

\$10,000 For 1,000 Words or Less

For an Idea For a Sequel to "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

The American Film Manufacturing Company's Picturized Romantic Novel in Chapters.

This contest is open to any man, woman or child who is not connected, directly or indirectly, with the Film Company or the newspapers publishing the continued story.

Some back to her shed of the husk of sin and selfishness. And so when he opened his eyes he looked into Esther's, and they both read what their lips could not utter—forgiveness, love and happiness!



"Arthur, my dear son, is here!" Hagar murmured.

bring," she murmured. "Arthur, my dear son, is here!" Present in the face of death, Hagar also knew that the husk of evil had fallen from Arthur and that the wings of the morning had wafted clean strength to his soul.

After Hagar had been laid to rest the gypsies, led by Arthur, now calling himself by the name of Harding, journeyed on back to fair Virginia to their mountain rendezvous in the Blue Ridge.

CHAPTER LVII.

The Passing of Hagar. All dealt with destiny, with duty and love. He who had seen Arthur Stanley and his fair wife, who had seen the diamond from the sky, could be won, literally, as the adventure of Arthur Stanley, who found

and prodigal and yet, to my beloved, had mounted the stairway of the wind and ridden upon the wings of the morning, without fear and without hope.

He had dealt with destiny and had won. By some miracle of the commonplace the falling aeroplane had struck a low, thick, sturdy tree, and the man plunging to death had been thrown up into the canvas wing of the bird machine, and so, save that he was stunned by the jar, had escaped unharmed.



Esther and Arthur at the Portals of Stanley Hall.

It is a meteor three centuries before, had desired. "When a descendant of my body shall be called to the English earldom of the Stanleys!"

The gypsies had reached Virginia and the neighborhood of Fairfax. The caravan moved on under the leadership of Quabba.

So, while these happy lovers journey across a nation's breadth with the simple gypsy folk, how fares it with the great of earth?

How fares it with Blair Stanley and his fair wife, who was Vivian Marston? Have they not everything their hearts have long desired?

And Luke Lovell, with a face crushed beyond recognition, lies in a western graveyard with the name of Arthur Stanley on his tomb.

The physicians who examined the dead man knew nothing of the drug addictions of John Powell. They sought for no marks of these. The wounds and scars on Luke's body from his escape from prison and other hard knocks he had endured were believed to be the marks of injuries that Arthur Stanley, alias John Powell, had sustained in the brawl and riot at his mines that had for a while incapacitated him, such time as he had been under the care of the dead Durand, posing as his private physician.

Blair and Vivian journeyed to London and were received, with some ill grace, by Marmaduke Smythe, for a lifetime retainer and family lawyer to the earls of Stanley.

But Marmaduke Smythe did his duty as he saw it. He had all the credentials, and in due time Blair was inducted into the house of lords. This brief and somewhat bald ceremony was not at all satisfying to the luxury and display-loving Vivian.

She had sat in the peeress' gallery in ordinary afternoon attire and had seen Blair introduced to the lord chancellor—bald, fat and stupid old baron of the realm, whom Smythe had secured to be Blair's sponsor.

The robes an earl wears at his introduction to the house of lords, and at sittings of parliament are neither graceful nor becoming.

It was the first bitterness to Vivian, who had imagined an occasion of great splendor. Blair wore an ordinary morning suit under his robes, for it was the custom, Smythe had assured them, and when one is a peer one must do everything according to custom.

Then when Vivian and Blair were to be presented at court, which meant something more satisfying in costume and ceremony, King Edward VII. died and King George V. reigned in his stead. There was the usual period of mourning and no royal drawing room until after the coronation.

The coronation! That was worth the waiting, for it meant the only occasion a peer and his noble lady may wear their coronets and the more graceful and beautiful coronation robes.

Here, too, the diamond from the sky could be won, literally, as the adventure of Arthur Stanley, who found

where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

And as the twilight turned to darkness these two rode away from Stanley hall to dwell unknown, obscure, among the simple gypsy people who loved them.

Here the astute Tom Blake of Richmond found them, and here he brought a copy of the will of Blair's father.



Esther and Arthur at the Portals of Stanley Hall.

CHAPTER LVIII. King Arthur Marries Queen Esther.

MISTRESS of Stanley Hall, Esther, my wife to be, I salute you!" said Arthur in deep earnestness as he drew Esther to him.

"Too long have you been cheated of your birthright. I am not guilty of any wrong except to you, and you have forgiven me. Blair Stanley is guilty of the death of Dr. Lee, and I feel sure that Blake has the proofs."

"The time has come when, for your sake, the truth must be known, and you must take your place in this state home of your people, where I dwell so long an impostor to foster the ambitions of the dead and to augment their feuds and hatreds."

Esther shuddered and threw herself into his arms. "No, Arthur!" she cried. "I have never been happy here! Let the dead and their secrets rest in the grave."

"Rich and of position, you know no happiness, nor would I. It was not your dying mother's wish, I know. Looking into the face of death, she saw clearly. All she desired was that we should be happy together."

"When last within this gloomy house with her I asked for a sign, and it was given to me. And I repeat this to you as we repeated it together that night: 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and

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Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Ointment—relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c. 50c. \$1.00

Sale of Valuable Real Estate. Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in that certain deed of Trust executed by J. H. Wood, Jr., and wife Naomi S. Wood to Ben T. Holden, Trustee, on the 23rd day of December 1914, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of Franklin county, in Book 193; at page 145, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and demand made upon me to foreclose, I, the undersigned Trustee will on the 31st day of Feb. 1916 at 12 o'clock M., at the courthouse door in

Louisburg, N. C., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate, situated in Cedar Rock township, Franklin county and described as follows:

FIRST TRACT. Bounded on the North by the lands of Buck Collins; on the East by the lands of J. J. May; on the South by the lands of W. I. Stallings and on the West by Stallings, containing fifty acres.

SECOND TRACT. Bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs. Anna Wood's estate; on the East by W. I. Stallings; on the South by the lands of J. W. Valentine and on the West by the lands of Mrs. Naomi S. Wood, containing 23 1-3 acres more or less.

THIRD TRACT. Bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs. Naomi S. Wood and Willie Wood; on the East by Mrs. Naomi S. Wood; on the South by the Greenleaf-Johnson Lumber Co. and on the West by the lands of Naomi S. Wood, containing 35 acres, known as the Wood tract.

FOURTH TRACT. Bounded on the North by the lands of Percy Gupton; on the East by the lands of Mrs. Naomi S. Wood; on the South by W. O. Stone and on the West by Mrs. Bettie Tucker, containing 35 acres.

The last three tracts adjoining each other and constituting the home place now occupied by J. H. Wood, Jr., and wife. This the 19th day of January, 1916.

BEN T. HOLDEN, Trustee.

Notice. North Carolina, Franklin county. The undersigned, having been appointed and duly qualified as administrator of the estate of Sarah J. Freddy, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are requested to exhibit the same before him on or before the 10th day of February, 1917, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This February 1, 1916.

BLAND G. MITCHELL, Administrator of Sarah J. Freddy deceased. 2-4-6t.

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TO MY CUSTOMERS

I herewith announce to you that I have moved my sales stables to the Griffin & Beasley Stables, near the bridge, on Main street, formerly occupied by J. D. Hill and later by J. C. Tucker. I shall keep a full stock of the best Horses and Mules at all times and especially invite you to come and see them. R. F. FULLER Main Street Louisburg, N. C. Near Bridge

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(Continued on Page Ten)