

# Another Man's Wife

By  
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## SYNOPSIS

Rex Chandos, ace racer, meets and falls madly in love with Delia Seaton, the most beautiful girl he ever has seen. Delia, self-centered, is the wife of Jim Seaton, world-famous cricketer. Under the spell of the masterful Rex Chandos, Delia leads a double life. Her husband receives an injury which necessitates the amputation of a leg. Her once-wealthy father, facing disgrace, commits suicide, leaving nothing but debts. The Seaton's income is reduced to slightly over three pounds a week. Chandos, to get money for Delia, accepts dishonest work. He gets a country home with rent free for Delia and Jim, with a secret cottage near by for himself and Delia. Dr. Harry Wentworth becomes interested in the Seaton's. His wife, Juliet, inherited a fortune and the mansion in which they live. His mother and his cousin, Jane Galt, who adores him, live next door. Delia gives Jim an overdose of a sleeping drug which Dr. Wentworth had left. Dr. Wentworth believes Jim took his own life. There is no inquest. Delia, after a fortnight as guest of the Wentworths, is to go into lodgings at Mrs. Deal's. Dr. Wentworth tells her Chandos is under suspicion for robbery.

## INSTALMENT XIII.

DELIA waited till Juliet had taken the somewhat nauseous draught. Then, with a wave of the hand, she hastened out of the room. Her dressing case had been put inside the motor. It held what just now had become exceedingly precious to her.

A few minutes later, when in front of Mrs. Deal's little house, she saw with a lightening of the heart Jane Galt waiting for her on the doorstep.

"I've come to ask you to have dinner with me. My aunt has a cold and will have a tray upstairs. I thought it would be rather miserable for you here this first evening. We can go back in Juliet's car after I've helped you unpack."

Tears actually came into Delia's eyes. It was a great comfort to her just now to be with Jane.

They both went up to the small, cold bedroom, and there the kind girl did all the unpacking and put everything neatly away.

They had a cozy little meal, and, as was always the case when they were alone, though Jane was unconscious of the fact, their talk drifted to the man who meant so much to each of them.

"I suppose you've seen the death of Dr. Laver in the papers?" said Jane.

Delia shook her head. "If only Juliet would consent to let him have a consulting room in town. I believe my cousin could get the whole of that man's practice. But of course she wouldn't hear of it."

"I suppose," said Delia musingly, "that what he would like to do would be to live in London. I mean, of course, in Harley street."

"Of course he'd like it! This is an appalling backwater for a professional man. But the Old Manor is Juliet, and Juliet is the Old Manor."

THEN Delia asked a question. "Is she really very rich?"

And, as the other hesitated, "It was only that silly Mrs. Roby who said so."

"What Mrs. Roby said was true." "She doesn't get much fun out of her money does she?"

Jane smiled ruefully. "O, yes, she does, for she loves saving. I sometimes think it must make Harry rather sick to think of all that money always rolling up and earning more and more money. Huge sums are badly needed for medical research, and if Juliet would give only one year's income to one or two of the funds spent on finding ways of dealing with or stamping out disease, it would make poor Harry so happy! But of course such an idea would never occur to her."

Jane's friend said to herself: "One year's income? That would be an awful lot to give away."

And then with a slight pang she told herself that Harry would probably want to give some of his late wife's money away—if, that is, he ever became a widower.

At about half past nine a piece of good luck befell Delia. Or so she took it to be.

Jane exclaimed, "I wish I could walk back with you, but I can't. I'm expecting some important telephone calls. But we'll meet tomorrow."

As Delia walked away she told herself that she could easily slip through the garden of the Thatched house to the cottage and get back comfortably to Mrs. Deal's lodgings a little after ten.

Everything went as she had hoped it would, and as she walked across the lawn surrounding the empty house she was glad it was a dark night so no one passing the gate could see her running up the grass steps, tiptoeing across the gravel path, and so up to the cottage.

Turning the tiny key in the minute lock of the window frame, she found herself standing in the living room.

With a candle in her hand she went through into the second room. She now drew aside the curtain which masked the staircase that apparently led nowhere and walked up the steps, which, though few were steep.

The flickering light of the candle in her hand showed that there was a door at the top of the short flight of steps but it was a door without a handle and without a lock. What could that mean? Slowly she moved the candle up and down all over the surface of the door, and at last she glimpsed a tiny round hole exactly similar to the one which concealed the lock in the window frame.

Quickly she extracted the minute key from her bag and pushed it into the round aperture and at once the door swung open, outward.

Two more high steps on the other side and she was in a low-ceilinged garret.

Crouching down she lifted up her candle, and then she gave a gasp, for the uneven floor was strewn with small jewel cases and paper parcels.

Then it was here that Chandos kept his booty till he had enough to make one of his trips to France! Leaving everything exactly as she found it she left the cottage in haste, and as she hastened back to Mrs. Deal's lodgings, and later as she lay wide awake in the cold, lumpy bed she told herself again and again that she had indeed had a miraculous escape.

JUST before seven o'clock in the evening following the day Delia Seaton had gone to Mrs. Deal's lodgings a collision between two motor cars took place where the road running between the Old Manor and the Mrs. Wentworth's house debouched on to the common.

The noise of the smash brought Jane running out of doors, and she found that a woman had been seriously injured. So, after leaving one of her own maids in charge, she hastened to her cousin's house and went to the study to find him. He was not there, and she told herself that he might be in his wife's sitting room.

Now Jane had no wish to see Juliet for she knew that if she did a detailed account of the accident would be expected of her. So she turned the handle of the door noiselessly, hoping, were he in the room, to attract Harry's attention.

Her cousin was not there, and only the back of Juliet's head was visible, for she was reclining, as usual, on her comfortable couch. Just behind that carefully waved, too-colored head of hair stood Juliet's visitor. And in the few seconds which followed something occurred of which Jane did not take as much note as she might have done at any other time.

Delia Seaton held a minute fancy flask in her right hand, and just as Jane Galt opened the door with a quick movement she emptied the contents of that tiny flask into the glass of slightly salted water which happened to be young Mrs. Wentworth's latest health fad.

With her mind full of the accident and of the urgency of finding the doctor Jane left the door of the sitting room ajar. Quickly she sped over the thick carpet toward the baize door shutting off the servants' quarters. As she did so the old parlor maid came waddling through it.

"There's been a bad accident at the corner and I want the doctor—"

"O, Miss Galt, I am sorry," he said I was to phone and tell you he's gone over to Mrs. Lindsay. He'll be here at a quarter past five and mayn't be back to dinner."

"Then I must get through to another doctor at once!"

Jane ran back into the study. Then she tried fruitlessly two doctors who lived fairly near by and at last got through to Dr. Purves. He was Juliet's physician and a good friend of them all.

"My car's at the door; I won't be a minute," he exclaimed.

THE following half hour was fully occupied by her in carrying out Dr. Purves' instructions. First she telephoned for an ambulance, then for a nurse, then to a nursing home. All that took some time, and it was close on eight when she was able to sit down. But almost at once the telephone bell rang. "That you, Jane?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Will you phone to 'the Old Manor' and say I'm afraid I can't be back to dinner? Mrs. Lindsay is dying, and they all want me to stay on. I can't do anything, but I don't feel I can leave them. They've been awfully good friends to me ever since I came to Meltham."

At last she was able to go upstairs, and she felt so tired that she flung herself on her bed just

Early in his married life an elaborate supper had always been laid in the dining room of the Old Manor when he had to be out late. But it gave a good deal of trouble and was always far more than he wanted. So at last he had explained that he would very much rather take something at his mother's house.

Jane sat down with a book, but presently the telephone rang, and she heard the voice of Mrs. MacNab, Juliet's devoted personal maid.

"My young lady doesn't seem well, Miss Galt. She has been taking a glass of water lately at eleven."

Jane sat down with a book, but presently the telephone rang, and she heard the voice of Mrs. MacNab, Juliet's devoted personal maid.

Just as Jane opened the door with a quick movement Delia emptied the contents.



"That's not a bad idea," said Jane briefly, telling herself the while she was a fool not to have thought of that solution herself.

"Will ye come up and have a look at her, Miss Galt? I mean before we phone to Dr. Purves."

"Certainly I will."

Juliet Wentworth was lying on her back, apparently asleep. She was clad in an old-fashioned white lawn embroidered nightgown, and her thin veined hands rested on a blue watered silk eiderdown.

"I can't see anything wrong with her," she whispered.

"Ye just try and wake her, miss."

She first said to her gently, "Wake up, Juliet." Then, more loudly and insistently: "Juliet! Juliet! Wake up—" But the woman lying before her did not even stir.

AT LAST Jane Galt took up the sleeper's right hand and felt her pulse. Quickly then she turned to the elderly maid.

"You are right, there is something wrong with her, Mrs. MacNab. Will you go down and phone to Dr. Purves from the study? Ask him to come around at once."

"Would ye mind phoning your self, miss? Dr. Purves won't come for me. Ye see, we've sent for him so often when there was nothing much the matter. Not lately, I don't mean. My dear lady has been much better lately and not so fanciful about herself."

And then the maid went on, half to herself, "O, I wish Dr. Wentworth was here!"

Jane ran downstairs feeling bewildered and a little frightened at Juliet's extraordinary state of—was it coma?

"Dr. Purves is not in," answered a cross voice—Mrs. Purves' voice.

"I'm sorry to say he was sent for about an hour ago and insisted on going out. Who is it wants him?"

"I'm Jane Galt, Mrs. Purves."

"O, it's you my dear! I hope your aunt isn't ill?"

"It's Juliet Harry's wife, who isn't well."

The voice again became sharp and unpleasant: "Is young Mrs. Wentworth really ill?"

"It isn't likely that I would send for Dr. Purves if I didn't think it necessary is it?"

"If you really think her bad, of course I can get at him. What's the matter with her? Palpitation?"

"We simply can't wake her."

"Can't wake her? What an extraordinary thing! I'll get through to the doctor at once, unless he's on his way home."

Dr. Purves was on his way home, so something like three-quarters of an hour went by before he arrived at the Old Manor, and then he met Harry Wentworth on the doorstep.

"Why, what's the matter, Purves? Who's been taken ill here?"

"I'm afraid it's your wife."

The two doctors went quickly up to Juliet's bedroom.

Jane was standing by the bed, all the healthy color drained from her face.

"I'm afraid," she began, "I'm afraid—"

And then the tears began rolling down her face, for poor, silly, selfish Juliet was dead.

WHEN Mrs. Deal brought up her lodger's breakfast the morning following Jane Galt's tragic night at the Old Manor there were two letters on the tray—one from Jane, the other from Chandos.

When she read Chandos' short note she was very much relieved at the news it contained, for she felt it incumbent on her to leave Meltham for a while. Chandos had taken a small furnished house which would be free for her to move into whenever she liked.

Then she opened Jane Galt's letter:

My dear Delia:

We cannot meet today, for a dreadful thing has happened. Poor Juliet died last night in her sleep. She had, it seems, a slightly defective valve in her heart, and Dr. Purves said her sudden death did not really take him by surprise, so fortunately

nately there will not have to be an inquest.

I will send you a line in a day or two, saying when we can meet.

Affectionately, Jane Galt.

Delia spent a long time over her letter of condolence to Juliet's widow. The final copy ran:

Dear Dr. Wentworth: I have just heard from Jane Galt of your bereavement, and I feel I must tell you how shocked and grieved I was to hear of the passing of poor, pretty Juliet. She was so exceedingly kind to me that I feel I shall never forget her.

Please accept my deepest sympathy in your sorrow.

Yours sincerely, Delia Seaton.

The postscript almost wrote itself:

I am leaving Meltham next Thursday, for a friend has lent me a tiny house. The address is 118 Ranelagh row. I hope you will find time to come and see me some day. You have been so good to me that I feel you my only real friend in the world.

Three days went by before there arrived an old-fashioned looking black-bordered envelope addressed in the firm handwriting she knew to be that of Dr. Wentworth.

She opened the envelope and felt a pang of disappointment, for it consisted of four short lines:

Dear Mrs. Seaton:

I thank you for your sympathy.

Yours truly, Henry Wentworth.

Not a word as to his being her old friend, and not an allusion to the fact that she was leaving the neighborhood.

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You have 9 million tiny tubes of filters in your kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous. Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra-heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Ciss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore, irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any doses, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Ciss-tex) is offered to sufferers of poor Kidney and Bladder functions, under the fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 50¢ a dose. Ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



## City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept., University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indiana and Medical Director for insurance companies 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient kidney function are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down, exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief and results in actual exhaustion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antispasmodic action and assists in treating the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am honored indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex. Signed W. R. George, M. D."



Dr. W. R. George