

\$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. No literary ability is necessary to qualify as a contestant.

You are advised to see the continued photo play in the theaters where it will be shown—to read the story as it runs every week, and then send in your suggestion. Contestants must confine their contributions for the sequel to 1,000 words or less. It is the idea that is wanted.

CHAPTER LIX.

Arthur Stanley Harding.

BARRED out, Smythe and the lackeys of Stanley House hammered at the bolted door, while within they could hear the shrieks of Lady Vivian resounding through the somber old Tudor mansion.

Smythe, keener than the servants, though not renowned for quickness of wit, sensed that some murderous intruder, cause of the commotion within, had barred the great door.

The lawyer ran around to the back of the house just in time to see De Vaux, who had shed the armor he had concealed himself in, jump through the old Gothic window from the stair landing, the window turning back and snapping shut again.

Charging swiftly down upon the intruder, to him unknown, the lanky man of law made a perfect low tackle, although he was no exponent of football. In any case, he grabbed the hastening De Vaux below the knees and down went thief and barrister.

The diamond from the sky, which De Vaux still clutched, flew from his hand at the impact and, curving through the air, dropped unnoticed into the upturned hat that had fallen upon the ground from the lawyer's pate.

Meanwhile Vivian, in her coronation robes, was bending over the stricken form of Blair, in his court dress and peer's attire.

Instinctively Vivian realized what had happened. She hardly needed to place her hand upon the breast of Blair—the diamond from the sky was gone!

The lackey, who had been carrying out the tea tray from her boudoir when the sound of Blair's fall in the hallway



Vivian in Her Coronation Robes Held Blair's Stricken Form.

below and the clanging down of the discarded armor told some tragedy had befallen the American earl, ran to the door past his countess and the bleeding earl prone in the hallway.

With trembling fingers the footman threw back the old bolt, and his frightened fellow servants, shoving and beating outside the door, fell in almost upon their noble master.

Blair by this time was recovering from the dreadful blow that had dealt him by the mailed figure with the battle mace.

The blood trickled down his ghastly face and empurpled and smeared the snowy silk front of his court attire and stained the ermine of his coronation robes. Vivian held his stricken form.

With a sickening pang at her heart Vivian realized there would be no pomp and ceremony for Blair, earl of Stanley, and Vivian, his fair countess, to grace

Great Britain, emperor of India and ruler of dominions beyond the seas, would be crowned today, surrounded by the nobles of his realm, but the American Earl of Stanley and his lady would not be there.

Something of this must have passed through Blair's dulled, aching consciousness. "Stop him! He struck me down! The diamond is gone!"

He gasped and fumbled at his blood stained tunic as he spoke.

The Gothic window had closed back in place. Scarcely the armored assailant had vanished as if by magic. Only the leap of old mail accouterments and helmet on the floor told how the murderous intruder had hidden.

The servants stood open mouthed and helpless as Blair rose to his feet, assisted by Vivian, and then he roused to drive them out by his fierce commands and curses.

The struggle at the back of the house was strenuous, but brief. The doughty lawyer was no match for the younger and more muscular De Vaux.

Throwing Smythe aside and striking and kicking him viciously, De Vaux sprang to his feet and made off just as the servants, followed by the earl and his lady, came around upon the scene.

Suspicious and ever distrustful of Smythe, Blair refused to believe the lawyer had attempted to stay the mysterious assailant who had struck him down and borne away the diamond.

Forgetting his grievous wound and the blood that trickled down his livid face, Blair screamed hoarsely in his wild frenzy of anger and charrin. "Pack your things!" he shrieked. "You were in the plot; you were an accomplice, and I'll have your life for it!"

Vivian paled; a chill went through her being. "Come, come!" she whispered tensely. "Come, dear; let us go into the house. You are badly hurt, and the diamond is gone. Never mind, we will recover it!"

"Everything will be all right; yes, everything will be all right!" And for the first time in her wicked life that pity which is akin to love filled her heart with a deep affection.

After all wicked as he was, Blair was a man who had fought his way, unscrupulously and desperately, it is true, but he had fought and never whimpered—and for her! And in this

hour preceding more evil days to come Vivian felt a wild affection for the stricken man beside her which was never to falter nor weaken.

In faraway Virginia there are love and happiness, increased and greater, in the joyous hearts of Esther and Arthur in the sweet, dear year that has passed.

At the gypsy rendezvous, unvisited by the outside world, Arthur and Esther, man and wife, have seen the happy year speed by and in its course bring them their heart's desire—a child.

Again a joyous gypsy festival, the christening of the little gypsy prince. Again the stranger minister, who was brought to officiate at their wedding from distant Richmond, comes.

This time there is no such wild revelry as at the marriage-wedding, which so amazed and interested the good man. But once again the gypsy musicians play, and once again Quabba is drunk with joy.

At the hillside fountain that gushes in a crystal stream into the hollow trough that is nature's own christening font the minister from Richmond dips his fingers and sprinkles the son of Esther and Arthur and says, "I christen thee Arthur Stanley Harding."

Then, after the christening feast and the strange gypsy rites by which a man child is taken into the tribe, the parson departs, wondering, as he has wondered before, what strange gypsies are these who are ruled in love and kindness by a young king and queen bearing every evidence in speech and action of education and refinement.

But that is their secret, and the good man respects it and goes as he has come and says no word to any one, as he has pledged himself to do.

When the pursuit of the murderous thief had halted and when Blair had been helped back to his chambers in Stanley House the still bewildered Smythe, dully smarting under the unjust accusation of Blair, had retrieved his hat and absentmindedly had placed it upon his head.

He winced as he felt a sharp, heavy object fall down within the crown and rap him smartly on the skull. He scratched his head and then in mild surprise felt his fingers entangled in a jeweled chain. He drew it down and gazed at it, dumfounded.

"My word," he said, "if it isn't the holly old diamond from the sky!" Stupid, as Blair might think, yet wise as the serpent as Blair might also think, Marmaduke Smythe took the great jewel and placed it carefully in the inside breast pocket of his frock coat and then buttoned that most respectable garment tightly around him.

One afternoon a few days later when Smythe returned to his room, half bed-chamber, half old library and office, quarters sacred to him as family solicitor of the earls of Stanley for over thirty years, he found the present earl busied among the papers and documents.

The curious old parchment Hagar had given him—the gypsy family tree of the Hardings—had been tossed upon the floor contemptuously by Blair, who regarded it as some trumpery.

"Pack up your things and get," said Blair. "Your own things and nothing but your own things, remember."

Smythe answered dutifully, but crisply, "As your lordship wishes," and picked up the parchment of the Har-

ding gypsy lineage from the floor. His bags were already packed, and he now shouldered the gun he had carried in the hills of America and was turning to remove the deer head the cherished souvenir of his second visit to the Yankee jungles, when Blair's exclamation, "Leave that alone!" caused him to wheel around started.

The gun wheel of pointed back over Smythe's shoulder, and the heavy charge of shot struck the deer head fair before the earl. The impact loosened the cover bound the deer head to the wooden mount.



The Year Had Brought Them Their Heart's Desire.

CHAPTER LX.

Love and Peace Dwell at Stanley Hall.

THE deer head dropped forward held at the lower part of the neck to the mount as though by a hinge. A little puff of dust marked the breakaway, and then from within the hollow neck a little package of yellow parchment, bound with faded tape, fell to the floor.

Smythe picked it up and saw it was inscribed in ancient angular handwriting, the ink faded to rust color by age. The lawyer's eyes opened wide as he scanned the faded markings:

Herewith Ye Marriage Lines Of My first-Wife Rachel Harding, A Gypsy Marde, Who bore Me A Son, But Left Me In Dudgeon And Cast Off My Name, Returning To Her Own People With Ye Child, Nor Would She See Me More. (Signed) ARTHUR STANLEY, Ye King's Province of Virginia, November 6, 1554 A. D.

"What was that? Hand it here!" snarled the American earl. The mild-mannered Marmaduke was roused to revolt. "I jolly well will do nothing of the sort," he retorted.

"I bought that deer head at the auction at Stanley hall, Virginia, and carried it over the whole bally United States. It and all in it are mine."

Blair moved forward as if to take the paper, but Smythe shored the li-



Vivian Shrieked and Fell into Blair's Arms.

berary table between himself and the angry earl, pinning the latter to the wall in a most undignified position. At other times Blair could have easily freed himself and throttled the contumacious Smythe. But he was weak from the injury he had suffered, and he pressed his hand to his throbbing head and regarded the rebellious lawyer furiously.

And then the door opened, and a group of firm faced, well built men entered.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said

(Continued on Page Nine).

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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 F. 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 as in said Deed of Trust provided, I, the undersigned Trustee will on the 21st 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. Stallings; on the South by the lands of J. W. Vallenting and on the West by the lands of Mrs. 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.

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.

1-21-5t.

Notice

North Carolina, Franklin county. The undersigned, having been appointed and duly qualified as administrator of the estate of Sarah J. Preddy, 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. Preddy deceased. 2-4-6t.

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