

AWAKENED WOMAN

by Elinore Barry

FINAL INSTALLMENT

"Roxie knew you better than I did," Neil said slowly, "I guess that's a retback 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 d'smally 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 him.

"Anything wrong, Neil?" she asked nervously.

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

"Oh, Neil, you mustn'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 won't go into that just now, Frills, if it bores you." Joyce was about to remonstrate 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 Manzanita 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 memory—to remember!"

"Yes," said Neil, "I don't know much about these things, but I should think the medics 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 who 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 smalltown 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 some-

worth?"

"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 have felt that he simply couldn't run off with your wife!"

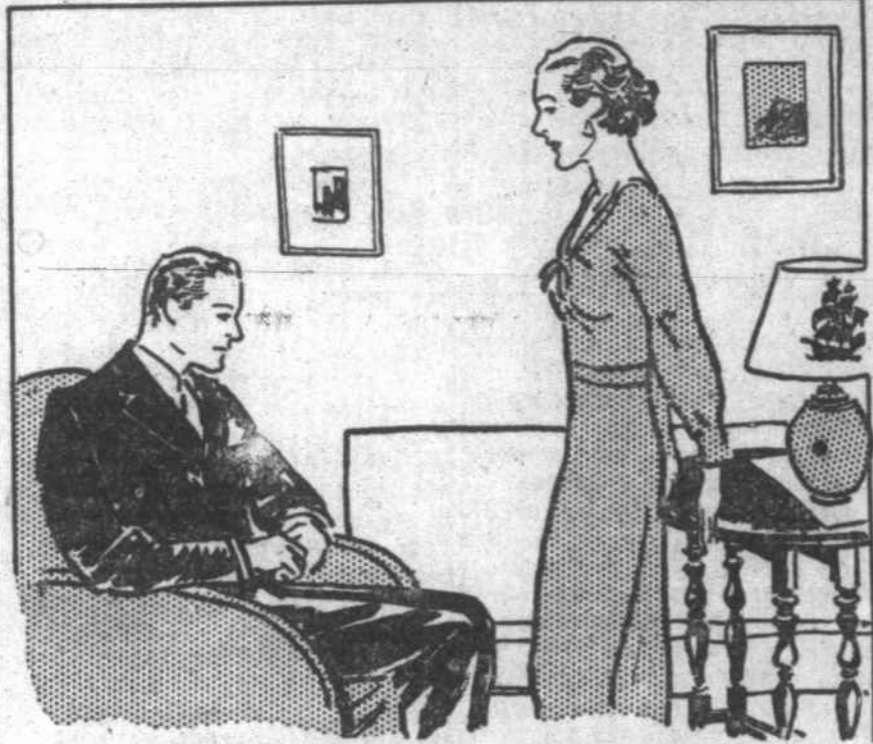
Neil look at her sideways. "Sounds like the bunk to me. What on earth makes you think that?"

"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 exalted 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



Joyce saw that he was trembling like a leaf.

thing reckless and wild, to be seized upon 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 surly 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 me, 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 Ains-

Sunday School Lesson

SAMUEL Lesson for August 20th. 1 Samuel 3, 7, 12.

Golden Text: 1 Samuel 12:20.

The lesson opens with one of the most charming narratives in the Bible, the story of the child Samuel hearing the voice of the Lord in the night, at the time he ministered in the temple under the supervision of Eli. At first he supposed the strange voice to be that of Eli. But the priest knew at once that God was speaking, and instructed the child to respond, when the call sounded anew, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

Surely this is a most appealing incident, told with that artlessness that is the highest art. Nowadays we call such a voice conscience, that "something inside that I cannot do what I want to with," as a small boy well defined it.

The mature Samuel was a forceful judge both respected and feared by his people. Their eagerness to follow strange gods he did not hesitate to denounce, as he went about from city to city holding court. His powerful influence is clearly revealed at Mizpeh, where he called the people to repentance, and then from the hand of the invading Philistines.

Though a great leader, of unusual sanctity, Samuel had more piety than charm. There was a streak of strait-laced severity about him that makes him seem a trifle unhuman.

There is pathos in the declining years of Samuel. His influence had waned, and his unworthy sons, who succeeded him in the judgeship, naturally aroused antagonism. It is then that the people, with almost brutal frankness said, "You are old and your sons are not following your footsteps. Now appoint a king for us, to rule us like all other nations." This request, though reasonable, angered Samuel, but he finally yielded, warning them that their king would be a tyrant.

We take leave of him at Gilgal, where the people gather to see Saul made king, and to hear Samuel's farewell address.

After leaving Chicago going to a town of five hundred, a young man was asked how he liked his new location when he said, "This is the first graveyard I ever saw with a lighting system."

Rules of grammar in Esperanto language are so simple they can be learned in an hour.

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Two of the best buys for you today. More for the money than you will find in any car. See them—drive them—and you will be surprised at the price. Let us give you a demonstration.

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Bethel Hill Items

Mrs. Schonwall, of New Jersey, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Wehrenberg.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Woody, of Baltimore, Md., are visiting relatives and friends at Bethel Hill.

Mr. Cecil Humphries, of Durham, spent the week-end with his parents.

Mrs. William Montague and two sons, Bryan and Rand, are visiting relatives at Garner, N. C.

Mrs. Roosevelt Jones and son, Gerald, of Virginia, visited relatives at Bethel Hill last week-end.

Mr. Wm. H. Pully, of Raleigh, visited relatives and friends of this community last Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Merritt's mother, Mrs. Cox, of Red Springs, visited her last week, and returned home Sunday.

Mrs. John Qualls and daughter, Dorothy, of Alexandria, Va., are visiting in the home of Mrs. A. R. Fontaine at Bethel Hill.

In a thrilling eleven-inning contest full of action, Harmony, Va., defeated Bethel Hill, 13 to 12, last Saturday at Harmony. The score was tied in the sixth inning. Harmony took the lead in the seventh and Bethel Hill tied the score again in the ninth. It required two extra innings to break the tie.

MOTHER JOINS IN SEARCH FOR SON

Aged Woman Rides With Posse In Hope Of Making Her Son Surrender

Mountainair, N. M., July 30.—Mrs. A. B. Layman rode with grim possemen about the mountain fastness of central New Mexico for three hours today in a vain hunt for her son, Jack Layman, ex-convict sought for murder.

"I can make him surrender," the grey-haired mother said, pleading that there be no gunplay in the event he is sighted.

Attired in a somber dress, she pressed over the hills with a dozen men. Almost 200 others were hunting her son, who is accused of fatally shooting William Meador, 21-year-old Torrence county deputy sheriff in resisting arrest Friday night.

But Layman had a lead of seven hours. He was tracked to Abo, N. M., seven miles southwest of this city. There the trail got cold. Bloodhounds ordered from State Penitentiary sniffed about futilely and were sent back to their kennels.

Tiring at last, Mrs. Layman retired to the home of a son-in-law here, asking officers to keep her in touch with developments.

Mrs. Layman volunteered Saturday night to go with the posse.

"I want him to surrender peacefully," she said. "I will use every effort to locate him."

Officers said Layman shot Meador, son of Sheriff Rex Meador, to escape arrest on an assault charge.

The possemen were scattered over a wide area today reaching as far south as the Gran Quivira Ruins, 25 miles away.

Mountainair lies at the east edge of the Manzano mountains and on the edge of the Oibola national forest.

Posse leaders said they had received no instructions from Sheriff Meador to guarantee protection for

Layman.

Another son, John Layman, was picked up by officers last night for questioning and it was then that Mrs. Layman made her first appearance before the posse.

TRY A COURIER WANT AD.

Schiltz Beer and OTHER BRANDS On Tap or in Bottles at FEEDWELL CAFE Court St. - Roxboro, N. C.

Underweight Children

Need More Iron in Their Blood!

Children who are thin and pale and who lack appetite are usually suffering from a deficiency of iron. When the blood lacks iron it becomes thin and poor and fails to nourish. Then a child loses appetite and becomes still thinner and weaker—and easy prey to disease!

To build up your child, give him Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It contains iron which makes for rich, red blood. It also contains tasteless quinine which tends to purify the blood. These two effects make it an exceptional medicine for young and old. A few days on Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic will work wonders in your child. It will sharpen his appetite, improve his color and build up his pep and energy and increase his resistance to disease. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is pleasant to take. Children like it and it's absolutely safe for them. Contains nothing harmful. All stores sell Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Get a bottle today and see how your child will benefit from it.

Whispering Rock



By now all traces of man-made things had vanished. . . . On either side the desert lay—a sky-bound ocean of gray-green and weathered brown. . . . The air, thin, unbelievably clear, was a thing of blinding light and quivering heat—a parched thing which drew moisture from the lips. . . .

A TENSE STORY OF THE WEST

By John Lebar

Barbed wire cannot fence off the desperate drama which still stalks our western plains . . . as you will agree after reading of this struggle for home and place. It is a story masterfully told in "Whispering Rock."

Beginning Next Week In The Courier

AN ADVERTISEMENT of Danger

NOT long ago, an automobile carrying three persons approached a grade crossing. A flashing red light in a large red disc, swinging back and forth in plain view, gave unmistakable warning of an approaching train—and of danger. Incredible as it may seem and in utter disregard of the danger signal, the car was driven onto the tracks. The locomotive crashed into it. All three persons were injured but miraculously escaped death. Questioned later, the driver of the vehicle admitted having seen the warning signal but added, "I thought it was some kind of an advertisement."

themselves and others to certain death and injury.

The Norfolk and Western Railway has spent more than \$700,000 for the installation of these "advertisements of danger" where public highways cross its lines at grade. Last year 18 percent of all grade crossing accidents on the railway were due to automobiles being driven into the sides of trains, either standing on, or passing over, grade crossings. One hundred and forty-three automobiles were driven through and broke down N. & W. crossing gates which had been lowered to protect them against approaching trains.



That flashing red signal was an advertisement—"an advertisement of danger". Upon these "advertisements of danger"—wiggles, lights, bells, crossing gates—the railroads of the country have spent millions of dollars—for the protection of the public. In spite of this; in spite of the fact that self preservation is the first law of nature, thousands of careless and unthinking automobile drivers are literally driving

To solve this serious problem the railroads have done, and are doing, more than their part. But they alone cannot solve it. It is essentially the problem of the automobile driver, and the public. Automobile drivers and others can entirely avoid highway grade crossing accidents by using even the most ordinary care—by heeding that unmistakable warning signal—the railroad's "advertisement of danger".

NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILWAY

ROANOKE VIRGINIA