

AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

FINAL INSTALLMENT

"Roxie knew you better than I did," Neil said slowly, "I guess that's a setback for me all right . . . I was so bowled over by what you told me that day with that Ainsworth fellow—that I didn't know what to believe. I began to think I just imagined I'd been married at all!"

Just then Joyce saw Roxie moving capably about the dining-room, and running to her, she flung her arms impulsively about the older woman.

"Roxie, you darling!" she cried, "Sam told me how wonderful you've been—"

Roxie beamed and flushed with pleasure. "I didn't do nothing!" she said confusedly. "But, my, it's good to have you back, Mrs. Packard, we've certainly missed you! And now do come in to dinner if you and Mr. Neil are ready."

"Where's Dickie?" she asked Neil, when they were seated, "I haven't seen him since I got back!"

"Oh, that's right—I must send for him. He's been living with Sam since you left. Moped about the house so dismally that we thought he was going to cash in, poor chap. I couldn't do anything with him. He kept looking at me reproachfully, as if asking what I'd done with you. It gave me the creeps."

"Funny little Dickie!" said Joyce.

Conversation lagged. Joyce did not want to ask any questions covering the time of her absence, thinking she might turn Neil's thoughts toward his mother, and cause him pain. She likewise did not want to tell him anything about her life in San Francisco during that time: it now was resuming the unreality of a bad dream, and she had no wish to revive the memories by talking about it. So she ate silently.

All at once she was aware that Neil was regarding her thoughtfully, with a brooding stare unlike the matter-of-factness she remembered in him.

"Anything wrong, Neil?" she asked nervously.

"No, dear, I was just thinking how wonderful it was to have you back."

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"Oh, Neil, you wasn't say things like that to me! I know it's only your kindness, your natural sweetness—Joyce's voice choked up, and she left the table. Neil followed her into the living-room.

"Well, we wasn't go into that just now, Frills. If it bores you," Joyce was about to renege with him for his misconstruction of her words, when he went hastily on, "By the way, I found something that'll probably interest you—a diary kept by you—by Frills—beginning about the time of our arrival home in Manzanilla after our marriage."

"Can I see it, Neil?"

"Sure, I'll get it, just a minute." And he went rather wearily out of the room.

Joyce was worried at the change in Neil. He seemed to have lost all his enthusiasm, all his spirit. "I hope he's not really ill," she thought miserably. "Of course his mother's death was an awful blow. Perhaps a little time . . ." Her mind was running along this course when Neil came back.

"May I look at it with you?" he asked, "I didn't read much of it. Somehow it seemed—not quite right. I thought I'd put it away and read it with you—when you came home." He spoke so quietly that Joyce barely caught the words.

"Neil," she said impulsively, pausing before she opened the book, "I do feel at home here!"

He smiled, a sudden sweet flash that warmed Joyce to the heart, and gravely they opened the diary between them.

It was nearly midnight when they laid the book aside. Fascinated, they had read every word of the bold handwriting that danced over its pages, and, fascinated, they had suffered with the curious, lost spirit that had cried out her secret fears in her journal.

"Oh, Neil, it's so terrible!" cried Joyce, "I knew Frills had been a bad lot, but I never thought of her as suffering somehow—I, never thought of her as doing all these things deliberately, in a sort of crazy effort to get back her identity—to remember!"

"Yes," said Neil, "I don't know much about these things, but I should think the medicines might explain that second blow—the time you were thrown from Fire Queen—as a sort of mental snapping, due to the pitch you'd worked yourself up to."

Frills' diary filled in most of the gaps in the story that Neil had gradually pieced out that day for Joyce. From the scattered notes she learned that Frills had been conscious of her loss of memory, but filled with the conviction that all at once, some day, it would come to her whom she was, where she came from—her whole place of life.

"Some deep instinct," the diary said, "kept me from telling anyone. I felt that I must discover it, must work it out, for myself."

And then later, came an entry that made a very deep impression on Joyce. "I know I did wrong to marry Neil Packard without telling him. He's too good a man to be treated so meanly, but I just couldn't tell it. I couldn't tell him. And I had to marry him—not again in a lifetime am I likely to meet a man so surely possessing that which can be depended on. In this crazy world it's something to know that loyalty of that sort can be secured!"

As the diary went on, the entries became more and more excited. "I'm cheating Neil!" Frills cried. He's got a right to a wife who's more than just a unit existing for the time being! I've got to get back my memory! Perhaps drink will do it. Bring

on the wine cups—I'll try 'em!"

" . . . Why do I take so much perverse pleasure in shocking people around here? Maybe when I get back my memory I'll find I was a small-town school teacher, or somebody who never had a chance to express herself! Well, I'm expressing myself all right these days! All I've got to do is think of something reckless and wild, to be seized with an insane desire to do it! . . ."

And then, all at once, "Arthur Maitland—ugh, how I hate him! Why do I endure him around me? God knows! I flirt with him like a common street woman—yet I love Neil! Why do I do it? Sometimes I feel as if it's to try Neil's patience, to see how much he really will stand from me. There seems to be no limit to his affections!"

" . . . I've gone almost the limit and it's done no good! What did I think it would do? God knows! Neil knows—I can see from his face that he knows: there's been too much to that affair between Arthur Maitland and me. If he'd only knock me down—a blow, they say a blow will bring back one's memory. But Neil won't—he never will. I'll have to kill myself first. Perhaps that horse, that surely brute Fire Queen. But I have a charmed life—a charmed and a damned one! How is this thing going to end?"

And the last entry in the book, in sprawling, blotted characters: "I've been rotten over that baby of Sylvia's. Of course Neil wants it brought on here. But a child—why should I wreck a poor child's life as I'm wrecking Neil's? It's better off where it is—I'm a lost soul now."

"Neil," said Joyce at last, "Neil, doesn't it help to know that Frills did care about you. She did love you."

Neil did not reply to her question, and Joyce saw that he was trembling like a leaf. "Do you think—do you think, Joyce, that things might come out as mother hoped they would? Do you think you could feel that this was home? I shan't bother you much myself, but we might bring on Lawton's child, and do our best with it, between us."

"Oh, Neil, I feel as Frills said, that in this crazy world it's something to know that loyalty like yours exists! . . . Do you want we, now, knowing all this? It's been a sorry business, and it seems to me you've been the victim!"

"No victim about it," he said shortly. "I mean—I do want you—if, well—what about this Ainsworth?"

"Ainsworth—Robert Ainsworth!" Joyce suddenly had an idea. "Neil," she said, "I think I see now what Robert Ainsworth felt that day! I think he must have felt ashamed of his part in the whole affair—I think he must have seen it all, have realized what a splendid person

you were, and how felt that he simply couldn't run off with your wife!"

Neil looked at her sideways. "Sounds like the bunk to me. What on earth makes you think that?"

"Well, you see, Neil, I never saw him after that day in the woods, and you remember he behaved so queerly, rejecting me by his silence!" Joyce had to swallow hard to keep back the emotion that surged over her at the memory, but she went quickly on.

"I'd always felt so sure that he was an excited being, somebody finer than the rest of the world, and for him to turn into—into just a cad seemed all wrong. I'd rather be able to think of him without bitterness—and I do feel sure I'm right, that he simply couldn't bring himself to take your wife away. . . ."

Neil smiled. "All right with me, darling; think anything you please, as long as you don't think of him too much!"

Joyce regarded him tenderly. "Neil," she said softly, "May I make a confession to you? I've fancied myself so superior to Frills, but I wasn't really nearly as—keen. It's taken me a terribly long time to find out what she knew all along. . . . Neil, dear, you're the finest person I've ever known in my life, and I—I love you."

THE END

Bo: "Who invented work?"

Gus: "You should worry, you'll never infringe on his patent."

W. L. Billings Is Claimed By Death

W. L. Billings, of Traphill, died Thursday and funeral services were conducted Friday at Round Hill church at 11 o'clock by Rev. Grant Cothran and Rev. L. E. Sparks. He was 49 years of age. Surviving him are his wife and one son, Dean Billings.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Miss Mattie Eller, deceased, this is to notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned and all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present same within twelve months from the 8th day of June, 1933, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

This 8th day of June, 1933.
MISS EMMA ELLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of Miss Mattie Eller, Deceased.
J. H. Whicker, Atty. 7-24-33

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NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. Under and by virtue of the authority conveyed by Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina Sections 2433 and 2435, the undersigned will on the 22nd day of July, 1933, at 10 a. m. in front of the C. & C. Chevrolet Company's place of business in the Town of North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following personal property: One 1929 Model Buick Sedan, Motor number 2239677, the property of Hunter B. Keck or Mrs. Hunter B. Keck. This sale is for the purpose of satisfying a mechanic's lien on the property described above.

This 6th day of July, 1933.
C. & C. CHEVROLET CO., Inc.
By Buford T. Henderson, Attorney. 7-17-33

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed on June 3, 1931 by C. C. Parks to the undersigned, Trustee, said deed of trust being recorded in book 165, page 74, Register of deeds office of Wilkes county, and the stipulations in said deed of trust as to payment of the indebtedness secured thereby not having been complied with the undersigned trustee will on the 10th day of August, 1933, at 12 o'clock, noon, offer for sale at public auction at the court house door in the town of Wilkesboro, N. C. for cash, the following described real estate:

Beginning on a stake on the south side of Salem Road and the north east corner of lot no 5, and running southwardly with lot No. 3 to the north line of lot No. 7 to a stake, thence east with said line 85 feet to a stake, corner of lot No. 5; thence a north course with a line of lot No. 5 to a stake on the south side of Salem Road, it being the corner (northwest) of lot No. 5; thence west with said Salem Road to the point of beginning, fronting 92 feet on said Salem road and being lot No. 4 as shown on the Map of East Cairo, Wilkesboro, North Carolina, said map recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in Deed book 85 page 326.

This 10th day of July, 1933.
RALPH G. BINGHAM,
Trustee. 7-31-33.

NOTICE OF LAND ENTRY

Land entered by Eva Cothran. Entry No. 1611.

State of North Carolina, Wilkes County. Office of Entry Taker, July 1st, 1933.

Notice is hereby given that Eva Cothran of Wilkes county, has this day entered 1 acre of land, more or less in Rock Creek Township, Wilkes County on the waters of Rock Creek and adjoining the lands of H. A. Cranor and Paul Church and others; bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on a sourwood in H. A. Cranor's line, running west with Cranor's line 11 poles to a stake in Cothran's line; south with Cothran's line 16 poles to a stake in Paul Church's line; east with Paul Church's line 11 poles to his corner in the Coy Reeves line; north with Reeves line 16 poles to the beginning, containing 1.1 acres, and running various courses for complements. If no protest is filed within 30 days warrant for same will be issued.

T. H. SETTLE,
Entry Taker. 7-24-33.

NOTICE OF RE-SALE

By virtue of the power of sale conveyed in a certain mortgage, Deed executed on the 8th day of May, 1931, by S. S. Martin and wife, Laura Martin, to the undersigned mortgagee, and recorded in the Register of Deeds Office, of Wilkes county, in book 161, page 148, said mortgage deed being made to secure the payment of a certain amount of money with interest on the same payable annually, and default having been made in the payment of same under the terms of the said mortgage, and the said land having been sold under the mortgage on Friday the 23rd day of June, 1933, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the court house door, in Wilkesboro, N. C. An increase bid of 10 per cent having been placed on the land on the 3rd day of July, 1933,

I will, therefore, re-sell on the 24th day of July, 1933, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. to the highest bidder for cash the following described land:

Beginning on a stone Nora McNeill's west corner, running an east course with McNeill's line to a stake a corner in McNeill's line; thence a course with McNeill's line to J. M. Bumgarner's old line and crossing the road west course of the old line; thence a northwest course with the old line made by W. E. Bumgarner a conditional line between T. J. Bumgarner, and J. M. Bumgarner, up the ridge to a branch and up the branch to McNeill's line; thence southwest with McNeill's line to Mae Nichols' line, thence with Nichols' line to a stone; thence southeast with Nichols line to the beginning, containing 65 acres more or less.

This 8th day of July, 1933.
MAE ELLER NICHOLS,
Mortgagee.
Dr. H. B. Smith, assignee of Mortgagee. 7-17-33.

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By Charles McManus