

Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Theford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Theford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Theford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.



Rugs and Carpets

You will find an unusually varied supply of floor coverings in all grades at our store. If you want one of the rich, soft, beautifully colored Oriental rugs for your parlor or hall we can put it there.

And quite as readily we can give you the simpler weaves in rugs or carpets—strong, elegant, long-wearing goods of American manufacture. In fact, we specialize in domestic materials of medium price and highest quality.

Our Word Is a Guaranty of Honest Values

B. S. WEBB

Exclusive Furniture Dealer

ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

E. B. GLOVER

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

LICENSED EMBALMER

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Day Phone 506

Night Phone 540

Thrift Is Power

Japan's ambition to be a world power called forth an imperial edict telling the people to save.

In three years, since 1912, the number of Japanese with accounts in savings banks has increased to 20,655,830, one-half the whole population.

In the United States today, only 19 out of every hundred persons have savings accounts.

Saving is a duty you owe your country as well as yourself.

One Dollar Starts an Account!
Rosemary Banking & Trust Co.
Safety and Service



Outing Money

Have you ever had the price to take a real vacation—away from everything you're tired of and all the old places?

YOUR VACATION

this year can be the best you've known if you begin now to save for it. Start an account with us today and watch the pile grow—truly an inspiring sight!

The First National Bank
ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.



Why People Buy

From Stores That Advertise

You have often heard people ask this question, "Why is it I never strike a bargain like you do?" That person is not a wide-awake nor careful buyer and does not read the advertisements in this newspaper.

When a business man pays money to make a public announcement, he usually has something worth while to offer—something that is to your advantage to know. He has a money-saving sale, a new assortment of styles or extraordinary values of some kind to tell you about.

To take advantage of these opportunities you must get at the meat of the newspaper—its advertisements.



A SHAVE
With a
SMILE
Is a Shave
WORTH
WHILE

We Can Make Your Shaving Easier

Shaving in the modern way—with modern utensils—is a real pleasure rather than a nuisance.

However, even some of the latest shaving devices are not a big improvement over the old. But we are in position to know which are the most worthy, as we have had an opportunity to investigate them all.

We tender you a most hearty invitation to inspect our worthy assortment of razors—strops—hones—blades—brushes—soaps in all forms—soothing ointments etc

Roanoke Pharmacy Company
Prescription Dispensary

Funeral Directors

Embalmers

Day or Night Service

Anywhere

Hancock-House Company, Inc.

W. C. WILLIAMS, Licensed Embalmer

Night Phones: Nos. 590, 591, 589 3 rings

Floral Offerings Supplied on Short Notice.

The AUCTION BLOCK

BY
REX BEACH



Her listener frowned. "Forget that salary talk," he said, shortly. "D'you think I'd let you—support me? D'you think I'm that kind of a nosegay?"

When I get so I can't pay the bills I'll walk out. Tomorrow you quit work and we move to the Ritz—they know me there, and—this delightful, home-like groto of yours gives me the colly-wabbies."

"Who will pay the hotel?" Lorelei smiled.

"Mr. George W. Bridegroom, of course. I'll get the money, never fear. I know everybody, and I've borrowed thousands of dollars when I didn't need it. My rooms at the Charlevoix are full of expensive junk; I'll sell it, and that will help. As soon as we're decently settled I'll look for a salaried job. Then watch my smoke. To quote from the press of a few months hence: 'The meteoric rise of Robert Wharton has startled the financial world, surpassing as it does the sensational success of his father. Young Mr. Wharton was seen yesterday at his Wall street office and took time from his many duties to modestly assure our representative that his ability was inherited, and merely illustrates anew the maxim that "a chip of the old block will return after many days." That will please dad. He'll relent when I attribute my success to him.'"

"You must quit drinking before you begin work," said Lorelei.

"I have quit."

With a person of such resistent temperament, one who shambled through life like a fawn, argument was difficult. Bob Wharton was pagan in his joyous inconsequence; his romping spirits could not be damped; he bubbled with the optimism of a Robin Goodfellow. Ahead of him he saw nothing but dancing sunshine, heard nothing but the Pandean pipes. The girl-wife watched him curiously.

"I wonder if you can," she mused. "Before we begin our new life we're going to make a bargain, binding on both of us. You'll have to stop drinking. I won't live with a drunkard. I'll work until you've mastered the craving."

"No!" Bob declared, firmly. "I'll take the river before I'll let you—keep me. Why, if I—"

Lorelei rose and laid her hand over his lips, saying quietly:

"I'm planning our happiness, don't you understand? and it's a big stake. You must pocket your pride for a while. Nobody will know. We've made a batch of things so far, and there is only one way for us to win out."

"A man who'd let his wife have her way at first is a brute."

"You shouldn't ask it," he cried, sullenly.

"I don't ask it. I insist upon it. If you refuse we can't go on."

"Surely you don't mean that?" He looked up at her with grave, troubled eyes.

"I do. I'm entirely in earnest. You haven't strength to go out among your friends and restrain yourself. No man as far gone as you could do it."

"I've a simpler way than that," he told her, after a moment's thought.

"There are institutions where they straighten fellows up. I'll go to one of those."

"No." She rejected this suggestion positively. "They only relieve; they don't cure. The appetite comes back. This is something you must do yourself, once and for all. You must fight this out in secret; this city is no place for men with appetites they can't control. Do this for me, Bob, and—and I'll let you do anything after that. I'll let you—beat me." Getting no response from him, she added gravely:

"It is that or—nothing."

"I can't let you go," Bob said finally.

"Good! We'll keep this apartment and I'll go on working."

He hid his face in his hands and groaned. "Gee! I'm a rotter."

"You can sell your belongings at the Charlevoix, and we'll use the money. We'll need everything, for I can't piece out my salary the way I've been doing. There can't be any more supper parties and gifts."

"I should hope not," he growled. "I'll murder the first man who speaks to you."

"Then it is a real, binding bargain?"

"It is—if you'll bind it with another kiss," he agreed, with a miserable attempt at cheerfulness. "But I sha'n't look myself in the face."

For the first time she came to him willingly.

"Doesn't it seem nice to be honest with yourself and the world?" she sighed, after a time.

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm sorry to get the governor arid, but he'll have to cut along without our help."

Despite his jocularly he was deeply moved. As the situation grew clearer to him he saw that this girl was about to change the whole current of his careless life; her unexpected firmness, her gentle, womanly determination at this crisis was very grateful—he desperately longed to retain its support—and yet the arrangement to which she had forced his consent went sorely against his grain. His struggle had not been easy. Her surrender to him was as complete and as unselfish as his own acquiescence seemed unmanly and weak. He rose and paced the little room to relieve his feelings. Days and weeks of almost constant dissipation had affected his mental poise quite as disastrously as the strain of the past twenty-four hours had told upon his physical control, and he was shaking nervously. He paused at the sideboard finally and poured himself a steady drink.

Lorelei watched his trembling fingers fill the glass before she took.

"You mustn't touch that," she said positively.

"Eh?" He turned, still frowning absent-mindedly. "Oh, this?" He held the glass to the light. "You mean you want me to begin—now? A fellow has to sober up gradually, my dear. I really need a jolt—I'm all unstrung."

"I sealed the bargain."

"But, Lorelei—" He set the glass down with a mirthless laugh. "Of course, I won't, if you insist. I intended to taper off—a chap can't turn tea totaler the way he turns a handspring. He eyed the glass with a sudden intensity of longing. "Let's begin tomorrow. Nobody starts a new life at 2 a. m. And—it's all poured out."

She answered by taking the glass and flinging its contents from the open window. This done, she gathered the bottles from the sideboard—there were not many—and, opening the folding

doors that masked the kitchenette, she upended them over the sink. When the last gurgle had died away she went to her husband and put her arms around his neck.

"You must," she said, gently. "If you'll only let me have my way we'll win. But, Bob, dear, it's going to be a bitter fight."

Lorelei's family spent most of the night in discussing their great good fortune. Even Jim, worn out as he was by his part in the events connected with the marriage, sat until a late hour planning his sister's future, and incidentally his own. After he had gone to bed mother and father remained in a glow of exhilaration that made sleep impossible, and was nearly dawn when they retired to dreams of hopes achieved and ambitions realized.

About nine-thirty on the following morning, just when the rival Wall street forces were gathering, Hannibal Wharton called up the Knight establishment.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the way to the Elegancia Mrs. Knight recounted to Jim in great detail and with numerous digressions and comments what Hannibal Wharton had said to her. Mrs. Knight herself had called a b'od-sucker. It seemed—the good woman shook with rage at the memory—and he had threatened her with the direst retribution if she persisted in attempting to fasten herself upon him. Bob, he had explained, was a loafer whom he had supported out of a sense of duty; if the idiot was really necessary he would simply have to suffer the consequences. But Bob's mother felt the disgrace keenly, and on her account Hannibal had expressed himself as willing to ransom the young fool for, say, ten thousand dollars.

"I never was so insulted in my life," stormed Mrs. Knight. "You should have heard him!"

With a show of confidence not entirely real Jim rejoined: "Now, ma, don't heat up. Everybody forgets me, but I'm going to draw cards in this game."

The interview that followed their arrival at Lorelei's home was far from pleasant. At his first opportunity Bob explained rather briefly:

"I offered Lorelei her freedom last night when my income was annulled."

"You've had time to think it over," his wife interposed. "Do you still want me?"

"Why of course. And you?"

She shrugged. "I don't change in one night. Now—I wish you and Jim would leave mother and me—"

Bob acquiesced, glad to escape even in company with his redoubtable brother-in-law. When he and Jim had gone Mrs. Knight addressed Lorelei with motherly candor.

"He's a pleasant fellow, of course, and he's crazy about you; but don't let's be sentimental. If there's no chance to make it up with his family we must get out of this mess and save what we can."

"Was Mr. Wharton very angry?"

"Was he?" Mrs. Knight rolled her eyes in mingled rage and despair. "I'm positively sick over the things he said. Everybody seems to be against us, and—I'm almost ready to give up. But at least that old crank will surely stretch his offer to keep his name off the bill-

boards. Fifteen or twenty thousand is better than—" Noting the shadow of a smile upon her daughter's lips, she checked her rush of words. "You don't seem to care what—"

"I don't."

Mrs. Knight's face twisted into an expression of pained incredulity. "Surely you don't mean to live with Bob?" she gasped. "Not—now."

"I do mean to."

The mother's lips parted, closed, parted again—she seemed to taste something unexpectably bitter. "My dear! Why, my dear! He hasn't a cent. It's absurd. The marriage was only a form. You're no more his wife in the sight of God than—"

"Let's not talk about God," cried Lorelei. "That ceremony was scarcely legal, not to speak of religion or decency."

"You've lost your mind! You've changed completely."

"Yes, I have. You see, I wasn't a wife until yesterday—until Bob and I had an understanding. I've had a suspicion that my old ideas were wrong, and they were."

"Fiddle-de-dee! You're hysterical. You can't make me believe you learned to love that man."

"I don't say I love him."

Mrs. Knight snorted her triumph loudly. "Then you mustn't live with him another moment. My dear child, such a relationship is—well, think it out for yourself."

Lorelei saw the futility of argument, but certain thoughts demanded expression, and she voiced them, as much for her own sake as for her mother's. "I've learned that marriage is more than I considered it, mother. It's an obligation. I intend to live up to my part just as long as Bob lives up to his. If he complained of the fraud we practiced on him I'd be willing to leave him; but he doesn't—so the matter is out of our hands."

Mrs. Knight relieved her steadily increasing anger by a harsh outburst.

"I never thought you could be so silly, after the way you were raised. Didn't we give up everything for you? Didn't Peter sacrifice his life's work to give you an opportunity?"

"I'll keep on sharing my salary with you."

"Salary?" Mrs. Knight spat out the word. "After all our pains! Salary!"

"You're probably just as honest in your ideas as I am in mine," Lorelei told her. "I sha'n't allow you to want for—"

"I should hope not, since you're to blame for Peter's condition—Oh, you know you are! If you hadn't wanted a career he'd still be in Vale, a strong, healthy man instead of a cripple."

"I didn't want a career," Lorelei denied with heat. "And father almost had to leave Vale."

"Nothing of the sort. He was a big man there. Had to leave Vale, eh? So you've turned against your own blood, and disparage your father— Anyhow, he was hurt while he was working to give you a start, and now he's helpless. Ten thousand dollars right now would save his life. Think that over, when your own father is dead and gone."

White with anger, sick with disappointment, Mrs. Knight whisked herself out of the apartment.

Strangely enough, the news of Bob Wharton's marriage had not leaked into the papers up to this time, and Lorelei, having regard for the feelings of his parents, insisted that he help her to keep the matter secret as long as possible. Bob rebelled at first, for he adored publicity. He rejoiced in his newest exploit and desired his world to hear of it, while the prospect of further mortifying his father was so agreeable that it required much persuasion to make him relinquish it. With her own family Lorelei had less difficulty, for they were by no means eager to advertise their bad bargain and had withdrawn behind a stiff restraint, leaving the couple to their own devices. This attitude spared the bride much unpleasant notoriety, enabling her to pursue her work at the theater without comment.

Bob's society proved in some ways a welcome change from the sordid drabness of her own relatives, for he was colorful, versatile, and nearly always good humored. Misfortune aroused in him a wild hilarity; cares excited mirth. Lorelei realized before long that this very jocundity of his, since it fed upon constant change and excitement, constituted the gravest menace to their happiness. The man lived entirely outside of himself; he utterly lacked the power of self-ammusement. He refused to frequent the theater, ostensibly because of his shame at allowing her to work. As Lorelei came to know him better and to understand the conflicting forces within him, she began to wonder how long he could hold himself true to his bargain.

During the first week of their married life his system struggled to throw off the effects of his recent dissipation, and in consequence it craved only rest. Greatly encouraged by this lack of desire, he boasted that the battle was already won, and Lorelei pretended to agree with him.

She did not deceive herself, however, and a brief experience convinced her that to be merely a wife to one of Bob's vagrant disposition was not enough; that in order to keep his new self alive she must also be his sweetheart, his chum, and his partner. If she failed in any one of these roles disaster was bound to follow. But to succeed in them all, when there was no love to strengthen her, was by no means easy. Always she felt a great emptiness, and a disappointment that her life had been so crookedly fashioned; sometimes she even felt degraded, and wondered if she were doing right, after all.

Continued Next Week

"I'm a 'bull' on the market," said the first operator.

"Same here," rejoined operator No. 2. "Let's go over to the cafe and purchase a couple of horns."