easy chair. "My wife is a very untidy packer. Sit down."

But Doris had turned to the desk and was looking at the framed picture of a girl. The face was familiar. She was excited. Was she going to remember something. "Who is that? Oh!" She knew. "That's the girl who stole my money in the Biltmore."

She spoke involuntarily.

Rocky answered eagerly. "When? What are you talking about? That is Doris."

"Doris?" She dropped her hands helplessly. "Oh! I must be mistaken then." She was on her guard but her mind was whirling.

Rocky followed her thought. "Nonsense. I wouldn't put it past Doris to steal. When did this happen?"

"Please—" Doris sat down weakly. "I can't tell you."

"But you've got to. You mean Doris took your money, and so you decided to get revenge by taking her place?"

"No, no. I can't possibly explain. It's all a mistake probably. I only saw the girl for a few minutes." She was confused. She did not know how to go on. She was trying to remember what the girl in the Biltmore had said, but she couldn't. And Rocky stood over her vigorously. He pelted her with questions.

"When was all this?"

"The day I met your mother."

"Yes, I imagine that. The day I sailed. Now tell me about it. Where did you meet her?"

Doris sank down, her chin rested on her shoulder. She crossed her feet unhappily. "I don't know whether she stole it or not. I shouldn't have said that. I met her in the washroom. I was talking to her and I left the room for a minute. When I came back it gone, and so was she."

"How much was it?"

"About nine hundred dollars—a little more."

Rocky whistled. "That explains many things. Look here, we're got to be frank with each other. I'll lay all my cards on the table."

He pushed a soiled pink mule off a chair and sat down.

"Don't you agree?"

"I don't know. Tell me about Doris."

His voice was low, emotional.

"I can't tell you what I've gone through worrying about Mother and Doris. It was cowardly of me to go abroad and leave them together—at least that is what I tried to do. But until I saw how a different kind of girl might fit in at home!"—his face twisted as he paused to keep his voice on its even level—"I hadn't realized—"

"I think I understand," said Doris. "She was—very pretty. I can see that a man might find her attractive." Rocky made a gesture of dissent. "It was a ghastly mistake. It's hard to explain, but to me marriage was nothing. I didn't connect it up with Mother and Dad, or think of it as any-



"I Don't Think I Care at All About Having You Kiss Me," She Said Confusedly.

thing but a rather personal incident in my life until she told me we were going to have a baby. Then I suddenly woke up to the significance of the whole thing—the way it fitted in with Mother and Dad—" he broke off—"I expect you're thinking what an ass I made of myself over it."

Doris said. "Well, I should think you would have told your family more about it, as it seems you had been married for some time."

Rocky flushed. "You see I got married on impulse. I can't explain it. Then—but when I thought the baby was coming it was different. I wanted Doris to change and be with Mother." He looked at Doris wistfully. "G—d, I got married just the way I'd buy a suit of clothes, or order myself a dinner. Everybody I knew was married and divorced, and remarried to each other—"

"But I still can't understand why you would go abroad without introducing your mother to your wife—or about the baby or—"

"Doris and I had a row the morning that I was sailing. Doris wanted some money. She wanted a thousand dollars. I wouldn't give it to her. Then she said she had to have it because she was going to have a baby. It sounded pretty fishy now that I look back on it and I thought—well—there's no use telling what I thought, but I wasn't going to give her a thousand dollars and leave her alone to do what she pleased if she was in that condition. So I called up Mother, fixed it so Doris wouldn't have a cent unless she went with Mother—and sailed."

Doris sighed. "You can be mean."

"I suppose so," said Rocky.

"Where do you suppose she is now?"

"I don't know. I can't believe she's having a baby. You don't know Doris. She isn't the kind that has babies. And well—the way she told it—I believe it was just a stall to get money out of me. She denied it while I was phoning Mother, but of course I wouldn't take any chances."

"So you thought I was a girl Doris had hired to take her place?"

"Doris is d—n resourceful. She gets her own way, and she doesn't care much how she gets it." He smiled his friendly disarming smile, and looked expectantly at Doris. "Now will you tell me how the blazes you got there?"

CHAPTER VI

It would be a relief to tell somebody. Doris closed her eyes.

"You're worn out," said Rocky. "I'm a terribly self-absorbed one. You ought to eat something."

"I'm all right."

He pulled his chair closer to her, she drew a long breath, wondering worrying. Half an hour earlier she would not have thought it possible that she could confide in Rocky. But his friendliness made her former attitude impossible. She looked at him wistfully.

"Listen, couldn't you eat something?"

She laughed faintly. "You're hungry yourself you old fraud. I'll go out and have supper, though, if you like."

He grinned. "You read me like a book. But you honestly look fagged. I'm going to have something sent up from Reubens. They'll send anything anywhere any time it seems." He went to the telephone. She watched him as he gave the number. After all, she could not go on this way forever. She would have to tell someone in order to find her home.

"Would you like roast chicken? Lobster?"

"I'd love chicken. Say, Rocky!"

"Yes, Baby!"

"All right. I will tell you!"

He raised his eyebrows, nodded. "O. K. Spill everything. Just a minute until I finish here."

But it was not until the food had come that she did find the courage to tell him. Meantime she had bathed and was feeling much better. Several openings for the confession had gone by but each time panic seized her. Meantime Rocky was hungry, and very friendly. He was trying to make up for his former unkindness, it seemed to Doris.

"From the way you talked while I was telephoning for this mess of vitamins I thought you had made up your mind to tell me all," he said.

"I have."

"Well why don't you shoot?"

"I'm afraid you won't believe me."

"Well, have a shot at it."

She drew a long breath. "Begin at the beginning," said Rocky "and remember I don't bite and I don't sting. But aside from the fact that I'm probably dying of curiosity, don't tell me if you don't want to."

"You are decent. I've got to tell someone, and you're the first person I've met who wouldn't think I was absolutely crazy if I told the truth." She cupped her chin in her hand and went on casually. "You see I've lost my memory. I lost it quite suddenly, and I don't know where I came from. I don't know who I am, or even what my name is."

Rocky was looking at her with his jaw dropping slightly. "The h—l you say!"

She nodded, smiling a little at his astonishment.

"Then—my Lord—maybe you didn't know whether you were married to me or not?"

Doris smiled ruefully. "I was reasonably certain as soon as I saw you—you didn't leave me in much doubt."

"I guess I was pretty brutal."

Then she told him everything, unable to evade his quick questioning. He found out how she had been riding

in a cab with a man she hated, how she had left him, gone to the Biltmore, been robbed of her money and met the kind little woman who had said she was her mother-in-law. As she finished she took off her wedding ring and showed him the inscription on the inside.

"So you're married, too," he said thoughtfully.

"To somebody I hate—or at least I think so."

Rocky considered. "It ought to be easy enough to find out who you are. You look to me like a girl with a large devoted family. Probably all out looking for you? Didn't you look in the papers to see if there was anything about a missing girl?"

"Your family doesn't take any papers."

"H—l, that's right. One of the old eccentricities." His eyes were tender. "Say, this is a d—n shame. I'll make inquiries at the police station, and we'll find out who you are in no time. Then if you don't like your husband—you don't have to go back to him do you?"

Doris felt frightened. "I don't know. There was something dreadful—you know once I was listening to the radio, and something was said, in the news of the day I think it was, that brought it all back to me—but only for a second, then I fainted. It seems as if there is something so awful in my past that I just don't dare to remember it."

Rocky reassured her. "Oh that isn't very likely, Doris. You've been badly shocked. Perhaps you were in an accident."

"I've thought that if I could see the papers perhaps, there would be something in them that would help me to remember."

"That's an idea. Supposing we go out now and buy some papers. It's much cooler now." He walked to the long windows and looked down into the street. "We can ride around or

HIGHER FEED PRICES NECESSITATES CULLING

Careful culling of poultry flocks is imperative to the lowering of production overhead in view of the increase price for feeds.

"It should be the aim of the poultryman not to have overcrowded houses at the beginning of the laying season," says Ray S. Dearstyne, head of the poultry department at State College. He gives five requisites for bringing the pullets to a profitable condition this fall. These are:

1. Eliminate weaklings. In every flock of developing birds there is a per cent that cannot keep up with the majority. These should be marketed as early as possible to take advantage of broiler prices.
2. Cull the layers. Careful consideration should be given to the number of this year's birds to be carried over for breeders or layers for next year. Breeders or layers moulting season yield little or no income.
3. Scant feeding is expensive. The feeding of mash on the "dole" system is unwise and will show later in development.
4. Guard against parasites. The spending of a few dollars for worm tablets may be the saving of a great many birds later in the year. Worm all developing birds at about 14 weeks of age. Hens carried over for next year should also be wormed, and poultrymen should be on the lookout for lice and mite infestation.
5. Plan Autumn grazing. The careful poultryman will have a definite grazing crop program as green feeds are the cheapest source of certain

something." He looked at her over his shoulder. "Would you like to go and see some girls waving their legs around in the theater? Please, let's."

(To be Continued.)

necessary vitamins. The early Autumn is the time for feeding clover, grass, clover, rape and other crops which may materially add to the costs during the coming year.

Detailed information on raising crops may be secured in the form of Circular "Grazing Crops for Poultry" which will be mailed upon request to the Agriculture Editor at State College.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, October 9, 1932, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the courthouse 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 Waynesville Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, and more particularly bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake in the Northwest side line of the County 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. 53° 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. 260 8-10 feet with side line of said road to the BEGINNING, containing 3.95-100 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, 1932.

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 12th, 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