

# TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

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 Tange'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 arms 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 voices 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 Merrell?"

"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. 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 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 so 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! I remember—I remember." She watched with a far-off exultation. Beatrice advancing on her father's arm, the happy setting of leaves and blossoms—it meant something. A strange look had come into her eyes. Violin, cello and harp had begun the familiar strains of the bride's march. She was listening.

Rocky shook her by the arm. "What's wrong, Doris?"

She turned peculiar eyes up at him. They looked glazed, unfamiliar. "The wedding march. That's the wedding

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 roads 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—we locked her in the closet. And I wonder if she's there still?"

"Oh—that was Molly," said Rocky easily. "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 Biltmore 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!"

"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



They Kissed. Rocky Knew Now. She Did Love Him.

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:

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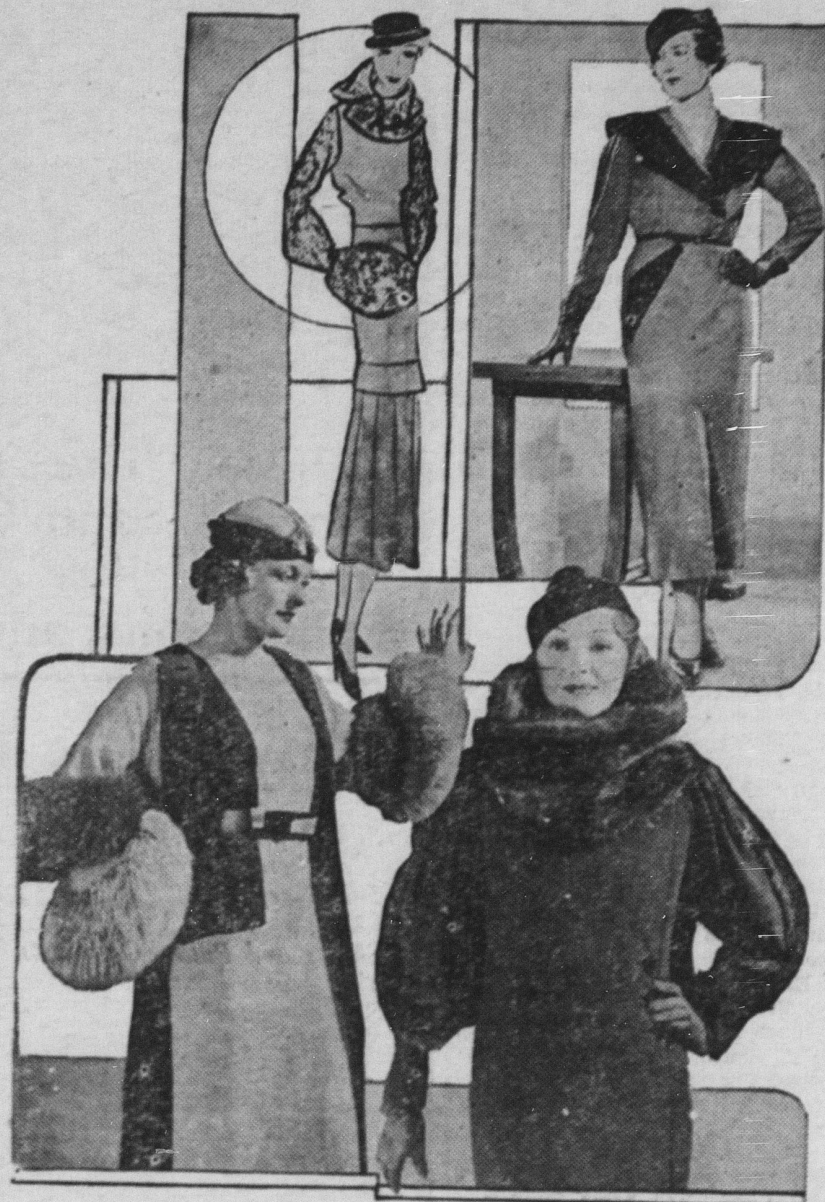
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# Cunningly Devised Fur Trimmings

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FURCRAFT is making a spectacular gesture this season in the way of both novelty and style detail. Every where one turns in the realm of new furs the air is charged with that thrill of excitement which attends the seeing of out-of-the-ordinary fashions. This is especially so in regard to fur used in a trimming way, likewise fur accessories—"little furs" as some one has been pleased to call the cunning detachable collar-and-muff sets, the little caplets which tie on, the "lei hons" which slip over the head and are worn like a necklace and the thousand-and-one other novelties which are simply breathtaking in their unusualness.

In accents loud and clear novelty in a trimming way speaks via the fur-bordered sleeves which distinguish the brown and beige wool crepe ensemble shown to the left in the picture. The designer of this smart outfit trims the sleeves of the long coat in bands of fox in contrasting colors—beige and dark cinnamon brown. This use of two-tone fox is frequently carried out in black and white and the effect is stunning. It is interesting to note that the smart bit of headgear worn with the suit pictured is of the identical brown and beige crepe of the costume itself.

From the handsome link-trimmed cloth coat centered below in this group some idea is gained of the novel and intriguing alliances which fur and cloth are negotiating for winter. Outstanding style points include an interesting sleeve treatment which gains fullness through the use of cartridge pleats. The coat is one of those straight up-and-down tube effects which is so slenderizing and which interprets the swagger silhouette of the moment. The fur on the sleeves is so arranged as to simulate a cape contour which is characteristic of many of the new fur treatments. The generous collar is a draped affair that may be worn in several intriguing ways when opened. The luxurious heavily furred appearance of this model is a feature accentuated in many of the latest cloth-plus-fur coats.

A theme widely exploited in current fashions is that of the dress which is fur-trimmed. Sometimes it is merely a matter of shoulder epaulets made of fur or a swatch or two somewhere on the waist or skirt, perhaps in form of an unexpected pocket or a decorative tab on rever or what ever the motif may happen to be. It only takes a dash of fur positioned just right to achieve a maximum style touch.

The pen-and-ink sketch of a Paris frock, appearing above to the left in the group, demonstrates the out-of-the-ordinary trends of voguish flat fur treatments. This stunning outfit which, by the way, bears a Marital et Armand stamp, has its sleeves entirely of supple broadtail. A most unusual detachable neckpiece and a matching muff complete this story of high fashion.

The dress pictured to the right is also natty trimmed in flat fabric-like fur. It is a street or business frock of gun-metal gray lightweight woolen with a swatch of Persian lamb on the skirt to correspond with the fur bertha which collars the waist.

In connection with the existing flair for flat fur trimmings we would especially emphasize the growing tendency to match the fur details on the dress with a hat of the same fur.

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# HOT WATER MUST BE GIVEN CHANCE TO MOVE FREELY

Rumbling noises in a farm water system can usually be eliminated by setting the water back or heating element level in the kitchen range so that the hottest water may circulate freely instead of being trapped and converted into steam, which causes the rumbling, says the bureau of agricultural engineering, United States Department of Agriculture.

The water back usually is a hollow iron casting, set in the kitchen-range fire box opposite the oven. It has two tappings—inlet and outlet—for 3/4 or 1-inch pipe. The lower tapping or inlet and the upper tapping or outlet are piped to low and high connections in the side of the hot-water supply tank. The upper tapping should be flush with the inside top of the water back.

In a furnace, the fire-box coil or pipe should be either level or, preferably, arranged to allow a continual rise from cold-water inlet to hot-water outlet. Often the circulation may be improved by using larger or better-pitched hot-water pipe from the coil or water back to the boiler.

Most noises in boilers and pipes are caused by slow, air-bound, or over-heated circulation. A hot fire may intensify the rumbling in a boiler and pipe until it seems like a violent pounding. It is poor economy to heat water faster than used at the faucets. Steam at faucets indicates that the boiler water is above boiling temperature and not that the boiler is filled with steam. Faucets should not be closed so quickly as to cause the familiar pounding noise known as water hammer.

For bloated feeling and distressed breathing due to indigestion you need a medicine as well as a purgative. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are both. Only 25c a box. Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N. Y. City. Adv.

## Growth and Seasons

Healthy children gain weight more slowly during April, May and June than at any other time, and gain it fastest in the fall and early winter. On the other hand, increases in height come fastest in the months when increase in weight is slow.

A study just completed by Dr. Clair E. Turner and members of the public health research laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology revealed these facts. In the Southern Hemisphere the seasons of fast and slow growth are reversed.—Literary Digest.

## Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

## Seven Largest Cities

The populations of the seven largest cities of the world follow: Greater London, 8,202,818; New York, 6,981,915; Tokyo, 5,312,000; Berlin, 4,296,000; Chicago, 3,376,438; Paris, (with-in walls), 2,871,039; Moscow, 2,745,000. In cities of the United States New York and Chicago rank first and second, followed by Philadelphia.



# Complexion Cure

She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—ruined her complexion. But no one admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of clogged bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let NATURE'S REMEDY afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly ease away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick headache, bilious conditions, dizziness. Try this safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective. At all drug-gists—only 25c.

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# TUNICS RETURN TO FAVOR FOR WINTER

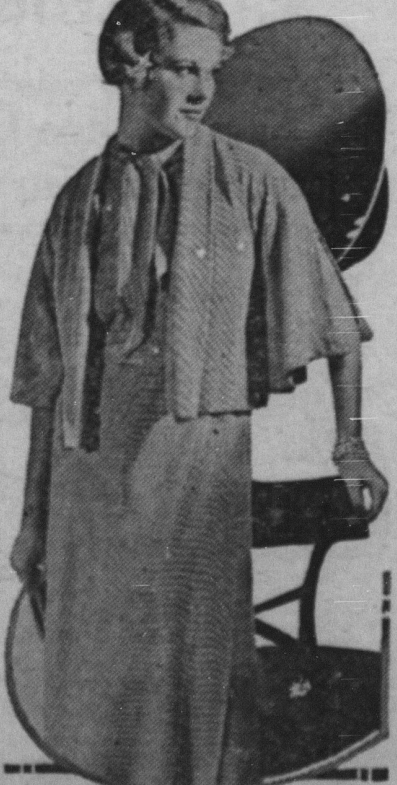
The tunic again is the vogue. Molyneux uses it extensively, one very stunning model being of pale dull beige ribbed velvet for an evening with a little coat trimmed with dyed martina. A yellow iris is the shoulder trimming.

The gown has that simple and slightly curved décolletage with very narrow shoulder straps—so typically Molyneux-ian—and the tunic comes low over the hips. The dull beige ribbed velvet has the ribs running diagonally and the skirt beneath the tunic falls in soft lines, increasing in width from the knees to the floor.

The jacket is a sort of cape-coat affair, with two bands of the martina where the cape curves around the arm to form a sleeve, and another band of martina in a circular movement around the neck and down each side, stopping at the waist.

# FOR RESORT WEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Paris collections all sound the note for resort wear. Molyneux uses corded turquoise velvet in an informal dinner gown for cruising or resort. The jacket is that cunningly constructed, it suggests the lines of a cape. No costume, so word comes from leading style centers, is complete without jewelry. The fair resortier in the picture is wearing a stunning bracelet, and since hair ornaments are the newest note, she pins up her tresses with a star set with glittering stones of various colors.

# Tailored Waist Newest Style for Evening Wear

The tailored shirtwaist for evening wear is one of the most radical ideas in a season noteworthy for its departure from the conventional. No matter how severe the lines of the shirtwaist, the material must be the quintessence of elegance. Lame, metallic and other gleaming materials are used with sensational success.

The brighter the shirtwaist, the duller the skirt, seems to be the rule. Long, slim skirts, designed for these unusual bodices, are best when in mossy crepe, spongy woolen, or dull, deep-dipped velvet.

Some of these two-piece evening costumes have jackets to match the bodice or shirtwaist. Most women seem to prefer a dark, dull jacket to match the skirt.

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