

AUCTION SALE

OF TWO

Valuable Properties TODAY, JUNE 8th

10:00 A. M.--Northwest Corner Second and Walnut Streets,
Known as the Methodist Parsonage

11:00 A. M.--1009 Market Street, Known as
the Wilson Property

DESCRIPTION

No. 1--Corner Second and Walnut, fronts 99 feet on Walnut, 66 feet on Second street; large dwelling, only a block from busy Front street and only a few feet from the Wilmington Hotel. This building could very easily be converted into a small hotel or apartment house, and as business property it certainly has a future. If you believe in our city, this will make you a good investment proposition. Easy terms.

No. 2--Elegant Market street home, 102 feet frontage, with a depth of 170 feet, on the North side of the street, about 69x170, will be sold with the residence, and the balance separately, or will be offered as a whole if desired. Nine room residence, with furnace, bath room and all modern conveniences; basement under entire house, built of heart lumber throughout. Artesian water on premises, pronounced by state chemist to be best in the city. If you are looking for a home on Market street, close to down town, one block from car line, and in an excellent neighborhood, this is your opportunity. Had you stopped to think that more money is now being spent on Market street buildings and improvements than in all the rest of the city combined?

EASY TERMS ON BOTH PROPERTIES O. T. WALLACE & COMPANY

103 Chestnut Street

"The Glad Surrender"

(By Hazel Deyo Batchelor)

SYNOPSIS.
It all goes to prove that there is after all only one reason for marriage, and that is love. Granville Burton married Laurel Stone for other reasons, and discovered his love for her after their son was born, when Laurel's attitude toward him had mysteriously changed. No longer did he want Laurel to mother his two little girls. He wanted her because she was the one woman.

CHAPTER XI.

November found them settled again in the Madison avenue house, and they had not been in a week before Laurel had a typewriter installed in her boudoir. It stood on a white table near a window and Laurel began to work regularly two hours or more every day. There was a feverish impulse urging her on to do something beside manage efficiently the house of Burton. Her own attitude toward Granville had settled down into a polite cordiality and Laurel was finding her moments snatched with Ted and Winona and Tom Benton among the happiest that she ever spent.

They would meet either at Winona's apartment or at a small restaurant and talk about affairs of the day, people who did interesting things, new jobs for women, everything about which

they could talk or argue. At these times Laurel was as she was in the old newspaper days, eager and enthusiastic and yet there were times when she talked with a certain little hardness crept into her speech; a certain logical reason had displaced the simple childish faith that had been one of her chief charms. And yet this charm had not entirely disappeared; it would shine out in her eyes sometimes when she was excited about anything. It made Winona feel that Laurel was still Laurel under the surface hardness that she had acquired through experience with life.

It seemed incongruous to Granville to go by Laurel's door and to hear the faint far-off tapping of the typewriter. It was something to be jealous of, and it was something into which his life did not enter at all. He had read her first story when it came out; read it at his office. It seemed very wonderful to him to turn the leaves of the magazine and to come suddenly on the heading "Small-Town Pride," by Laurel Burton. Miss Rhodes had read it and she remarked in her crisp efficient manner that she thought it very good.

"I am taking a short story course at Columbia," she explained to Granville in a cool little voice. "Mrs. Bur-

ton does characters wonderfully well." Granville wondered about Miss Rhodes as she left the office. Day after day for nearly three years she had come into his room to take dictation. Her blue serge frocks and sheer cuffs and collar had always been a part of her, her sleek little head with its rather proud carriage had given her an air of distinction. He had always accepted Miss Rhodes as an unusually good stenographer, who did her work well. But he had never thought anything about her private life until lately, because he had never thought of her as a woman. He paid her \$40 a week and she was taking a short-story course at Columbia in her free time. How wonderful were these women of today, how worth while, an admirable creature leaped to Laurel in her sitting-room tapping on the typewriter. They wanted to do things for the joy of doing them, women like Miss Rhodes and Laurel and Winona. And once he had thought that his money and his power would be enough to make Laurel happy. He had thought to chain a woman with wings to a round of pleasures that only women like Marion Worth and others like her thought sufficient.

He remembered the feeling of pride he had felt when he bought the ruby that he had given her. He had felt the necessity of a wonderful ring, and he had wanted to give his wife the finest thing that could be bought. There was nothing of sentiment about it. He had examined several rings, picking them up from their white velvet beds to scrutinize the stones and the settings. The ruby had appealed to him as some different. Its blaze, its splendor were so dominant, so defiant, so worthy of seriousness. Now he often

watched it flash and sparkle from her finger with a dull ache in his heart. It was a flaming badge of his ownership; it told the world that she had a wealthy husband, but what else did it mean? Did it stand for anything intimate between them, his right to kiss the starry eyes, to hold her in his arms? No, he had no right to anything personal about her. He was too proud to force his attentions when he knew that she did not want them.

Their life together had settled into a commonplace routine where neither expected anything of the other and yet underneath each was hoping for something to happen. Granville never saw Laurel unless it was under the most formal instances. He grew to wonder what she did with her intimate self, and then into the well-oiled machinery of their lives together a cog slipped. The baby fell ill.

(Tomorrow--The baby's illness shows Granville the breach between himself and Laurel.)

Stomach ills

permanently disappear after drinking the celebrated Shivar Mineral Water. Positively guaranteed by money-back offer. Tastes like a trifle. Delivered anywhere by our Wilmington Agents, Crescent Candy Co. Phone 2888.

CLARENDON NARROWLY ESCAPES SERIOUS FIRE

Cotton Gin Building Is Destroyed By Flames.

(Special to The Star.)
Clarendon, June 5.--The old Grain-see and Frink cotton gin building here, now the property of W. K. Todd, burned to the ground last Wednesday afternoon. The building was a large, three-story structure, with shed constructed of pine, lightwood, and was licked up by the hungry flames in a very short time. This building stood some distance north of the business section of town, and luckily the wind was blowing from the south. Had the wind been from the north, the entire business part, as well as many residences, would have been destroyed. So rapidly did the flames gain headway, that it was useless to try to save the building and the attention of the bucket brigade was given nearby buildings, two of which caught on top from flying embers, but were promptly extinguished, with only slight damages to the buildings.

The gin building had been converted into a warehouse and stables. E. F. Moody had a mule in the building when discovered on fire. The alarm was given and several men made a dash for the building to find the door locked and, prying off some of the weather boards, the mule, already frightened by the fire, became more frightened by this noise, and ran back in the building, and by this time the heat became so intense that the men

had to leave the mule to be roasted alive. Other losers by the fire were L. F. Grainger, who had about two carloads of fertilizer stored under the shed, and W. I. Feal, who had several bales of hay in the building. There was no insurance on the building or any of its contents. The lumber in the structure was worth around \$1,000. How the fire originated is unknown. Some of the theories advanced are, that the fire might have started from a spark from the afternoon passenger train, which had passed only a short time before.

A. A. McKee Dead

A. A. McKee, an aged and highly respected farmer, living in the Lebanon section of this county, out on rural route No. 1, died at his home last Monday afternoon, after a few days' illness. Mr. McKee had a severe attack of influenza and pneumonia more than a year ago, and while he had so regained his health as to be able to still around, he had never fully recovered from the effects of this malady. He was a consistent member of the Methodist church at Lebanon, and his remains were tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at that place Tuesday afternoon, the funeral services being conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. N. Phillips. He was preceded to the grave several years by his wife, but is survived by several children and grandchildren and other relations, besides a host of friends.

Miss Lela Harper arrived Thursday from Greensboro, where she graduated in the last session of the Greensboro

College for Women, which closed the first of this week.

Several of the growers are digging Irish potatoes this week, and the yield is excellent.

AGE LIMIT OF "YOUNG WOMEN" AT LAST SET

The delicate question of "How old is a young woman?" has at last been given an answer, whether correct or not, by the trustees of a new "week for young women" opened this week by the Y. W. C. A. in New York City. According to their ruling thirty is the turning point from youth to--not age, but the next step in line. The laws of the new hotel, which is a gift of John D. Rockefeller in memory of his wife, limit guests to girls under thirty, but the next step in line, the policy and belief of the Y. W. C. A. universally is the same as ever, greeting entirely with the encouraging and still truthful advice that "a woman is as young as she looks--or feels."