

# AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

Seventeenth Installment

"That's true all right, and you had me guessing too. But of course Frills wasn't wild and reckless when I married her—you say, I don't know who I did marry!"

"That's what I've got to find out, Neil! It's been driving me nearly crazy, and now at last I've had the courage to tell the truth, as far as I know it. Will you tell me, Neil, how you met Frills and all that?"

"Why, at Joe and Maisie Turner's, of course! Don't you really remember, Frills—er, I mean Joyce? Gosh, this gets my goat, I feel as tho we'd all gone absolutely nutty—"

"I felt that way when I first woke up and found myself Mrs. Packard," she said gently, "but I've lived with the idea so long that I've gotten a bit used to it. Tell me about the Turner's."

"Why, it was their car that ran into your taxi in Chicago. Joe was running for some political office at the time, and he was very anxious to keep out of the papers in any way that might bring him any unpleasant publicity, so he gave the police a tip, I suppose, and got them to allow you to be taken to his house instead of to a hospital. You were unconscious a couple of days, and when you woke up you were in a dazed condition. I remember Maisie saying they thought you never would say a word, and how queer it made them feel, having some one lying there conscious, but just looking at the walls without saying anything."

"Fancy! That was me, and I don't remember any more about it than if it had never happened!"

"Joe and Maisie had a time finding out who you were. The doctor said just leave you alone and you'd come around all right. And, sure enough, that was what happened, or what everybody thought had happened."

"The Turners were lively, entertained a lot, plenty of money and all that, and as soon as you were well they introduced you around to their friends. You made a hit with everyone, and that tickled them. My cousin Lawton Packard's wife was a great friend of Maisie, and I'd met her and Joe a number of times in Manzanita, and they'd always told me to look them up if I was ever in Chicago. It struck me to do it one time; I called them up and Joe invited me out to dinner that night, throwing out a lot of dark hints about a swell girl who was staying with them. I went, and it was you I met—Florence Hilton was the name. I took a terrible tumble, and in a couple of weeks we were engaged."

"I kept stringing out the business in Chicago, and finally—I remember now that it was your own suggestion!—we were married right away, before we left town, and you came back to Manzanita as Mrs. Neil Packard!"

Joyce had been held spellbound by Neil's recital. It was all so queer and unreal, and she felt her head swimming by the strangeness of it.

"Didn't you ask me anything about who I was, and all that, when you wanted to marry me? How did I act? Was I like the Frills I've heard about, or more like Joyce?"

"Well, you see, every one treated you with kid gloves, so to speak, on account of this accident," said Neil. "It was understood that you'd had a great shock, and that you mustn't be pressed. The doctor kept saying, just leave her alone and she'll come around all right. All this mystery was very exciting, you understand—we all got a great kick out of it. . . . I remember I wanted to ask you a lot of things when we were first engaged, but you said to me, 'Neil, you've got to trust me. There are some things I can't tell you, and you mustn't ask me about who I am and all that. There's nothing I'm ashamed of, and some day I expect I'll tell you all there is to tell.'" A shade passed over Neil's face. "I always thought you would tell me, but you never did. . . ."

Joyce watched him excitedly. The strange story gripped them, so that realities were seen through a haze.

"Oh, Neil, I think I see it all now, don't you? Frills just couldn't remember back! She was trying to remember all the time, and she couldn't! It might have been awful for her, musn't it? When

did she change, when did she get reckless and wild.

"I guess that came gradually," Neil answered with puckered brow. "I can't remember any special time when it began. First she took to drinking more than I liked; that really worried me a lot. Then it seemed as if she couldn't do stunts reckless enough, as if she were almost trying to kill herself! She drove her car at a breakneck speed, and got the wildest horse she could find to ride! And then there was Maitland. . . ."

Joyce made a quick movement. "Yes," she said softly, "don't go into that, Neil I know; and I'll never forget it—"

"But—but—Joyce, you are Frills!" It was Robert Ainsworth speaking, and Joyce and Neil turned to him with a start. In their absorbing interest in piecing together the mystery of Frills, they had almost forgotten that he was there.

"Would you mind telling me," Neil asked Joyce politely, "just where he comes into this?"

Joyce looked at Robert thoughtfully. The air of rather superior insolence with which he had approached them was gone now, and she saw again the Robert Ainsworth she knew. He met her gaze frankly, with disarming friendliness.

"I'm sorry, Joyce," he said, "I didn't understand. Will you forgive me?" He came over and held out his hand, smiling charmingly. He like a little boy who, having shown his temper unreasonably, makes arrogant claim of a loving parent for pardon.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" asked Neil petulantly. "I don't want to crab, Joyce, but

was, in a sense, offering her to her lover—who was making no move to claim her. Was she being rejected by both men? Her nerves, strung tautly under the strain of the entire morning, collapsed utterly, and she felt that she would grow hysterical if she sat there another moment.

She sprang to her feet. "Well, now I've unmasked before both of you!" she cried, her voice trembling close to tears, "Goodbye!"

Neil was after her in a moment. "Here, dear, I'll go back with you—"

"No, no, please don't. Please leave me alone. For Heaven's sake, Neil. Let me be for just a little while—" He fell back, struck by the vehemence of her tone, and she sprang lightly in the saddle and galloped off.

Once in her room, Joyce locked the door and flung herself down on a couch. She felt crushed and hurt as she had at no time since she had found herself Frills Packard. Her disillusionment about Robert Ainsworth was so profound that she felt she had lost all faith in humanity. Everyone seemed less noble, all life took on a menacing and ruthless form. Where could she go to find beauty, to find truth, to find fineness, if not in this man whom she had so ardently worshiped?

That he should have regarded the situation at first as one to be treated with cynical levity was a fault that seemed to her graver than the grave.

She did not . . . want . . . Robert Ainsworth.

When she awoke it was a cool evening, and she was shivering. As she collected her thoughts she not-



She knew she must go away.

wasn't it a bit thick, letting him hear all this?"

"Robert Ainsworth is the great novelist, Neil. Haven't you ever heard of him?"

Neil shook his head. "Never," he said. "What does he do besides write? And, once more how does he come into all this?"

"He comes into this, Neil because I happened to have met him since—the accident on Fire Queen, and because I happened to like him rather more than ordinarily."

Neil fixed his gaze on a distant pine tree. "Do you mean that you're in love with him, Frills?"

Instead of answering his question Joyce said sharply, "I wish you'd make up your mind whether you want to call me 'Joyce' or 'Frills' Neil!" She regretted her ill temper at once, however, and went on more agreeably, "Oh, Neil, I don't know anything more."

"You are free, if you want to be, Joyce," said Neil, drawing his lips together in the attitude of severe restraint that he assumed when Frills had especially hurt him. "What about Ainsworth?"

He turned to the other man. Did you and Frills fix this all up between you?"

Before Robert could answer, Joyce broke in. "Oh, no, no, Neil, please—I wasn't quite so beastly as all that. Nothing had been fixed up—we had simply, well, fallen in love, and there the matter stood." She looked at Robert and was hurt to find an amused smile lingering about his eyes.

Joyce felt a profound shame creep over her. Neil had just told her she was free, and yet Robert sat quietly, saying nothing, tensely digging holes in the soft ground with his riding crop. Her husband,

iced an envelope lying on the floor under her door. It contained a note from Neil, and she read "Dear Joyce:—"

"When I got back I found a message to go and see Mother. She's not seriously ill, but feeling badly and wanted to see me. I shan't tell her anything about us, of course. We must talk everything over. I thought it might be better if I'd camp out somewhere else tonight. Please go to bed and get a good rest. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Neil."

Joyce read this over several times, almost incomprehending. At last, however, she knew what she must do. She knew she must go away—that it was the only thing for her to do.

"I've been wrong to stick it out this long," she thought. "No wonder I've gotten things into such a mess!"

It did her good to have some definite work to do. In less than an hour she had bathed, dressed, and packed two bags with Frills' simplest clothes and belongings.

"It seems like stealing to be taking them," she thought worriedly, "yet what can I do? Neil doesn't want Frills' clothes—they won't do him any good if I leave them. I'll have to find some sort of work right away, and I can't apply for it unless I'm decently dressed. Of course I won't take any of Frills' jewelry or anything of real value."

Roxie met her at the foot of the stairs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but Mr. Neil he said you'd be waking up after a time and we should have your dinner ready."

"Very well, Roxie, just serve it quickly in the dining-room, please. And tell Sam I want to speak to him."

Once Joyce had decided to leave, she felt she could not go quickly enough. She could not endure looking about Neil Packard's house, and reflecting that she would probably never see it again. Her only salvation was in acting at once. She was grateful for the non-chalance with which Sam received her orders, and for the lack of demonstration on the part of Roxie.

Continued next week.

### WOULD PLOW UP ALL COTTON

Athens, Ga.—A request from some Georgia farmers that they be allowed to plow up all of their cotton was seen by Harry L. Brown, assistant director of the state extension service, as an indication of a wholesale reception of the federal acreage reduction plan in this state.

### How One Woman Lost 20 Lbs. of Fat

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If you are fat how would you like to lose it and at the same time gain in physical charm and acquire a clean, clear skin and eyes that sparkle with buoyant health.

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### Criminal Cases In N. C., 1930-32

The recent Biennial Report of the Attorney General of North Carolina carries some interesting data on criminal cases tried in the superior courts and in courts below the superior courts reporting to the Attorney General for the two-year period from July 1, 1930 to July 1, 1932. The report covers all criminal cases tried in the superior courts, and reports from forty-four counties that had courts below the superior courts. Altogether the report covers 61,404 criminal cases for the two-year period, or a yearly average of 30,702 cases.

The state yearly average for the two-year period was one criminal case disposed of for every one hundred and three inhabitants.

Stanly county made the best record for the two-year period with one criminal case for every six hundred and eighty-six inhabitants. Haywood county looks worst for the above years with one criminal case disposed of for every thirty-six inhabitants. Haywood and Stanly are close together in total population, yet the yearly average was forty-four criminal cases in Stanly and seven hundred and seventy-nine cases in Haywood. These are the extremes. The other counties range between these.

There are several counties that rank near Stanly, with few criminal cases, and a large number whose rates are not much above the low record of Haywood. Why one county should have a rate nineteen times as high as another county, we do not profess to know. We are only submitting the facts as reported by the Attorney General.

The negro criminal rate is higher than the white rate, although there were 38,457 white and 22,699 negro cases disposed of during the two-year period. There are more than twice as many white people as negroes in North Carolina.

For every female criminal case there were thirteen male cases. There were nearly forty-six thousand convictions. Approximately three-fourths of all cases tried resulted in convictions.

Superior courts did much more business in 1930-31 than in 1931-32. Courts below superior courts did much more business in 1931-32 than in 1930-31. The total number of cases was almost exactly the same for both court years, 30,632 and 30,776.

The leading crime for both years and in both courts was in connection with violation of prohibition laws. One-third of all criminal cases tried during the two-year period had to do with violation of Larceny and receiving, assault with deadly weapons, violation of motor vehicle laws, assault and battery, and passing worthless checks are the other leading crimes that occupy the attention of the courts of the state.

**CATHOLIC PRIEST BEATEN**  
Rheingonnheim, Germany.—The Rev. Father Garoli, a Catholic priest, was beaten so severely by three unidentified men he was taken to a hospital.

—Buy In Salisbury—

### Don't Prolong The Agony!

Next time you suffer from Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, a Cold, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic or Periodic Pains; That Tired Feeling, That "Morning After" Feeling. Get a glass of water and drop in one or two tablets of

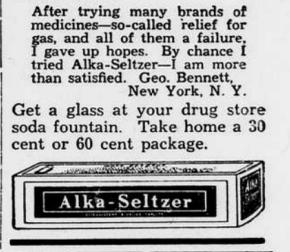
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After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.



### Begin Taking Cardui Today If You Suffer Like This Lady Did

"WHEN I was a girl, I began taking Cardui," writes Mrs. Maggie Stanfield, of Crandall, Ga. "I was very irregular for twelve months. Nothing did me very much good until my mother began to give me this medicine. Then I got all right, stout and well."

"After I was married, I was in bad health. I began taking Cardui again. I was troubled with my back a lot. Was awfully restless. I could not sleep well. I just weighed 90 pounds when I began taking Cardui. I improved rapidly. Before long I weighed 126 pounds. I felt fine. I was able to do a good day's work."

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