

GUESS THE GHOST

Here's How To Win a Cash Prize

READ CAREFULLY

A cash prize of \$2.50 will be given for the best explanation of each story in this series. There are twelve stories in all. A Grand Prize of \$10.00 will be given for the best set of explanations or solutions for all of the stories, with a second prize of \$5.00; third, \$3.00; and fourth, \$2.00.

RULES OF CONTEST

- (1) Open to any paid-up subscriber to The Franklin Press, or member of a subscriber's family.
- (2) No employes of The Franklin Press permitted to participate. However, community correspondents of this newspaper will not be regarded as employes.
- (3) Explanations or solutions submitted must be written on one side of paper only, with name and address clearly written in upper left corner, and must not exceed 250 words in length.
- (4) The readers submitting the most plausible explanations of the "ghosts" will be awarded prizes. Should two or more send in the same solutions, the prizes will be awarded to the one whose solution is first received. Some of the stories have more than one plausible solution.
- (5) Literary expression does not count—it is the solution of the mystery we want. Make your explanation brief and to the point.
- (6) Solutions must be received by The Franklin Press not later than Wednesday midnight of the week following publication of the story for which the solution is written. The author's solution of each story will be published in the issue of the succeeding week.
- (7) The contest will be judged by the editor of The Franklin Press and two other unbiased persons selected by him. Their decisions will be final.
- (8) The name of the prize winner will be announced in the second issue after the publication of each story.
- (9) Anyone subscribing to The Franklin Press during this contest is eligible to participate. Members of the family of a new subscriber also are eligible.
- (10) Only one solution by an individual will be considered. If you send in more than one, the first one opened will be considered as your entry.

SEND IN YOUR SOLUTION NOW TO GHOST EDITOR

The Ghost In the Swamp

By David McFall

NAPOLEON said that every man is a coward at night. On a certain occasion three of us, representing as many nationalities, proved the truth of the assertion. Thenceforth I was willing to accept any such statement on trust. I had no further desire to figure in superfluous demonstrations.

Accident had done what no amount of deliberate planning could have brought about. It had thrown us together in a little coast town on the Gulf of Mexico, and had given us several weeks of leisure in which to search out attractions that could have been exhausted in a day. We decided to explore further afield. Hiring a small boat, and buying a few provisions and utensils—a meagre assortment of the cheapest tin knives and forks and plates, and a frying pan—we set out up a small sluggish river, content if the trip would carry us anywhere but where we were. After a fortnight of steady rowing we entered a confluent, a much smaller and still more sluggish stream, its waters black with decaying vegetation. Here we were obliged to abandon our oars, owing to the narrowness of the stream, and to pole our boat onward laboriously and slowly.

Of all the countries that I know, the low-lying plains along almost the whole coast line of the Gulf of Mexico offer the most striking contrasts in appearance. The hinterland goes back for a distance of a hundred miles on the average, its thin, sandy soil nourishing a growth of impoverished looking pines, and but little else; but wherever there is a watercourse, or a bayou or swamp, vegetation is amazingly varied and prolific. The heat, the moisture and the detritus of ages furnish convenient food for nearly every species of plant life that will thrive in either the temperate or the tropic zone.

We found that the confluent had its source in a dismal swamp, the extent of which we could not guess. But in all of the swamps there are what are known as "hummocks," stretches of dry land rising a few feet above the water level. In most cases these hummocks are merely mounds measuring a few square yards, but occasionally they comprise some hundreds of acres. We were fortunate in finding a large hummock, about three-quarters of a mile in length and half a mile at its greatest width.

This was the extent of our good fortune. Never have I seen any other spot so unutterably depressing, before or since. No one but a naturalist or botanist, or a morbid genius like Poe, could possibly have found delight in it. The waters that hemmed us in were alive with alligators. Ugly, sullen, venomous water-moccasins swam about lazily, going to and from their hiding places in the rushes and other aquatic plants that fringed the shore, and that more than once treacherously deceived us into thinking they were a part of the firm ground. On every side huge cypresses lifted their plumed heads to an enormous height, but they rose from grotesquely distorted feet planted in foulness. If Dore could have seen them he would have added a yet more graphic touch to his portrayal of those of the damned who are forever transfixed in the form of

EXPLANATION

Of Last Week's Ghost

Mystery:—

A Dance of Ghosts

While the house was being occupied as a military hospital, one of the soldiers had drawn on the curtain crude representations of himself and a couple of friends. The crude but vigorous life-size drawings were done in chalk and crayon. Though dimmed by age, the drawings remained distinct.

The curtain was of a very thin, light weave, like the "scrim" used in obtaining theatrical scenic effects—when the light is stronger on one side of the curtain than on the other the figures depicted on the "scrim" may be made to appear or disappear at will, depending on which side the light is thrown.

The full moon flooding the dark room revealed the figures, which, of course, vanished when the lamp was lit. The motions of the figures were caused by the fluttering and lifting and folding of the curtain in the breeze. When the curtain was roughly torn down and thrown in a heap on the floor, the figures were not recognizable, or looked like mere stains or dirt.

Anyone may easily verify this explanation for himself by holding a spread out handkerchief before a lamp and using a stick or lead-pencil for casting the shadow, and blowing on the handkerchief lightly to give motion to the shadow.

Trees. From every limb of every tree hung long festoons and streamers of Spanish moss, the parasitic growth that looks like nature's funeral trappings. And once or twice, in the depth of night, we saw a distant, faint, wavering will-o-the-wisp appearing and disappearing amidst the trees, like the expiring lamp of the last reveler at a witches' dance. It was evident that our little island had been inhabited and lived, possibly at a time when it was much larger, before inundations, erosions, subsidences, or change in the direction of the watercourses had eaten it away. Where the hummock was widest there were traces of artificial terraces. But there was a more tragic evidence. At one end of the hummock, where it became a narrow strip of ground only a foot above the water, were the visible remains of a graveyard. There were no enclosing fences and no headmarks, apart from two or three rough-hewn cypress slabs from which the inscriptions had been erased long ago; but there was no mistaking the meaning of the few low mounds that bordered a short, straight avenue.

We could not begin to conjecture who were buried there. Early Spanish, French and ... a ex-

plorers had traversed the district in turns, and many a small band of them had perished in it, through sickness, hunger or attacks from savages. For all we knew, this graveyard may have been the sole end of the glittering promises made by King Ferdinand or Queen Elizabeth, when, with the liberality characteristic of those who give what they do not possess, they issued charters giving vast continents to those of their subjects who dared to go and claim them.

The graveyard had a more immediate interest for us, as it was the venue for our ghost. Though we camped for two days and two nights on the hummock we discovered the spot, as we had discovered everything else on the little island, within two hours of our landing. But we took care to build our camp fire as far from it as we could, not that we had discussed it, or would have acknowledged any sentimental feeling in regard to it, but instinctively. We refrained from talking about it, as by tacit agreement, until the second night, when the subject cropped up, as all forbidden topics will sooner or later.

One of our number was an English sailor who had all the high courage of his race, and all the superstition of his calling. It was the latter trait that led him to propose his interesting little experiment. He suggested that though we had heard of many an incantation for exorcising or laying ghosts, we had never heard of any to raise one. He proposed that one of us should go to the graveyard that night and leave upon one of the mounds an evidence of his visit, and during his brief stay to invoke whatever spirits might haunt the place. Certainly any lost soul that had succeeded in re-crossing the Styx would find in that graveyard fit stage for his agony.

The lot fell to me to visit the spot. It occurred to me that the whole question and theory of ghosts could be settled just as well in an academic discussion. I began to feel a strong preference for the latter method.

I carried with me a blazing pitch-pine stick for a torch; for a memento I took the tin fork I had just been using at our late supper.

A torch or any hand-light is useful, and for me was necessary to enable me to pick my way across fallen logs, through underbrush and between stagnant pools. But my torch had this disturbing disadvantage—its light made all the objects in the wood around me MOVE! As the ruddy flame swung backward or forward with the involuntary or voluntary motion of my hand, the objects and their shadows kept shifting about in a most uncanny dance. Gray, misshapen, repulsive cypress-knees would leap out from the dark, recede, and quickly reappear in different shape against a different background. Everything moved about with the silence and rapidity of incarnate spirits. The whole place had become violently alive.

I had no difficulty in reaching the graveyard. I went to the farthest mound at the water's edge, knelt down upon it, and thrust the prongs of my fork deeply into the soil, leaving it there. In rising I stumbled slightly and pitched forward against a formless, dimly discerned object that seemed to have risen silently from the mound, and that saved me from falling; my torch fell from my hand and went out with a hiss in the water; I felt a sudden touch on the arm—a hand caught me and held me by the sleeve of my coat; and a loud, exulting, malicious screaming laugh sounded close in my ear.

If I could have moved I would have fled, in any direction that offered a way of escape from the spot, even if it were into the water. But I was powerless to move. Every sense was numbed. I sank down upon the mound, not in a faint or stupor, but with a strange, vague feeling of indifference to whatever might happen to me. The worst HAD happened. I could conceive of no greater horror.

Yet I may have called out or screamed, without knowing it; or my companions may have wondered, at my long absence, for soon I saw two lights coming toward me more swiftly than I had carried mine. When my companions reached me I was unable to rise unassisted. They lifted me up and half carried and half dragged me until I somewhat recovered the use of my legs. Evidently my condition frightened them, for they saw that SOMETHING had happened and they were as anxious, as was I, to get away from the spot.

When we reached the camp fire we sat up for most of the night talking, but I could explain nothing. Early the next morning we went back to the scene and saw the fork where I had left it, and the half-burned torch floating on the still water. We examined my footprints in the soft ground.

We had no difficulty in re-enacting the drama that suddenly deteriorated into a comedy. But none of us found much amusement in it.

(The End)

Washington Pictured as Enthusiastic Huntsman

That General George Washington was an enthusiastic huntsman is evidenced in many of his own writings and letters, according to the Division of Information and Publication of the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission. He was a superb horseman; many contemporaries in their writings noted his splendid appearance on horseback. Lafayette, in describing him in a letter home, spoke of him as the most magnificent figure he had ever beheld, when mounted on his white charger.

General Washington loved his horses and his dogs, and enjoyed the keen sport and excitement of the chase. In fact, he joined in hunting and all sports and games more for this reason than for honors or success.

Entertained Lavishly

He was in the habit of hunting three times a week if the weather was favorable. During the hunting season, Mount Vernon entertained many sporting guests from the neighboring estates, from Maryland and elsewhere. These guests arrived, often with their own retinues of servants, their own mounts, and remained for visits, not of days but of weeks, and were entertained royally in the good old style.

Breakfast was served at candlelight, the table groaning with the bounty of delectable southern dishes. Washington himself, however, rarely partook of anything but Indian corn-cakes and milk. He often asked the blessing at his table, unless there was a clergyman present, all standing during this ceremony.

At dawn the cavalcade would be ready to start, Washington mounted on his favorite hunter, Blue-skin, a fiery animal of great coloration, dark iron gray in color. For hunting he wore the fashionable costume of the times, a blue coat, scarlet waist-coat, buckskin breeches, top boots and a velvet cap. He carried a whip with a long pong.

Billy, who was Washington's body-servant during the war, rode with the hounds, mounted on Chinkling, a French huntsman's horn slung across his shoulders, riding fearlessly through brake and

tangled brush, in a way which would strike terror to the hearts of most modern riders.

Washington took great pride in his hounds and had his pack critically drained as to speed at bottom, that in running, if one dog lost the scent, another was immediately at hand to recover it. When running in full cry, you could hear the pack with a blanker.

Kept Five Horses
Mr. Vernon had a large kennel of hounds and a fine stud of horses. Washington kept with his own hands a careful register in which could be found the names, ages and marks of each. Had the records of horse breeding during the Revolution, and the time immediately following, been more carefully kept, there is no doubt that the stables of the present day could boast descendants of the renowned stable, which included such full-blooded Arabians, Mashona, Ajax, Valiant, and Chinkling. Some of the hounds were named Volcan, Ringwood, Singer, True Love, Music, Sweetfoot, Bachelor, and Rockwood.

Following these early morning hunts the party would return to Mt. Vernon for dinner, usually finding additional guests who had arrived from neighboring estates to learn the result of the hunt and to enjoy the afternoon's sports.

A sumptuous dinner was served after which some of the guests would play loo, the preferred game of the times. Others would gather about the harpichord, and with the accompaniment of lute and violin, raise their voices in pleasing choruses.

After supper, which was served about 9 or 10 o'clock, there was usually dancing—the minuet, and jolly country dances which the young people especially enjoyed. As all rose early for the hunting, the hour of retirement was not late.

All sports were suspended during the war, and hunting was never revived at Mt. Vernon on its old-time scale. In 1785, Lafayette presented Washington with a pack of hounds, but increasing private and public duties caused him to give up such pleasure.

Judge: "Was the brick you threw as big as my head, say?"
Prisoner: "Yes, yer honor, but not near as thick."

MACON COUNTY CLUB FORMED AT CULLOWHEE

CULLOWHEE, Nov. 11.—A Macon County club has been organized at Western Carolina Teachers college here. There are 13 members in the club. Miss Ethel Calloway, of Highlands, is president; Miss Jessie Higdon, of Higdonville, is vice president; and Miss Katherine Siler, of Franklin, is secretary and treasurer. The club is of a social nature, a means by which the Macon county students keep in touch with each other and with their county. It meets bi-monthly.

Play To Be Given at Higdonville Saturday

A play, "Farm Folk," will be given at Higdonville at 8 o'clock Saturday night for the benefit of the Maxwell Home. The same play attracted a large audience when presented at Slagle school several weeks ago.

Cecil Baldwin's Leg Broken by Falling Tree

Cecil Baldwin, son of John Baldwin of Burningtown township, suffered a compound fracture of his leg Tuesday afternoon when a tree fell on him while he was logging in the woods near his home. Baldwin was brought here to Angel Brothers' hospital, where it was reported Wednesday that he was recovering.

SPECIAL VALUES

- Homestead Flour, 24 lbs. 65c
- Split Silk Flour from Lilly Mills, 24 lbs. 75c
- Cottonseed Meal, per bag \$1.20
- Fertilizer—Fresh Ground Corn Meal—General Merchandise
- J. W. Hastings Near the Depot

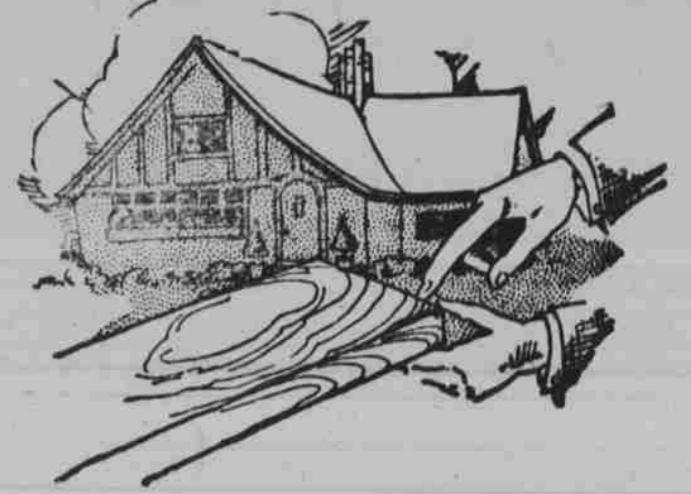
Jim: "I don't mind looking after your horses, but I don't want to be called the hostler."
Tom: "Oh, that's all right—I'll call you our stabilizer."



POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings overnight will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied constipation for over forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" is so popular.



The Brand of Quality

For your greater protection specify GRADE-MARKED and TRADE-MARKED lumber when you build or repair your home. TRADE-MARKED lumber means that every bit of lumber in your home is of the best, well seasoned, thoroughly kiln-dried timber, cut to exact standard widths and lengths, thereby eliminating waste. It is your guarantee of quality with economy.

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PRICES TALK

FLOUR	COFFEE
White Way, 24's, 49c; 48's, 95c	Best Rio, 2 lbs, 25c; Peck.....95c
Log Cabin, Plain or S. R.....59c	Farmers Supply Special Blend, 18c lb.
SUGAR—100 lbs. Dixie Crystal, pure cane, double refined..... \$4.85	
Oats, 3 boxes, 15c size, for.....25c	Matches, 2 5c-boxes for.....5c
Corn Flakes, 2 for.....15c	6 for15c
LARD—60-lb. Tub, \$4.95; 45-lb. Tin, \$3.95, 3 lbs. bulk for.....25c	Toilet Paper, "Pleasing".....10c
Soap, lb.-bar and powder, each 5c	3 for25c
Octagon, 8 regular bars.....25c	Mixed Vegetables for Soups, large10c
Lava, 10c cake, special.....5c	Campbell's Ass't'd. Soups.....5c
We want a few more bushels U. S. No. 1 Irish Potatoes. Must be free from scab, 75c.	
Will buy some good shelled corn, rye, walnuts, chestnuts. In fact anything you have that we can possibly handle.	
Cottonseed Meal, 8 per cent \$1.20	Hen Chow (scratch) 100 lbs.\$2.35
Pure Wheat Shorts, 100 lbs. \$1.75	Lay Chow (mash), 100 lbs. \$2.45
Bran, 100 lbs.....\$1.50	Chicken Feed cheap, Eggs high

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