

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

A. F. JOHNSON, Editor and Manager
TAR DROPS

Cotton sold for 16 cents a pound in Louisburg yesterday.

WILL COOKE WILL SELL YOU A Suit Clothes, made to your measure at \$28.50 and \$32.50 and give you a pair Pants Free. 300 Samples to select from at these prices. This offer for 10 days only. 11-18-11

PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

Credited to Co-operative Marketing in California—No Red Tape, Easy as A. B. C.

The movement for cooperative marketing of cotton and tobacco is gaining ground day by day. The most skeptical now realize we are at the beginning of a new day in the marketing of farm crops.

Word has just come from Texas saying that the farmers are highly pleased with the first three months experience of Cooperative Marketing of cotton. "Some of us thought there was a lot of red tape and inconvenience to cooperative marketing but it works as easy as A. B. C.'s and nets us more than the old method of peddling."

Get Money as Cotton is Delivered

All we do is deliver our cotton to the station take the bill of lading to the bank and draw \$40 on each bale. As soon as the cotton is received by the association it is graded and stapled after which an additional sum up to \$60.00 per bale, according to grade and staple, can be drawn when the cotton is finally sold by the association we received from \$5 to \$25 more than in the old way of peddling."

Mr. E. B. Crow, Raleigh banker, has just returned from California where he saw for himself Cooperative Marketing in operation. He says cooperative marketing is largely responsible for the wonderful progress and prosperity which everybody is enjoying out there. The bankers out there look upon cooperative marketing with great favor and as one of the essential factors to profitable farming.

In talking with Mr. Wilkinson, a banker of Charlotte, he says he was surprised to see a Ten Million dollar plant in San Francisco owned and controlled by the farmers. This particular plant is used by the farmers to grade, pack, store and distribute fruit. Farmers in California have not felt the pinch of the depression which has cast a shadow of gloom over us.

Would you like to enjoy greater prosperity and see your community, town, county and state be more prosperous? Then boost cooperative marketing first by signing the contracts for cotton and tobacco, if you are eligible, and talk it to your friends and neighbors until they realize that it means the beginning of a new day—a prosperity which we should have enjoyed long ago.

Franklin county should and will measure up to what is expected of her in this great movement. She is expected to secure signatures of men to the contracts, who grew last year 4000 bales of cotton and 8 million pounds of tobacco. Cooperative marketing cannot be done by a few—it requires the action of the majority of the producers of a commodity. The campaign is now being waged in the county.—Don't wait—come in the FRANKLIN TIMES office and sign now.

BEASLEY-WAGSTAFF.

Roxboro, Nov. 14.—Characterized by beauty, yet simple in its appointments was the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Wagstaff to Joseph Benjamin Beasley, of Louisburg, which was solemnized in Concord Methodist church, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3:30 o'clock. Rev. B. C. Thompson, pastor of the bride officiating.

The church was beautifully decorated with ferns, yellow chrysanthemums and miniature wedding bells, which made a pretty setting for the betrothal vows.

"If I Built A World For You" and "Undil", were sung by Miss Lucile Shore, with Miss Mary Shore accompanying. The wedding music was rendered by Miss Hulda L. Hester.

Acting as ushers were Messrs. K. C. Wagstaff, J. C. Wagstaff, C. E. Winstead, Jr., and Fisher Beasley, of Louisburg.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. L. T. Wagstaff, wore a travelling dress of brown duvetyne, with accessories to match, and carried a shower bouquet of brides roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Miss Mary Wagstaff, maid of honor, wore a handsome dress of canton crepe with black picture hat, and carried yellow chrysanthemums.

Master John Hester Wagstaff carried the ring in a white chrysanthemum. He was followed by the flower girls, Miriam Thompson and Helen Wagstaff, who were daintily dressed in pink crepe de chine, and carried baskets of pink roses.

The groom entered with his brother, Mr. J. Y. Beasley, of Louisburg.

Mrs. Beasley is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Bell Wagstaff. She is a graduate of Greenville College, and for several years has been successful as a teacher. She is an attractive and accomplished young lady and her many friends will wish for her much happiness.

Mr. Beasley is a young man of sterling character and has a bright future.

Mr. and Mrs. Beasley will visit the Northern cities on their tour.

The visitors for the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Beasley and Misses Lillian and Cora Beasley, of Louisburg; Mr. R. A. Beasley, Apex; Miss Blanch Fairbank, Oxford; Miss Edna Beasley, Trinity College; Mr. J. Y. Beasley, Louisburg; Mrs. J. H. Shore and Miss Lucile and Mary Shore of Rockingham.

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE** "SAPPER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **IRWIN MYERS**

It had only been a tiny movement, more like the sudden creak of a piece of furniture than anything else—but it was not quite like it. A gentle, slithering sound had preceded the creak; the sound such as a man would make who, with infinite precaution against making a noise, was moving in a dark room; a stealthy, uncanny noise. Hugh peered into the darkness tensely. After the first moment of surprise his brain was quite cool. He had looked under the bed, he had hung his coat in the cupboard, and saved for those two obvious places there was no cover for a cat. And yet, with the sort of sixth sense that four years of war had given him, he knew that noise had been made by some human agency. Human! The thought of the cobra at The Elms flashed into his mind, and his mouth set more grimly.

What if Peterson had introduced some of his abominable menagerie into the room? ... Then, once more, the thing like a fly sounded loud in his ear. And, was it his imagination, or had he heard a faint sibilant hiss just before?

Suddenly it struck him that he was at a terrible disadvantage. The thing, whatever it was, knew, at any rate approximately, his position; he had not the slightest notion where it was. And a blind man boxing a man who could see, would have felt just about as safe. With Hugh, such a conclusion meant instant action. It might be dangerous on the floor; it most certainly was far more so in bed. He felt for his torch, and then, with one conclusive bound, he was standing by the door, with his hand on the electric-light switch.

Then he paused and listened intently. Not a sound could he hear; the thing, whatever it was, had become motionless at his sudden movement. For an appreciable time he stood there, his eyes searching the darkness—but even he could see nothing, and he cursed the American comprehensively under his breath. He would have given anything for even the faintest grey light, so that he could have some idea of what it was and where it was. Now he felt utterly helpless, while every moment he imagined some slimy, crawling brute touching his bare feet—creeping up on him. ... He pulled himself together sharply. Light was essential, and at once. But, if he switched it on, there would be a moment when the thing would see him before he could see the thing—and such moments are not helpful. There only remained his torch; and on the Ancre, on one occasion, he had saved his life by its judicious use. The man behind one of those useful implements is in blackness far more impenetrable than the blackest night, for the man in front is dazzled. He can only shoot at the torch; wherefore hold it to one side and in front of you. ...

The light flashed out, darting round the room. Ping! Something hit the sleeve of his pajamas, but still he could see nothing. The bed, with the clothes thrown back; the washstand; the chair with his trousers and shirt—everything was as it had been when he turned in. And then he heard a second sound—distinct and clear. It came from high up, near the ceiling, and the beam caught the big cupboard and traveled up. It reached the top, and rested there, fixed and steady. Framed in the middle of it, peering over the edge, was a little hairless, brown face, holding what looked like a tube in its mouth. Hugh had one glimpse of a dark, skinny hand putting something in the tube, and then he switched off the torch and ducked, just as another fly pinged over his head and hit the wall behind.

One thing, at any rate, was certain: the other occupant of the room was human, and with that realization all his nerve returned. There would be time enough later on to find out how he got there, and what those strange pinging noises had been caused by. Just at that moment only one thing was on the program; and without a sound he crept round the bed toward the cupboard, to put that one thing in effect in his usual direct manner.

Twice did he hear the little whistling hiss from above, but nothing came past his head. Evidently the man had lost him, and was probably still aiming at the door. And then, with hands that barely touched it, he felt the outlines of the cupboard.

It was standing an inch or two from the wall, and he slipped his fingers behind the back on one side. He listened for a moment, but no movement came from above; then, half facing the wall, he put one leg against it. There was one quick, tremendous heave; a crash which sounded deafening; then silence. And once again he switched on his torch. ...

Lying on the floor by the window

was one of the smallest men he had ever seen. He was a native of sorts, and Hugh turned him over with his foot. He was quite unconscious, and the bump on his head, where it had hit the floor, was rapidly swelling to the size of a large orange. In his hand he still clutched the little tube, and Hugh gingerly removed it. Placed in position at one end was a long splinter of wood, with a sharpened point; and by the light of his torch Hugh saw that it was faintly discolored with some brown stain.

He was still examining it with interest, when a thunderous knock came on the door. He stroled over and switched on the electric light; then he opened the door.

An excited night-porter rushed in, followed by two or three other people in varying stages of undress, and stopped in amazement at the scene. The heavy cupboard, with a great crack across the back, lay face downward on the floor; the native still lay curled up and motionless.

"One of the hotel pets?" queried Hugh pleasantly, lighting a cigarette. "If it's all the same to you, I wish

"If It's All the Same to You, I Wish You'd Remove Him."

You'd remove him. He was—ah—finding it uncomfortable on the top of the cupboard."

It appeared that the night-porter could speak English; it also appeared that the lady occupying the room below had rushed forth demanding to be led to the basement, under the misapprehension that war had again been declared and the Germans were bombing Paris. And then, to crown everything, while the uproar was at its height, the native on the floor, opening one beady and somewhat dazed eye, realized that things looked unhealthy. Unnoticed, he lay "doggie" for a while; then, like a rabbit which has almost been trodden on, he dodged between the legs of the men in the room, and vanished through the open door. Taken by surprise, for a moment no one moved; then, simultaneously, they dashed into the passage, doors empty, and Hugh, glancing up, saw the American detective advancing toward them along the corridor.

"What's the trouble, captain?" he asked as he joined the group.

"A friend of the management elected to spend the night on the top of my cupboard, Mr. Green," answered Drummond, "and got cramp halfway through."

The American gazed at the wreckage in silence. Then he looked at Hugh, and what he saw on that worthy's face apparently decided him to maintain that policy. In fact, it was not till the night-porter and his attendant minions had at last, and very dubiously, withdrawn, that he again opened his mouth.

"Looks like a hectic night," he murmured. "What happened?" Briefly Hugh told him what had occurred and the detective whistled softly.

"Blowpipe and poisoned darts," he said shortly, returning the tube to Drummond. "Narrow escape—d-d narrow! Look at your pillow."

Hugh looked; embedded in the linen were four pointed splinters similar to the one he held in his hand; by the door were three more, lying on the floor.

"An engaging little bird," he laughed; "but nasty to look at."

He extracted the little pieces of wood and carefully placed them in an empty match-box: the tube he put into his cigarette-case.

"Might come in handy; you never know," he remarked casually.

"They might if you stand quite still," said the American, with a sudden, sharp command in his voice. "Don't move."

Hugh stood motionless, staring at the speaker, who with eyes fixed on his right forearm, had stepped forward. From the loose sleeve of his pajama coat the detective gently pulled another dart and dropped it into the match-box.

"Not far off getting you that time, captain," he cried cheerfully. "Now you've got the whole blamed outfit."

THREE

It was the Comte de Guy who boarded the boat express at the Gare du Nord the next day; it was Carl Peterson who stepped off the boat express at Boulogne. And it was only



Drummond's positive assurance which convinced the American that the two characters were the same man.

He was leaning over the side of the boat reading a telegram when he first saw Hugh ten minutes after the boat had left the harbor; and if he had hoped for a different result to the incident of the night before, no sign of it showed on his face. Instead he waved a cheerful greeting to Drummond.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he remarked affably. "Have you been to Paris, too?"

For a moment Drummond looked at him narrowly. Was it a stupid bluff, or was the man so sure of his power of disguise that he assumed with certainty he had not been recognized? And it suddenly struck Hugh that, save for that one tell-tale habit—a habit which, in all probability, Peterson himself was unconscious of—he would not have recognized him.

"Yes," he answered lightly. "I came over to see how you behaved yourself!"

"What a pity I didn't know!" said Peterson, with a good-humored chuckle. He seemed in excellent spirits, as he carefully tore the telegram into tiny pieces and dropped them overboard. "We might have had another of our homely little chats over some supper. Where did you stay?"

"At the Ritz. And you?"

"I always stop at the Bristol," answered Peterson. "Quieter than the Ritz, I think."

FOUR

"Walk right in, Mr. Green," said Hugh, as, three hours later, they got out of a taxi in Half Moon street.

"This is my little rabbit-hutch."

He followed the American up the stairs, and produced his latchkey. But before he could even insert it in the hole the door was swung open, and Peter Darrell stood facing him with evident relief in his face.

"Thank the Lord you've come, old son," he cried, with a brief look at the detective. "There's something doing down at Godalming I don't like." He followed Hugh into the sitting room.

"At twelve o'clock today Toby rang up. He was talking quite ordinarily; you know the sort of rote he usually gets off his chest—when suddenly he stopped quite short and said, 'My God! What do you want? I could tell he'd looked up, because his voice was muffled. Then there was the sound of a scuffle, I heard Toby curse, then nothing more. I rang and rang and rang—no answer."

What did you do?" Drummond asked with a letter in his hand which he had taken off the mantlepiece, and was frowning grimly.

"Alec was here. He motioned straight off to see if he could find out what was wrong. I stepped here to tell you."

"Anything through from him?"

"Not a word. There's foul play, or I'll eat my hat."

But Hugh did not answer. With a look on his face which even Peter had never seen before, he was reading the letter. It was short and to the point, but he read it three times before he spoke.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"An hour ago," answered the other. "I very nearly opened it."

"Read it," said Hugh. He handed it to Peter and went to the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Y. W. A. MEETING.

The Young Woman's Auxiliary of the Louisburg Baptist church met with Mrs. J. S. Howell, Tuesday night, November fifteenth. The following program was rendered:

- Subject—Enlistment.
- Song—Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.
- Prayer—Sentence prayer by each member.
- The roll was called and the minutes of the last meeting read and approved.
- A collection of dues and the Seventy-five Million pledges was taken.
- Scripture Readings: Acts 1:1-9 by Miss Pittman. Job 35:6, 7, 10-14 by Mrs. Howell. Luke 19:1-10 by Miss Griffin.
- The following papers were given: Enlistment of the World, by Mrs. Howell.
- Where Are the Two-thirds?, by Josephine Bryant.
- The Heart of Enlistment, by Virginia Perry.
- Enlistment Call of the Campaign, by Beulah Cooper.
- Enlistment Purposes of the Home Mission Board, by Effie Taylor.
- A Matchless Honor, by Mrs. Howell Solo—Lead Me Gently Home, by Miss Pittman.
- Prayer—Mrs. Howell.
- After the meeting delicious refreshments were served.

The following were present: Mrs. J. S. Howell, Mrs. H. A. Kearney, Misses Beulah Cooper, Iantha Pittman, Effie Taylor, Lucy Baker, Josephine Bryant, Virginia Perry, Nannie Hall Hale and Miss Griffin.

We were delighted to have with us two visitors, Mrs. Isaman and Mrs. Edwards.

SPECIAL PRICES ON AUTOMOBILE TIRES, TUBES AND ALL ACCESSORIES From Nov. 11th to Dec. 1st

All Tires and Tubes Standard Makes			
Good Year	Brunswick	Oakleaf	Goodrich
FABRIC TIRES		CORD TIRES	
30 x 3.....	\$10.50	32 x 4.....	\$36.00
30 x 3 1-2.....	12.50	30 x 3 1-2.....	21.00
32 x 3 1-2.....	17.50	32 x 3 1-2.....	29.00
32 x 4.....	22.00	32 x 4.....	36.00
TUBES			
30 x 3.....	\$1.69	30 x 3 1-2.....	1.89
32 x 3 1-2.....	1.98	32 x 4.....	2.49

Special Prices on Spark Plugs and Tire and Tube Patchings

A. C. CARBON PROOF	Special Prices on Motor Meters	MONKEY GRIP PATCHES	
Essex Plugs.....	69c Each	60c Sizes for.....	29c
In Lots of Ten.....	60c Each		
A. C. TITAN		CHAMPION X Spark Plugs	
7-8 Reg. Plugs.....	69c each	For Fords for.....	51c
In Lots of Ten.....	60c each		
		SIMMONS High Grade Plugs	
		For.....	29s each

AUTOMOBILE ROBES	SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL USED CARS DURING THIS SALE		
\$6.00 Robes.....	\$2.98	One Seven Passenger Reo.....	One Seven Passenger Davis.....
10.00 Robes.....	6.19	One Five Passenger Oakland.....	One 7 Passenger Cadillac 8.....
15.00 Robes.....	8.89	All in good mechanical condition.	
20.00 Robes.....	9.98		

New Vulcanizing Plant Installed

In charge of MR. LEE POWELL, an Expert.

Save your old Tires and Tubes and have them repaired. All work promptly done and Guaranteed by Mr. Powell.

Get More Miles Out of Your Tires and Tubes.

HINES-HODGES MOTOR CO.

Buick, Hudson and Essex Automobiles

LOUISBURG, : : North Carolina

PEPTO-MANGAN
KEEPS BLOOD PURE

When the young body is growing, children frequently experience weakness. Girls and boys sometimes play too hard, and over-tax their systems. They become pale, weak, and sickly. They lose their appetites, become languid, and are not able to make progress in school work. "Growing too fast" is often true. It is most important to keep the blood of growing girls and boys in a healthy state.

Pepto-Mangan keeps the blood pure. The red cells in the blood are increased. They carry life-giving oxygen to all parts of the body, and wholesome youthfulness blooms again in clear complexions, bright eyes and buoyant spirits. Sold both in liquid and tablet form by druggists everywhere. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on the package. Advertisement.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Quite a number of young people enjoyed a birthday party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Turner Harris on November the 6th, 1921, in honor of Miss Dorothy Johnson. Refreshments were served and a contest given in which Rev. N. F. Britt and Miss Sally Lou Macon won the prize. They all departed at 10:30 o'clock wishing her many happy birthdays.

WANTED TO RENT—A Piano in a private home. No Children. Can move Piano, and will pay reasonable rent. Apply P. O. Box 51, Louisburg, N. C. 11-18-11

The portals of the Washington Conference hall should bear the inscription, "Enter without knocking."—Norfolk Virginia-Pilot.

THE FRANKLIN TIMES
 \$1.50 Per Year in Advance

Fire Works

WHERE?

Walter M. Alston's Store

SOUTH SIDE RIVER