

Pyramus and Thisbe

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

"OH, DEAR! How I wish I could take a ride!" Sarinosa sighed eternally.

"Well, why don't you?" Aunt Susan asked placidly. "Lady Jane Gray isn't working—exercise 'd be better for her than standing stalled all day."

"Ugh! All she's fit for is crowbait! I wouldn't be seen on her," Sarinosa flung back.

"Of course, if you want to show off," began Aunt Susan.

"I don't! Only—not to be a scarecrow!" Sara broke in, tears running over her rosy cheeks.

"It comes of being an honest man's daughter. Don't forget that!" Aunt Susan said, head up, eyes flashing. "Too honest to try standing from under a load of security—debits your grandfather had put on him. To be proud—remembering a thing like that."

"I—I can't! I'm young," Sara sobbed; "nineteen—and I've never had anything."

Aunt Susan swallowed something hard in her throat. She loved this quicksilver child dearly, for all she had found her a trial all the ten years she had cherished her. "Susan, keep her safe. She's all that's left me," her brother had said when he bade them good-by. Three months had stripped him of everything. His wife, his twin sons, their grandparents—all had been instantly killed in a motor accident, leaving him a burden of debts and grief that ought to have crushed him utterly. Terribly shaken, he had somehow lived through it, keeping his head unbowed. "I shall come back—living or dead," were his last words.

A motor horn sounded impatiently outside. Sara darted to find out its meaning. In a minute she was back, white, breathless, saying brokenly: "I can't believe it—but my Great-uncle Julian has come to take me away—for good."

"You are willing to go with him," Aunt Susan shot at her, "after he has wasted so long?"

Sara nodded. "You won't blame me, after you see their car—and my aunt's clothes!"

"But you are your mother's daughter," Susan said with a hard breath. "Be sure I won't lay a straw in the way of your going. Only—when your father comes—"

"He won't ever come! He must be dead," Sara cried, flinging herself upon her aunt's breast.

"He will come—living or dead," Susan interrupted; "and he will know I did all I could for you."

Sara went quickly, but not before Aunt Susan had spoken with the rich kin. They were of the fairest surface, eagerly gracious, insisting that shortly she must come and pay them a long visit, but she distrusted them.

Sara wrote daily all through the first week, then the letters slackened, but Aunt Susan did not wonder. One of the letters made Aunt Susan start violently—it mentioned the name of the man whose treachery had caused her brother's ruin. He had been young, ish then—say thirty-five. At forty-five Sarinosa would tempt him mightily, with her fresh untouchedness, her sly charm. But when Jim, her brother, came back the next day, joy drove all else from her mind for a week. Aged, weather-beaten, smiling rarely, speaking little, he seemed content to bathe himself in her devotion. Sara's absence grieved him, but not bitterly. "She is young—and starved for pleasure," he said. "Let her take her fill." Sister Susan asked no questions. It was enough for her to have him back, alive and sound. "You shall hear everything—after I am rested," he had said at first coming.

A month from his coming they sat in June moonlight. Suddenly across the narrow lawn came running figures—men and women—hand in hand and jangling for breath. Ten yards off the girl called treacherously: "Oh, Aunt Susan, Aunt Susan! I've come back home! If it is my home still."

"Your home always," Aunt Susan said shakily. "Enough that you are here—you need not tell why."

"But I must!" Sara cried, dropping the man's hand. "You see—I married—or else I couldn't ever have got away." Then all in a huddle came the whole story. Those in authority had tried to coax her into marrying Judge Tanner. When she had refused flatly, they had locked her up, telling her marriage was the door to freedom. But young Deering, the private secretary, had come to her help—it had been love at first sight between them—he had got a license and a magistrate, with them scrambled up a ladder to her barred window—they had joined hands through the bars, been duly married, and got away under threat of the law. "And I came straight to you—I shall never go away again," Sara said, lifting her head a little. All through the recital it had been buried in her aunt's lap. As her eye caught her father's face, she flung herself upon his breast.

A long minute of silence—then Jim had to explain a bit. Uncle Julian and Judge Tanner, it appeared, had found out that he was coming home—enormously rich—due in two months, hence their haste. He had beaten them, thanks to young Deering, who was his close friend, set to spy upon the pair. "And you did even better than I hoped, Billy," said Mr. James Graham joyously. "I thought to have seen this same law-abiding, but still respectable youngsters would get the drop on me. 'Aha well that ends well.' But my word—and none shall bid him—"

Community Building

Do Nothing Critics of Little Value to Town

In every town there is a small group of folk who sit tight in the safe but convenient cove when a community project is under way and tell each other, or at least themselves, that "it can't be done," or that it is being done the wrong way. They never offer to help; they have no suggestions for bringing success to the project; they invariably refuse to contribute if funds are needed. But after the campaign is over, after the work is done, after the goal is attained, they rise up in noisy dissension. They criticize the leaders. They explain how this should have been done and how that should have been handled. They know exactly what was the matter. They assure you in frank confidence that if they had been in charge, the undertaking would have gone over with a bang the very first day. But they are the folk who always—without exception—are very conspicuous by their absence on the first day and on every other day until the fight is over. Their talk worries nobody because everybody knows that anybody can shoot par golf at the "nineteenth" hole. It's the man who does his best all the way from the first to the eighteenth who serves his community. Those who wait until the "nineteenth" hole to begin playing don't count, because the game is over then and the scores are all in.—Lebanon Reporter.

Tribute to Home Town Both True and Clever

There are fancier towns than our little town, there are towns that are bigger than this, and the people who live in the smaller towns don't know what excitement they miss. There are things you see in the wealthier towns that you can't see in a town that's small, and yet, up and down, there is no town like our own little town, after all. It may be the streets through the town are not long, they're not wide and maybe not straight, but the neighbors you know in your own little town all welcome a fellow—it's great. In the guttering streets of the glittering town, with its palaces and mansions, and tall, in the mist of the throng you will frequently long for your own little town, after all. If you live and you work in your little town, in spite of the fact it's small, you'll find it a fact that our little town is the best little town, after all.—Okahoma Wheat Grower.

Home Is Everything

The home is something more than a place to hang your hat at meal time and a convenient refuge in which to take your necessary sleep. A. A. Jeffrey of the agricultural department of Missouri wrote, recently, its daily and hourly influence—for good or bad—is the most nearly continuous and doubtless the most important of the employment conditions silently shaping the character of your children and coloring your own outlook on the world.

Menace in Unpainted Wall

An unpainted rough wall, says Doctor Gardner of the Institute of Industrial Research at Washington, is porous; moisture may be absorbed readily and retained for long periods. In these pores, organic matter and germs may easily lodge and develop. If the wall is painted, however, not only are these pores filled with paint and a rough, absorptive surface turned into a smooth, absorptive surface, but a painted wall can be easily and effectively washed, while the unpainted wall can not be cleaned successfully. This is another evidence of the fact that good health is nothing but common sense. Keep your surroundings clean and neat and you will lead a healthier and a happier life than you will if you live in the midst of dirt and confusion.

Clean-Up Important

The success of a clean-up week depends largely upon the hearty cooperation and enthusiasm of the citizens. Most of those who take a pride in wanting their town to present a clean and sanitary appearance at all times will lend the mayor and council a helping hand by cleaning up their premises and placing such trash as they cannot burn where it will be accessible to the trash wagon. (Ain) Enterprise.

Civic Pride Appealed To

Let every good citizen of Columbia give whole-hearted cooperation to the town council in its efforts to keep the town clean. The work already done has greatly improved the appearance of the town and it will work to still further improve it. (Ain) Enterprise.

DR. C. L. THOMAS, Dentist, Roxboro, N. C. Office over Aubrey Long & Co's store, Main Street. Office hours: 8 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5:30 P. M.

Notice of Buck Day's Sale

I will sell at public auction on Saturday, Nov. 8, 1924, at 12 o'clock, two good horses, one good milk cow, one hog, a nice lot of white Leghorn chickens, corn feed, one wagon, harness, all farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture. Also a Victrola. This sale will take place on H. L. Carver farm 1 and 1-2 miles west of Rougemont, N. C.—W. T. Day. 10-20 2tpd.

Sale of Valuable Real Estate

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Caswell County in that certain special proceeding therein pending entitled Mrs. Virginia Stephens and others, vs. J. A. Stephens and others, I, as commissioner therein appointed, authorized and commanded, will on Saturday, November 15, 1924, beginning at 12 o'clock M on the premises described below sell at public sale to the highest bidder or bidders two tracts of land formerly owned by the late J. A. Stephens, lying in Leasburg Township, Caswell County, North Carolina and described as follows, to-wit:

1. The tract known as the Quincy Stephens home place, lying on the Leasburg-Hightower public road, adjoining lands of J. M. Lunsford, W. H. Swann, E. L. Mitchell and H. C. Willis, containing 299.7 acres more or less and being that tract conveyed to J. A. Stephens by S. P. Newman, Commissioner.
2. Composed of lots Nos. 2 and 3 of the V. L. Morton land containing 224.6 acres more or less, lying on the Leasburg-Hightower public road, adjoining the lands of J. M. Morton's estate, Mrs. Cook Stephens and H. C. Willis, same having been

conveyed to J. A. Stephens by Q. E. Morton, Commissioner, by deed of record in book 77, page 120. The said land will be subdivided into tracts of convenient and suitable sizes for the purpose of sale. Terms unless other wise announced at the sale: One-third cash, balance on or before January 1, 1926. Deferred payments bearing interest from date of sale.

at B. E. Love, Commissioner.

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SALES HAVE BEEN VERY SATISFACTORY THE PAST WEEK WITH GOOD AVERAGES.

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND A cordial WELCOME AT THE WINSTEAD, AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON GETTING THE LAST DOLLAR. WITH LIGHTS UNSURPASSED YOUR TOBACCO WILL SHOW UP TO BEST ADVANTAGE.

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LOAD YOUR WAGON AND DRIVE STRAIGHT TO THE WINSTEAD, AND YOU WILL HAVE NO OCCASION TO REGRET IT.

ASHLEY, CHAMBERS & LONG, Props.

Dr. S. Rapport

of Durham will be at Roxboro at Davis Drug Store, Wednesday Nov. 5th, to examine eyes and fit glasses. Eyesight and its care is a matter of great importance as you depend upon it for all your labors and pleasures. I specialize in the examination of the eyes and fitting glasses, with over twenty five years experience. Consult me when in doubt about your eyes and glasses. Charges reasonable.

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Load heavy and drive to the Independent Warehouse, where each one of our force will do all that he can to get you the highest market price for your tobacco.

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