



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly and speaks of an awful shock. When he leaves for a moment at a drug store she is on for she fears him. She drops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From the evidence of her clothing and wedding ring, inscribed R. L. V., to D. M. May 19, 1932, she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. At the Biltmore the nameless girl meets a young woman who speaks of her desire to go to Reno for a divorce, if she can get the money. The woman panics with the nameless girl's curse and 9990.

CHAPTER II.—An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad and Doris still bewildered, 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 from observation. She goes back to Mrs. 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 left her to his home to masquerade in front of his innocent parents. She cannot tell him. He accuses she is some form of gold digger. They agree, for the sake of his parents, to pretend for the time being, they are husband and wife.

CHAPTER V.—After much quarrel, 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 the flat empty, and not even a note left for him by his wife. Doris sees the real wife's photograph and recognizes her as the girl who stole her 9990.

CHAPTER VI.—Doris finally tells Rocky she has lost her memory, and believes her, and sympathizes. In a newspaper they see a headline, "Killer Bride's Gun Found; Diane Ferrell's Father Identifies It," Doris laments. 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 makes questioning, and resumes the journey. A slight accident compels him and Doris to stop at a garage for repairs.

CHAPTER VIII.—Doris is recognized as Diane Ferrell, the girl wanted for killing her husband at her wedding. Rocky throws the police off the trail by stopping at the home of his friends, Rockwell St. Gardens, who takes the hint and greets Doris as Rocky's wife.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY) In the next town their car went cautiously through the business streets, it passed a news stand, Doris pushed her glasses above her eyes for an instant. There was a headline— "Don't be a fool, Doris," unreasonable words poured from Rocky: "This

is no time to strain your eyes trying to read a paper. If you would only do what I ask!"

Doris, with the glasses slipped back to place, looked at Rocky. His lips were tense in a desperate sort of annoyance. She wondered what had upset him. His eyes moved with a light weariness across the road in front of them. He was quiet for a while.

Towards nightfall they neared the Vermont border-line. A little before dark, Rocky stopped the car and they got out for a picnic supper. Doris asked him where they were going to spend the night.

"In the car," he answered grimly. "This trip doesn't end for nobody or nothin' until we get to Canada."

"You are in a hurry," she answered. "I think you could at least have asked me if I minded not going to a hotel?" "I could have," he replied cheerfully, "but I had my plans all made to drive right through the night."

"And what you say goes?" She gave him an unflinching glance. "It's a right!" He began to whistle. It was evident that he was beginning to feel pleased over the day's work.

Not far behind them, another crazy car was speeding. Rocky sped around a curve the other car gaining. Rocky's foot came down harder on the gas, but the other one was up alongside of him. It passed him noisily, hitting the front of Rocky's car a jarring whack.

Rocky yelled after him, but the remark was lost in the noise of engines. There was a limp rattle in Rocky's car now. Something beside the fender had been injured. Cursing, Rocky got out.

"H—n right!" he said after a minute. "I'll have to take this thing to a garage." He peered out at the next sign. They were two miles from a town. He looked sharply at Doris. "And when we stop to have it fixed," he said bleakly, "for G—d's sake, don't speak to anybody!"

CHAPTER VIII As Doris was beginning to feel sleepy, Rocky's advice seemed hardly as necessary as he thought. Besides, as she soon discovered, there was no one at the garage with whom she could talk. The mechanic bent over the engine.

She dozed, vaguely, conscious at intervals of tools dropping and the whir of the motor.

Doris started and awoke. She half sat up. An old man who looked as if he might have been one of the founders of the village into which they had strayed was watching her under his pushed-back hat.

She thought he was going to say something but discovered that he was chewing. He had dark quizzical eyes that drooped faintly at the corners. He must be over eighty. He kept pinching his nose between his thumb and bent forefinger as if he were trying to improve the shape of it, but otherwise paid Doris his undivided attention.

His eyes glistened at her with such a knowing expression that Doris almost laughed outright. "Don't you know what town you're in?" he finally asked.

"No, I don't," said Doris apologetically. "We were driving through on our way to Canada, when something happened to the car."

"Driving through to Canada, you say?" He advanced slightly, putting one foot on the fender and clapping a viny hand over the knee. "Been traveling long?"

"Oh yes, ever since this morning." Gradually she was growing less ex-



"It's Her, All Right."

static over this quickly formed friend. The place was getting on her nerves. Rocky had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. It looked as if the job were almost too much for the mechanic alone.

"Come from New York I bet," suggested the old man, "didn't you?" "Yes," Doris looked at him timidly. "What town did you say this is?" "This is Edgewater Junction."

Rocky looked up now at the sound of their voices. His eyes fell on Doris, a short questioning glance. Doris unburdened herself of a weary gesture. Would they never get out of this place?"

"Yes, sir! This is Edgewater Junction." A new expression had come into the old man's eyes. "And a long ways from New York." His eyes gleamed steadily. "You got folks up in Canada?"

"No, or—" Doris hesitated. Perhaps Rocky had relatives there. She wasn't sure why he had selected Canada. He hadn't told her that. "That is," she continued after a minute. "I haven't."

Rocky's warning suddenly loomed. "For G—d's sake don't speak to anybody!" She had been talking steadily to the old man! But fortunately she hadn't run into any complications at least not until now. She smiled at him as if the conversation were practically over.

The smile was received like confidential information of the utmost importance. The old man removed his foot from the fender and started off in the direction of the door.

Doris watched him through the small mirror above the front seat, glad when he actually had gone. From now on she wouldn't open her lips, not to say good night to the mechanic. She would watch her step. She closed her eyes.

"It's her, all right!" This time when Doris opened her eyes, she discovered that two men were watching her. One was the same old man. He had brought a friend in this time, a person of equally respected years.

As Doris looked up, he was putting on his gold-rimmed glasses to augment the mechanical stare which he was directing at her. Having finally adjusted them so that they would stay on, he transferred his fumbling finger to a folded newspaper which he had been holding under his arm. This he opened up part way so that the other man could see.

"You see?" he said. The other man nodded. He glanced furtively now at Doris and said something which she couldn't hear to the man with the newspaper.

"Have I been dreaming again?" She addressed the man to whom she had talked. "I would have sworn I saw you go out of the garage a while ago!" "You would?" His voice was an unpleasant cackle. "Now what'ya think of that? Say, I bet you wouldn't remember me again if you saw me, either, would you—not even if it was in the police court?"

Doris gasped. There was a terrific leer on the old man's face.

"Rocky!" she called. Rocky had followed the mechanic into the garage office, but now he came running. She noticed with relief that he was wearing his coat again and a smile.

"Okay once more." He opened the front door of the car. "Now we can start—" Then he noticed the two men. He got into the driver's seat quickly without a word to Doris. He started his engine just as the hand of one of the men fell on his arm. "Hey, look out," he yelled, swinging free his arm, "if you don't want to get run over!" The car started backing out, but the two old men clutched at him excitedly.

"Wait a minute young feller," cried the one with the newspaper, "we want to speak to you!"

But Rocky's car with a blustering commotion had backed out to the road. It sallied a minute, reversed, took another gasping leap forward and was up the road in a long diminishing streak.

Rocky drove like a mechanical demon. His head was pitched slightly forward, his arms and shoulders motionless as he held to the wheel—his senses alert to only one thought, speed. Doris felt frightened.

"You seem to know these roads?" "Yeah, Friend of father's lives near here. I used to visit him every summer. Rockwell St. Gardens."

Their way lay through dark wooded hills. "Are we going to ride all night?"

"That depend."

"Depends on what?" she wanted to

ask, but she felt too drowsy. There was hardly any use anyway, as he was sure not to answer. He was going so swiftly now. They were racing up the long mountain taking curves recklessly.

And something was following. Rocky was right. She couldn't worry any more. Her head sank down. She was leaning unconsciously against her face. Men were shouting. She sat up.

A man was standing beside the car. In the gust of light that streamed from his hand she saw his uniform. He was a policeman. In the reflected light, the shadowy outline of his fat face looked stern.

Another man was shouting. Doris turned her head and saw that a roadster full of men was drawn up directly behind them in the pine-fringed road. She could see another policeman getting out of the car. He held a revolver.

"Rocky's hand quivered on the wheel. "Don't say anything," he whispered to Doris.

White lights stabbed the road, threw queer shadows into relief. Again the strong white glare of a flashlight struck her between the eyes.

"Looks like her, Murphy, all right!" "I want to speak to the young lady."

said the policeman at Rocky's wheel. "Rocky's car was the only one that was in the garage. It's all right. You can go."

"What's the matter with Rocky?" "Rocky's car was the only one that was in the garage. It's all right. You can go."

Two more men were coming from the car behind. There was a fearful, silent, breathless expectancy in their walk. Knowing nothing yet, Doris felt perturbed. She tried to control her panic. Rocky was being so bold, and yet she knew that he was so frightened.

"Has the lady any identification?" "Yes, Plenty."

"Let's see some of it." Doris could feel Rocky's nervous inward tremor while she listened to his assumed belligerence. "What's this all about?"

"We'll come to that." A small wiry man in plain clothes interjected brusquely. "We've got you. No use trying to pull anything. Better get out of the car mister."

"Am I under arrest?" "You'll find out what you're under."

"You bet I'll find out what I'm under. And I'll find out before I get out of this car, too."

The fat-faced cop elbowed the small wiry man aside. "Just wait. Let's find out about this. Nobody's under arrest yet."

"That's better," said Rocky. A dozen flashlights played over Doris' face. Now she heard a murmur among the men.

"Looks like her all right." "Sure it's her."

"Have you any other identification besides your license?" "Yes."

"Can you prove that this lady is your wife?"

Again the lights bombarded her. She covered her face with her hands. What did they mean?

"Don't do that!" and Rocky to Doris out of the corner of his mouth. "Look them straight in the eye!" She obeyed quivering.

Rocky addressed the officer standing beside him. "I'm a friend to Rockwell St. Gardens. He'll identify us in a minute."

There was a slight cessation. The wiry man came and stood beside her.

"You say you know Rockwell St. Gardens?" "Yes, I know him very well."

"Does he know your wife?" "Yes."

"Your name is Rockwell Du Val?" "Yes, I'm named after St. Gardens."

The policeman conferred. The man on the motorcycle still balanced close to Doris, the engine of his motorcycle shuddering gently as he guarded the car.

THE OLDEST FRAME HOUSE— in the United States is believed to be in the Fairbanks House in Dedham, Mass. It was built in 1636. The timbers, bricks, and tile were imported from England in 1633, for the construction of this house, in which members of the Fairbanks family lived for 268 years.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND PUBLICATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Waynesville Mountaineer, published weekly at Waynesville, North Carolina, for October first, 1933 State of North Carolina.

County of Haywood Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared W. C. Russ, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Waynesville Mountaineer and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, W. C. Russ and M. T. Bridge, Waynesville, N. C.; Editor, W. C. Russ, Waynesville, N. C.; Managing editor, W. C. Russ, Waynesville, N. C.; Business Manager, W. C. Russ, Waynesville, N. C.

2. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Mrs. W. A. Band West Asheville, N. C.; Thos. M. Seawell, Clinton, N. C.; W. T. Betts, Washington, D. C.; W. C. Russ, Waynesville, N. C.

3. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of October, 1933.

SYLLA DAVIS, Notary Public.

My commission expires Dec. 20, 1934.

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