

# HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write for Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book. Home treatment for women, sent in plain wrapper.



Many people think that shoes must be tight and pinch the foot in order to look neat and dressy. But comfort need not give way to style.

## Right Fitting Is the Keynote

Dress shoes that we fit to your feet can be just as comfortable as shoes you buy for service. And we do not sacrifice either style or neatness in fitting you.

Our pumps, dancing slippers and all sorts of dress shoes offer you a wide field for choice. Our styles and prices will please you.

**F. M. COBURN**  
Home of the Famous "Lad and Lassie" Shoe for Children

## E. B. GLOVER

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING  
LICENSED EMBALMER

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.  
Day Phone 506 Night Phone 540



## VIOLETS!

The dainty "woody" odor of VIOLETS is the most universally pleasing to people of REFINEMENT AND BREEDING  
At this season of the year when the

## FRESH BLOSSOMS

ARE RARE AND EXPENSIVE WE OFFER A  
Delightful Substitute

In Hudnut's Violet perfume and toilet water. We have a full line of other

## CHOICE PERFUMES

ROSEMARY DRUG COMPANY  
ROSEMARY, N. C.

## Spend Your Money

with your home merchants. They help pay the taxes, keep up the schools, build roads, and make this a community worth while. You will find the advertising of the best ones in this paper.

## DON'T FORGET

US

When you need anything in the line of neat and attractive Printing.

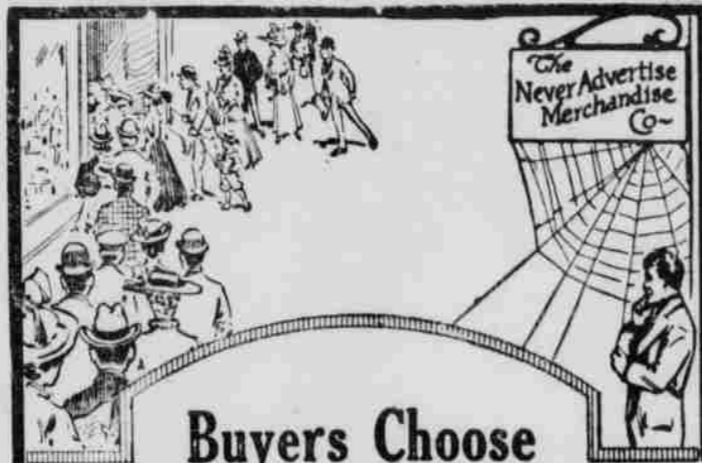


## Travel Joys

come to those who have the money to make leisurely trips. Why don't you plan to see something of the country this year? It's mighty good country to get acquainted with!

Start a Travel Savings Account With Us This Week

The First National Bank  
ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.



## Buyers Choose

## the Store That Advertises

Most people pass right by the store that's behind the times and patronize the modern, up-to-date store where all the latest and best methods of doing business are in use.

The store that is up-to-date is the one that advertises. The very atmosphere about the store is reflected in the announcements, for advertising suggests modern methods—progress, good merchandise and a cheerfulness in making suggestions for the busy buyer who hasn't time enough to try to think what is needed.

Then again, the merchant who advertises sells so much goods that he can afford to sell cheaper than others and still make money.



## Rubber Goods of All Kinds

It's not economy to do without rubber gloves.

Washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning the woodwork—all these irksome tasks can be accomplished without injury to your hands if you get a pair of our rubber gloves.

We also have the latest and most improved styles of fountain and combination syringes—hot water bottles—medicinal atomizers—complexion brushes—bath sprays—sanitary aprons and belts—nipples—pacifiers—etc.

We buy only the best rubber goods procurable—and sell them at lowest prices.

Roanoke Pharmacy Company  
Prescription Druggists

## Roanoke Rapids Power Company

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Save Your Money by Buying a Building Lot on EASY PAYMENTS

Electrical Power for all Purposes at Low Rates  
WE RENT DIRECT WATER POWER AT \$15.00 Per HORSE POWER Per YEAR

# The AUCTION BLOCK

BY REX BEACH



"A dramatic cricket," declared Bob. Adoree began to undo the buttons on her back, but Bob seized her hands.

"Let go. I'll blow up if I see that creature," she exclaimed, in a kind of subdued shout.

Argument proved vain until Lorelei told her firmly: "You owe it to yourself, dear. And we won't let you go."

The dancer ceased her struggles, her brows puckered.

"Seriously, now, Lorelei has told me everything, and I want Campbell to acknowledge his mistake," said Bob.

"The public has swallowed that royalty hoax, but there's no use deceiving him."

Despite her show of bravado, Adoree was panic-stricken when the bell rang and Bob went to the door to explain the change of plan and invite Pope in.

swam all over the pond. They swam all their fat off, and I had the pond dredged and never found an egg."

Miss Demorest giggled audibly; she had lost all interest in her food; she was flung with excitement.

"Why didn't you fence them in?" she asked.

Pope eyed her for a fleeting instant, then his gaze wavered.

"I fenced in the whole pond to begin with. It nearly broke me."

"A duck shouldn't have much water. What kind were they?"

"Plymouth Rocks, or Holsteins, or Jersey Lilies—anyhow they were white."

"White Pekins?"

The critic frowned argumentatively. "What is a duck for if he isn't to swim? What is his object? We had six on my father's farm, and they swam all the time. Of course, six isn't many, but—"

"Naturally they didn't do well—"

Bob Wharton signaled frantically to his wife, but there was no stopping the discussion that had begun to rage back and forth. It lasted until the conclusion of the meal, and it was only with an effort that Adoree tore herself away.

She was in her element, and in a little time had won the critic's undivided attention; he listened with absorption; he even made occasional notes.

As the two girls dressed hurriedly for the theater, Adoree confessed: "Golly! I'm glad I stayed. He's not bright; he's perfectly silly about some things, and yet he's the most interesting talker I ever heard. And—can't he play a piano?"

"That—Viper?" She cried.

He entered the living room with a hand extended and a smile upon his lips, then halted as if frozen. By the time he had been introduced to Adoree he had burst into a gentle perspiration.

As for Miss Demorest, she took a grim delight in his discomfort, and prepared to blast him with sarcasm, to wither him with her contempt when the moment came. Meanwhile she listened as the two men talked, turning up her nose when Pope sneered Broadway with his usual bitterness.

"He thinks that's smart," she reflected; but she, too, detected the Great Trite Way, and his words expressed her own distaste so aptly that she could think of no argument sufficiently biting to confound him. She deliberately framed a stinging reference to his pose in the matter of dress, though in frankness she had to admit that he wore his gray sweater vest with an air of genuine comfort and unconsciousness.

Pope was noticeably ill at ease. He was conscious of Miss Demorest's hostile eyes, and the pointed manner in which she ignored his presence was disquieting. Bob appeared to enjoy his lack of repose, and offered no relief. At last Pope turned to the piano and fidgeted through the stack of sheet music he found there.

"Do you play?" inquired Bob.

"Yes, Why?"

"You look as if you did—you're kind of—badly nourished. Know any rag-time?"

The musician groaned. After a moment he murmured, "I improvise a good deal." The instrument, perhaps for the first time in its life, began to vibrate and ring to something besides the clapping music of the day. Once he had found a means of occupying himself, Pope surrendered to his impulse and in a measure forgot his surroundings.

A short time later Lorelei turned from the kitchenette to find Adoree Demorest poised, a salad-bowl in one hand, a wooden spoon gripped in the other, on her face a rapt expression of beatitude.

"Have you rubbed the dish with garlic?" inquired Lorelei.

Adoree roused herself slowly. "Lordy!" she whispered. "I'd give both legs to the knee and one eye if I could play like that. The mean little shrimp!"

The embers of her resentment were still glowing when the four finally seated themselves at the table. A furtive glance in Pope's direction showed that he was studiously avoiding her eyes; she prepared once more to begin the process of faying him.

"You've been away for some time, haven't you?" Bob was asking.

Pope nodded. "I hate New York. I went as far away as I could get, and I managed to return just two jumps ahead of the sheriff. It will take me six months to pay my debts. I'm a grand little business man."

"What was it this time? Mining?"

"No. Poultry." Adoree pricked up her ears.

"You went West, eh?" pursued Bob.

"No. East—Long Island. I saw a great opportunity to make money; so I found a farm on a lake, bought it, and went to raising ducks."

"Ducks!" breathlessly exclaimed Miss Demorest; but her interruption went unnoticed.

Campbell Pope's features shone with the gentle light of a pleasurable remembrance. "It was lovely and quiet out there. The local inhabitants were shy but friendly; they did me no harm. But—it was no place for ducks; they

swam all over the pond. They swam all their fat off, and I had the pond dredged and never found an egg."

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example of the unearned increment. We'll kiss this dirty flat a fond farewell—it's impossible, really—I refuse to share such a dark secret with you. Tomorrow we leave it for the third and last time. What d'you say to the sunny

side of the Ritz until we decide where we want to travel?"

Just then the apartment bell rang. Bob went to the door. He returned with his father at his heels. Mr. Wharton trumped in grimly, nodded at his daughter-in-law, who had risen at the first sound of his voice, then ran his eyes swiftly over the surroundings.

"I hear you've made a fool of yourself again," he began, showing his teeth in a faint smile. "Have you given up your apartment at the Charlevoix?"

"Not yet," said Bob. "We're considering a suite at the Ritz for a few days."

"Indeed. You're going back to the Charlevoix tonight?"

Lorelei started. She had expected opposition, but was unprepared for anything so blunt and businesslike. "I think you and Bob can talk more freely if I leave you alone," she said.

Hannibal Wharton replied shortly: "No, don't leave. I'll talk freer with you here."

It appeared, however, that Robert stood in no awe of his father's anger; he said lightly:

"They never come back, dad. I'm a regular married man. Lorelei is my royal consort, my yoke-mate, my rib. We'll have to scratch the Charlevoix."

This levity left the caller unmoved; to Lorelei he explained:

"I want no notoriety, so all we need talk about is terms. You'll fare better by dealing directly with me than through lawyers—I'll fight a lawsuit—so let's get down to business. You should realize, however, that those settlements are never as large as they're advertised. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars and stand the costs of the divorce proceedings."

"You are making a mistake," she told him, quietly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" Mr. Wharton exclaimed, irritably. "I know real sentiment when I see it, and I'll bet the bill for this counterfeited, but I'm too tired to argue."

Lorelei was standing very white and still; now she said, "Don't you think you'd better go?"

The elder man laid aside his hat and gloves, then spoke with snarling deliberation. "I'll go when I choose. No high and mighty airs with me, if you please." After a curious scrutiny of them both he asked his son: "You don't really imagine that she married you for anything except your money, do you?"

"I flattered myself—" Bob began, stiltily.

"Bah! You're drunk."

"Moderately, perhaps—or let us say that I am in an unaturally argumentative mood. I take issue with you. You see, dad, I've been crazy about Lorelei ever since I first saw her, and—"

"To be sure, that's quite natural. But why in hell did you marry her? That wasn't necessary, was it?"

Lorelei uttered a sharp cry. Bob rose; his eyes were bright and hard. Mr. Wharton merely arched his shaggy brows, inquiring quickly of the bride:

"What's the matter? I state the case correctly, do I not?"

"No!" gasped Lorelei.

"Let's talk plainly—"

"That's a bit too plain, even from you, dad," Bob cried, angrily.

"It's time for plain speaking. You got drunk, and she tripped you. I'm here to get you out of the trap." Ad-

ressing himself to Lorelei, he said: "Ten thousand dollars will buy a lot of clothes. I believe that's the amount Merkle offered you, isn't it?"

"Merkle? What are you talking about?" Bob demanded.

"Did Mr. Merkle tell you how and why he came to make that offer?" asked Lorelei, indignantly.

"No. But he offered it, did he not?"

"Yes, and I refused it. Ask him why?"

"We don't seem to be getting along very well," Bob interposed. "Lorelei is my wife and your daughter-in-law. What's more, I love her; so I guess that ends the Reno chatter." He crossed to Lorelei's side and encircled her with his arm. "There's no price-tag on this marriage, dad, and you'll regret what you've said."

Wharton senior shrugged wearily. "You're right, miss; maybe he'll believe you."

"Tell him what?" asked Lorelei.

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