

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane



She laughed. "Of course; I'd love to see you." "You're sure? You're positive we shouldn't sit around and be tragic this evening?" He jumped up. "Then we're off. I won't be two shakes." But it was later than they thought when they emerged finally on the street. They rode over to Broadway in a cab, buying the World-Telegram from a newsboy. In the lobby Doris had a moment to look it over but she found nothing that roused her memory.

"I can't get over the way you impressed Father," said Rocky during the intermission. "He was absolutely nuts about you!"

He looked down at her happily. "You didn't find anything in the paper?"

"Nothing seemed to rouse any echo. But I did see one comforting thing—an advertisement by a Reno divorce lawyer saying you can now get a divorce out there in six weeks."

"Rocky? Yes. I remember they did pass a law like that last year. Well, that means you can get rid of the man in the dub if he should turn out to be your husband. And speaking of men, there are two men in the back of the theater that can't take their eyes off you."

"Where? Perhaps they know me?" Doris screwed around hopefully, but the curtain was rising.

As they came out of the theater the

"I'm going to paint everything black. Now look here, Baby, there are a lot of things you don't understand. And this one of them. Turn over, close your pretty eyes and go back to sleep."

Doris swung her feet over the side of the bed. "You're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil my bags like that."

"You spoke just a late, lady?" He began to apply black enamel over the outside. "Baby!"

"What?"

"If you're rested you'd better go in the next room and look over the clothes that Doris left here. Pack up in my brown suit case. You'll find it lying on the bed."

"This is the queerest thing that's happened to me yet. I must be dreaming." She put her finger out and touched the wet black paint. "What are you doing this for?"

"Just precaution. I ought to destroy it, but I'm not ingenious enough to think of a way at the moment. I want to get started in about an hour. Get well out of New York before dawn. I forgot to mention that I'm taking you on a motor trip to Canada. So pack up what you need from Doris' things. You're not to be allowed anything of your own."

She looked at him speechlessly.

He put down his brush. "You are going to let me take care of you?" She said nothing. "Aren't you?"

"Well, then—"

"Can't I know anything?"

He stood close to her looking down. "Only that I'm doing it all for your welfare."

The silence between them was sweet. They did not look at each other, but it was as if he had offered her something precious and she had accepted when she said, "All right."

"Good girl. Now listen: pack up everything you need with what you can find of Doris' things. Take nothing of your own."

"Rocky?"

"What, Nuisance?"

"I can't help feeling you're being rather sweet."

He opened her bag and began smearing paint over the dainty brushes and mirrors inside. "Control your feelings then, darling, and get to work."

"But Rocky, why must you—if you're going to leave it here anyway?"

"Doris might come back. There'd be hell to pay if anyone found this luggage. Look here, how long do you intend to stand there and argue with me? You go pack. I've sent for a basket of food and the minute it comes—we beat it."

She was bewildered. Either she must trust him completely or—and he was being so nice, doing it all for her. She turned finally and went to look over Doris' things.

She sat on the bed for a minute, her elbows on knees, fists jabbed into her cheeks. What could this mean? There must have been something more in the papers. Rocky didn't want her to know. It was sweet of him. He thought she was too ill. She got up suddenly and began to pack, wondering in a mist of romantic thoughts if she'd ever be able to stop thinking about him, now that she had begun to see what he was really like.

There was a rap on the door. It was a boy with the lunch basket. Rocky came in, ready to start.

"Rocky!" she started, but there was earnestness and gravity in his face. He held something in his hand.

"Can you be ready in a few minutes?" he asked, his lips white.

She rose rather shakily. "I guess so." She would have to go with him.

"But why?" she insisted. "You said you'd take care of me and I—"

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses have been issued recently to the following:

E. Wayne Rogers, Clyde, and Anabel McCracken, Crabtree.

Roy Wilson Clark, Crabtree, and Lucy Green, Crabtree.

Ernest Wood, Waynesville, and Althea Clark, Waynesville.

Pete L. Higgins, Canton, and Leona Murr, Canton.

Dan F. Mathis, Hazelwood, and Etta Ruff, Hazelwood.

Reuben Jones, Waynesville, and Pauline Jenkins, Waynesville.

TOO LONG

Client: "Are prices reduced in this hotel if one stays more than a week?"

Porter: "I can't say. Nobody has ever stayed more than a week."

How Doctors Treat Colds and Coughs

To break up a cold overnight and relieve the congestion that makes you cough, thousands of physicians are now recommending Calotabs, the nausealess calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts without the unpleasant effects of either.

One or two Calotabs at bedtime with a glass of sweet milk or water. Next morning your cold has vanished, your system is thoroughly purified and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you wish,—no danger.

Calotabs are sold in 10c and 35c packages at drug stores.

(Adv)

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by Deed of Trust executed by W. R. Francis and wife, Elizabeth Francis, dated the 1st day of September, 1927, and recorded in Book 21, page 226 of sec. in the office of the Register of Deeds for Haywood County, V. S. Bryant, Substituted Trustee will at twelve o'clock noon on

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9th, 1933 at the Court House door of Haywood County in Waynesville, North Carolina, sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, the following land, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land in or near the City or Town of Waynesville, County of Haywood, and more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake the North side of Maple Street, 150 feet from the corner of Cherry Street and Maple Street and runs North 10 1/2 degrees East 150 feet to Walnut Street or Highway No. 10; thence North 82 1/2 degrees West with Walnut Street or Highway No. 10 50 feet to S. H. Jones' corner; thence with said S. H. Jones' Line South 10 1/2 degrees West 150 feet to Maple Street; thence with Maple Street, South 82 1/2 degrees East 70 feet to the BEGINNING.

Being the same lot of land conveyed to W. R. Francis and wife, Elizabeth R. Francis, by deed dated August 28, 1925, from P. V. Phillips and wife, and recorded in Deed Book No. 67, page 94.

This sale is made on account of default in payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, and is subject to all taxes and assessments against said property whether now due or to become due.

A five per cent (5%) cash deposit will be required of the highest bidder at the sale.

This the 4th day of October, 1933. (1334) V. S. BRYANT, Substituted Trustee.

No. 109—Oct. 12-19-26-Nov. 2.



"You Know Everybody Is Staring at You."

me everything again. Every single thing you remember."

She fixed her dark eyes on his, and something in his earnest seriousness made her begin again. She rehearsed the whole story: the man in the cab, her hatred, her insane desire to get away from him.

"The man in the cab! The man in the cab!" Rocky was pacing the floor again. "What did he look like? I'm sure he's a dark horse."

Wonderingly Doris described him. "Are you positive you can't remember a thing about your real husband?" His eyes looked carworn and anxious. Her face reflected his troubled state.

"No. Not a thing."

He shook his head. "It's very terrible."

"Tell me!"

"I don't know what to do. I know I ought to—" he paused, resumed his restless pacing.

"What ought you to do?"

He turned on her grimly. Well, something I'm not going to do."

She could stand no more. "Rocky, have you found out who I am?"

"Supposing I have found out?"

She went silent. "It must be something pretty awful," she said after a pause.

"I don't know what to do."

She pulled a cushion from behind her shoulders wearily. "You'd better tell me."

Still he walked up and down.

"You've got to trust me."

He had reached that far in his reasoning; that he could not tell her what he knew, and that she would have to do what he thought was best for her. She sighed. It had been such a long hard day, taxing mentally and physically. She could not rouse herself to greater effort. She dozed, slept a little and woke to find him standing with all her luggage in the middle of the floor, a paint brush in his hand.

She watched him take a knife and begin to whittle her bag, on which were the initials D. V.

She spoke sharply. "What are you doing?"

He kept on working at it. "Better go back to sleep, Baby. You're going to need all the rest you can get."

"Rocky, what are you doing?"

"Wantonly wrecking your property."

"I see that. But why?"

Final Notice To TAXPAYERS

All Property on Which 1932 Taxes Have Not Been Paid Will Be Advertised for Sale Thursday, October 19th, 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