

New Furnishings for the Home

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Large Line

of stamped goods to be embroidered these long winter evenings. Cotton and silk embroidery threads. Wool to knit the popular sweater and scarfs.

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THE LADIES SHOP

Louisburg, N. C.

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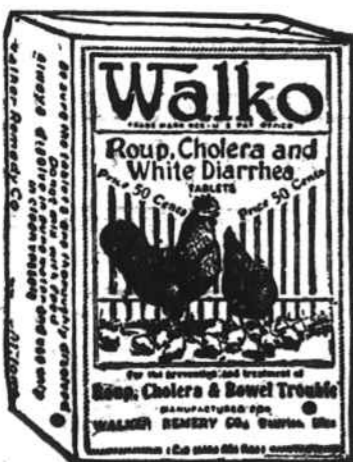
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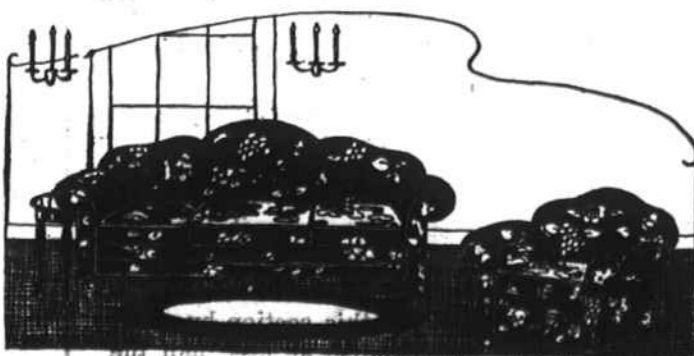
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The dog population in New York City has increased 15,000 during the past year. Dogs are all right in their place.

LOUISBURG HIGH SCHOOL, DEPT (Continued from page two)

feet were also tied. Her mouth was stopped with a large gag and someone kept a steady hand on her arm as they drove swiftly along. She tried to turn over on her side and immediately the hand tightened its grip. Thus she rode in utter darkness for several hours. As time passed, it grew light and she was able to see the other occupants of the car. She looked up at the owner. At the same moment he looked at her. He was an evil looking man with green eyes and red moustache. "Ah, you have come to at last, have you my little one? How does it feel? Does your head hurt? I dare say it does. It's a wonder it's not cracked." Then he turned to his companion, the driver, of whom only his back and the back of his head could be seen. "What do you know about that Buck? Our little friend has awakened from what came near being her last sleep. She doesn't look as if she has enjoyed it very much or is enjoying the ride either for that matter." At this the driver looked over his shoulder at the poor girl, with a pair of snappy black eyes which frightened her more than the green eyes of the first man. For sometime they ignored her after this, talking in distinct tones to each other, during which time they were riding on rapidly. For what seemed hours and hours to me," the girl told me, "we rode endlessly. I wondered if we were never going to stop again. However, as I couldn't speak, I was obliged to content myself with watching the outlines of the trees against the sky as we flew by; she said they rode along on a country road until the sun was high in the heavens. Finally they slowed up and stopped in the shade of some woods. The green eyed man, alighted and took the girl out. He relieved her of the gag and unfastened her feet and hands. Then he told her that if she would be good, keep quiet and make no outcries, they would stop at the next inn and get something to eat. The girl said that even had she not been so dizzy, weak and dazed she would have kept perfectly quiet with a promise of food for she was almost starved. In about a quarter of an hour they reached a small town. Here they stopped at an inn and went in for lunch. The two men supported their prisoner between them and succeeded in seating themselves and her at a table in a corner of the room. The green eyed man gave the order for lunch saying to the waiter as he did so that his lady companion had been riding too much in the hot sun and had a fainting spell in consequence thus excusing her helplessness. In about thirty minutes they left, driving as swiftly and steadily as before. The black eyed man seemed to have a certain destination in view to be reached at a certain time and he certainly tried to reach that destination on time. The girl was then riding on the front seat between the two men, a matter of precaution. In an hour the girl was almost exhausted. However, they drove steadily till night fell. About an hour after dark, they entered a large city, whose size was evident from the number of lights burning. They drove straight to a railroad station. Here they stopped and the black eyed driver, who had not yet uttered an audible word, entered the station. In a few minutes he returned with a long ticket which he gave to the green eyed fellow. He then took the girl by the arm and led her to one of the pullmans standing under the shed. He helped her aboard the train and found her seat. The conductor approached and the green eyed man told him in a lowered voice, which the girl heard notwithstanding, "Here is the ticket for my companion. She is not exactly right up here and imagines that she is being kidnapped. Take care of her and put her off at Pasadena. We have wired her mother to meet her there. Thank you, and he left. When the train reached Pasadena the next evening, the conductor, who had kept an eye on the girl came to her and said: "Your ticket is to Pasadena. We are there now. Come with me Miss, and I will help you through the crowd." The girl still in a semi-conscious manner submitted. When she got off the train, she saw a lady whom she thought was her mother. "Your mother, she said to the conductor and left him so quickly and suddenly that she was lost in the crowd before he could catch her. The girl of course lost sight of the lady whom she took to be her mother and leaving the station she wandered aimlessly about the city. Sometimes she would see someone who looked like her mother but before she could reach her she would vanish in the crowd. For several months she says she wandered about the city, going from house to house, sometimes she asked for food and was given some, sometimes she was coldly refused and sent away. One lady however was very kind. She allowed our little visitor to sleep in a back room for several days and gave her food. One day while there, the girl discovered several dollar bills in the lining of her coat. It had slipped through a hole in her pocket. She said she had forgotten her mother while staying with the kind lady, but the money reminded her. That night she heard the lady and her husband speaking of some friend in Modena. "Oh, that's where mother is," she thought. So the morning afterward she slipped away early in the morning, went to the station, bought a ticket to Modena and boarded the train. She arrived in the city after dark, day before yesterday. She spent the night in an out house over at the Jones' but was frightened by a dog early yesterday morning and left before getting any breakfast. She wandered about the streets vainly searching for her mother until dark when she crawled into Mrs. Pearson's wood house. You know what a sharp tongue Mrs. Pearson has.

"I should say so. I suppose she scared the poor little thing out of what little wits she had left."

"Yes, she told her to get off of her premises, and wouldn't give her a morsel. The girl was desperate and

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LOUISBURG,

North Carolina

Wm. H. RUFFIN, President,

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although frightened and afraid of yet another rebuff, came here and and rang the bell!"

"Why that sounds like a fairy tale," observed Billy. "But there are so many missing links. In the first place how did she come to be in that car and who were the men?"

"She doesn't know dear. She doesn't know a single thing about her life before the minute she awoke and found herself in the car with those two strange men."

"It is certainly a strange story. It reminds me of these terrible and thrilling kidnapping stories, one reads about in the news papers. Does she talk with any degree of reason and sanity?"

"Yes. She seems to talk all right on all subjects except about her mother. She thinks that she is in search of her and you know she can't if she

doesn't know where she came from or where she had started. I believe she is suffering a lapse of memory. Don't you think it looks like it?"

"It is an odd occurrence. I don't understand it, unless as you say she is suffering a lapse of memory. Do you suppose she is awake? I would like to talk to her."

"Wait here and I'll tip in and see."

In a few minutes Mrs. Waters returned. "Yes, she is awake. Come right in."

They went into the sitting room. The girl was sitting on the sofa, half reclining, gazing into the fire with a far away, dreamy expression on her pale face. When Mrs. Waters laid her hand gently on her head, she jumped nervously.

"Oh, you startled me," she said with a quick smile. "I was thinking of my dear mother."

Mrs. Waters introduced Mr. Waters and they sat down around the cozy fire to talk.

"Call me Nan," she said pitifully. "That's what I tell the others."

No further information could be obtained from Nan. At bed time Mrs. Waters took her to a little room adjoining her own. It was an attractive little room, with rose bud wall paper. The furniture was birds eye maple and there were attractive pink and white draperies at the windows and a rose colored rag rug on the floor. It had been little Nell's room.

The next morning when Mrs. Waters went in to carry Nan's breakfast, she found her burning with high fever and out of her head. She called the doctor at once.

"She is suffering from a severe at-

(Continued on page six)

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