

For COMMENCEMENT

Conklin's
Self-Filling Fountain Pen
NON-LEAKABLE

Gifts with a Purpose

A Gift that is an expression—a reminder of friendship—an indication of respect, or love—that is what you want for a Graduation Gift.

We have a great variety of most appropriate gifts. A Conklin Fountain Pen, for instance. Expressive, practical. A gift with a purpose. Fills itself in an instant. \$2.50 and up.

Roanoke Pharmacy Company

A Conklin Means Lasting Remembrance

Thrift Is Preparedness

Financial strength is to nations as important as military strength. No nation can survive a war if it cannot finance itself.

The man who fortifies himself with an account in a savings bank does more than prepare himself—he contributes to the preparedness of the country.

Germany, unable to borrow from other countries, has been financed by the thrift of her people, as this thrift was expressed in accounts in savings banks.

A savings bank deposit helps the individual and is indispensable to the individual.

One Dollar Starts an Account!

Rosemary Banking & Trust Co.
Safety and Service

SAVE AND LEARN

Young man, if you want to become a leader in the world's affairs, save a part of the salary you now earn, keep your eyes on the future and study your business. Men who make good burn the midnight oil—at home with their books and plans.

Put Your Savings in Our Care so that you may have funds on hand to grasp business opportunity when it comes your way.

The First National Bank
ROANOKE APIDS, N. C.

Pains, Dizzy Spells

Mrs. G. P. Cartwright, of Whitwell, Tenn., writes: "I suffered with bearing-down pains. . . The dizzy spells got so bad that when I would start to walk, I would just pretty nearly fall. Was very much run-down. I told my husband I thought Cardui would help me. . . He got me a bottle. . . It helped me so much that he got me another bottle. I got a whole lot better. The dizzy spells and the bearing-down pains . . . left me entirely."

If you are weak and run-down, or suffer from womanly pains,

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

You can feel safe in giving Cardui a thorough trial. It is composed of mild, vegetable, medicinal ingredients, recognized by standard medical books for many years, as being of great value in the troubles from which only women suffer. The enthusiastic praise of the thousands of women who have been helped by Cardui in its past 40 years of successful use should assure you of its genuine merit, and convince you that it would be worth your while to try this medicine for your troubles. All druggists sell it.

Try Cardui

Stitches in a Shoe.
There are nearly 2,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewed shoes.

Dr. Frederic Jacobson says, 75 per cent of women need Phosphates to give them Strong, Healthy, rounded figures and to avoid Nervous break down. Thousands of women grow strong in Nature's way

"Consider the Lilies of the Field, How They Grow."

The life of the lily is but a few weeks or months. But to live one life in its fullness, women like the lily, must be nourished by those same vital elements which nature provides for nourishing every living thing; and these include the valuable phosphate so often lacking in the usual food we eat today. Argo-Phosphate is rich in these wonderful elements. It contains them in concentrated tablet form which is easy to take and quickly assimilated and absorbed into the system, and from youth to old age, builds and rebuilds body and brain in beautiful harmony with Nature's perfect plan. "That's why" Argo-Phosphate makes good solid flesh and muscles.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Argo-Phosphate contains the Natural phosphates which thousands of physicians are prescribing daily to build up thin, pale, colorless women to give them rosy cheeks, red lips, and a beautiful complexion. Many cases have been reported where women have increased their weight from 15 to 25 pounds with a few weeks treatment, and any woman who desires a well rounded and shapely form, should secure from her druggist, this new drug which is inert, palatable and is digested by any reliable druggist with or without a doctor's prescription. If you are druggist will not supply you, send \$1.00 to the Argo Laboratories, 10 Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga., and they will send you a two weeks' treatment by return mail.

FINE GROCERIES and GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Fancy Groceries
A Specialty

Rosemary Supply Company
Leaders in Fine Groceries
Phone 533 Rosemary, N. C.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN
By Frank T. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

De Spain made no comment. "Whist! I was drinking my coffee—" "Who gave it to you?" "Old Bunny, the Mex. Pardaloo goes out to the bunkhouse; I sits down to my supper, alone, with Bunny at the stove. All of a sudden who comes a-trippin' in from the front of the house but Nan. I jumps up as strong as I could, but I was too cold and stiff to jump up real strong. She seen me, but didn't pay no attention. I dropped my spoon on the floor. It didn't do no good, neither, so I pushed a hot plate of ham and gravy off the table. It hit the dog 'n' he jumped like kindergarden. Old Bunny sails into me, Nan a-watchin', and while Mex was pickin' up and cleanin' up, I sneaks over to the stove and winks at Nan. Say, you oughter see her look mad at me. She was hot, but I kept a-winkin', and I says to her kind of huskylike: 'Got any letters for Calabasas tonight?' Say, she looked at me as if she'd bore holes into me, but I stood right up and glared back at the little girl. 'Come from there this mornin', says I, 'going back to-night. Someone waiting there for news.'

"By Jing! Just as I got the words out of my mouth, who comes a-stalking in but Gale Morgan. The minute he seen me, he lit on me to beat the band—called me everything he could lay his tongue to. I let on I was drunk, but that didn't help. He ordered me off the premises. 'N' the worst of it was, Nan chimed right in and began to scold Bunny for lettin' me in—and leaves the room, quick-like. Bunny put it on Pardaloo, and she and Gale had it, an' b' Jing, Gale put me out—said he'd pepper me. But wait till I tell 'er how she fooled him. It was rainin' like '—, 'n' it looked as if I was booked for a ride through it and hadn't half drunk my second cup of coffee at that. I starts for the barn, when someone in the dark on the porch grabs my arm, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face, and there was Nan. 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way quick.'

"She took me down cellar from the outside, under the kitchen. When Gale goes out again she flings up the trapdoor, speaks to Mex, pulls all the kitchen shades down, locks the doors, and I sets down on the trapdoor steps 'n' eats a pipin' hot supper; say! Well, I reckon I drank a couple of quarts of coffee. 'Bull,' she says, 'I never done you no harm, did I?' 'Never,' says I, 'and I never done you none, neither, did I? And what's more, I never will do you none. Then I up and told her. 'Tell him,' says she, 'I can't get hold of a horse, nor a pen, nor a piece of paper—I can't leave the house but what I am watched every minute. They keep track of me day and night. Tell him,' she says, 'I can protect myself; they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry—but they can't break me, an' I'll never do it—tell him that.'

"'But,' says I, 'that ain't the whole case, Miss Nan. What he'll ask me, when he's borin' through me with his eyes like the way you're borin' me through with yours, is: When will you see him—when will he see you?' "She looked worrit for a mint. Then she looks around, grabs up the cover of an empty 'bacco box and a fork and begins a-writing inside." Bull with as much of a smile as he could call into life from his broken nerves, opened up his blanket, drew carefully from an inside coat pocket an oilskin package, unwrapped from it the flat, square top of a tin tobacco box, on which Nan had scratched a message, and handed it triumphantly to De Spain.

He read her words eagerly: "Wait; don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than bloodshed, Henry. Be patient."

While De Spain, standing close to the lantern, deciphered the brief note, Bull, wrapping his blanket about him with the air of one whose responsibility is well ended, held out his hands toward the blazing stove. De Spain went over the words one by one, and the letters again and again. It was, after all their months of ardent meetings, the first written message he had ever had from Nan. He flamed angrily at the news that she was prisoner in her own home. But there was much to weigh in her etched words, much to think about concerning her feelings—not alone concerning his own.

He dropped into his chair, and, oblivious for a moment of his companion's presence, stared into the fire. When he started from his reverie Bull was asleep. De Spain picked him up, carried him in his blanket over to a cot, cut the wet rags off him, and, rolling him in a second blanket, walked out into the barn and ordered up a team and light wagon for Sleepy Cat. The rain fell all night.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Ominous Message.
Few men bear suspense well; De Spain took his turn at it very hard. "Patience." He repeated the word to himself a thousand times to deaden his suspense and apprehension. Business affairs took much of his time, but Nan's situation took most of his thought. For the first time he told John Lefever the story of Nan's being hid on Music Mountain, of her aid in his escape, and the sequel of their friendship. Lefever gave it to Bob Scott in Jeffries' office.

"What did I tell you, John?" demanded Bob mildly.

"No matter what you told me," retorted Lefever. "The question is: What's he to do to get Nan away from there without shooting up the Morgans?"

De Spain had gone that morning to Medicine Bend. He got back late and, after a supper at the Mountain house, went directly to his room. The telephone bell was ringing when he unlocked and threw open his door.

"Is this Henry De Spain?" came a voice, slowly pronouncing the words over the wire.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you from Music Mountain."

"Go ahead."

"The message is like this: 'Take me away from here as soon as you can.'"

"Whom is that message from?"

"I can't call any names."

"Who are you?"

"I can't tell you that. Goodbye."

"Hold on. If you're treating me fair—and I believe you mean to—come over to my room a minute."

"No."

"Let me come to where you are?"

"No."

"Let me wait for you—anywhere?"

"No."

"Do you think that message means what it says?"

"I know it does."

"Do you know what it means for me to undertake?"

"I have a pretty stiff idea."

"Did you get it direct from the party who sent it?"

"I can't talk all night. Take it or leave it just where it is."

De Spain heard him close. He closed his own instrument and began feverishly signaling central. "This is 101. Henry De Spain talking," he said briskly. "You just called me. Ten dollars for you, operator if you can locate that call, quick!"

There was a moment of delay at the central office, then the answer: "It came from 234—Tension's saloon."

"Give me your name, operator. Good. Now give me 22, and ring the check off the bill."

Lefever answered the call on No. 22. The talk was quick and sharp. Messengers were instantly pressed into service from the dispatcher's office. Telephone wires hummed, and every man available on the special agent's force was brought into action. Livery stables were covered, the public resorts were put under observation, horsemen clattered up and down the street. Within an incredibly short time the town was rounded up, every outgoing trail watched, and search was underway for anyone from Morgan's gap, and especially for the sender of the telephone message.

De Spain, after instructing Lefever, hastened to Tension's. His rapid questioning of the few habitués of the place and the bartender elicited only the information that a man had used the telephone booth within a few minutes. Nobody knew him, or, if they did know him, refused to describe him in any but vague terms.

Outside, Bob Scott in the saddle waited with a led horse. The two men rode straight and hard out on the sinks. The sky was overcast, and speed was their only resource. After two miles of riding, they reined up on a ridge, and Scott, springing from the saddle, listened for sounds. He rose from the ground, declaring he could hear the strides of a running horse. Again the two dashed ahead. The chase was bootless. Whoever rode before them easily eluded pursuit.

Undeterred by his failure to overtake the fugitive, De Spain rode rapidly back to town to look for other clues. Nothing further was found to throw light on the message or messenger. No one had been found anywhere in town from Morgan's gap; whoever had taken a chance in delivering the message had escaped undetected.

Even after the search had been abandoned the significance of the incident remained to be weighed. De Spain was much upset. A conference with Scott, whose judgment in any affair was marked by good sense, and with Lefever, who, like a woman, reached by intuition a conclusion at which Scott or De Spain arrived by process of thought, only revealed the fact that all three, as Lefever confessed, were nonplused.

"It's one of two things," declared Lefever, whose eyes were never dulled by late hours. "Either they've sent this to lure you into the gap and 'get' you, or else—and that's a great big 'or else'—she needs you. Henry, did that message—I mean the way it was worded—sound like Nan Morgan?"

De Spain could hardly answer. "It did, and it didn't," he said finally.

"But—" his companions saw during the pause by which his lips expressed the resolve he had finally reached that he was not likely to be trusted from it—"I am going to act just as if the word came from Nan and she does need me."

More than one scheme for getting quickly into touch with Nan was proposed and rejected within the next ten minutes. And when Lefever, after conferring with Scott, put up to De Spain a proposal that the three should ride into the gap together and demand Nan at the hands of Duke Morgan, De Spain had reached another conclusion.

"I know you are willing to take more than your share, John, of any game I play. In the first place, it isn't right to take you and Bob in where I am going on my own personal affair. And I know Nan wouldn't enjoy the prospect of an all-around fight on her account. Fighting is a horror to that girl. I've got her feelings to think about as well as my own. I've

IRON GIVES YOU THAT GRAND OLD HAPPY FEELING

Be Sure You Take Right Kind of Iron—Acid Iron Mineral, Nature's Remedy the Best

DON'T TAKE ALCOHOL IT INJURES THE KIDNEYS

I climb into my clothes these mornings with a hearty appetite speeding me to the breakfast table. Your little old nerves, all smoothed out by Acid Iron Mineral, seem to shout their happiness at the return of the old vitality and reserve energy. It is common sense too. When you recall the solid, substantial meals eaten a few years ago and compare them day after day with what we now eat, it is no wonder a fellow begins to get pale around the gills, and sort of loses interest in things.

A cold drink of "coke" or dope will now and then put you back an hour or so, but to take good old medical iron in big quantities gives you the "stay-there" feeling. In Acid Iron Mineral you get the most iron per dollar. In fact a dollar bottle lasts from two to ten times as long as other and weaker iron remedies which often as not contain alcohol which everybody knows has only a temporary effect and always a dangerous reaction when taken in excessive quantities.

GIVE YOUR BLOOD A REAL CLEANSING

Start taking a teaspoonful of Acid Iron Mineral (natural iron) after each meal for a week or ten days. Get out in the air and draw in a few great big mouthfuls of ozone, set the alarm for early rising and see how sound the sleep gets, and how refreshed and full of vim you feel on getting up. Helpful and beneficial to blood, kidneys, stomach and bladder, it is death to germs, uric acid and other blood poisons. Try in by phoning or calling at the nearest druggist this very day. A large bottle of Acid Iron Mineral will be sent anywhere postpaid upon receipt of one dollar. Ferrodine Chemical Corp., Roanoke, Va.

"It Can't Go On Forever."

see it through as best I can, and take what comes without whining. My mind is made up, and strange as it may sound to you, I feel that I am coming back. Not but what I know it's due me, John. Not but what I expect to get it sometime. And maybe I'm wrong now; but I don't feel as if it's coming till I've given all the protection to that girl that a man can give to a woman."

RHEUMATISM DRIVEN FROM SYSTEM

Having tried Mrs. Joe Pearson's Remedy I am very anxious for all who suffer with rheumatism to know what it did for me.

About thirteen years ago I had a very severe spell of inflammatory rheumatism, could hardly walk a step for a month. I would have these spells every winter and they would last well up into the summer. I tried the best doctors in the country and tried everything else I could hear of, nothing seemed to do me any good until finally the good tidings came when a friend (indeed she was) persuaded me to try Mrs. Joe Pearson's Remedy, and I can frankly say that it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken.

I am still using it as a family tonic and a blood medicine and can recommend it as the best medicine I have ever tried for rheumatism.

MRS. C. C. VANN,
Montgomery, Ala.
March 23, 1917.

Girls Have Pretty Face And Beautiful Complexion

An Atlanta man makes new discovery that makes an old face look years younger. If your skin is brown, covered with freckles, or blemishes, just use a little Ceston's Skin Whitener; it's made with cosmetic oil and is perfectly harmless. A few days use will improve your looks 100 per cent. The skin not only comes off evenly, leaving no evidence of the treatment, the new healthy under-skin appearing as a lovely new complexion.

Just ask your druggist for an ounce of Ceston's Skin Whitener, and if he will not supply you send twenty-five cents to The Ceston Co., Atlanta, Ga., and they will send you a box by return mail.

If your hair is hard to comb, is kinky, nappy and will never stay straight, just use Ceston's Hair Dressing and it will become straight, long, soft, glossy and beautiful in a few days. Mail orders filled, the for large box.

PRINTING Of All Kinds not the cheap kind but the good kind done here.

Real Pure Food. Apples carry the pure food stamps of the great physicians.

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