

AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

Twelfth Installment

It was evident that Nell was blowing off steam which had accumulated for some time, and secretly Joyce's spirits rose a little. She was glad that he was asserting himself. She had an odd little feeling—odd when you considered that he was, in terms of actual experience, nothing to her—of pride in his outburst. Frills seemed to her more than ever an alien, a separate individual, almost like a first wife. She was moved by Packard's emotion and filled with an overwhelming desire to erase that hurt look from his face.

"I'm not trying to put anything over on you. I don't blame you for not believing me now, but I swear I'm telling the truth about this. I know I've been pretty rotten, but now . . . she paused. It was so difficult to say what she wanted to. A mixture of shyness and fear, and the unaccustomedness of putting her feelings into words, held her back for a moment. But again her desire to make Nell realize that she wanted to be friends with him, that in the future he would not have to worry about her actions, drove her on. "Well . . . perhaps that blow on the head knocked a little . . . sense into me."

On impulse alone Joyce suddenly came close to him and smiled up into his face, a little tremulously, and said, "Please, let's start over again . . . and after this . . . well, don't expect me to be any white-robed angel, but I'll try not to worry you too much."

She was unable to say more, for Packard abruptly drew her close to him and kissed her again and again, murmuring words of grateful surprise and happiness. "Frills, darling . . . I love you so, sweetheart! You . . . you really meant it, dear? . . . I thought all my chances of happiness were gone, but now . . . I'll do everything I can to make it worth while—to help you if you really mean it."

Joyce, submitting to his caresses, reflected ruefully that she had never been so much kissed in her life as she had been since

she woke up in Mrs. Nell Packard's bed. Gently she tried to free herself. Poor Nell! He did find it hard to believe that any such miracle as this had happened. She smiled again, all her joy in the day restored, knowing that he would go off to work filled with hope for the future security of his home and happiness.

"Of course, I mean it. But you needn't take my word for it. Just give it a thirty days trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded," she replied lightly, slipping out of his arms, "better run along to work now or you might lose your job. And don't forget our date at five this afternoon."

"You bet I won't! Gee, but . . . whoopee! I . . . I wish I didn't have to go down to the office. I feel like celebrating!"

"You go along!" exclaimed Joyce, alarmed at the threatened loss of her day of freedom and feeling the need of a rest after the strain of this stormy scene. "I can't have you around all day. I'm going to be busy."

"All right! And say, if anything does come up you'd rather do this afternoon, it's all right, you know. We can go to mother's some other time."

"The date is made. If it's broken, it'll be your doing."

When she got out to the stable Joyce found Sam about to mount the black horse. "Oh, Sam, where are you going?"

"Why, Mr. Packard asked me to take some papers to Jake Anderson. It's up beyond Elk Flat in the hills, a good long way from the road, so he told me I'd better ride Barney," explained Sam.

"Well, couldn't I go with you?" demanded Joyce. She was still a little nervous about going out alone, when all the trails were so unfamiliar to her.

"Why, sure! I'll saddle Roxie."

When Joyce got back at noon after a two-hour ride, during which she learned much about the country and its possibilities for horseback riding, she was informed by Roxie that she had missed two sets of callers.

Joyce played with Dickie in the garden for half an hour after lunch she retired to her room to rest and read until time for Nell's return. "I'm out to every one, Roxie," she gave definite instructions. "I don't care if it's the Prince of Wales."

At four-thirty she dressed carefully and then waited for Nell to appear. She was pleased when she heard him arriving at ten minutes before five, an evidence that he intended to take no chances of missing their appointment.

When he came in and saw Joyce in the living room, obviously ready to go, his anxious look turned into a positive beam of pleasure and relief.

"Hallo, Frills, all ready to go? Fine!" and as Joyce got up he approached her with the intention of kissing her. But she stepped aside and made it plain that she preferred to avoid his greeting. To her relief he did not press the matter.

"How's the Dusenberg working?" he inquired as they went out together.

"Oh, it's all right," replied Joyce, indifferently. She went up to Nell's big blue car and waited for him to open the front door.

"Don't you want to go in your roadster?" asked Nell in surprise, stopping beside the car.

"No, I don't. I don't like the color of it," retorted Joyce, and suppressing a smile, she continued hastily, "anyhow, I prefer to have you drive today."

Packard got in and started the engine without further delay. "They drove down the main street of Manzanita where they were greeted right and left by a bewildering number of people and Joyce was on pins and needles

for fear Nell would stop to talk to any of them. After half an hour during which she grew more nervous every minute—what in the world would she say to Nell's mother?—they stopped finally at a charming little bungalow covered with rose vines and surrounded by a garden of beautiful flowers. They entered a friendly, low-ceilinged room paneled in white with wide windows framing a view of distant mountains across the valley.

Mrs. Packard rose to meet them and Nell, kissing her, said gently, "Well, mother, here we are, come to make you a little call. Frills and I."

"My dears, I'm delighted to see you both!" exclaimed his mother, holding out her hand to Joyce while she kept Nell's in her clasp at the same time. Joyce shook hands with her and smiled silently.

"Do sit down, children, it's so good to see you," went on Mrs. Packard, beaming happily as she returned to her comfortable armchair in front of one of the windows, "when did you get back, Nell?"

"Last night, mother, and you bet I'm glad to be back," replied Packard.

Nell's mother was a woman in her late sixties, with soft gray hair, and a face pleasantly fresh and clear-skinned. Only in her dark eyes could one read the shadow of past sorrows, mingled with present loneliness and pain. Joyce thought, and when she did not smile her mouth was set in curves of quiet resignation.

"Are you feeling quite well again, my dear?" asked Mrs. Packard after Nell had told about his trip. "Nell said you had had a bad fall."

"Oh, yes, I didn't really get hurt," replied Joyce, "though I suppose I might easily have been killed."

"Yes, it frightens me to think of it," said Mrs. Packard, a shadow crossing her face.

"Frills is looking well, though, don't you think, mother?" asked Nell. "Doc spoke of it to me today. She's been keeping sort of quiet since the accident and getting in a lot of sleep."

When they were outside the house, Joyce, seized by a sudden impulse, said to Nell, "Wait a minute, I'll be right out again," and turning she went back into the house. Mrs. Packard who had been sitting quietly gazing out of the window, looked up in surprise when she saw her daughter-in-law reappear.

Joyce ran across the room and kneeling beside the chair, she said hastily, before her courage should go back on her, "Do you . . . do you suppose we could be friends, after all? Or has Frills . . . have I been too awful?"

To her dismay she saw Mrs. Packard's eyes fill with quick tears and a flush mount to her forehead. "My dear, my dear, nothing would make me happier than to . . . to be able to be a friend to my son's wife," she replied, her lips quivering, "to have you want it!" She laid her arm gently around Joyce's shoulders.

"I'm coming again soon, alone, and then we'll . . . we'll get acquainted," stammered Joyce. She rose and lifting her head nearer, kissed Mrs. Packard lightly. Then she ran out of the room to Nell.

When they got back to the house Joyce was relieved to find that they had no company.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by N. T. Wood and wife, Nancy Wood, which mortgage deed is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County in Book No. 161 at page 310, and there being default in the payment of the note secured thereby, the undersigned will on the 5th day of June, 1933, at 12 o'clock noon, at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale, for cash to the highest bidder, the following real estate, to-wit:

A certain tract or piece of land lying and being in Wilkes county, State aforesaid, in Mulberry Township, and described and defined as follows, to-wit: Beginning on a black pine now down, running north with the top of the ridge Monroe Wyatt line to a stake; thence east 84 poles to a stone; thence south to and with J. A. Higgins' line 154 poles to a Chestnut stump; thence west 70 degrees south with P. E. Brown's line 102 poles to W. A. Wiles' line, containing 80 acres more or less, except 4 1-2 acres sold to J. P. Kilby, and 7 acres sold to Rebecca Kilby. This May 1st, 1933.

B. B. BELL,
5-23-33.
Notary Waddell, Assignee.

"Let's see what's on the radio tonight!" suggested Nell. Joyce assented, rather curious to hear. She soon discovered that Nell's idea of enjoying the radio was to spend all his time and effort trying to get distant stations.

Joyce, bored finally at the superlatives of the unseen speaker who was boasting enthusiastically for the glories of California, got up and said goodnight, hoping that Nell would remain downstairs.

Packard immediately shut off the radio and announced his intention of accompanying her. By the air of happy expectation on his face, Joyce realized that she was about to reap the inevitable results of her friendliness toward him that day.

She decided this time to take no chance of repeating the soap incident and when they reached the bedroom she turned to him and said "Good-night, Nell, I'm going to read for a while."

"But, Frills sweetheart," he began, detaining her, "you've been so wonderful today and— I love you so! I want you so, dear." He drew her closer into his arms whispering the last words close to her ear. "Such adorable little ears!" he said, kissing them again and again. "I'd be so happy if I were sure of you!"

"Listen, Nell," she said quietly, "won't you, if I ask you as a favor to me and as a return for being what you call reasonable and sensible, won't you please let me sleep in the other room without asking questions and going through this sort of thing every night?"

Her manner evidently made an impression on him for he released her immediately, saying, "I'm sorry, dear. It's just that I love you so." He paused and added hesitatingly, "But—will you come of your own accord when you're ready?"

"Of course," promised Joyce lastly, suddenly extremely embarrassed by the conversation after her momentary self-confidence. She said good-night again and went off to her room and shut the door.

The next night when they were going upstairs Nell said, "Look here, sweet, I hate like the devil to have you sleeping indoors. You ought to be getting all the wonderful fresh air. Let me move your bed out to the porch. I won't bother you."

"Oh, there's plenty of fresh air in my room with all those windows open," returned Joyce hastily, "really it's just like being out of doors."

"Let me sleep indoors then," he suggested, generously, "and you sleep out here."

"I'm lots more comfortable inside—you're lots more dependent on air than I am," she told him.

Nearly a fortnight later Joyce set off one morning on Roxie for an all-day ramble through the hills. She carried her lunch and a book with her and told Roxie not to expect her back until late in the afternoon.

(Continued next week)

Pores Knob News

PORES KNOB, May 26.—All-day services were held at Mont Vista chapel last Sunday. Quite a number of people were present and enjoyed the splendid sermon delivered by Rev. Ella Hart.

Mrs. C. G. Wallace was a guest of Mrs. R. J. Wallace Tuesday.

Mr. James Wallace spent Wednesday with his brother, R. J. Wallace.

Clarence and Buddie Wallace, of North Wilkesboro, were week-end guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wallace.

Mrs. John Laws and son, Herman, were guests of Mrs. C. J. Wallace Saturday.

Misses Alma and Colean Wallace and Buddie Wallace visited in the home of Mrs. Ella Hart Saturday.

Mr. T. M. Mickael's father and brother were guests in this home Friday.

Mrs. Dock Lowe and children, of Alexander, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rom Lowe Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers and Mrs. Stanley and daughter, of near Boomer, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hart Sunday.

Friends and relatives of Mrs. Mrs. Gordon Laws, of Hudson, spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Laws.

Mr. F. C. Wallace and daughter, Mildred, and William Keck, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wallace Sunday. They were accompanied home to North Wilkesboro by Buddie and Colean Wallace.

WARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our deepest gratitude for the many kindnesses extended by our friends and neighbors during the illness and at the time of the death of our dear wife and mother.

W. D. GATNER & CHILDREN.

Wins By a Gun

1st Gambler: "I've got three aces! What have you got?"

"Nothing but a pair o' guns."

"You win, mate. Your luck's in today all right."

Miss Kitty Laxton Dies In Asheville

Cousin Of Mrs. D. S. Lane, Mrs. Laura Martin Linney And N. T. Jarvis

Meedames D. S. Lane, of this city, Laura Martin Linney and Rev. N. T. Jarvis, of Roaring River, Route 2, learned only recently of the death of their first cousin, Miss Kitty Laxton, in Asheville, April 28.

Miss Laxton, who was about 50 years old, had been suffering from a fatal heart ailment for several years. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. L. Laxton and Julia Corpening Laxton, late of Morganton, and the younger sister of Ralph Laxton, of Knoxville; the late Fred Laxton, of Charlotte, sometimes called the "Father of the Radio in North Carolina" and well-known golfer; Miss Mary Laxton, veteran nurse of Biltmore; and Miss Josie Laxton, alumnae of the University of North Carolina of the class of 1900, and for a long time head of the history department of the Asheville high school. Miss Kitty Laxton, herself an alumna of a conservatory in Cincinnati, had taught piano for many years in Asheville. Miss Laxton was buried at Morganton, her old home.

Taking Him at His Word

Political Candidate: "I am willing to trust the people."

Interested Listener: "I wish you'd open a grocery store in this part of town."

An old Scotswoman was advised by the minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

MODERN WOMEN

From 14 to 55

NEED NOT SUFFER

Monthly pain and delay due to simple colds, exposure, nervous strain, or similar causes

Chichesters Pills are effective, harmless, reliable and give Quick Relief. Acceptances bestowed. Packed in Red and Gold Metallic Boxes sealed with Blue Ribbon. Sold by druggists everywhere. Ask for

CHICHESTERS PILLS

"THE DIAMOND BRAND"

JOHN RUSKIN IS AMERICA'S GREATEST CIGAR VALUE AT 5c

Don't be misled by old time brands "marked down to 5c." JOHN RUSKIN always was and always will be America's Greatest Cigar Value at 5c. It is the only real 10c. quality cigar selling at 5c.

JOHN RUSKIN has more than 60% choice Havana filler, giving it a taste and aroma all its own.

Buy a few today and learn for yourself what real smoking enjoyment is.

SAVE THE BANDS THEY ARE REDEEMABLE

John Ruskin

BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

Lewis Cigar Mfg. Co., Mfrs., Newark, N. J. Bennett-Lewallen Co., Winston-Salem, N. C., Distributors

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only make the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blotches. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes these good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up."

They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Beware of substitutes. No other brand. © 1931, C. M. Co.

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

IN THE F. D. FORESTER BUILDING ON TENTH STREET

With a new and up-to-date line of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hosiery and Ready-to-Wear — Also Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Ladies' Full Fashion Hose	39c to 98c	Ladies' Fast Color Wash Dresses	39c to 89c
Ladies' Cotton and Lisle Hose	10c to 25c	Ladies' Silk Dresses	\$1.79 to \$3.98
Men's Hose	5c to 25c	Broadcloth, Voiles and Prints	6c to 18c yard
Ladies' Sport Oxfords	89c to \$1.49	Boys' Suits	\$1.98 to \$4.98

GROCERIES!

1-pound can Pork and Beans	5c
Pink Salmon, can	10c
32-ounce Jar Pickles	15c
at	
40-ounce package Oatmeal	10c
at	
16-ounce package Oatmeal	5c
at	

GROCERIES!

Coffee, per pound	12 1/2c
Staley's Syrup, 5 pounds	25c
No. 2 1/2 can Yellow Cling Sliced Peaches	15c
OR 2 FOR 25c	
25-ounce can "K. C." Baking Powder	19c
Best grade of Flour, both Plain and Self-Rising at lowest market prices.	

Don't fail to visit our New Store. We have many other bargains to offer you that are not listed in this advertisement.

THE PEOPLES' CASH STORE

W. M. OSBORNE, Proprietor

Tenth St. Next Door to Pearson Bros. North Wilkesboro, N. C.