

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

"Can't see very well without my glasses." He fumbled. "Here they are. Now let's take this out where it's lighter and let me read it over once."

Doris walked briskly to the door. She was aware of a car coming up the road, but she did not think of it. The old man was reading aloud her message, getting it very slowly, it seemed to her, his ancient head bent over the familiar yellow slip of paper.

The car stopped. A man got out and came swiftly toward them. Doris looked up, stepped back in sudden fright, looked again. He stared at her.

There could be no doubt who it was. Doris felt all her old unreasoning terror sweeping over her. It was the man in the cab.

He snatched the bit of yellow paper from the old man's hand.

"For G—d's sake, don't send—"

He glanced at the message and crumpled it up in his pocket. "Thank G—d I've found you."

The old man looked at the stranger calmly.

"Know this young lady, do you?"

The young man did not answer. He looked at Doris. His eyes were dark with excitement and his face was drawn.

"Girl's been trying to tell me she's Diane Merrell," said the constable. "Course I knew she wasn't."

The young man turned his gaze on the old man. "Of course she's not," he said sharply. "That's ridiculous."

CHAPTER XI

She was not Diane Merrell. Doris almost smiled. Relief loosened her nerves.

She saw the young man's dark eyes meet the constable's in a knowing glance. Slowly the old man made the motion of grinding near his own grizzled temples. He winked. He thought she was crazy.

The young man winked back.

Perhaps she was crazy. Perhaps she was an escaped lunatic. A subtle panic emanating from that dark nightmare face tore at her heart. This was the man in the cab. Why did she hate him? Why did he terrify her?

"Come, dear, let me take you home."

He put a protecting arm out to touch her shoulder.

She jerked away. Dear! There it was again. As she stepped back he came closer, whispered, "For G—d's sake come away from this old fool."

Doris turned and began to run. She ran through the tree tunnel to the place where she had hidden Beatrice's car.

The man in the cab had said she was not Diane Merrell. And the man in the cab knew. Why was she running away from him then? Because she hated him, because she feared him, because it was her instinct to run and she was behaving like a fool. Her footsteps slowed. She had lost herself once in a hopeless whirl by leaving the man in the cab. Now she must face him.

She stopped and turned around.

The young man was not pursuing. He had left the constable who had settled down for another nap under the tree.

There was a soft whirr as the young man started up his motor. She watched him back his car. He was turning around. Why was she afraid of him? If he were her husband, Rocky had said she could divorce him.

She would talk with him now. At least he could tell her who she was. She drew a long breath and waited for him to come up to her.

Her heart gave a little leap of pleasure. She was not Diane Merrell. And when she told this young man she could never belong to him no matter what their relation had been, she would be free. Then she would go back to the St. Gardens. She would go back to Rocky. The thought gave her so much courage that she smiled as the car drew up beside her.

"Get in."

She shook her head. "No. You get out."

"No. We must get away from here."

"I want to talk to you."

"We can talk better in the car."

"No. I won't do that. You'll have to get out."

He hesitated, opened the door, hesitated again and got out. "We might walk for a bit. It's risky, though."

"Why is it risky?"

"Might get caught. I guess not, though. I've been searching for you everywhere."

"How did you find me?"

"Through the papers. I came to the St. Gardens, saw you leaving just as I came from the train. I followed you up the road—"

"I thought someone was following me."

"Yes. But I lost the trail up the road. What did you do with your car? Finally I saw you standing in front of the drug store." His manner changed. He caught her by the shoulders, "Oh my sweet, can you ever forgive me? You must have been through hell."

Doris clenched her hands. She straightened her shoulders and shook off his arm. "The 'Oh my sweet' was too much. She might as well come to

the point quickly. "Look here," she said abruptly, "who are you anyway?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. What's your name?"

"Are you kidding me?"

"Absolutely not. I've lost my memory. I don't remember anything."

He stopped. His brows drew together. "But—but oh my G—d! Do you mean that? Do you mean you don't remember what happened?"

"I don't remember what happened."

He came close again. His dark, unhappy eyes pleaded with her. "But you remember George? You can't have forgotten—"

"George?"

"Don't you remember?"

"I don't remember. Are you George?"

"Darling! Darling! You've forgotten me?"

Doris drew a long angry breath. "Yes I have—but tell me about George."

"I'm George. George Mortimer." He took off his hat and smoothed the dark wavy hair back from his brow nervously. They had walked away from the tiny village and were standing near a brook that rumbled over gray stones.

George Mortimer. The name brought back nothing at all.

She was afraid of her next question: Who am I? He would surely answer: Mrs. George Mortimer. She looked up at him, gathered her nerve, spoke calmly: "Who am I?"

He seized her in his arms. "Oh my darling, you belong to me now—"

"I don't—"

"You're all I have. We'll stick together—"

"I won't."

She struggled. "I want to get you on a boat—"

"Let me go."

"We can be in Canada by nightfall. It's a miracle—that I've found you. Darling, sweet. You're going to be all right now."

She pushed him with all her strength, shoved at his shoulders until she faced him. "Tell me who I am."

He crushed her close. "I wouldn't tell you for anything in the world. It's unbelievable that you don't know."

"There's a car coming. If you don't let go of me I'll scream murder at the top of my lungs."

He listened. The steady buzz of an approaching motor could be heard over the murmur of the brook. A car was coming up the road in a cloud of dust. Rocky's car.

"For G—d's sake, come on. We've got to get going."

"I won't go with you I tell you. Let go of me."

"You're crazy. You don't know what you're saying. You've got to come with me."

She screamed: "Rocky! Rocky!"

Rocky's car stopped. He flung himself out. The man's hold on Doris relaxed. "You fool—"

Rocky neared them. The man began to run toward his own car.

"Rocky! Don't let him go. It's the man in the cab."

Rocky looked at her over his shoulder. His jaw was set grimly. He ran after the other man, George Mortimer.

The car was a couple of yards down the road. Doris watched with clenched hands. The man in the cab was running desperately. Rocky stumbled after him.

Rocky was gaining. But George Mortimer would get to his car. He would get away. He had not told her who she was. He would disappear. She would never find out.

George Mortimer reached his car. She could see his long legs disappearing. Then his head showed dimly through the glass, bending forward. He was turning on the switch. She heard the motor.

Rocky came up to the car. He tugged at the door, could not open it. Mortimer was slipping the car into gear. Rocky put his hand through the open window and seized the man at the wheel by the collar.

The car tottered slowly forward with Rocky on the running board. George Mortimer was helplessly clutching at the wheel. He could not quite reach it. Rocky was pulling at him, trying to drag him through the window.

Doris was paralyzed. The car running slowly in first speed was wavering straight for a deep ditch. Rocky's hands were tugging at Mortimer, pulling his shoulders through the window. Mortimer's feet were away from the brakes.

Nothing could stop the car. If Rocky would only get away. The car would fall over.

The car plunged, came to an awful stand-still but stood upright. Rocky braced himself against the side.

Doris ran toward them.

She saw Rocky straighten himself. He was all right, then. Mortimer's head had struck against the window frame. He was limp now in Rocky's grasp.

Rocky let go of him and opened the car door. Mortimer lay with closed eyes, a streak of blood running down his forehead.

"Rocky—is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Rocky, I'm out of one murder. And now I've got you in another."

Rocky looked at her blankly. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not Diane Merrell."

Rocky hardly seemed to hear. He was looking at the man with whom he had been struggling. "I've got to get him to the doctor." He leaned over and bent his head over George Mortimer's head. "He's still alive. I think

he's only stunned. I'll move my car up here and put him in it."

He ran back to his car. Doris examined the wound on Mortimer's head. It came from a small cut. Oh, surely he would be all right. He would come to his senses and tell them everything. The blood was already drying up. If only he weren't so pale. If only he would open his eyes.

Rocky's car came up. In a minute Rocky had hoisted him into the rumble. Rocky turned to Doris. His face was stern.

"Now, Doris. You are to do exactly as I say. You disobeyed me this morning by running off, and I don't want that to happen again."

Doris' heart throbbed happily. It was nice being with Rocky again, and nothing much mattered now. George Mortimer was going to live, and she was not Diane Merrell. "I'll do anything you say, Rocky."

"All right. Where is Beatrice's car?"

"It's parked up a lane—very near."

"Go and get in it, and drive back toward the St. Gardens place."

"But I'd rather come with you. I want to find out if this man is all right. And I want to know—"

"It's not safe."

"But I told you I'm not a fugitive from justice or anything. He's the man in the cab. He says I'm not Diane Merrell. And he knows."

"Doris, please don't argue with me. I've got something to tell you, and as soon as I get this man in a hospital, I'll come right away and join you. Now pay attention. Turn to your right on a dirt road near a yellow barn. Have you got it?"

Doris looked at him pitifully. She was not Diane Merrell, only Rocky wouldn't listen. Rocky continued: "Go up this road for about a mile. It skirts the St. Gardens place. You'll find a shed. Leave the car there, and go on into a little path. It crosses a bridge, and leads to a little yew arbor. I'll meet you there."

He had stepped into his car, and was already turning on his ignition as he finished. George Mortimer lay calm and still.

"But Rocky—please don't let him get away."

"Don't worry. Meet me in the yew arbor."

He was off without a smile. Doris watched him go. Then she walked briskly back along the road and got into Beatrice's car once more.

She drove steadily, at a slower pace than the one she had come. Even if she were Diane Merrell, Mortimer would not have given her away to an officer of the law, not if he loved her as he seemed to do. What a fool she was! Why, if she was not Diane Merrell, had he been afraid to stop on the road? Why had he whispered in her ear, "For G—d's sake come away from this old fool."

But if she were Diane Merrell, what had George Mortimer to do with her? Why would she be riding in a cab with another man on her wedding day?

Could it be that it was only eleven o'clock? She looked at the watch on her wrist. It was five minutes of the hour. So many things had happened that morning. It seemed as if a day must have passed. She wondered what had happened to Molly. And how had Rocky found her?

This must be the shed up ahead.

The path 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? She left the car.

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 greensward 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. Her 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 Merrell?"

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

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 Merrell! "I forgot about that," she said faintly.

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

"Yes, Diane Merrell's luggage."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Solid Comfort at Outdoor Sports

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



COLOR, color, color with furs and fur collars and tweeds galore, together with all sorts of other novelty woollens in endless procession, that's the story of the fashions for spectators at fall and winter outdoor sports. Suppose we make a close-up study of them individually, rather than collectively.

The eye-filling costume in the upper left of the illustration is without a doubt a good starting point, giving us a picture of a perfect grandstand outfit. The leopard skin swaggar coat over a brown and tan plaid suit with a cold-dotted Ascot are typical in the realm of spectator ensembles. By the way, please to notice that we said plaid suit with emphasis on the word suit. It's this way, fashion is making a special feature of jacket-and-skirt two-pieces of gay plaid woollens and for that matter of all kinds of bright suitings, which can be comfortably worn under roomy topcoats.

Another sports ensemble that goes places this fall and winter is shown at the right to the top of this group. It is brown and white tweed, of course, for about every other suit is of tweed.

The high-neck somewhat Russian tunic is made on the reverse side of the material. The lipstick buttons of painted wood are a chic trimming feature. Jap mink lines the large collar which may be turned up or down at will of its wearer.

As to the girl in the center, she is wearing one of those slim, snug little cloth suits which has the merit of slipping easily under a fur coat. It is tailored of bright red wool, but it is her kollinski scarf boa which we want to talk about mostly. It's just out, so really new that so far they are showing them only in the high-class shops.

Youth adores these long narrow bow-tie fur scarfs and as a matter of fact they are making a decided "hit" with those older, as well.

A very welcome accessory to comfort and to smartness is the little muff that keeps company with a coat of like fur. That is what the bright-eyed maid, below to the left in the picture, is trying to tell us. Here is a coat of fine Jap mink and the wee muff is ditto. The full sleeves testify to this model being of this year vintage. The beret which tops her curly bob is brown antelope with a pompon of mink fur just to be pert. The next sport she attends perhaps she will substitute a flecked green woolen frock for the brown one she is now wearing, for the latest color formula fashion prescribes greens with browns for high style. To complement her green dress she will don one of the new alpine felts in bright green which will be sure to have a feather of many colors thrust nonchalantly through a peaked crown.

Another tweed!—down in the right corner of the picture. Notice the skin-tight skirt. The closer fitting the smarter, says fashion, and it is to be observed that the majority of the younger set is losing no opportunity to impress the world at large that this is so. Button your tweed one-piece dress down the back or button it down the front but be sure to see that there's the proper quota of buttons somewhere upon it.

The color scheme for this swanky dress with matching coat is green with brown, collared with natural lynx, and topped with a brown felt alpine hat which sports a multi-colored quill positioned at a picturesque slant.

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ADVANCE FASHIONS ARE REAL ECONOMY

CHIC CASUAL FROCK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Women seem so startled when they occasionally learn that something in last season's wardrobe need not be relegated to the ashcan. All competent performers should show their shopping ability by choosing each season several good, advance fashions that brand them as "leaders" and not "followers." This system keeps the entire wardrobe diverting and interesting at all times. The "followers" may all go in now for Vionnet's Arab burnoose evening wrap which she introduced in the spring in satin. You get to slip this over your head in true Moorish fashion. The only difference is that you'll probably gallop out to a first night opening instead of into the desert to have sand blow in your eye. And check your budget before ordering your burnoose to see if you should have it in velvet or ermine.

Both are lovely.

Straight Silhouette Is Favored in Sports Mode

A new jaunty sports mode on a straight, clean cut silhouette has been launched by Lanvin this year. In contrast to the curved silhouette shown for more formal clothes.

Olive green, brown, gray and navy blue woollens fashion two-piece frocks or slender skirts topped by loose three-quarter-length coats, cut on a breezy line, with most of the fullness in the back. Trim collars of astrakhan, shaved lamb or muskrat complete the ensembles.

Short Hair

Dinky little hats look prettiest when the hair is short, though the flying bob hasn't perished, by any means. Hair is cut so that it is just long enough for a single upturn along the nape line.



It is just such frocks as this which capitalizes simplicity in its every detail and line which best-dressed women are choosing to wear during the daytime hours. This particular model is made of a strikingly handsome material, a self-stripe fabric of bengberg, in a ravishing mandarin red.

NOT MUCH "WORK" OR LOST ENERGY IN HARD THOUGHT

Thinking is work—but not much. The housemaid sweeping the college professor's study expends more energy—as measured in heat output of the body—in three minutes than the professor himself in an hour's hard thinking, according to experiments just reported from the nutrition laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

The study was conducted by Dr. Francis G. Benedict, director of the nutrition laboratory, and Cornelia G. Benedict, and the report is an elaboration of a preliminary announcement before the National Academy of Sciences.

The brain worker feels physically exhausted at the end of a hard day. But, Doctor Benedict finds, he has done very little actual "work." The bodily heat production, which is a measure of energy expenditure, increases only 4 per cent during intense mental effort. Merely standing quietly increases it 9 per cent, sewing 13 per cent, dusting and sweeping 140 per cent. Why the brain worker should feel tired Doctor Benedict does not know.

Even the 4 per cent increase, Doctor Benedict points out, hardly can be attributed to the activity of the brain itself. The total mass of the brain cells actually involved in thinking weighs only about a hundredth of 1 per cent of the total weight of the body. If they are responsible for the measured heat increase it would mean that they have a metabolic activity 400 times greater than the average for the entire body. This is almost unbelievable, he holds, and consequently attributes the increased heat production to slight muscular movements which probably accompany thinking.

The popular idea that there are good "brain foods," especially fish, is absurd, Doctor Benedict points out.

"The long-retained idea of the importance of fish as brain food is without basis," he says. "That leucine or other phosphorus rich substance in the brain may possibly participate in the mental activity is wholly speculative. Certainly there can be no thought of any correlation between the intact of any phosphorus rich material and mental efficiency."

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