



**THE STORY**

**CHAPTER I.**—A pretty young man finds himself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who dresses her endearingly and speaks "an awful shock." When he leaves her for a moment at a drug store she lives on for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From the evidence of her clothing and adding ring, inscribed R. L. V. to M. May 19, 1932, she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. At the Biltmore the nameless girl meets young woman who speaks of her sire to go to Reno for a divorce, if she can get the money. The woman finishes with the nameless girl's purse and 0900.

**CHAPTER II.**—An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val cordially greets a nameless girl, addressing her as Doris, wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad, and Doris is bewildered. She is taken to the home of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor husband, Oscar. Doris falls in love with Rocky's photograph, but cannot remember having married him.

**CHAPTER III.**—Doris, discovering a trademark in her clothing, visits a New York store and is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hide on observation. She goes back to the Du Val's more mystified than ever. Rocky returns to discover the deception.

**CHAPTER IV.**—He demands to know who she is and why his wife sent her to his home to masquerade in front of his innocent parents. She cannot tell him. He assumes she is some form of gold digger. They flee, for the sake of his parents, to attend for the time being, they are husband and wife.

**CHAPTER V.**—After much quarreling, Rocky takes Doris to his New York apartment to confront his wife and have the strange mix-up straightened out. He is disgusted to find her flat empty, and not even a note left for him by his wife. Doris sees her real wife's photograph and recognizes her as the girl who stole her 100.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Doris finally tells Rocky she has lost her memory, and he believes her, and sympathizes. In a newspaper they see a headline, "Killer Bride's Gun Found; Diane Terrell's Father Identifies It." Doris faints. When she recovers, in Rocky's apartment, her memory has not returned. He informs her he is going to take her to Canada by motor, insisting she wear colored glasses, on the way, and refusing to let her see any newspapers.

**CHAPTER VII.**—A short distance from New York they run into a convivial party, among whom is a girl who knows the "real" Doris. Rocky evades questioning, and resumes the journey. A slight accident compels him and Doris to stop at a garage for repairs.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY!**

"H—l, Doris," he said exasperated, "can't you trust me? You've got to trust me. This is all for your good, no slacker any more than you are. Let's give each other a break."

"Did you save those newspapers?" he asked suddenly.

He shook his head.

"But I'm well enough to read them now," she said urgently. "I know you've been afraid they'd shock me—but I'm all over that silly faintness now. Won't you get another for me?"

He shook his head again. "Not now. We ought to be going."

Doris looked at him ruefully. "Why don't you let me see a paper."

"Doris, snap out of it. You are going. I've made all arrangements. It's the only way out. You'll see what I mean later. Come on, get your things!" He stood up with a bright, forced smile.

Doris too arose. She looked up at him, a steady glow in her eyes. Rocky, you haven't given me any reason why I should go. You won't even answer my question about a paper, is there something that I ought not to see?"

He didn't answer.

"Because if you think there's something there, that will shock me that's just what I need. If I can be shocked hard enough, I'll remember everything. Don't you understand?" She saw that he didn't, and put her hot palms lightly to her temples. "Please Rocky, get me a paper."

He looked down at her with a conviction that was beyond stubbornness. "It's no use for you to keep repeating that request," he said. "It's utterly impossible." He took out his watch. "You have five minutes in which to dress for the street. And oh yes, I nearly forgot," he held out a pair of dark horn-rimmed spectacles. "I found these for you."

Doris stared at them. "What for?" she asked.

"For you to wear—if you like," he said.

"But I don't like," Doris was definite.

Rocky smiled pleasantly. "Take them anyway. We might be doing some fast driving—they'll protect you from the wind."

Doris tossed them onto a chair. She was perfectly sure that Rocky would pick them up again, and force her to

take them, even wear them, if he chose. He was getting his way about a lot of things.

**CHAPTER VII**

As they got into the street Doris noticed that Rocky's manner was very strange. He pushed her in the doorway and looked cautiously up and down the dark street.

"Come on," he whispered.

"What is this?" said Doris pitifully. "Hurry up."

Rocky had adjusted the top on his roadster. Doris climbed into what was now a glass-enclosed coupe.

"Aren't we going to be rather hot?" "Can't have the top down. Not until we get away from New York anyway."

The engine was purring. Once more Doris fancied that Rocky looked about fearfully. "You're acting like the girl in Tange's. What is all the excitement?"

"What did you say about a girl in Tange's?"

Doris told the story of the odd, frightened girl who pushed her into a closet.

"She recognized you?"

"Do you think she did?"

"Oh yes. Yes, of course. And she was a good sport. I'd like to meet that girl and give her a party. She probably saved your life!"

"Rocky, this is ridiculous. You can't be mysterious like this. Do you mean to tell me you know what made that girl act that way?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then don't be so aggravating. Tell me."

They had skirted Central park and were going up Lenox avenue. Rocky pausing at a red light smiled down on her.

"Warm enough?"

"Oh, yes."

"Light me a cigarette, will you?" She gave him the lighted cigarette.

"Quite the little domestic wife, aren't you?"

Somehow the sting had gone out of all his jibes. She could no longer feel any antagonism toward him. His mockery seemed to contain a secret tenderness.

Dawn broke as they left New York. Doris sniffed the iridescent mists that rose from the fields.

"Oh Rocky, look, clams."

A truck was driving up to a garish roadside resort. Men were unloading clams fresh from the sea.

"Can't stop."

"Oh, Rocky, please, they look so delicious."

Rocky slowed the car. "If you'll promise to stay in the car and let me bring you some—" he began.

"Why are you such a tyrant? I think you're just showing off."

"Want some clams?"

"Of course I do."

"Under those conditions."

"Oh I suppose so."

"Atta girl!"

He got out of the car and slammed the door decisively. "Look here, you better put on those dark glasses."

He strode over to the stand. Doris put on the glasses. She knew they made her look hideous. But the morning air, the feel of the fresh new world all about her, and above all the sense of companionship with Rocky made her light-hearted. Whatever there was to worry about was unknown to her.

Rocky came back with a large clam loaded down with horse-radish. "It's still alive."

"Oh dear, I wish you hadn't said that."

"Nonsense. They like being eaten."

He went back for another one.

Doris smiled. The hot sauces burned her throat pleasantly. She felt as if she could eat a dozen clams.

A car was coming toward her—a pale blue closed Victoria, garishly trimmed. It seemed crowded. As it neared her, she heard a snatch of song. Doubtless a party of all-night revelers.

As Doris stared she remembered her promise to Rocky that she would keep her face turned away from any people they met. She bet her head, and turned over and over a black leather purse belonging to the real Doris.

The car was coming nearer. In a moment it would be past. But as it approached it slackened. It came almost to a stop. Someone shouted: "Doris!"

Startled she looked up. A dark-eyed girl in a green evening dress called.

"Oh—I beg your pardon!" said the girl. "I thought you were someone I knew."

A blond young man stuck his head forward. "It's Rocky's car."

"There's Rocky! Well, I thought you were in Europe, you dope!"

"He's leading a double life!"

The party in evening clothes got down. Rocky, approaching Doris with a clam in each hand, looked at them steadily. If he was surprised and chagrined, he did not show it.

"Have a clam," he said.

The girl in the green evening dress staggered up and seized one of the clams. Two unsteady young men supported each other.

"Clams! Jus' what I wan'ed."

"Good old Rocky's got clams!"

Rocky was climbing in the car be-

side Doris. He was starting up the engine.

"Hey, wait a minute. Where you going? Say, wait a minute, Rocky." His friends were running after him. The girl in the green evening dress jumped on the running board.

"What's your hurry, Rocky? We're all friend here, aren't we?"

She looked at Doris.

"This is Miss Smith, my father's secretary. I'm just driving her down to my father's house."

The girl closed one of her big eyes. She exposed a dimple in her browned cheek. "Pretty name, Smith."

Rocky frowned. "Go on, beat it, will you Molly? I've really got to go."

"Rocky, the saint! Rocky—this pure young man." Eyes looked piously heavenward. Then the dimples appeared again. "Never mind, Rocky. I like you all the better for it."

She jumped down from the car. Rocky's face was set and grim. Without a backward glance he started up the car and got away.

Doris was red and angry. The car fumed on. The red sun appeared, a wrathful eye in the east.

"I'm awfully sorry about that," murmured Rocky.

Doris fixed her eyes on the flaming sky. Her good-humor had gone. She was indignant with Rocky, resentful of her false position.

"That, I suppose, is a friend of Doris—the real Doris. And she'll tell her you're gadding about the country with a—well, a—"

"With a—is good. She'll make it good, anyway."

"I think you'd better let me out here."

"What for?"

"So you can go and find Doris."

"What do I want to find Doris for? I want—"

"You're not acting very well about Doris."

"I know it. I can't act well about women, and I'm acting awfully about

you. Better worry about that."

Doris was silent. She was being a fool as usual. She knew that Rocky was acting in this extraordinary fashion for her own safety. Whatever peril threatened her, it was necessary that she get to Canada. Why Canada? She gave it up. If she was going to trust Rocky she would have to trust him, and stop criticizing. Meantime it was fun being with Rocky. Sooner or later this companionship between them would have to end. He would go back to Doris. Doris would have him all her life—

She sat up very straight. She was going to be so nice, she would fall in love with him all over. And he did have a wife. It was a good thing those people on the road had reminded her—

Once outside of New York, the car made good speed.

Rocky looked at her abruptly. "Put your glasses on again. They're good for little girls. Come on, Don't make me stop the car so that I can put them on you."

Doris complied when she realized that he meant it. It was a subject she was tired arguing about. Rocky was managing things, apparently, with a high hand. But as she looked at him now, his warm face gleaming with a pride in accomplishing something that she felt sure was in the interest of her safety, it was easy to forgive him anything.

Rocky had provided food enough to last them throughout the trip, without stopping at inns. He had explained that by picnicking this way, they would save a good deal of time.

"I'd like to see a paper," Doris announced suddenly, as if the question had not been broached before. Rocky munched a sandwich doggedly.

"I'm sorry," Rocky ate hungrily.

"Well?" Her voice with its high note arrested him. She drew his blue-veined eyes to her face. His half-eaten sandwich was poised for the next bite.

"Well?" he repeated. "You know the answer to that one, don't you?" His tone was playfully hard. "The last time you happened to read a paper you didn't behave very well." He grinned faintly and took another bite, watching her.

"Oh!" Doris flung out an emancipated arm. "Won't you ever forget that? I could read anything today and not lose my health. Besides I have a feeling there is something in this morning's paper I ought to see. Tell me, please," she leaned over suddenly, "what it's all about."

"Put your glasses on."

"Why?"

"The better to see me with."

She put them on, turning her head to look up and down the road. "Who are those people, do you suppose?" A small automobile had opened its doors to let out a crowd of motorists.

Rocky was already looking. He had even brought out a pair of binoculars.

Leveling them long and earnestly at the group in question, he answered, "As near as I can make out it's a healthy bootlegger who's taken his wife and family out for a picnic." He laughed, but didn't seem overwhelmingly amused. "Shall we go on?"

They got back into the car, soon making up the time lost in lurching. Rocky's plan was to reach Vermont by nightfall.

(To be continued.)

**NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND**

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by Deed of Trust executed by W. R. Francis and Elizabeth Francis, dated the 1st day of September, 1927, and recorded in Deed Book 21, page 226 et seq. 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 23, 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 or near the City or Town of Waynesville, County of Haywood, and more particularly described as follows: BEGINNING on a stake the N. E. 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, 100 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 0 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.

V. S. BRYANT,  
Substituted Trustee.

No. 109—Oct. 12-19-26-Nov. 2

# Final Notice To TAXPAYERS

*All Property on Which 1932 Taxes Have Not Been Paid Will Be Advertised for Sale Thursday, October 26th, 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