

AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

TENTH INSTALLMENT

"Can you stand it to have only me for dinner this once?" asked Joyce.

"Whoopee! Just ask me, can I!" he replied. "You know that, Frills, old kid. I'll go up and wash and be right down again."

When Packard came down the stairs Joyce divined his intention to kiss her again, and she moved toward the dining room immediately, saying, "Dickie eats with us. At least he sits at table and snaps up what favors he can persuade me to give him, don't you, darling? He has his regular dinner in the kitchen."

"Where do you want his chair?" inquired Packard politely. "Here you are, boy, get up and let's see how good your table manners are."

They sat down opposite each other at the small round table with Dickie between them. Joyce

was struck by the lingering bewilderment on Packard's face. There seemed to be something he couldn't quite understand, but he asked for no explanations.

"Gee! It's good to be home again," he began. "I sure do hate Chicago."

She asked politely, "Was the conference a success?"

Packard stated, "Oh, is it something I'm not supposed to ask about?" rushing into the first remark which occurred to her in an effort to cover her embarrassment.

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed hastily. "Only . . . only . . ." he hesitated. "I'm sorry, Frills, I can't keep up with you. You've jumped me so hard about talking shop and said so often you didn't give a damn about what happened so long as you didn't have to hear about it that—"

"Well, I don't want to know everything that happened. I just wondered if you had a successful trip in general," said Joyce. She began to wonder if Frills had ever had a decent word for anyone.

"Oh, sure, we fixed up what I went for and got the new branch office planned out and ready for business," he said.

"Sam said there was a fire at the plant here," remarked Joyce casually, "but almost no damage done. Had you heard about it?"

"Yes, I called up from the city before I came down. But, tell me what you've been doing with yourself, Frills. How's everyone in the gang? Doc been in much?"

"Don't know. I just got home today myself," replied Joyce. "I haven't seen anybody I know for nearly two weeks. The first two days after you went they wouldn't let me alone, and I wanted to be quiet, so I walked off and went up to the city alone."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Packard ate for a few moments with his eyes fastened on his food. Joyce understood without doubt that he didn't believe she had spent all that time in San Francisco alone. Why should he? Suddenly she knew that she wanted him to believe it. It was perfectly obvious to her the way he loved Frills and that he was a little afraid of her.

Joyce wondered with a sudden thump of her heart how he

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taste and aroma found
only in higher priced
cigars . . . that's JOHN
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CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

State of North Carolina—
Department of State

To All to Whom These Presents
May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all stockholders, deposited in my office, that the C. & S. Motor Express Company, Incorporated, a corporation of this state, whose principal office is situated in the town of North Wilkesboro, county of Wilkes, state of North Carolina (E. F. Caldwell, being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, "Consolidated Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now therefore, I, Stacey W. Wade, Secretary of State of the state of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 5th day of April, 1933, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 5th day of April, A. D. 1933.

STACEY W. WADE,
Secretary of State.

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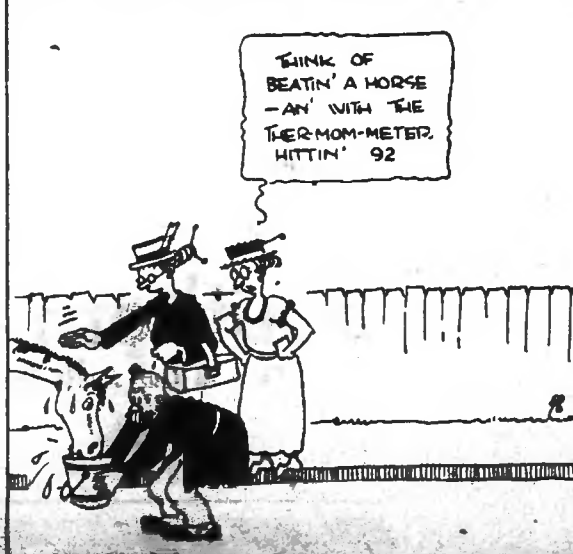
"THE MAIN THING ON MAIN STREET"

Daily Buzz

MAIN STREET'S
LEADING NEWSPAPER

PEDDLER GETS JUST DESERTS AS HEAT FELLS PONY

A CRUEL OUT OF TOWN
PEDDLER ATTEMPTED TO
BEAT HIS PONY WHICH
FELL EXHAUSTED FROM
THE HEAT YESTERDAY
THE CROWD WHICH SOON
COLLECTED GAVE THE
PEDDLER A DOSE OF HIS
OWN MEDICINE THEY
HITCHED HIM TO HIS
WAGON SO HE COULD
PULL IT DOWN MAIN
STREET.



him. Joyce was alarmed, this time not so much at the prospect of being kissed as at the danger of such reckless actions while on horseback.

"Oh, please don't!" she exclaimed hastily, "you make me—" she had been about to say, "you make me nervous," when she was struck by the absurdity of Frills Packard saying anything like that.

Packard looked surprised, but he obediently fell away a little. Joyce was undecided whether to be contemptuous of him for his lack of spirit or to conclude that his experience with Frills, when he crossed her, had probably been so unpleasant that he had learned his lesson thoroughly.

Try as she would, Joyce could not keep Robert Ainsworth from her thoughts. The beauty of the night brought vividly to mind his delightful personality. It would be so perfect with the right man!

Joyce wondered most of the way back if her silence puzzled Neil very much. She would have chatted willingly enough, but nothing except dangerous remarks seemed to occur to her. Neil was little help for he too rode in silence. What was he thinking? Looking at him she thought with amusement "Prunes!"

"Don't you feel well, Frills? You . . . you're sort of quiet tonight," said Packard, in what Joyce described to herself as a "cautious voice."

"I feel absolutely wonderful!" she retorted with spirit, "can't I enjoy myself just once without shrieking over it?"

"Oh, sure, only it's . . . it's not exactly like you." Joyce, torn between impatience and amusement, answered, "Well, whatever I do is me isn't it?"

Packard made no reply to this, but a little later on he said earnestly, "Look here, sweetheart, I stopped to see mother today on my way down. She'd like awfully to . . . be friends with you. Won't you, please? I'd give anything in the world if you'd go to see her and just be nice to her a few minutes. You needn't go often or spend much time there, but if you . . . she's so anxious to have things friendly. It's tough on her, my being her only son and my wife never going to see her. She's getting old, you know."

Before Neil stopped Joyce felt a lump coming into her throat. His voice was so pleading and so anxious. She remembered the sweetfaced woman whose picture she had found in his desk drawer, and how she wondered if his mother were still living.

"Well, all right, I'll make a date with you to take me to see her tomorrow. I won't go alone," and was a little pleased with herself for her diplomacy.

Her prompt acceptance surprised him, she saw, but he seized upon it gratefully. "Thanks a lot. We could take a run out there before dinner. Could you be ready at about five? Or would that interfere with anything you're doing? We don't have to go tomorrow, you know."

"No, we'll go at five. If you forget or let any business interfere you'll have hard work making any more dates with me—for anything," retorted Joyce.

"I'll be there, I'll tell the world. Gee, Frills, that's sweet of you. You know how much mother means to me."

Joyce rode on in silence thinking fast and furiously. If she could do things like this for Packard surely she needn't feel that all the giving was on his side, even though she refused him herself. She could give him more of her company than Frills had; she could eliminate all cause for jealousy with Maitland; she could make his house more of a real home. Or was it too late to do that? And could she follow out such a plan without misleading him as to her feelings?

Well, she had made enough concessions for such a short time! The future must somehow take care of itself.

As, on foot once more, they approached the house from the

Elkin Recorder's Court Is Source of Grief To Representative Haynes

By M. R. Dunnagan

Raleigh.—Sheriff Haynes has had a peck of trouble over the Recorder's court of Elkin, so, he has, in desperation, made an attempt to end that trouble—or it may mean still more trouble—by introducing a bill in the House to abolish the court, effective May 15, this month.

The bill provides that all causes and processes in said court which shall not be heard or disposed of on or before May 15, shall be transferred, returnable to and tried by the court of proper jurisdiction, and full power and authority is hereby given said court to remand such causes and processes to the court of proper jurisdiction.

Also, it provides that all costs and fines due and to be paid into the Recorder's court which are due and unpaid on said date shall be collected by the present recorder of said court and paid over to the treasurer of Surry county, less a commission of five per cent for collection.

And what a sigh of relief Sheriff Haynes indulged in when he introduced the bill, but that sign will not be comparable to the one he will give when, and if, his new bill is ratified. He has had two years of it and, is weary of well doing.

The jurisdiction was extended five miles around Elkin two years ago, so as to take in parts of Wilkes and Yadkin counties, but primarily the town of Jonesville, in Yadkin. Senator Blackburn tried to take Wilkes and Yadkin from that jurisdiction in a bill this session, but succeeded only in getting the part of Wilkes out. Yadkin remained.

Representative Eaton, of Yadkin, on request, introduced another bill to take Yadkin out. Sheriff Haynes had to fight it. The bill came back from the committee on Courts and Judicial Districts with a favorable report, and Sheriff Haynes got it sent back to Judiciary No. 2. It came out favorably reported, and Sheriff Haynes had it sent back to Counties, Cities and Towns. It came back with a favorable report, and Sheriff Haynes tried to get it sent back again, but failed, and it passed its second reading. However, when it came to third reading it could not muster sufficient strength to get over.

The fine Italian hand of the political-minded sheriff had been shown.

Now they seem to be having trouble getting a judge. At any

terrace side, Joyce heard voices; and when they entered the living room they were immediately surrounded by a welcoming group who had evidently been waiting for their return.

"Well, what do you know? Frill's been riding in the moonlight with her husband! Hot stuff! Somebody telephone the scandal to the papers!"

The company consisted of Doc Ellison, Ross and Clarice Emery, Charlie Bates, and Art Belmain. Joyce wondered where the other women were.

"Don't suppose you got any golf while you were East, did you, Neil?" asked Art Belmain. "Not a round," replied Packard.

The men proceeded to talk golf and business.

As the party broke up, Dr. Ellison said in an aside to Joyce, "Say, Frills, you're looking much better than you did two weeks ago. Has your head bothered you any lately?"

(Continued next week)

Dr. M. R. Waddell

DENTIST

Office End Fairplains
Hardsurface Highway

rate, Sheriff Haynes has introduced the bill to abolish the court. It is not presumed that he will have any opposition from Wilkes or Yadkin representatives. In fact, it suits them. Nor is it expected that Senator Sparger, of the Surry-Stokes district will oppose it, unless lots of his Surry constituency appeal to him.

Gandhi Much Weaker But Doctor Says He Will Live

Poona, India, May 10.—The Mahatma Gandhi was described tonight by his own physician as "exhausted but not unduly ill from the fast he began Monday."

The physician, after examining the frail political and spiritual leader who embarked on a three weeks' fast in protest against untouchability, said he was surprised and disappointed at the rapid fall in Mr. Gandhi's condition so soon.

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. S. 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. E. BELL,
Mortgagee.

5-22-4t.
Charity Waddell, Assignee.

Boston, May 10.—An increase of about one cent a loaf in the cost of bread to consumers would result under the terms of the farm bill, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace said today.

Got Over Weak, Painful Condition By Taking Cardui

"I was weak and run-down and suffered quite a bit with pains in my side," writes Mrs. Nick Baranco, of Beaumont, Texas. "I was nervous. I did not rest well at night, and my appetite was poor. My mother had used Cardui with beneficial result, so I decided to take it. I surely am glad I did, for it stopped the pain in my side and built up my general health. I took seven bottles in all." For over 50 years, Cardui has been helping women just as this Texas lady describes above. Cardui is sold at all drug stores.



BOWELS need watching

Let Dr. Caldwell help whenever your child is feverish or upset; or has caught cold.

His simple prescription will make that bilious, headachy, cross boy or girl comfortable, happy, well in just a few hours. It soon restores the bowels to healthy regularity. It helps "break-up" a cold by keeping the bowels free from all that sickening mucus waste.

You have a famous doctor's word for this laxative. Dr. Caldwell's record of having attended over 3500 births without loss of one mother or baby is believed unique in American medical history. Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist and have it ready. Then you won't have to worry when any member of your family is headachy, bilious, gassy or constipated. Syrup Pepsin is good for all ages. It sweetens the bowels; increases appetite—makes digestion more complete.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

County Taxes

Additional penalty goes on after June 1st. Pay now and save.

W. B. SOMERS, Sheriff

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

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

If this bile is not flowing freely, your head doesn't digest. It just dumps in the bowels. Gas blasts up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, often breaks out in blisters. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned. It takes thousands of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those 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 this red label. Beware of imitations. Small bottles 25c. D. B. C. Co.

By L. F. Van Zelm