

# TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

## FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"What do you say a minute or two about a girl—"

Rocky smiled. "Oh nothing. I'm just referring to the stupid things of the local law enforcers, mistaking you for what's her name—the girl who shot her husband at a wedding?"

Doris elated the stair railing. She was looking into a bottomless pit.

"She was what's-her-name—a girl who shot her husband at a wedding. Rocky ran up the stairs, bag in hand.

"What's the matter?" he said sharply.

"I was said stakty. He said, 'What's-her-name—a girl who shot her husband at a wedding—'"

Rocky took her firmly by the arm. "You come to bed." To his surprise she said: "She's hysterical."

"And to wonder."

"In gardens left them, but she did not suffer. She knew that Rocky was pushing her into the bedroom, and sending the maid away. He was closing the door.

## CHAPTER IX

"THEY were in a large room with a bed. Rocky turned on a light over a dressing table.

"Come on, Rocky. Don't you see I've got to be in bed everything now?"

"No, now. Am I what's-her-name's girl who shot her husband at a wedding?"

"The words were out. Had she killed someone? And was that the reason Rocky wanted to get her away from places, because if she had caught she would be hanged?"

"She sat down in a chair and stood at his side. Had she shot the husband of someone—killed her own husband?"

"Oh, God!" she begged, "say it isn't true. I couldn't have done that!"

Rocky still did not answer she rose and threw open the window. She inhaled deeply. She could breathe—but someone else couldn't because she had.

"Rocky, don't you see I've got to know you, or else go crazy?"

Rocky came and stood by her. "Don't feel so, Doris. You're tired. If you get a good night's sleep, I'll tell you what I will tell you about in the morning."

"You turned up a suffering face. I won't sleep, Rocky. I've got to know you. Tell me the truth. Truly, I can hear it now."

Rocky avoided her eyes. "Truly, Rocky, not much to tell."

"Nothing is better than this in any way."

"Perhaps that's true." Rocky got up, removed her hand from his shoulder. He ran his brown fingers through his hair. "Can't you tell me anything?"

"For a moment she felt a little of her old self. Rocky's tone was tender. But then he used words that she did not understand. He gave a little laugh that she thought of that now. It was a genuine little laugh.

"Don't laugh like that." Rocky got to find out about this. "Let me take care of you. You'll be all right once we get down to this old place."

She was slumped. "Are we going down from here?"

"We're going on to Can-

"Don't want me out from my forever. Besides, that's out of the bed. I'm not a boy."

She was silent. Rocky sat beside her, took her hand.

"You wait."

"She got up. "I can't have a right to know. If you'll let me know, I'll tell you everything."

"He will tell me. He will tell me in agony any longer. I fear this uncertainty. Anger is better."

"She was with his head down. She controlled herself, looked at herself. "Did I—Rocky? Did that awful thing?"

"Don't it, how do I know? Only guess—like everybody else."

"It isn't a sure thing?"

"They think it's sure, all this. He dropped unappetizingly you went out of your mind."

"It was I did—that is—"

"I can't be a murderer. I can't kill anyone." Her eyes, large and strained, searched his for an answering faith.

"He looked back at herself. "That's the way I thought it."

"You're a wonderful girl. Their hands gripped. "I don't want to kill anybody. Only you couldn't." He patted her against his knee. "I know that about you."

"Why?" she turned suddenly. "Why do you think you're safe enough to arrest? Why have we

been racing like mad away from New York?" She stared at his quiet face for a terrified second. "I know! I'll ask the police. I'll go to the station! I must find out."

"Wait—don't you see, Doris? I'm only trying to help you."

"She stared into his eyes then her hand dropped suddenly to her lap. "I did, then. I did kill someone."

Rocky's silence was terrible to her. She drew close to him. "I didn't, Rocky. I didn't. Tell me I didn't. Why, I couldn't have killed anybody, Rocky. I know that much about myself, don't I?" She looked at him pitifully. He took her hand and held it tightly.

"After a while he said huskily, 'That's the way I feel, Doris. That you couldn't have.'"

"Please tell me how it happened."

Still Rocky paused. At last, his check close to hers, he said slowly, "It's been in all the papers. I've happened the day I sailed, so I didn't see much about it until I got



"She Never Murdered Anybody. Any Person of Sense Can See That."

back. Then, of course your picture has been everywhere."

"My picture?"

"No, no. It's you, all right. I didn't see it until that night you faintly when you saw it. But—"

"You didn't remember when you came to, again?"

"The brush he had taken from her hand. "But Rocky, what did—what man I supposed to have done?"

Rocky cleared his throat and tried to speak in a matter-of-fact way. "Why, this girl is supposed to have shot her husband with her father's gun and then—"

"You didn't know that?"

"She had shrunk away from him, covered her face with her hands."

"Then she disappeared," went on Rocky. He leaned over and tried to take her hands. "Must I go on?"

Doris raised her face. "But Rocky, don't you remember I was with my husband in the cab? He was still alive then. Someone else must have shot him afterward. He was awful, Rocky, and I was afraid of him, but you remember, don't you, how I left him? I didn't shoot him."

Rocky's hand pressed nervously over his hot brow. "I think you—perhaps you haven't been well," he whispered.

"You mean," the words dropped with a bedraggled courage, "you mean I've lost my mind?"

"I mean I think you lost it for a short time, when—when this happened."

"How did you know? I mean how have you learned anything about me?"

"I—I thought you guessed. The papers have been full of it."

"What do they say?"

Rocky looked away as if he were detaching the subject from her. "Why, they say this girl is supposed to have killed her husband on her wedding night," he said again.

"Oh?"

"She clung to his eyes for support. "Oh? And you think I did that?"

Rocky took her hands playfully, but she drew away. "Doris, I didn't—but your photograph—"

"Why did you want to take me to Canada?"

"Why did I want to take you? I am taking you. The first thing to-morrow. If I can get you to Quebec I can get you on a boat and—"

"I think you'll be safe enough in Paris."

"But Rocky—"

He looked at her inquiringly. She wanted to ask, "But why are you doing this for me—? Something in his eyes made her unwilling. She said instead, "I'll have to give myself up, you know."

"He patted her shoulder gently. "I'll not let you."

"She stared up at him earnestly. "Rocky, if I'm caught are you guilty, too? I don't mean guilty—only for hiding someone like me. You're accessory before the fact—"

"What a mind. What a legal mind. A master's really."

"She was not to be diverted by any attempt at fooling. In spite of all Rocky's precautions, she had been caught again. She would be caught again. Rocky would be arrested. She Du Val would—"

"She said huskily: "There's no use in your being involved. Think of your mother."

"I'm thinking of my mother. One of the first things she ever taught me was to stick by my—my friends."

Her heart contracted. "You're being rather wonderful. I wish I could do something to help you. How much I appreciate your—your friendship—"

"She walked nervously. A light was burning far away in the woods. "A car is coming."

"I expect it's Beatrice coming home from her party. It's so late. Doris, you ought to get some sleep."

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"But not tonight," she whispered. "Perhaps it's awfully curious. But not tonight."

She heard Rocky at the door and sprang up. She turned on the light as she came in with Beatrice. St. Doris stared fixedly at Rocky for a short moment. Then she turned her head and looked at Rocky.

"This child! You mean—she's Diane Merrill?"

Rocky nodded.

Beatrice smiled. "Consent?" she said vigorously.

"You think she isn't?"

"She never murdered anybody. Any person of sense can see that." She held out her hand. "Forgive me for talking about you as if you were dead, dumb and blind—but it's all so extraordinary. Any way, I'm glad you're here."

Doris took her hand shyly.

"You're awfully sweet," she said. "I don't know what to say. I can't talk quickly, because I can see you're tired to death. Rocky has told me everything. I hope you won't mind his having said that. I don't think anyone else should know."

"My father—"

"No, I don't think so. I'm sure he'd approve, but if anything comes up, it's better if he doesn't know. I have a small sitting room with a porch of my own downstairs. You shall spend your time there. I have everything planned. And Rocky shall go and see your people."

"But your wedding—"

"Yes, I'm sure I shall be rather busy. I won't be able to see as much of you as I'd like. But it's not until Saturday. That's four days, and that's an occasion of time for Rocky to get to New Jersey and back. He'll take the train. The bishop is arriving Saturday morning—so he'll be in time for the wedding rehearsal which is to be at eleven on the day of the wedding."

"Oh I don't think we ought to stay long before the wedding."

"You must stay just for the wedding."

Rocky shook his head gravely. "I will have to get Doris away before then. She'll be ready."

"That's true, isn't it? But surely you'll have everything cleared up by then?"

Doris said, "If I do say, couldn't I write letters for you—or do something useful?"

"That's an idea. I'll have about a million letters to write. You are an angel." She rose. "Now you must sleep. This is Wednesday night. Rocky will get a train in the morning and be with your family by—if it is your family, which I doubt—by tomorrow night. He ought to be able to get back here by Friday, and you can leave then, if you feel you must."

She took Rocky firmly by the arm. "We must go now. And let the poor child sleep."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Barrington Hills

**Noted Travelers Here**

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Macaulay's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Morden of Brookville, N. Y. are spending a few days in Barrington before going to California. From there, they will sail to the South Sea Islands where they will spend several months. Mr. Morden is a field engineer for the American Museum of Natural History in New York and has made several trips to the Gold Coast, where he hunted long-haired tigers and the ovis Dohls. While with Roy Chapman Andrews, they found dinosaur eggs and skeletons. Mrs. Morden usually accompanies him as far as possible for a woman to enter. She and Ed Baldwin is having a honeymoon here going over and Mrs. Robert McCoy has invited her friends for both luncheon and dinner after the meet. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Berner have spent the holidays are over and several months of cold weather are

## Barrington Hills

in store, everybody is going south. The Frank Hechts is going to Florida for a six weeks' trip through the west and south. Mrs. Berner left the first part of the week to be with her daughter Mrs. William Winslow, whom they will go to the Georgian hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hunsch decided the only way to get their house finished promptly was to move in on the painters. They moved themselves in to the new house with their four children last week-end.

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is hereby given by PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS of the filing with the Illinois Commerce Commission on December 2, 1933, of new rates effective on January 1, 1934, of new rates covering gas service for the processing of gas and glass products. Copies of said rates are in the office of the Commission and the Company.

**PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS**  
By JOHN G. LEARNED,  
Vice President

**STATEMENT OF CONDITION**

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BARRINGTON BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS**

MADE TO THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DEC. 30, 1933

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Cash and Due from Banks	\$246,978.41	Capital Stock	\$75,000.00
U. S. Government Bonds	159,095.54	Surplus	25,000.00
Other Marketable Bonds	292,191.02	Undivided Profits	4,734.46
Fed. Reserve Bank Stock	3,000.00	Reserves	2,712.80
Loans and Discounts	137,080.99	Circulation	60,000.00
Loans on Real Estate	61,306.41	Bills Payable	NONE
Accrued Interest	1,670.39	Rediscouts	NONE
Overdrafts	75.47	Other Liabilities	18.54
Real Estate	37,525.83	Demand Deposits	\$450,002.67
Furniture and Fixtures	12,875.88	Public Funds	104,922.55
Other Resources	1,716.77	Time Deposits	114,437.30
		Time Certificates	25,088.00
	\$953,516.71	Total Deposits	786,050.91
			\$953,516.71

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