



This must be the shed ahead. The math Rocky had described was not hard to find. It led through a wood of beeches and towering pines. On either side ferns grew to a height of three feet. Rocky had said he wanted to talk to her. His face had not looked very happy. What had he found out?

Music came tentatively from the other end of the long delphinium alley. A harp, a cello, violins were getting in readiness. Doris remembered. The wedding rehearsal. She heard the soft laugh of a girl nearby.

There was a bench in the yew arbor. She and Rocky could sit there and be unseen by the wedding party as they talked.

She crossed the greenward and sat down on the hard bench to wait for Rocky.

She heard someone coming over the rustic bridge. A minute later she saw Rocky. How tall he was—and she liked the way he moved, with long swift strides. But his face looked worried. Everything was not all right. His heart became heavy as she looked at his drawn features. There was more trouble.

CHAPTER XII

He sat down beside her and took her hands in his. His eyes were full of an anguish that swept her instantly.

"Rocky," she said, trying to rally against the waves of depression that came from him. "Didn't you hear what I said about not being Diane Merrill?"

"There's not a doubt that you're Diane Merrill."

The reaction to all her hopes was too much. The man in the cab had said she wasn't. But she could not bring the words out. She stared despairingly back at Rocky. His jaw was set, his eyes grim. Then her body began to shake uncontrollably.

Doris, darling Doris. Don't feel so—"

"But—"

Rocky took her left hand. He slipped the wedding ring from her finger. He looked at the inscription on the inside. H. L. V. to D. M.

Howard L. Valery to Diane Merrill!

"I forgot about that," she said faintly.

"There's the luggage, too. It was rather unusual luggage, you know."

He was silent. Doris said, "I was Mrs. Howard Valery. You see I've read about it in the papers." The sweet drowsy air was stifling now. "Rocky—that's what the girl in Tunge's called me—Mrs. Valery! I heard the Val—and thought she said Du Val—because—oh I wanted so dreadfully to be—"

His arms enclosed her. "Did you? Oh Doris—did you? You're so sweet, Doris."

She clung to him desperately. Then a momentary peace swept her. Rocky was her friend "Rocky!" In his arm, she seemed safe. His warm cheeks, touched hers, bringing magic.

"Let me take care of you forever," whispered Rocky.

The words were very sweet. The green mystery of the yew arbor held them calmly. They were oblivious to the gay voice beyond getting ready for the wedding rehearsal.

"You've seen my family?"

He nodded. "Your father and your mother—your sister and your uncle."

"What were they like?"

"They were nice. They love you, Doris."

She wrinkled her brows. This unknown family was hard to visualize.

"You mean they still love—Diane Merrill?"

"Yes. And they don't believe, you did it."

"But—the papers say—"

"Yes. The evidence is all against you. The Valery family will do everything in their power to—convict you."

"Why does my family think I am innocent?"

Rocky looked down at her ringless hand. "They have no reason. They believe only because—they love you—the same reason that I believe."

Their eyes held. Out of the black terrible depths Doris felt waves of light and joy bearing her upward. Rocky loved her. His face touched hers with a dreamlike closeness. Everything else was shut away. He loved her. "Doris, darling Doris. I love you. I've always loved you. Don't be unhappy. Let me take care of you—always."

Rocky was speaking like that. He loved her. He had always loved her. She had never been so happy.

"But Rocky—"

His lips brushed the rest tenderly from her lips. "Do you love me?"

They kissed. Rocky knew now. She did love him. No matter what she would say, no matter what she had done, he would know that. He would always know—

But he was asking her. "Doris, dearest Doris, do you love me?"

He wanted an answer. He must have an answer. Did she love him or was it only that she needed him so badly? There was no doubt. "Rocky darling," she whispered. "I do love you. You're—"

Rocky's face flushed into a smile. "I'm happy," he finished for her softly. She caught Rocky's shoulder. "You haven't told me yet! You haven't told me what's troubling you. You're terribly upset about something."

He looked stricken with misery, at the grass. "Doris," he began. "I've talked to your family. They sent you this."

He drew back from her, still holding her, and felt in his pocket. He drew out a long wallet.

Doris took it wonderingly. Inside were many bills—one or two documents. "Money?" said Doris.

"Yes. Your father wants you to go away. It's a passport there—that paper. I had some trouble getting it—but your father knew a man at Washington. That's why I wasn't back yesterday."

"You mean my family wants me to run away?"

Rocky hesitated. "Your uncle is a doctor—a specialist in well—in things just like what you've got—"

"You mean brain diseases?"

"Well—yes. But your brain is all right. Anyway I talked to him. We had a consultation about it, and he said that was sure suicide for you to give yourself up."

She looked at him haggardly. "But they'd kill me anyway for what I did, wouldn't they? I suppose I deserve it. I took that—that young man's life."

"No, they'd probably be able to get you off—well you're young and I don't think a jury would convict you—at least once they'd seen you—there would be a good chance of your getting off. But your brain couldn't stand it."

"And I'm to live the rest of my life—wanted by the police?"

He held her closely. "You're going to spend the rest of your life—wanted by me. You're going to do what your mother wants you to do, and what your uncle advises. You're going to let me take care of you. Aren't you?"

His lips were very close. She did not answer.

They kissed. After a while Rocky said "I've made all my plans. We'll wait here until the rehearsal is over. Then I'll speak to Beatrice and get your clothes. We'll leave by back road and move toward Canada. There is a boat sailing from Quebec tonight. You know I go back and forth from Paris frequently on business, and I can just as well live in Paris as in New York. You'll not be recognized in Paris. Nobody will suspect my wife—"

"Your wife? Oh but I can't be your wife—what about Doris?" She drew back. In the excitement of crowded events she had forgotten about Molly.

"Rocky, a girl came from Doris—and we—that is Beatrice really did it—looked her in the closet. And I wonder if she's there still?"

"Oh—that was Molly," said Rocky calmly. "That's all right. As soon as I got here—which was a couple of minutes after you left. Beatrice said—I saw Molly. We got her out of the closet, poor kid. She delayed me or I'd have followed you sooner."

"But what did she say about Doris?"

"Good G—d, I haven't told you, have I? And it's the only ray of light in an otherwise gloomy night. Doris is in Reno."

Her mind flew back to the scene in the Billmore dressing room. "I might have known. She talked about getting a divorce in Reno the whole time I saw her. She went out on my money."

He laughed ruefully. "I'm afraid so. The story of the baby was a fake to soften my heart and loosen up the purse strings. Anyway she's been out there for six weeks now, and her case comes up today."

"Today. That's why Molly came out. Doris read the story in the papers yesterday about our being stopped by the police. She saw a swell chance to get a marriage settlement. Well—she got it."

"You mean—you're going to give her money?"

"Ten thousand. I sent her a wire. It's cheap at the price. And Father will fork it over when he hears the whole story." His cheek touched hers softly. "I may be a free man right now—if the court has met. I—couldn't say much before."

"Where's the man in the cab?"

"In the hospital. He's got a broken shoulder bone. Otherwise he's all right. I'd like to talk to him. He could tell us a lot, but there won't be a chance of seeing him." He fingered her cheek lovingly. "Just think, dear, we'll be on the high seas this time tomorrow."

Again she felt floods of light rushing up from her inner being. She lay with closed eyes resting against Rocky. She hardly heard his words.

"If the wire comes from Doris we can get married—if you will."

It was possible. Anything was possible now that Rocky loved her. That was security, the only safety perhaps that she would ever know. But it was enough. They would be side by side like this forever.

Someone's cheek was against hers. Who was holding her closely? All around her was joy, sweet protection. And a familiar melody was sounding faintly in her ears.

She sprang to her feet and looked over the hedge. She saw two girls walking through an aisle of delphiniums. The stately wedding march had begun.

She swayed, clutched at the lacy leaf of a cedar tree. Rocky was beside her. He caught her arm, steadied her. She looked up at him with glassy eyes—then her gaze returned to the wedding party.

"There were lilacs!" Doris' voice was low. "Lilacs and dogwood. Spring!

remember—I remember." She washed with a far-off exaltation. Beatrice gazing on her father's face, a strong setting of leaves and a strong about something. A strong setting of leaves and a strong about something. A strong setting of leaves and a strong about something.

BROKEN VEINS
Varicose Uicers—Old Sores
Relieved At Home

... relief demanded in said complaint the 18th day of November...

... relief demanded in said complaint the 18th day of November...

Here's Quick Relief From Bad Coughs
Stops Hacking INSTANTLY

Why? Because, back, hack yourself to pieces? One dose of Bronchamine Emulsion gives unmistakable relief—no matter how your cough has hung on. Two doses may stop it entirely. Half a bottle certainly will, or you can have your money back. Smith's Cut Rate Drug Store, mail orders filled, and all other good druggists guarantee it.

TRUSTEES NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred in a certain deed of trust dated December 1, 1926, and assigned to Thomas L. Blalock and O. M. Blalock, to Insured Mortgage Bond Corporation of N. C. Winston-Salem, N. C. Trustee, which said deed of trust is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, North Carolina in book made in the payment of notes and or bonds secured by said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustee, will on the 18th day of December, 1933, at 12:00 o'clock noon at the Court-House door in the City of Waynesville, North Carolina, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands and premises to-wit:

Certain real estate, situated in the City of Hazelwood, County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake at the intersection of Laurel and Poplar Streets, thence S. 73° East 150 feet with the side line of Poplar Street to 185 feet with the side line of said stake; thence N. 73° W. 150 feet to a stake in the Southeast; side line of Laurel Street; thence S. 17° W. 185 feet with the side line of said Street to the Beginning and being

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of the estate of J. M. Mock deceased this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 16th day of November, 1934 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment immediately.

This 16th day of November 1933
C. N. ALLEN, Executor,
of the estate of J. M. Mock, dec'd.
No. 132—Nov. 16-23-30-Dec. 7-14-22

NOTICE OF SERVICE BY PUBLICATION

NORTH CAROLINA,
HAYWOOD COUNTY,
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dewey Rogers
vs
Pearl Rogers.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County to secure a divorce absolute on the ground of two years separation, and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court in said County on the 20th day of December, 1933, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES

Monday, December 10, 1934, the court house door of Waynesville, North Carolina, to the highest bidder in public outcry, the following premises, lying and being in Mill Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, and more fully described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake in the Southeast side of the extreme Southeast corner, and going with said East Street, S. 47° 50 feet to a stake; thence N. 22½ feet to a stake; thence N. E. 82 feet to a stake; thence N. to the BEGINNING, being 65 feet with said line N. 82° 30' W. 100 feet to the BEGINNING, and two of the Jerry Limer East Waynesville tract as subdivided June 1926. Being the same land as conveyed in a deed from Jerry Limer and wife, Georgia Limer, and Hugh Sloan, to D. S. Cabe, dated the 31st day of January, 1927, and which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, N. C. in Book of Deeds No. 74, page 27, which said deed and record reference is hereby made for a full and complete description.

Sale made pursuant to power of attorney conferred upon me by virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. S. Cabe, wife, Mary Cabe, dated October 1928, and recorded in Book 23, page 89, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County.

This the 18th day of November, 1933.
GEO. H. WARD
Trustee.

Final Notice To TAXPAYERS

All Property on Which 1932 Taxes Have Not Been Paid Will Be Advertised for Sale Thursday, December 14th, And Will Be Sold on The Second Monday in Jan. 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