

If YOU HAVE
 no appetite, indigestion, wind
 in stomach, sick headache,
 "run downs," you will find
Tutt's Pills
 what you need. They tone the weak
 stomach, and build up the system.

MONEY TO LEND ON IMPROVED
 farm lands. 6 per cent interest.
 No commission, no bonus. May run
 for 25 years or be paid off at option
 of borrower. Only a short time re-
 quired to get the money.
 7-14-24 S. A. NEWELL.

FOR FIRST CLASS JOB PRINTING
 PHONE NO. 233.

LOUISBURG HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

High School Locals

George Griffin was so bright that he made 100 on his Algebra. It rained all Monday and Tuesday.
 Mack Stamps, (who sits on back seat) "Miss Moose, ask Wingate Underhill to lower his ears so I can see the board."
 John Williamson, the tenth grade literary critic, has voluntarily taken upon himself the task of writing a story better than Robert Louis Stevenson. We all hope he will be successful in his attempt!
 It was announced Saturday that henceforth the pupils of Louisburg Graded School shall go to school on Monday and have Saturday for a holiday.
 The three Literary Societies were organized Friday afternoon, the Chas. B. Aycock, Thomas W. Bickett, and the Matthew Davis, and we hope they will be of great advantage to the High School.

Lost by Buck Beck—a Caesar book. Finder please return sometime after June first.
 Miss Robinson—"Parlez-vous francais John Williamson—No! Chevrolet Coupe.
 Something is wrong! Francis Allen forgot to fall out of his seat Tuesday and Buck Beck graded Max Allen's paper and only gave her a hundred.

I'm the One to Blame
 (By Kemp Yarborough)

When the baby begins to cry,
 Josephus is its name,
 I may be a mile away

But I'm the one to blame.
 When Jimmy wipes some jam,
 Or gets hurt, it's just the same,
 Whatever it may be,
 I'm the one to blame.

When the cook throws up the job,
 Like one did when she fust came,
 'Cause Johnny kept a-teasing her,
 I'm the one to blame.

If Jimmy skins his knee
 In some sort of silly game,
 That he is always playing
 I'm the one to blame.

If Mary runs away,
 (That child should be tamed)
 And gets into some scrapes,
 I'm the one to blame.

If Tommy throws the ball at me,
 And maybe misses his aim,
 And breaks the parlor window glass,
 I'm the one to blame.

So I guess if the whole world ketched
 on fire,
 And a nigger started the flame,
 Pa and Ma, and the rest would say,
 I'm the one to blame.

\$5,000 Reward
 (A. H. Fleming, Jr.)

It was summer in 800. Larry Judson a wealthy farmer walked merrily away from the court house. He had been given a large orchard in southern New York in the will of his grandfather Joseph Judson.
 His happiness turned to sorrow when he thought of his beloved grandfather, once a famous American millionaire, now a bit of dust in his grave. His sorrow was added to when he thought of his crooked cousin, William Walker who had fought so hard and unfair to obtain this property.
 He walked a few blocks further when he met Walker himself. The two stared at each other and in a few minutes were having a heated argument as usual.
 This lasted about one half of an hour and both walked away, occasionally turning to see what the other was doing.
 In the course of time this feud was thought to have gradually worn away until one day the grandson of Larry Judson, Joseph Judson now a strong man was thought to be in his study when a gun shot was heard in that direction.
 The butler rushed to the room finding Judson on the floor his face so mangled that had it not been for his clothes and little bit of plaster on his left arm he would not have been recognizable.
 His wife in her frantic called for the best detectives in the state.
 The detective examined the body, the bit of plaster on his left arm and his clothes. The only trace of the murderer was a bloody track on the window sill. The only possible means of escape being the window the detective thought that they might obtain a clue from the tracks in the yard, but not a track was found.
 Papers pointed the mystery and a reward of \$5,000 cash was offered for the return of the murderer, dead or alive.
 The next day the detectives had a conversation with Mrs. Judson and found that Mr. Judson owned three rings that he was wearing at the time of his death, a diamond ring, a signet ring and a class ring, the class ring being worn at the bottom of the finger he wore them all three on.
 Upon examinations the detectives found only two rings on Judson's finger, the signet ring and the diamond ring, the class ring which he wore under the other two had been stolen when he was murdered.
 What was the meaning of stealing the class ring, mangling Judson's face so, the bloody foot print on the window sill and why were there no tracks in the yard? All this remains to be seen.
 Five years of hard study and continuous searching brought no clues for the detectives, they knew no more than that at first.
 But one night during a heavy rain-storm there came a telegram addressed to Mrs. Joseph Judson. The telegram read "I am alive" signed Joseph Judson.
 The next day during a consultation

between Mrs. Judson and the detectives there was a knock at the door and the butler answered it as usual. On opening the door he gave a sharp yell and ran away at the top of his speed.
 The man who knocked came in where the detectives were and said he was Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson recognized him immediately.
 In a few minutes Judson was telling his mysterious story, "I went in my study and William Walker, my cousin, met me with a gun commanding me to change clothing with him. This I did and to defend myself I hit him and grabbed the gun, it fired and the entire load went into his face. As quick as possible I put the two rings, the diamond ring and the signet ring on him not having time to put the class ring on," said Mr. Judson, showing his old class ring.
 "When I had changed the bit of plaster from my arm to his," he continued, "I made my getaway, then was when the bloody track was made. If you had taken the plaster from his arm you would have found no cut at all. The man who was killed was William Walker. I hated to do it, but it was in self defense, I had to."
 For hours and hours Mr. Judson related his experiences to the astonishment of Mrs. Judson, the detectives and the whole city.
 Never again did Judson have trouble maintaining his farms or orchards.

The Midnight Escape
 (By Kemp Yarborough)

Paul Barstow was a colonial youth, living back in the days when our forefathers were settling the New World. It was in those days that the Indians frequently massacred the pioneers who braved the dangers and hardships of what at that time, was the west.
 Paul lived with his parents, John and Mary Barstow in a little frontier village, Stonesboro. He was the eldest child in his family and therefore much work and responsibility fell upon him. However, he was a strong, healthy and sturdy youth and did not mind his tasks very much.
 One day in autumn, when Paul was fifteen years of age his father went down to the settlement's store to buy some gun powder because it had been rumored that the Indians under an able but unfriendly chief, Eagle Eye were planning to attack Stonesboro and make prisoners its inhabitants.
 But Barstow found that he was too late to buy any gun powder because of the alarming reports others had already bought it all. It was very necessary that he should have some so he decided to send Paul to a neighboring settlement and purchase some for him.
 He returned to his cabin and called Paul, who was splitting wood, and told him to go to Woodville, a settlement close by and buy a certain amount of gun powder and to hurry back. Paul bridled his horse, sprang upon his back and in a short time arrived at his destination. It was about five o'clock and Paul was armed with a gun to defend himself from Indians and wild beasts.
 As he was purchasing the gun powder an outcry arose in the village and he heard the cry "Indians! Indians!" Paul dashed out of the store and sprang upon his horse, glancing around, undecided as to what to do. He saw Indians everywhere, killing men and capturing women and children as well as men.
 An Indian ran up to his horse and grabbed it by the bridle, the next moment a large stick in the hand of another Indian, struck him on the head, knocking him off the horse and stunning him for several minutes. When he regained his senses he opened his eyes and looked into the face of a murderous Indian with an upraised tomahawk, preparing to crush his life out with that cruel weapon.
 Paul sprang to his feet crying "What do you mean?" terrified by the death set for him.
 His hands were tied and he could do nothing but as soon as the Indian saw that he could walk he lowered his tomahawk and jerked at the rope he held tied to Paul's hands, indicating that he (Paul) was to walk.
 Paul obeyed and looked around all so, several men lay dead upon the ground while others were tied like Paul was and being lead away as well as women and children by Indians.
 Paul was too dazed to notice anything else but he wondered what was going to happen to him and the others.
 For miles and miles they went, women and children, weeping and tired, being almost dragged by their captors. Paul grew very tired also but he was able to endure it better. Finally they came to a stop under some dense trees where they were to stay for the night. Here the Indians tied their feet also and everyone was laid at a safe distance from anyone else so no communication could be passed.
 Before the men could go to sleep, however, they were examined carefully to see if they had no weapons. While he was being examined Paul's coat was taken off and searched upon the sleeves and other places likely for concealment. Nothing was found and it was thrown beside Paul. With great difficulty he sorted together some leaves, placed the coat beneath him and made a sort of bed. It was about 8 o'clock and being very tired Paul soon dropped off to sleep.
 It was late during the night when he was awakened by a sound, he was at first surprised as to where he was but suddenly again he heard that sound, it was muffled and low. What could it be? Paul sat up in bed and listened, again the muffled sound was repeated. It seemed the voice of someone crying out for help but being smothered by a hand or cloth.
 Paul looked about and the moon

THE STAR
Grocery Company

Has Purchased the
J. S. Howell Business

and will sell wholesale and retail
Feed, Fertilizer, Nitrate
Soda, Flour
 and all Heavy Groceries

Main Office--at present
South Main Street
Howell Building

A. W. PERRY, Mgr.

A Perfect Meal

Is not possible without good
meat.

A savory steak or roast, or a
 delicious boiling piece, is a pal-
 atable delicacy that appeals to
 the many peculiarities of taste.

OUR MEATS

Are relished by those who de-
 mand the least expensive and
 the best—not the cheapest. If
 you buy your meat here, you
 are sure of having the best at
 the best prices.

Meat for Health

Cash Grocery & Market

PHONE 270 or 40

LOUISBURG, N. C.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!

Do not buy a new automobile because yours looks old, just polish your old one with **LOGAN GEM WAX POLISH** and your car will look as good as new, and last twice as long. If the floors and furniture in your home is dull, or soiled the L. G. W. polish will make them like new, Preserves, Cleans and Polishes. Best polish on the market. Call at

J. W. KING'S

Store and get a bottle.

SHOES! SHOES!

About \$3,500 worth of Shoes

I am going to sell if price will move them... Be sure to look my stock over before you buy... Can fit everybody from the baby to the old man. Also a good line of Men's gloves, underwear and working clothes. Will make a cheap price on Diamond casings and tubes. Might be able to fill your orders for hardware. A full line of feed and groceries at all times.

Come to see me when in town.

Yours truly,

J. W. PERRY

HOW MANY HOURS A DAY PUMPING WATER

Just figure the time now spent in pumping and carrying water and consider that all of this could be saved by the use of a Delco-Light water system.

You would be free to devote your time to more important work. Ask us for details regarding the Delco-Light water system that you should have.

Sold in Franklin County by

Raleigh Electric Service Co.

Raleigh, N. C.

It's Easy To Decide



When you come shopping here for your Groceries it is easy to decide what to buy, for you do not have to think about the quality—it's always good, or about the prices—they're always low.
 Always a full line of feed stuffs on hand.

J. ALLEN HARRIS

LOUISBURG,

North Carolina